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London Stage

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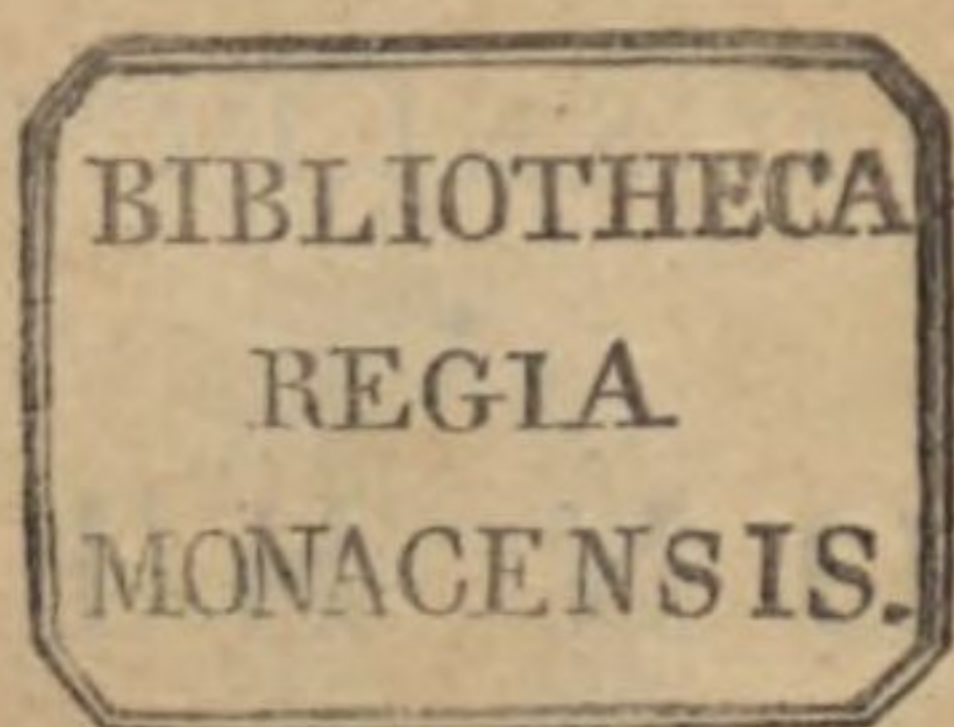
THEATRES ROYAL,

AND CAREFULLY COLLATED AND REVISED.

LONDON:

G. BALNE, GRACECHURCH STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC JACKMAN.



Act I. Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR GILBERT PUMPKIN
CAPTAIN STANLEY
CAPTAIN STUKELY
DIGGERY

CYMON
WAT
WAITER
WILLIAM

HOSTLER
MISS BRIDGET PUMPKIN
KITTY SPRIGHTLY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn at Shrewsbury.* CHARLES STANLEY and HARRY STUKELY at breakfast.

Har. Faith, Charles, I cannot think as you do on this subject.

Cha. I am sorry for it; but, when you have served two or three campaigns more, take my word for it, Harry, you will have the same opinion of the army that I entertain at this moment.

Har. 'Tis impossible; the army is the only profession where a great soul can be completely gratified. After a glorious and well-fought field, the approbation of my sovereign, with the acclamations of my brave countrymen, are rewards amply repaying whole years of service.

Cha. True; but the honours we gather very often adorn the head of a commander who has been only an ear-witness to this "well-fought field."

Har. Ay, but every individual has his share.

Cha. Of the danger, I grant you; and when a return is made of the killed, wounded, &c. you see in every newspaper a list of them in the following order: three captains, seven lieutenants, twelve ensigns, killed; so many wounded; then come, in order, the sergeant-majors, sergeants, drummers, &c. &c. &c. and as to the rank and file, they are given to you in the lump; one hundred, or one thousand, just as it happens.

Har. But their memories live forever in the hearts of their countrymen. How comes it, Charles, that with these sentiments you ever wore a cockade?

Cha. I'll tell you: whenever I receive the pay of my sovereign, and am honoured with the cha-

racter of his trusty and well-beloved, I will faithfully, and I hope bravely, discharge the confidence he reposes in me. But, Harry, you have no serious objection to matrimony; if you have, we had better proceed no further: our project has a period.

Har. Not in the least, I assure you: I think myself capable of engaging in the fields both of love and war. I will marry, because it has its conveniences.

"—— But when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
Let all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation."

There's a touch of Othello for you, and, I think, à-propos.

Cha. Egad! Harry, that speech puts me in mind of a letter I received from Miss Kitty Sprightly, the fair ward of my uncle, Sir Gilbert Pumpkin. You must know, we are to have a play acted at the old family mansion for our entertainment, or rather for the entertainment of Miss Kitty; who is so mad after everything that has the appearance of a theatre, that I should not be surprised if she eloped with the first strolling company that visited this part of the country.

Har. Let us have the letter by all means.

Cha. (*Reads.*) "*Miss Kitty Sprightly sends her compliments to Captain Charles, and as she is informed Sir Gilbert has invited him to Strawberry-hall, she thinks it necessary to acquaint Captain Charles, that he must shortly perfect himself in the character of Captain Macheath, as the ladies expect him to perform that character at the mansion-house.*"

If he has a good Filch in the circle of his acquaintance, she desires the Captain will not fail to bring him down."

Har. Why, what the devil! I'll lay my life, you have brought me down to play this curious character in this very curious family.

Cha. You are right, Harry; and if you can filch away the old sister, you will play the part to some advantage; you will have fifty thousand pounds to your benefit, my boy.

Har. You mean this as an introduction to the family. Oh! then have at you. But d—n it, I can't sing; I can act tolerably.

Cha. I'll warrant you. But come, we will repair to the mansion: we are only two miles from it. They expect us to dinner. William, desire the hostler to put the horses to. Waiter, a bill.

Enter Waiter.

Upon my word, waiter, your charges are intolerable. What! five shillings for a boiled fowl!

Wait. We know your honour isn't on half-pay. We always charge to the pockets of our customers, your honour.

Har. Well, but, good Mr. Waiter, take back your bill; and, in your charge, consider us on half-pay.

Wait. Lord bless your honour! you are in too good flesh for that. Why, your honour looks as fat and as well as myself.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! *(Both laugh.)* There is half-a-crown above your bill, which you may dispose of as you please. Get you gone.

Wait. Your honours, I hope, will remember honest Will Snap, at the Antelope, when you come next to Shrewsbury. *[Exit.]*

Cha. Mr. Honesty, your servant. Travelling, Harry, is now become so chargeable, that few gentlemen of our cloth can afford to breathe the fresh air for a day.

Enter Hostler, &c.

But what's your business?

Host. The hostler, your honour. There is not such a pair of bays, your honour, in the country: they'll take you to Sir Gilbert's in ten minutes without turning a hair. I hope I shall drink your honour's health.

Har. Get out of my sight, this moment, ye set of scoundrels, or I will knock you down with this chair. *(Takes up one.)* Landlord! hallo! Why the devil don't you send in all the poor in the parish? This is highway robbery, without the credit of being robbed. Let us get away, Charles, while we have money to pay the turnpikes.

Cha. Allons!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Hall at the Mansion-house.

Enter DIGGERY, with a play-book in his hand: WAT, CYMON, and a Servant to the family, making a noise.

Dig. Hold your d—d tongues! How is it possible I can tell you how to act, when you all open like a kennel of hounds? Listen; but don't say a word. I am to be Alexander; and Wat, you are to be my friend Clintus; and—

Wat. Ah! Muster Diggery, you shall see what I'll say.

Dig. D—e! hold your tongue, I say once more. You'll say! What can you say? Say only what is in the book, and don't be cramming in your own nonsense. But listen, all of you, and mind. You must know, the man who wrote this play was mad.

Wat. Lord! I should like to play mad.

Dig. Will nobody stop this fellow's mouth? Why, you blockhead, you have not sense enough to be mad. You'd play the fool well enough; but how

can you extort that d—d pudding face of your's to madness? Why, Wat, your features are as fixed as the man in the moon's.

All. Go on, Master Diggery; go on.

Dig. Well, let me see. *(Turns over the leaves of the play.)* You, Wat, I say, is to be Clintus; and I am to say, before all of you, that great Almon gave me birth: then, Wat, you are to say "you lie!"

Wat. Ah! but then you'll stick me.

Dig. Never mind that; button your waistcoat over one of our trenchers. Lord! I forgot to begin right. I am first to come out of a tim-whiskey, which you are to draw; and, when I come down, you are all to fall upon your marrow-bones. And as to you, Wat, if you even look at me, I'll come up and give you such a douse of the chaps, as you never had in your life.

Wat. Let us try. Now you shall see, Muster Diggery.

Dig. Then do as I bid you. Down, every mother's skin of you. *(They all kneel down; Diggery draws back.)* Don't stir none, if Miss Bridget was ringing every bell in the house. When I say, "Rise all, my friends!" then do you all get up.

Wat. Is that right, Muster Diggery?

Dig. Very well; now—*(a bell rings)*—zounds! here's Miss Bridget.

Enter MISS BRIDGET.

Miss B. Where, in the name of mischief, have you been, rascal? Your master has been looking for you this hour, and no tidings, high or low.

Dig. I'm going. *[Exit, leaving the rest kneeling.]*

Miss B. Mercy upon us! What's all this? Cy-mon! Wat! Are you all mad? Why don't you answer?

Cym. Hush, hush! Diggery is to play mad. I must not stir.

Miss B. Mercy upon me! these fellows may be struck mad, for aught I know. I'll raise the house. Brother, brother! Kitty Sprightly! Where are you all?

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir G. What the devil's the matter?

Miss B. Look at those fellows, brother! They are all out of their senses; they are all mad.

Sir G. Mad, are they? Why, then, run and bring me the short blunderbuss that's hanging in the hall, and I'll take a pop at the whole covey.

Enter DIGGERY.

Diggery, what's the matter with those fellows?

Dig. Nothing, sir.

Sir G. Nothing! Why, what the devil keeps them in that posture, then?

Dig. Lord, sir! I'll soon make them get upon their legs.

Sir G. Do then, I desire you; and send them all to the mad-house.

Dig. *(Goes up to them.)* Rise all, my friends! *(They all rise.)* Lord, sir! we were only acting a play.

Sir G. You son of a w—! get out of my sight this moment. *(They all run away.)* Was ever man so plagued with such a set of scoundrels? Morning, noon, and night, is this fellow, Diggery, taking these wretches from their labour; and making Cæsars, Alexanders, and Blackamoors, of them.

Miss B. Brother, brother! if you had routed that nest of vagabonds, who were mumming in our barn, about two months ago, none of this would have happened.

Sir G. True, true, sister Bridget. It was but a few days ago, I went to take a walk about my fields; when I came back, the first thing I saw, was a large

sheet of paper pasted on the street-door, and on it were wrote, in large characters,

"This evening will be presented here,
THE GREAT ALEXANDER.

Alexander, by Mr. Diggery Ducklin;
Roxana, by Miss Tippet Busky;

And the part of Statira by a young Lady, (being her first appearance on any stage;)"

D—e, if I knew my own house!

Miss B. That's not all, brother; Diggery had nearly smothered that silly hussy, Tippet, in the oven, a few days ago.

Sir G. The oven! What the devil brought her there?

Miss B. Why, Diggery prevailed upon her to go in, and he said he would break open the door of it with the kitchen-poker, and that would be playing Romo.

Sir G. Romo! Romeo, you mean. Why, sister Bridget, you can't speak English. Surely, some demon has bewitched our family. (*Aside.*) But, pray, what became of Juliet in the oven?

Miss B. Hearing a noise, I went down stairs; and the moment he saw me, he dropped the poker, and ran away. But I had no sooner opened the door of the oven, than I saw her gasping for breath; and it was as much as I could do to drag her out, and save her from being suffocated.

Sir G. Why the devil did you not leave her there? She would have been a good example to the whole family. As to that fellow, Diggery, he will be hanged for the murder of some of these creatures, as sure as he is now alive. I overheard him, the other day, desiring Cymon to fall on the carving-knife, and he would then die like Cato!

Miss B. If they continue these pranks, we shall never be able to receive Captain Charles and his friend; they will certainly imagine we are all run mad in good earnest.

Sir G. How can it be otherwise? Miss Kitty Sprightly, forsooth, extorted a promise from me the other day, that when Charles and his friend came down, I would permit the Beggar's Opera to be got up, as she phrased it, in order to entertain them.

Miss B. Brother, that girl is worse than the whole gang of them.

Sir G. Leave me to manage her: I will endeavour to release myself from the promise I made her; and, instead of this play, a ball may answer the purpose. I hope, sister, you have prepared a good dinner for my nephew and his friend. He informs me in his letter, that the gentleman he brings down with him is a man of family, and a soldier that does honour to his profession.

Miss B. I must desire, brother, you will mind your ward, and leave the house to me. Let him be related to the first datchess in the land, he shall say, after he leaves Strawberry-hall, he never feasted until he came there.

Enter DIGGERY.

Dig. Lord, sir! Captain Macheath is just arrived.

Sir G. Captain Macheath! My nephew, rascal! Desire him to walk up immediately.

Dig. Yes, sir. Oh! sir, here he is.

Enter CHARLES and HARRY.

Sir G. Ah! nephew, I am glad to see you. How have you been these two years? I have not seen you since your last campaign.

Cha. In very good health, sir; and am sincerely happy to see you so. Permit me, sir, to introduce to your acquaintance, the companion of my dangers and my friendship.

Sir G. Sir, you are welcome to Strawberry-hall.

I love a soldier; and I am informed you support the character in all its relations.

Har. You do me great honour, Sir Gilbert: I shall study to deserve your good opinion.

Dig. He's a better figure than me; and better action, too. (*Imitates him.*)

Cha. I was in great hopes, my dear aunt, that when next I visited Strawberry-hall, I should have found you happy in the possession of your old lover, Parson Dosey. I hope you have not banished him?

Miss B. Don't talk of the wretch; you know he was always my aversion. (*Diggery, at the side, is stabbing himself with a large key.*)

Sir G. What are you about, Diggery?

Dig. Sir! (*Puts the key into his pocket.*)

Sir G. Come, come, I'll tell you the fact, and spare her blushes. Parson Dosey, you must know, some time ago, was playing a pool of quadrille with my sister and three of her elderly maiden acquaintances, who live in the neighbourhood, when, behold ye! to the astonishment of all the ladies, the parson's right eye dropped into the fish-tray! Egad! I was as much astonished as the rest; for none of us had ever discovered the defect, although he has been in the parish for so many years. But, in a twinkling, he whipt it into the socket; and when I looked him in the face, d—e! if I did not think there was as much meaning in it, as in any eye about the table.

Dig. Ha, ha, ha! (*Sir G. interrupts him in the middle of his laugh.*)

Sir G. For shame, Diggery! (*Drives him off.*) Bless me! I forgot. Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Har. (*Kisses her, and bows very politely.*) Upon my word, madam, such an imposition deserved a very severe chastisement. I hope, madam, you never permitted this made-up gentleman to indulge the eye he had left, with another view of your fair self?

Miss B. Dear sir, I hope you don't mind my brother; he is always upon his sagaries. He puts me to the blush a hundred times a day. Faith! a very pretty young fellow! I'll take a more particular view of him presently. (*Aside.*)

Sir G. No, no. My sister's observation was a just one: "That when a woman marries, she ought to have a man naturally complete."

Miss B. So, brother, you will go on with your vile conceptions.

Sir G. I have no vile conceptions. Why do you suppose them vile, sister Bridget?

Miss B. Gentlemen, I cannot stay in the room.

Har. Dear madam, I beg—pray, madam—(*Takes her by the hand.*)

Miss B. I must go, sir, I am in such a tremble. I shall certainly drop with confusion, if I stay any longer. [*Exit.*]

Har. Indeed, Sir Gilbert, this canonical gentleman, presuming to address a lady of Miss Pumpkin's qualifications—

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Pumpkin's qualifications! Stick to that, Captain, and you will soon have a regiment. I find the soldier has not spoiled the courtier.

Har. I really think what I say, sir. The deception was unpardonable.

Sir G. Not at all. The parson was very poor, and he knew she was very rich; and, if the fellow was blind with one eye, and squinted with the other, I could not blame him to marry her, if she was fool enough to consent to the union. Indeed, it was my business to prevent it; but the discovery of the glass eye did the business more effectually than I could do, had I the eloquence of a Cicero.

Cha. But, pray, uncle, where is your fair charge,

Miss Kitty Sprightly? She's grown, I suppose, a fine girl by this time.

Sir G. A fine girl, quotha! I do not like that warm inquiry. A red coat may spoil my project of marrying her myself. (*Considers.*) I have it! I'll tell him she's a little crack-brained. (*Aside.*) Nephew, a word in your ear—the poor girl has got a touch.

Cha. A touch! You don't say so.

Sir G. As sure as you are in your senses. She's always imagining herself to be either Helen, Cleopatra, Polly Peachum, or some other female of antiquity, that made a noise in the world.

Cha. Oh, ho! I smell a rat here! but I'll humour it. (*Aside.*) 'Tis a strange species of madness, uncle: she's, probably, play-mad.

Sir G. You have it; and the contagion has run through the house. There's Diggery, Wat, Cymon, Tippet, and the whole family, except my sister, have got the bite. Why, sometimes you would imagine, from the wooden sceptres, straw crowns, and such like trumpery, that Bedlam was transported to the spot you now stand upon. I give you this hint, that your friend may not be surprised: you will explain the unhappy situation of the poor girl to him. An excellent thought! it will keep her at a distance from him. (*Aside.*)

Cha. Harry, my uncle informs me (*winking at him*) that his fair ward, the young lady I mentioned to you, has lately had a touch.

Har. A touch! I am heartily sorry for it. How came the unlucky accident? I hope no faithless one-eyed lover in the case.

Sir G. Zounds! No, no, no! Why, nephew, you describe the girl's disorder abominably. She lately had a touch here, here, sir. (*Points to his forehead.*)

Har. Oh! is that all? I hope, sir, with a little attention, she will be soon restored.

Cha. I am very sorry to hear this account of my dear little Kitty. Let us visit her. Where is she, uncle?

Sir G. Dear little Kitty! Oh, ho! but I'll have all my senses about me. (*Aside.*) In her own chamber, I suppose: but, follow me, and you shall see her. She is quite another thing to what she was two years ago, when you saw her. But come, gentlemen, dinner will be shortly on the table, and I long to have a bumper with you. [*Exit.*]

Har. So, Charles, this is the fair lady you brought me down to run away with?

Cha. Even so.

Har. Why, what the devil would the world say of me for being such a scoundrel?

Cha. Marry the lady, Harry; and, when you have fifty thousand pounds in your pocket, the world will be very glad to shake hands and be friends with you.

Har. I would as soon marry Hecate—

Cha. As my aunt. Very polite, truly! But keep her out of my way, and you may do with her as you please. This girl, who my uncle says is mad, I believe I shall be able to restore in a short time; and it will go hard with me, if you will assist in the project, but I will put her into a post-chaise, and set out for London this very night.

Har. Command me, dear Charles, in anything that can be of service to you. Have you instructed William? He's a trusty, shrewd fellow.

Cha. He has got his lesson. He will soon get into Diggery's good graces, if he can only give him a speech out of a play; however, I hope William will be able to manage him. Oh! here is Diggery.

Enter DIGGERY, with a napkin in his hand.

Diggery, my honest fellow! I am glad to see you. Why, you are grown out of knowledge. It is some

years since I was first favoured with your acquaintance, Diggery.

Dig. So it is, your honour. Let me see: (*considers*) you was first favoured with my acquaintance four years come next Lammas. But I knew nothing then; I was quite a thing, your honour.

Cha. You have improved, Diggery, since that time, I see, considerably.

Dig. How do you see that, your honour?

Cha. Why, your face shews it. There are the lines of good sense, wit, and humour in every feature; not that insipid face you used to have, no more expression in it than a toasted muffin.

Dig. I got all, your honour, by larning to read. You'll see me, when I play, look in a way that will frighten the whole family. No muffin faces! all mispression, your honour. (*Harry hums a tune out of the Beggar's Opera, and acts; Diggery looks at him.*) Master Charles, who is that gentleman? He's acting, isn't he? Has he a muffin face?

Cha. No, no, Diggery, don't disturb him. He is one of the first actors of the age, and has a face that would frighten the devil, when he pleases. He'll put us all to rights; I brought him down for the purpose.

Dig. Suppose your honour desires him to kill himself for a minute or two before dinner. I have tried a thousand times, and never could kill myself to my own satisfaction, in all my life. I'll lend him my key. (*Bell rings.*) Coming! Oh! Master Charles, I was desired to bid you and the gentleman come to dinner; but I quite forgot it. Run as hard as you can.

Cha. Come, Harry, the family waits dinner.

[*Exit with Harry, singing.*]

Dig. The family waits dinner. (*Imitates him.*) I can't do it like him. Lord! how he'll do Captain Macheath in the play. I am glad he's not to be hanged. (*Sings.*)

"Let us take the road—Hark!

I hear the sound of coaches, (*Bell rings.*)
The hour of attack approaches."

[*Bell rings till Diggery is off.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Dining Parlour.

SIR GILBERT, MISS BRIDGET, MISS KITTY, CHARLES, and HARRY, at dinner: DIGGERY attending at the sideboard.

Sir G. I hope, gentlemen, you like your dinner. As to my wine, there is not better in the country, I'll lay a hogshead of claret.

Har. Your entertainment is so good, Sir Gilbert, that I shall beg leave to prolong my visit. What shall we do, Charles, when we reach London, that cursed seat of noise and bustle?

Cha. Endeavour to reconcile ourselves to it; a soldier must not always expect good quarters. Pray, Miss Kitty, how does your fair friend, Miss Sally Cockle?

Kit. Oh! she has been married a long time, and was lately brought to bed of two thumping boys.

Miss B. Child, you must not tell that.

Kit. What, mustn't I tell the truth? Why, then, I do say, she was brought to bed of two boys, not six months ago; but she will be at our play to-night.

Sir G. I told you how it was; but she's not mischievous. (*Aside to Charles.*)

Cha. She has not the appearance of it.

Sir G. Come, my young soldiers, let us have a bumper to his majesty: what say you, my boys?

Har. A hundred, Sir Gilbert; and I say done first.

Sir G. Why, that's rather too many; but while I can stand or sit, have at you. Come, Diggery, let us have three bumpers in a minute here. Diggery! What is that fellow about there? (*Diggery is kneel-*

ing at the foot of the sideboard, as if lamenting the death of Statira; they all rise and look at him.) I say, Diggery! (*Diggery turns his head about, but continues kneeling.*)

Dig. Sir!

Sir G. What are you about? Acting again, I suppose?

Dig. Lord, sir, I was only striving to cry over Statira! (*Rises.*)

Sir G. To cry over Statira! and what have you to do with Statira? Let Statira go to the devil; and give us three bumpers to his majesty, and then you may go and follow Statira if you will.

Dig. Yes, sir. (*Brings the wine.*)

Sir G. Come, boys, here is his majesty's health, and a long, glorious, and happy reign to him.

Kit. Indeed, guardie, you frighten poor Diggery so, that he forgets his part almost as soon as he gets it.

Sir G. Kitty Sprightly, hold your tongue, I bid you. I have surely a right to correct my own servants; but rest satisfied, for after this night, if ever I hear the name of that sheep-stealing scoundrel, Willy, as you call him, I will—there now, that fellow's at the devil's trade again. (*Diggery is fencing with a large carving-knife.*) Call Cymon here, thou imp of the devil; we shall be able to do something with him. Oh, lord! oh, lord!

Dig. Cymon! Cymon! (*The last very loud.*)

Enter CYMON.

Cy. Here!

Sir G. Cymon, do you attend table; that fellow is among the incurables.

Cha. After we have performed this play to-night, I fancy, sir, the family will have quite enough of it.

Miss B. Then I wish it was over, with all my heart.

Cha. Miss Kitty, will you drink a glass of wine with me? Shall I have the honour to touch your glass?

Kit. If you please, sir.

Har. Suppose, Miss Pumpkin, we make it a quartetto.

Sir G. A quartetto? Why not a quintetto? Cymon, five glasses of wine; be quick. I suppose you are not engaged with Statira.

Cy. Yes—no, your honour. (*Gives five glasses of wine.*)

Sir G. We could not get any fish for you, although we sent far and near for some.

Cha. Give me good roast beef, uncle, the most proper diet for a Briton and a soldier. (*Cymon fills a glass; Diggery takes it up, and gives it to him; he appears to instruct Cymon what to do with it; Cymon drinks it, throws the glass over his head, and sings.*)

Cy. "And my comrades shall see that I die." (*Diggery and Cymon run off. All rise.*)

Sir G. I wish, with all my heart, the devil had the whole pack. Was ever man so plagued?

Har. Dear Sir Gilbert, do not be uneasy; they will be all tired of playing before to-morrow night, or I am very much mistaken.

Kit. Now, guardie, for my part, I think the best way will be, to let them have their belly-full of playing.

Miss B. For shame, Kitty; you must not say belly-full before company; that's naughty.

Kit. Well, I do say, that if guardie would only let us play as much as we please, it is very probable we should as soon be tired of it as he is.

Har. Egad! Miss Kitty, an excellent thought. (*Aside to Charles.*) Suppose, Sir Gilbert, we adopt it.

Cha. Do, uncle; my friend and I will engage, in one week, to make them hate the sight of a theatre.

Sir G. Do you say so? If I thought that could be done—

Miss B. Indeed, indeed, brother, it will make them all as mad as March hares.

Har. Believe me, madam, it will not. I know a gentleman, who, every night of his life was at one or other of the play-houses, until he purchased a share in each of them, and afterwards he no more troubled himself about the theatre, than you do about learning to ride in the great saddle.

Miss B. No! Well, that's amazing.

Sir G. Well, well, I leave the management of this matter to you both; do with them as you please. If we can provide a remedy for this disorder, let us spare no pains to find it out. Sister, shew your nephew and his friend the garden; and do you, Kitty, go too. You will find me in my study. Take care of that poor girl, Charles; she is very sensible at some moments. [*Exit.*]

Cha. "Fear not my government."

Kit. That's what the black man says in the play. This is to my own taste exactly.

Cha. "Oh! my Statira, thou relentless fair! Turn thine eyes on me; I would talk to them."

Kit. "Not the soft breezes of the genial spring, The fragrant violet, or opening rose, Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath. Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk." [*He leads her out, looking at each other languishingly.*]

SCENE II.—The Garden.

Enter MISS BRIDGET and HARRY.

Har. These improvements, madam, are the very extreme of elegance. I take for granted, they were laid out agreeably to your design.

Miss B. Partly, sir. My brother wanted to have the garden crammed full of naked figures, in a most undecent way, but I said not; and if you observe, they are clothed from head to foot; you can't see the ancle of one of them.

Har. There, madam, you blended decency with elegance, which is little attended to in these days. Besides, the artist has the same opportunity to shew his skill on the drapery of a lady's petticoat, as in finishing a Venus de Medicis.

Miss B. And so I told my brother. Says I, the Venus de Med—med—but won't you please to sit down, sir? You have walked a great deal; I am afraid you are fatigued. Sit down, sir, and dispose yourself. (*He brings two garden-chairs to the front of the stage; they look at each other languishingly.*) And are you certain, sir, this kind of play business will not be attended with any bad consequences to the family?

Har. Indeed, I think not, madam. A play, certainly, is one of the most rational amusements we have. The Greek and Roman stages contributed very much to civilize those nations; and, in a great measure, rescued them from their original barbarity.

Miss B. So I told my brother. Says I, the Greeks, the Romans, the Irish, and a great number of other barbarous nations, had plays.

Har. True, madam.

Miss B. But he said they were all Jacobites.

Har. The justice of that remark, I confess, strikes me; but, madam, you—you—you—D—e if I know what to say to this old fool. Where is Charles? (*Aside.*)

Miss B. I have touched him with my observations. What a delicate insensibility he discovers. (*Aside.*) I find, sir, from your conversation, you have read a monstrous deal. You have taken a degree, I suppose, sir, at our principal adversity?

Har. There's no standing this. (*Aside.*) Oh! yes, madam; and it cost me many an uneasy moment before I could obtain it: the only thing that made my time pass away even tolerably, was, that during my probation, I sometimes had the honour of a visit from the muses.

Miss B. Pray, sir, is that the family which lives at Oxford?

Har. No, faith! madam, they very seldom even sojourn there; they are a very whimsical family; and although of the highest extraction, very often condescend to visit a cottage instead of a palace.

Miss B. I shall be very glad to see them at Strawberry-Hall, or any friend of your's, sir.

Har. Dear madam, your goodness overwhelms me. I'll try this old Tabby with a love scene; she grows amorous. (*Aside.*) I cannot but think, madam, of the unaccountable vanity of the parson, whom Sir Gilbert so humorously described to-day. From the enterprising genius of this spirited gentleman, and from his wanting an eye, one may, with great propriety, I think, give him the name of the canonical Hannibal.

Miss B. Ha, ha! a very good summily, indeed, sir: he was, indeed, quite a cannibal; and so I told my brother: but don't mention his name, sir, it affects me like the hydrophica.

Har. His presumption, madam, deserved death. Monstrous! to think of obtaining such a hand as this, (*kisses it*) without the requisites even to gaze upon it. Oh! it is intolerable. (*She rises, and he kneels.*)

Miss B. Dear, sir! Lord, sir! With what a warmth he kisses my hand! Oh! he's a dear deluder. (*Aside.*) Sir,—Captain What-do-you-call-um, if we are seen, I am undone.

Har. Be under no apprehensions, my angel. (*Kisses her again.*)

Miss B. My angel! there's a word for you. I shall certainly give way in a few moments. (*Aside.*)

Enter DIGGERY, peeping at the side-scene.

Dig. What are these two cajoling about? Acting, I suppose. I'll try if I can't act in the same way.

Har. Ah! Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin! (*Kneels; takes out his handkerchief, and weeps.*)

Dig. Ah! Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin! (*Kneels by the side-scene, and pulls the napkin out of his pocket; part of it is seen when he enters.*)

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir G. Where are you, sister? Zounds! what's the matter now? What, are you acting! Have you got the touch?

Har. Humour the thought, madam. (*Aside.*)

Sir G. If Diggery had not been one of the dramatic personæ, I should have imagined, sister Bridget, that a red coat and a handsome young fellow were things not very disagreeable to you.

Dig. Yes, sir, I'm here! I'm always your honour's personæ.

Sir G. Get out of my sight this moment, thou—
[*Exit Diggery.*]

Miss B. Indeed, brother, I do not think that acting is so foolish a thing as I thought for. The Captain, here, has repeated so many pretty speeches, that I could listen to them for an hour longer. However, I will go and prepare tea for you. Good b'ye. [Exit.]

Har. Miss Bridget has very kindly undertaken, sir, to perform the part of Mrs. Peachum, in this evening's entertainment; and as she takes the part at a short notice, we must indulge her with the book. I shall make a proper apology to the audience upon that occasion, before the opera begins.

Sir G. Mrs. Peachum! What, has my sister undertaken to play Mother Peachum?

Har. Most kindly, sir.

Sir G. She has! Then I shall not be surprised if I see my she-goat and all her family dancing the hayes to-morrow morning. In short, after that, I shall not be surprised at anything. But tell me, my dear Stukely, tell me truly, do you think that

you will be able to give them enough of it? Do you think our plan will succeed?

Har. I'll be bound for it, sir. If there are any more plays acted in your house after this, I will consent to lose my head.

Sir G. Then give them as much of it to-night as you can: do not spare them Stukely. But, come, let us go in to tea. Diggery is hard at work, fixing the scenes in the hall, and the whole neighbourhood will be here by-and-by. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the house.

Enter KITTY, singing.

Kit. This Charles, notwithstanding my singing, now and then makes me melancholy. He is so lively, and so tragic, and so comic, and so humorous, and so everything like myself, that I am much happier with him than with anybody else. Heigh-ho! what makes me sigh so, when I choose singing?—"Tol, lol, lol, la!" But here he is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Come to my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex!

Kit. Keep off, Charles, I bid you; you must not lay hold on me in such a monstrous way; that's just like Cymon.

Cha. What do I hear? Death to my hopes! Cymon! Does Cymon lay hold of my dear Kitty?

Kit. To be sure. When I have no other person to rehearse with, I do take Cymon; and he does not perform badly, when I instruct him.

Cha. But don't you think you had better take me? Don't you imagine that my performance would please you better than his?

Kit. How can I tell, until I try you both? If you will give me a specimen, I'll soon tell you. Try now.

Cha. What the devil shall I say? I do not immediately recollect a line of a play. No matter, the first thing that comes into my head. (*Aside.*) Come, then, Kitty, you must play with me. Now mind. Hear me, thou fairest of the fair! hear me, dear goddess! hear—

Kit. Stop, stop; I do not know where that is.

Cha. Nor I, upon my soul. (*Aside.*) What! do not you recollect where that is?

Kit. No. Can you repeat a speech out of Romeo, Crooked-back Richard, the Conscious Lovers, Scrub, the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, the School for Wives—

Cha. Stop, stop; yes, yes, Kitty, I have the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, and the School for Wives, strong at this moment in my recollection. I think I can do—

Kit. What, then, you only think! You're not certain! Lord, lord! I do not believe you can do anything. Why Cymon could say them all without missing a word. I only desired him, after supper, a few nights ago, to go into the barn, and get by heart, the speech where the blackamoor smothers his wife, and I had not been in bed ten minutes, when he came into the room, and repeated every word of it.

Cha. The devil he did!

Kit. Ay, and more than that.

Cha. What more, in the devil's name?

Kit. Why, to be sure he was as black as old Harry, that's certain. He had blacked all his face with soot and goose-dripping; and he did look so charmingly frightful. But, then, he did play so well: he laid down the candle, and came up to the bed-side, and said, "One kiss, and then."

Cha. What then?

Kit. Why, then, "Put out the light." Why,

Charles, you know no more how to act this scene, than Tippet.

Cha. And pray, my dear Kitty, what does Sir Gilbert say to all this?

Kit. Why, he'd never have known a word of it, if it was not that it discovered itself.

Cha. How came that? You tell me it was but a few nights ago, and I do not think it could discover itself so soon.

Kit. Why, you must know, that when Cymon kissed me in bed, he blacked my left cheek so abominably, that when I came down to breakfast in the morning, the family were all frightened out of their wits. Mrs. Bridget bid me go to the glass; and when I looked at myself, lord, lord! how I did laugh! I told them the whole story. And, do you know, that I am locked into my room every night since.

Cha. So much the better. This is simplicity without vice. (*Aside.*) Well, Kitty, you shall see this evening, how I'll play Captain Macheath. I am quite perfect in the captain.

Kit. And I have Polly, every morsel of her.—Lord! how all the country folks will stare! Miss Fanny Blubber, the rich farmer's daughter, in the next village, is to play Lucy; she will do it charmingly. Are you sure, now, that you will not be out?

Cha. You shall see now. Come, lean on my shoulder, look fond, quite languishing—that will do. What do you say, now? have you forgot?

Kit. That I haven't: "And are you as fond as ever, my dear?"

Cha. "Suspect my honour, my courage; suspect anything but my love. May my pistols want charging, and my mare slip her shoes"—no, I'm wrong: zounds!—oh! I have it: "May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!"

Kit. Oh! thou charming, charming creature! (*Kisses him.*)

Cha. D—e, but this girl has given me the touch, I believe. She has set me all in a flame. (*Aside.*) But tell me, Kitty, have you thought upon what I said to you in the garden?

Kit. Egad! I have; but I don't know what's the matter with me; something comes across me, and frightens all my inclinations away.

Cha. Be resolute, my dear Kitty, and take to your arms the man who can only live when he's in your presence. Heavens! is it possible, that such a girl as you, a creature formed—

Kit. Lord! am I a creature?

Cha. Ay, and a lovely creature; formed for the delight of our sex, and the envy of your's. To be caged up in such a d—d old barn as this! seeing no company but Cymon, Wat, Diggery Ducklin, and such cannibals.

Kit. Oh! monstrous.

Cha. It's more than monstrous; it's shocking.

Kit. Is it, indeed?

Cha. To be sure.

Kit. Then I will do as you bid me from this moment.

Cha. Come to my arms, and let me hold thee to my heart for ever. (*Embraces her.*) "If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for I fear my soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like this succeeds in unknown fate."

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir G. Hallo! What the devil! Are you two at it already? Why, Charles, are you not afraid she will bite you?

Cha. Not in the least, sir. If I don't make her out of humour with this kind of mumming, before she is twenty-four hours older, I will forfeit my commission.

Sir G. If you do, I promise you a better. What noise is that? (*A board is heard sawing without.*)

Kit. It is only Diggery sawing a trap-hole in the floor of the hall. You know we can't play tragedy without it.

Sir G. Zounds! we shall have the house about our ears presently. Mercy on us! Diggery, thou imp of the devil! give over. Charles, do you stop him. [*Exit Charles.*] Who could have thought of such an infernal scheme?

Re-enter CHARLES.

Oh! Charles, Charles, cure the family of this madness, and I will make your fortune for you.

Cha. He had only begun his work; there can be no mischief done, sir.

Sir G. Thank you, thank you, Charles. As for you, Miss Kitty, do you come with me; the folks will be all here presently. (*Sir Gilbert puts her arm under his; she seizes Charles's hand, and imitates the scene in the Beggar's Opera, where Peachum drags his daughter from Macheath.*)

Kit. "Do not tear him from me." Isn't that right, Charles?

Cha. Astonishing!

Sir G. What the devil's the matter, now?

Kit. (*Sings.*) "Oh, oh, ray! oh, Ambora! oh, ho!" [*Exeunt Sir G. and Kitty.*]

Cha. Well, certainly there does not exist such an anaccountable family as this. As to the girl, she is a composition of shrewdness and simplicity; and, if properly treated, would make an excellent wife. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune, and every shilling at her own disposal. What an old curmudgeon is my uncle, who might provide for his nephew, without pulling a shilling out of his own pocket, by bestowing this girl upon him; and never once to hint at such an union. No matter: I'll take this little charming girl to my arms, and make a *coup-de-main* of it. "Then, farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump; the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!"

Enter HARRY.

Har. Bravo, bravo! Charles. The touch, I fancy, has gone round the whole family.

Cha. Egad! I believe so, too, Harry. I have got it, you find.

Har. I have been looking for you this half hour. Such a scene as I have had with old mouser.

Cha. Ay, but such a scene as I have had with the kitten! Egad! Harry, I have her, in spite of all her tricks. But who, do you think, popped upon us at the critical moment?

Har. Critical moment!

Cha. Just as I had the lovely girl in my arms, repeating to her the first speech that came into my head, in popped old Jowler, my uncle.

Har. Why, he caught me much in the same situation in the garden; I was kneeling, kissing Miss Bridget Pumpkin's old, withered fist, and swearing by all the goddesses, their friends, and relations, when plump he came upon us. No mischief ensued; for he thought I was giving her a specimen of my abilities in acting. She humoured the idea as completely as if she had but just come from a London boarding-school; and the good old knight desired me, to surfeit her, to give her a little more of it.

Cha. "This night makes me, or undoes me quite."

Har. Good again, Charles. D—e, but I think you would make a tolerable actor in good earnest.

Cha. I think I should; and you will shortly have a specimen of my abilities, in the character of a good husband.

Enter WILLIAM, with a letter.

Will. I received this letter, sir, from a hostler, who belongs to an inn in the next village: he waits for an answer, sir.

Cha. What can this mean? I know no person hereabouts, except my uncle's family. Let us see. (*Reads.*) "*I this moment heard you was in the country, upon a visit at your uncle's; and, as I propose staying here to-night, (being heartily fatigued with my journey) will be much obliged if you will favour me with your company to supper. I am alone; but if the family cannot spare you, I must insist you will use no ceremony with your old and sincere friend, JOE TACKUM.*"—Angels catch the sounds!

Har. With all my heart. But what's the matter?

Cha. Who do you think is by accident arrived at the next village?

Har. Who? who? You put me in a fever.

Cha. Joe Tackum, my old fellow collegian, who took orders not a month ago; and who, I suppose, is now going to his father's. Fly, William, get me pen, ink, and paper: he must not stir from this place he is now at, to get a bishopric.

[*Exeunt Charles and William.*]

Har. Let me see now; can't I find some passage that would be à-propos. If Diggery were here, he would find twenty in a minute. Oh! I have it: "If it were done when 'tis done; then would it were done quickly:"—"Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished." No, no, no, I'm all wrong. D—e, if ever I attempt to spout again while I live. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Hall, with seats to see the play.*

SIR GILBERT, DIGGERY, &c. *bustling to receive company.*

Sir G. Welcome, my good friends; welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Diggery, don't be mumbling your nonsense, but seat the company. You are all most heartily welcome. The actors will be here shortly. Diggery, where's my nephew and his friend? Where's Kitty, too?

Dig. She is just stepped out with Charles.

Sir G. Ay, ay, to rehearse their parts together; so much the better. After this night, I shall take care they have no rehearsing of their tragedies, and comedies, and love dialogues: I'll put an end to this tinder-work business. But come, come; bustle about, Diggery, get yourself ready, and desire them all to begin; we have no time to lose. Now, neighbours, you shall see the Beggar's Opera in taste.

Dig. Here they are, here they are!

Enter CHARLES, KITTY, and HARRY.

Har. Are you sure none of the family know you are married?

Cha. Not a soul; but they shall all know it now. (*Charles and Kitty go up to Sir Gilbert, and kneel.*) Sir, this young lady, who is now my wife, joins with me in requesting your blessing and forgiveness.

Dig. No, no, no; you are all wrong. You are to confess the marriage at the end of the third act. We begin at the wrong end. (*Charles and Kitty rise.*)

Enter MISS BRIDGET, in a rage.

Miss B. Brother, brother! we are all undone. Oh! Kitty, you are a sad slut. The wench is married, brother!

Dig. Why, Mrs. Bridget, you are wrong, too; you are to say that by-and-by.

Sir G. You came in too soon, sister Bridget; you have forgot.

Miss B. I tell you, brother, the wench is married. Are you stupid?

Sir G. I tell you again, sister Bridget, you are too soon; that rage will do well enough presently. Diggery shall tell you when to come. This foolish woman spoils all. I have seen the Beggar's Opera a thousand times.

Miss B. Was ever anything to equal this? I'll raise the neighbourhood. Murder! robbery! ravishment! Bless me, how my head turns round. (*They all rise, and assist Miss B., who faints.*)

Dig. I never saw anything better acted in all my life.

Sir G. Very well, sister, indeed! bounce away. I did not think it was in you. Very well, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! (*Bridget shews great agitation.*)

Dig. It's very fine, indeed! I wish I may do my part half as well.

Miss B. I shall go mad! You crazy fool you, hold your tongue, or I will—(*Runs at Diggery.*) As for you, brother—

Sir G. No, no, now you are out.

Dig. You should not meddle with me.

Miss B. I tell you, dolt, fool, that your niece, there, that impudent baggage, is married to that more impudent fellow, your nephew.

Sir G. It can't be; it's all a lie. Parson Dosey would not have done such a thing for his other eye, and there's no other in the neighbourhood.

Har. It was not Parson Dosey that did the kind office, but honest Joe Tackum.

Sir G. And pray, who the devil is honest Joe Tackum?

Cha. A friend of mine, sir, who I detained for the purpose.

Kit. Dear guardie, forgive me this time, and I'll never do it again. (*Kneeling.*)

Miss B. Did you ever hear anything so profligate and destitute? Oh! you'll turn out finely, miss! to deceive us all. What, guilty of such an abomination, in so short a time, and at your age.

Kit. Pray, madam, excuse me; is it not quite as bad to do it in so short a time, and at your age?

Miss B. What do you mean, you impertinent slut?

Sir G. Ay, what do you mean, Miss Hot-upon't?

Kit. Ask this gentleman, pray.

Sir G. Why, what the devil, sister! (*Bridget looks ashamed.*)

Har. Since I am subpoenaed into court, I must speak the truth. That lady, in so short a time, and at her age, offered her hand for the same trip to matrimony; but I was not in a humour for travelling.

Miss B. You are all a parcel of knaves, fools, and impertinent hussies. I'll never see your faces again. [*Exit.*]

Sir G. Well, as my sister, who ought to be wiser, would have done the same, I will forgive the lesser offence. (*Kisses Kitty.*) Make her a good husband, Charles: and permit me to recommend one thing to you; let her never read a play, or go within the doors of a theatre; if you do, I would not underwrite her.

Cha. "My life upon her faith!" I am afraid, sir, you judge severely of the drama. It is the business of the stage to reflect the manners of the world; "to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

We point just satire to correct the age,

And give to truth a beauty from the stage.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS ;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

LOVEL
FREEMAN
LORD DUKE

SIR HARRY
PHILIP
TOM

COACHMAN
KINGSTON
KITTY

LADY CHARLOTTE
LADY BAB
COOK, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Freeman's house.*

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL.

Free. A country boy! Ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time; I am now convinced of what you have so often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James, than in your kitchen.

Lov. It is with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare: Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks. If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Pray tell me; is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house; however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is a hundred to one if you get anything out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell anything to the disadvantage of

another. But what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and puts me upon satisfying my curiosity. Read it. (*Gives the letter.*)

Free. I should know something of this hand. (*Reads.*)

To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.

Please your honour, I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants. Your honour will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I was, it may bring one into trouble.

So no more, from your honour's

Servant to command.

Odd and honest! Well, and now what are the steps you intend to take? (*Returns the letter.*)

Lov. My plan is this. I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town: *ecce signum!* (*Points to his boots.*)

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I will be so countryfied, that you shall not know me: as they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them; but you must contrive, some way or other, to get me introduced to Philip as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon; walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole; my name shall be Jemmy, and I am come to be a gentleman's servant, and will do my best, and hope to get a good character. (*Mimicking.*)

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil. Come along!

Free. Bravo!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day! Eating, working, and sleeping. But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ah! my dear Sir Harry—

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My Lord Duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord: we have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear; plague take it, I should have been there; but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir H. The viscount's people have been d—y taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they knew nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. (*Offers his box.*)

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Ay!

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff. I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent. When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore gad! whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people. (*Reads.*)

"Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper."

Duke. I have the same invitation; their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord? Philip's a blood.

Duke. A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret; he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No!

Duke. Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in tolerable time, I'll be with you: have you anything for us?

Sir H. Yes, a little bit of poetry; I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself, till eight.

Duke. Heigho! I am quite out of spirits; I had a d—d debauch last night, baronet. Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece. Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith! Lady Bab; ay, and Lady Charlotte.

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes! Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad if she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are d—d negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh! d—n it, that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money. Rot it, I never save a shilling; indeed, I am sure of a place in the excise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, eh! here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire. (*They retire.*)

Enter Lady Bab's Maid, and Lady Charlotte's Maid.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again, I love Foxhall.

Lady B. Oh! my stars. Why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! Runelow for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel! I hate the fellow. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man for all that; soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

Lady B. I despise him: how goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind; I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh! but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The Duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The Duke might shew his judgment much better. (*Holding up her head.*)

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too; take no notice of them; we'll rally them by-and-bye.

Lady B. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay; let us be gone; for the common

people do so stare at us, we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke's Servant and Sir Harry's Servant.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us : I must follow.

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must. I must have a party of raillery with them ; a *bon mot* or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu ! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible ; though, harkye ! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending ; and so, you know, mum ! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Adieu !

[*Exit.*]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is ! and the fellow can't read ! It was but the other day that he was a cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. O tempora, O Moses !

Re-enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Sir Harry, pr'ythee, what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there ?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles ! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy ! I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—(*Makes a motion as if with the dice-box.*)

Sir H. Fie ! my lord duke !

Duke. Lookye ! baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil, of any fashion, can possibly spend an evening without it ? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look ! Ha, ha, ha ! Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord ! I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do. Tol, lol, lol ! [*Exit, singing and dancing.*]

Sir H. He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment : so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry. I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire ; we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip ?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry ?

Sir H. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke's a fool !

Sir H. Take care what you say ; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you ; Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch ; I have such wine for you !

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad ! the cellar shall bleed ; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor ; my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What-d'ye-call-him with ; but I told him it was all gone ; eh ! Charity begins at home ; eh ! Odso ! here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend : he's a dry one ! Don't let us be seen together, he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away ! remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right ! long corks ! eh, Phil ! (*Mimics the drawing of a cork.*) Your's ! [*Exit.*]

Phil. Now for a cast of my office ; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary. Hem !

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh ! Philip ; how do you do, Philip ? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman ! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant. (*Going.*)

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip ?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants, at such times, are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True ; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir : sir, your servant. (*Going.*)

Free. Oh ! Mr. Philip ! pray, stay ; you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir. (*Bows.*)

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest—(*Philip bows*)—rascals in the world ! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man ; poor fellow ! he has a great number of children ; and they have sent me one of them, a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of ; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlicked cub !

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir ; now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands ; and I hate to be idle, sir ; in two months, I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. (*Aside.*)

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James ; and, for a table, or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or anything—

Free. What have you for entrance ?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea ; I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. (*Aside.*) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly ! (*Aside.*)

Phil. When can I see him, sir ?

Free. Now, directly : call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute ; I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages : humph !

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant ! [*Exit.*]

Phil. Ha, ha, ha ! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. D—n all such sneaking scoundrels ! I say. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall in Lovel's house.*

KINGSTON and Coachman, drunk and sleepy, discovered. Knocking at the door.

King. Somebody knocks. Coachy, go ! go to the door, coachy !

Coach. I'll not go, do you go, you black dog !

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go ! (*Knocking.*)

Coach. Why, then, let them stay; I'll not go, d—e! Ay, knock the door down, and let yourselves in. (*Knocking.*)

King. Ay, ay! knock again, knock again!

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire, so he can't be there; so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I, I'll go to sleep, too.

Coach. You lie, devil! you shall not go to sleep, till I am asleep. I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk, you are sulky as a hell. Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, coachman, Kingston, ye drunken bears! why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook; you go.

Cook. Hang me, if I go!

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollsy, Pollsy! go.

Cook. Out, you black toad! it is none of my business, and go I will not. (*Sits down.*)

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL disguised.

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Aha! my lads; what, finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows! I suppose, they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Yo ho! get to bed, you dogs! and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by. They are as fast as a church. Jemmy!

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog! you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgrumdy! what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them, sir, if I might, eh?

Phil. Do, Jemmy; wake them, Jemmy. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip! Mr. Coachman! (*Gives him a slap on the face.*)

Coach. Oh, oh! What! Zounds! Oh! d—n you!

Lov. What, blackey! blackey! (*Pulls him by the nose.*)

King. Oh, oh! What now? Curse you! Cot tam you!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Well done, Jemmy. Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up! I say so, too; not I, indeed.

Coach. She sha'n't see us to bed, we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exit with coachman, reeling.*]

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure: who else? Ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. So! (*Aside.*)

Cook. Pr'ythee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm 'Squire Freeman's boy, eh?

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound! and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! That is good. Freeman shall have it. (*Aside.*)

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's, to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook! that is right! the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe? (*Calls.*)

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress!

Cook. Take that box and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Cloe. Yes, mistress! (*Takes the box.*) Who is this? (*Seeing Lovel.*) He, he, he! Oh! this is pretty boy! He, he, he! Oh! this is pretty red hair! He, he, he! You shall be in love with me by-and-by. He, he!

[*Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.*]

Lov. A very pretty amour! (*Aside.*) Oh, la! what a fine room this is! Is this the dining-room, pray, sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is! This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer. Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? (*Lovel bows.*)

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor silly fool!

Lov. Thank you! (*Aside.*)

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. (*Fawningly.*)

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and, with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family—

Lov. A dog! (*Aside.*) Oh, la, la! What, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead!

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear!

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded. (*Aside.*)

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one; I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native. *Comment vous porter vous, mounseer.* (*Aukwardly.*)

Phil. Psha, psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French: I shall shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anan!

Kit. Anan! Oh, the fool! Ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me mould you a little; you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night. (*She ties and powders his hair.*)

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! Oh, the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy; it is so coarse, and so caroty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. and Kit. Ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh.*)

Kit. There, now you are something like. Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson; and then I'll lecture him out of the Servants' Guide.

Phil. Come, sir; first, hold up your head. Very well! Turn out your toes, sir. Very well! Now call, Coach!

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir: Coach, coach, coach! (*Loud.*)

Lov. Coach, coach, coach, coach! (*Imitating.*)

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear. Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. Oh, la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now; what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand to it. Now I'll lecture him. (*Takes out a book.*) This is "*The Servants' Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly Servant to several Noblemen, and now an Officer in the Customs: necessary for all Servants.*"

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains; and remember them well. Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (*Reads.*) "*Advice to the Footman.*"

"Let it for ever be your plan
To be the master, not the man;
And do as little as you can."

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all; not I.

Kit. (*Reads.*) "*To the Groom.*"

"Never allow your master able
To judge of matters in the stable.
If he should roughly speak his mind,
Or to dismiss you seem inclin'd,
Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddines! that's good! He, he, he!

Kit. (*Reads.*) "*To the Coachman.*"

"If your good master on you doats,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger! He, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy! take the book, and read it every night and morning, before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good! But now for business.

Kit. Right! I'll go and get one of the damask table-cloths, and some napkins; and, be sure, *Phil.* your sideboard is very smart. [*Exit.*]

Phil. That it shall. Come, *Jemmy.* [*Exit.*]

Lov. So, so! It works well! [*Aside and exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall, with the supper and sideboard set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL discovered.

Kit. Well, *Phil.* what think you! Don't we look very smart? Now let them come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for them.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, *Tom.* to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know; he is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh! I know him; he is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

And why won't you make one to-night, *Tom*? Here's cook, and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest! Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honester than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkye! *Mr. Honesty!* don't be saucy.

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what? (*Goes up to Tom.*)

Phil. Ay, sir, afraid of what? (*Goes up on the other side.*)

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what? (*Goes up to Tom.*)

Tom. I value none of you; I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, *Mr. Clodpole,* are in a fair way to be hanged. (*Strikes Lovel.*)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow! (*Aside.*)

Tom. I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, *Tom.*

Tom. Egad! madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses. There's your good friend, *Mother Barter,* the old-clothes-woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never—eh?

Tom. No, never: I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that. (*Snapping his fingers.*) His honour is a prince; gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house. (*Aside.*)

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that: d—n an informer! But yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other, that's all. [*Exit.*]

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel! you will not. (*Aside.*) Oh, la! here is a fine gentleman.

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Ah! *ma cher mademselle!* comment vous portez vous? (*Salute.*)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, *Philip?*

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear *Kitty*—(*They talk apart.*)

Phil. *Jemmy!*

Lov. Anan!

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Ees, I wull: but won't you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by; come along.

Lov. Ees.

[*Exit with Philip.*]

Kit. Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up. You have a d—d vile collection of pictures, I observed above stairs, *Kitty.* Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste! that's impossible! for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick them up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. *Donnez moi votre eau-de-luce.* My head aches confoundedly! (*She gives a smelling-bottle.*)

Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. *Pardonnez moi* for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith!

Kit. How you rattle, duke! I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, *mademseille.*

Kit. Your grace loves a play.

Duke. No; it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment: I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one, then: you are devilish handsome, Kate! Kiss me. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

Sir H. Oh, ho! Are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well by-and-by. However, you'll never find me behind-hand. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Duke. Stand off! you are a commoner; nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! A mighty honour, truly! to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. Oh, lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry; that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord; now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine, old, noble blood spilt here. Have done, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Not I: why he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. (*Slow.*)

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? (*Quick.*)

Kit. Peace, peace! here's Lady Bab.

Enter Lady Bab's Servant, in a chair.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant: I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you? My lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry, too, your's.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time. (*Looks at her watch.*) But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning; some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh! you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Kit. Shikspur, Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid, in a chair.

Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. Oh! Mr. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholic seized me. Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding!

Duke. Oh! madam. (*Bowing.*)

Lady C. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry. (*Formally.*)

Sir H. Madam, your servant: I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. (*Scornfully.*)

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis—

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I, madam? I scorn such a thing! I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad! I am confounded! My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray, help me out. (*Aside.*)

Duke. Ask her to shew her legs. Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*)

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, laden with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer, here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free, I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships, too.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance? and then, to supper.

Enter Cook, Coachman, KINGSTON, and CLOE.

Come here; where are all our people? I'll couple you. My lord duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; coachman and cook; and the two devils will dance together. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. With submission, the country-dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us. (*Sir Harry bows.*)

All. Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet. (*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.*)

Lady C. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. (*They sit down.*) Here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle: if any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. (*A pause.*)

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or nob!"

Lady C. Done, my lord, in burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. (*They drink. A pause.*)

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round; I have a health for you: Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses.

All. Ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh. A pause.*)

Kit. Ladies, pray, what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh.*)

Phil. My lord duke, your toast?

Duke. Lady Betty!

Phil. Oh! no; a health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it? Well, then, Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you: will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song! ay, ay; Sir Harry's song, Sir Harry's song!

Duke. A song, to be sure; but, first, *preludio*. (*Kisses Kitty.*) Pray, gentlemen, put it about. (*Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*)

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but, hem! I must clear up my pipes, hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled and called the "*Fellow Servant: or, All in a Livery.*"

SONG.—KITTY.

*Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.*

*Chorus.—Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.*

*See yonder fine spark, in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he, i'faith! but a servant at best?*

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

*The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.*

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a d—d vile composition!

Phil. How so?

Duke. Oh, very low! Very low, indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal! I'll pull you by the nose. (*All rise.*)

Duke. Lookye! friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! what you will; pistols.

Duke. Done! behind Montague House!

Sir H. Done! with seconds!

Duke. Done!

Phil. Oh! for shame, gentlemen! My lord duke! Sir Harry!—the ladies!—fie! (*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints.*) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [*Exit Kingston.*] It sounds like my master's rap: pray heaven it is not he!

Enter KINGSTON.

Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman; I peeped through the key-hole, and saw them by the lamp-light; Tom has just let them in.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what: away with the things!

Phil. Away with the wine! away with the plate! Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand. Out with the candles! Away, away! (*They carry away the table, &c.*)

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do? (*They all run about in confusion.*)

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no! He'll see you, then.

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here?

Duke. Plague take it! face it out.

Sir H. Oh! no; these West Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (*Without.*) Philip! Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh, the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs; Sir Harry, run down into the cellar. My lord duke, get into the pantry. Away, away!

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Anywhere, anywhere! Up the chimney, if you will.

Phil. There; in with you. (*They all go into the pantry.*)

Lov. (*Without.*) Philip, Philip!

Phil. Coming, sir. (*Aloud.*) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. Egad! this is black Monday with us: sit down; seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper. (*They sit down.*)

Enter LOVEL, with pistols, affecting to be drunk; FREEMAN following.

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed. (*Aside.*) Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay; they have been well employed, I dare say. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman. Lie you there. (*Lays his pistol down.*) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir! to-night?

Lov. Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear; you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle them all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is! (*Aside.*)

Duke. Philip, Philip, Philip! (*Peeping out.*)

Phil. Plague take you! Hold your tongue! (*Aside.*)

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute. (*Aside to Lovel.*)

Lov. I find I have. Mum! (*Aside to Freeman.*) Get some wine, Philip. [*Exit Philip.*] Though I must eat something before I drink. Kitty, what have you got in the pantry.

Kit. In the pantry? Lard! your honour, we are at board wages.

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it. Here, (*rises*) open the pantry-door. I'll be about your board-wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of anything in the world in the pantry. (*Opposing him.*)

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine. (*Sits down again.*)

Sir H. (Peeping.) Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty!

Kit. Peace, on your life! (*Aside.*)

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, sir. Hem! (*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*)

Re-enter PHILIP, with wine.

We are undone! undone! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Oh! that is the duke's d—d rappee! (*Aside.*)

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lov. D—n it! there are thieves in the house; I'll be among them. (*Takes a pistol.*)

Kit. Lack-a-day! sir, it was only the cat; they sometimes sneeze for all the world like a christian. Here! Jack, Jack! He has got a cold, sir. Puss, puss!

Lov. A cold! then, I'll cure him; here, Jack, Jack! puss, puss!

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash; pray, your honour, don't. (*Opposing him.*)

Lov. Stand off! Here, Freeman, here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five to four, nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.

Free. Try, try; but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a d—d good marksman! (*Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry-door.*) Now for it! (*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*) Who the devil are these? One, two, three, four!

Phil. These are particular friends of mine, sir: servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle. (*Philip takes up a*

bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.) Bring it back. Do you usually entertain your company with tokay, monsieur?

Phil. I, sir! treat with wine!

Lov. Oh! yes; from humble port to imperial tokay! Yes, I loves kokay. (*Mimicking himself.*)

Phil. How! Jemmy, my master! (*Aside.*)

Kit. Jemmy! the devil! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Your honour is, at present, in liquor, but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (*Changing his countenance.*) We'll set all to rights now; there, I am sober, at your service; what have you to say, Philip? (*Philip starts.*) You may well start; go, get you out of my sight.

Duke. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudent familiarity to assume his title. Your grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door, and if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin. Begone! I beg their ladyships' pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs. Ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! (*Sir Harry steals off.*)

Duke. Low-bred fellows! [*Exit.*]

Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn out. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. They are downright hottenpots! [*Exit.*]

Phil. and Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house; you'll shine in the bar, madam." I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil. and Kit. Oh, sir! good sir!

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning. And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning before you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruined and undone. [*Exit.*]

Lov. But you, sir, for your villany, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest honest man to shew you the way out. Your keys, sir. (*Philip gives the keys.*)

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you; you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement. Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house, (*points to Philip*) and then, take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been!

[*Exit with Tom.*]

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Lov. And I intend to make your Robert so, too; every honest servant should be made happy.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA;

AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE
COLONEL OLDBOY
LIONEL
JESSAMY

HARMAN
JENKINS
LADY MARY OLDBOY

CLARISSA
DIANA
JENNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Colonel Oldboy's house:*
COLONEL OLDBOY is discovered at breakfast, reading a newspaper; at a little distance from the tea-table, sits JENKINS; and on the opposite side, DIANA, who appears playing upon a harpsicord. A Girl attending.

TRIO.

*Ah! how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.*

*Be grateful to the season,
Its pleasures let's employ;
Kind nature gives, and reason
Permits us to enjoy.*

[Exit Maid.]

Col. Well said Dy, thank you Dy. This, master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come here and kiss me, you slut; come here and kiss me, you baggage.

Dia. Lord, papa, you call one such names—

Col. A fine girl, master Jenkins; a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you—spirit!—I design to marry her to a duke: how much money do you think a duke would expect with such a wench?

Jenk. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a duke in it, I believe, but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady.

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country 'squire, eh! How say you to this, Dy? would not you rather be married to a duke?

Dia. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you d—d confounded little baggage; why you would not wish to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dia. Well, but listen to me, papa: when you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame ducks and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, are the game: there is some sport in bringing them down, because they are wild; and it is just the same with an husband or a lover. I would not waste powder and shot, to wound one of your sober, pretty behaved gentlemen; but to hit a libertine, extravagant, madcap fellow, to take him upon the wing—

Col. Do you hear her, master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jenk. Well, but, good Colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son.

Dia. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend, Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say he is a d—d, witty, knowing fellow; and egad, I think him well enough for one brought up in a college.

Jenk. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's; who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at his own expense, to Oxford; during the vacation, he is come to pay us a

visit, and Sir John intends that he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man.

Dia. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord, what a strange brain I have! If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from Sir John Flowerdale. You a brain for mathematics indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day.

Dia. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

SONG.

*To rob them of strength, when wise nature thought fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.*

*Sound, sound, then, the trumpet, both sexes to arms,
Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly shall see, whether courage or charms,
Decide for the Helens or Hector.* [Exit.]

Col. Well, master Jenkins, don't you think now that a nobleman, a duke, an earl, or a marquis, might be content to share his title? I say, you understand me—with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off mortgages? Besides, there is a prospect of my whole estate; for I dare swear, her brother will never have any children.

Jenk. I should be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as your's and Sir John Flowerdale's.

Col. Why look you, master Jenkins; Sir John Flowerdale is an honest gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd dispute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial esteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my son; she is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a sensible girl, a worthy girl; and—a word in your ear—d—n me if I an't very sorry for her.

Jenk. Sorry, Colonel!

Col. Ay—between ourselves, master Jenkins, my

Jenk. How do you mean? [son won't do.]

Col. I tell you, master Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing—a prig. At sixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold, sprightly boy, as you should see in a thousand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret—now he mixes all his wine with water.

Jenk. Oh! if that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worse husband, I'll answer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality—I was prevailed upon to send him to be brought up by her brother, lord Jessamy, who had no children of his own, and promised to leave him an estate: he has got the estate indeed, but, the fellow has taken his lordship's name for it. Now, master Jenkins, I would be glad to know, how the name of Jessamy is better than that of Oldboy?

Jenk. Well! but, Colonel, it is allowed on all hands, that his lordship has given your son an excellent education.

Col. Psha! he sent him to the university, and to travel, forsooth; but what of that; I was abroad, and at the university myself, and never a rush the better for either. I quarrelled with his lordship about six years before his death, and so had not an opportunity of seeing how the youth went on; if I had, master Jenkins, I would no more have suffered him to be made such a monkey of. He has been in my house but three days, and it is all turned topsy-turvy by him and his rascally servants; then

his chamber is like a perfumer's shop, with wash-balls, pastes, and pomatum; and, do you know, he had the impudence to tell me yesterday, at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myself?

Jenk. Pray, Colonel, how does my lady Mary?

Col. What my wife? in the old way, master Jenkins; always complaining; ever something the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs: but we have had the devil to pay lately—she and I did not speak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How so, sir?

Col. A little affair of jealousy. You must know my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me. Upon my soul, it is a fine fat, chubby infant as ever I set my eyes on: I have sent it to nurse; and, between you and me, I believe I shall leave it a fortune.

Jenk. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my lady has a pretty vein of poetry: she writ me an heroic epistle upon it, where she calls me her dear, false Damon; so I let her cry a little, promised to do so no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jenk. Well, Colonel, I must take my leave; I have delivered my message, and Sir John may expect the pleasure of your company to dinner.

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—plague o' ceremony among friends. But won't you stay to see my son; I have sent to him, and suppose he will be here as soon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jenk. There is no occasion, good sir: present my humble respects, that's all.

Col. Well but, zounds! Jenkins, you must not go till you drink something; let you and I have a bottle of hock.

Jenk. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch anything strong in the morning.

Col. Never touch anything strong! Why one bottle won't hurt you, man, this is old, and as mild as milk.

Jenk. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuse me.

SONG.

*To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass,
And I did as youngers did.
But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.* [Exit.]

Enter MR. JESSAMY, LADY MARY OLDBOY
and MAID.

Lady M. Shut the door; why don't you shut the door there? Have you a mind I should catch my death? This house is absolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy-stone, or in a windmill.

Mr. Jes. I thought they told your ladyship that there was a messenger here from Sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, sir, and so there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's steward, who has lived in the family these forty years.

Mr. Jes. And pray, sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himself: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been visited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a solecism.

Col. 'Sblood, my lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but last night from his sister's seat in the west, and is a little out of order. But

I suppose he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, "Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them." [say—

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to

Col. He need not give himself so many affected airs; I think it's very well if he gets such a girl for going for: she's one of the handsomest and richest in this country, and more than he deserves.

Mr. Jes. That's an exceeding fine china jar your ladyship has got in the next room; I saw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will send to my agent to purchase it: it is the true matchless old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that she gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman; but she reckons them at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four nankeen beakers, and a couple of shaking mandarins, that the custom-house officer took from under her petticoats.

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this? He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jessamy, since that's the name you choose to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jes. Knock me down, Colonel! What do you mean? I must tell you, sir, this is a language to which I have not been accustomed; and, if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I shall be under the necessity of quitting your house.

Col. Quitting my house?

Mr. Jes. Yes, sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, sir, am not I your father, sir; and have I not a right to talk to you as I like? I will, sirrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. What's the matter, madam; I mean, madam, that he might have been changed at nurse, madam—and I believe he was.

Mr. Jes. Huh! huh! huh!

Col. Do you laugh at me, you saucy jackanapes!

Lady M. Who's there?—Somebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into such repeated convulsions. But I see your aim; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very soon have that satisfaction.

Col. I can't bear the sight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I shall faint.

Mr. Jes. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck first. This cursed sharp north-wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great coat.

Enter ANTOINE, with great coat and muff.

Lady M. Marg'ret, some hartshorn. [Exit Antoine.] My dear Mr. Oldboy, why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it shocks my tender nerves?

Col. 'Sblood, madam, it's enough to make a man

Lady M. Hartshorn! hartshorn!

Enter Maid.

Mr. Jes. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy? [question?

Mr. Jes. Will you give me leave to ask one

Col. I don't know whether I will or not.

Mr. Jes. I should be glad to know, that's all, what single circumstance in my conduct, carriage, or figure, you can possibly find fault with—perhaps I may be brought to reform. Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth; then, seriously, what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr. Jes. Be ingenuous; speak, and spare not.

Col. You would know?

SONG.

*Zounds, sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;*

A coxcomb, a fop,

A dainty milk-sop,

*Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop:*

A thing full of prate,

And pride and conceit;

All fashion, no weight;

Who shrugs and takes snuff,

And carries a muff;

A minikin,

Finicking,

French powder'd-puff:

And now, sir, I fancy, I've told you enough. [Exit.

Mr. Jes. What's the matter with the Colonel, madam; does your ladyship know?

Lady M. Heigho! don't be surprised, my dear; it was the same thing with my late dear brother, Lord Jessamy; they never could agree: that good-natured, friendly soul, knowing the delicacy of my constitution, has often said, "sister Mary, I pity you." Not but your father has good qualities, and I assure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himself. When he first paid his addresses to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the consent of your noble grandfather.

Mr. Jes. I think he ought to be proud of me; I believe there's many a duke, nay prince, who would esteem themselves happy in having such a son.

Lady M. Yes, my dear; but your sister was always your father's favourite: he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and sets his heart upon seeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jes. He should wish to see her look a little like a gentlewoman first. When she was in London, last winter, I am told she was taken notice of by a few men; but she wants air, manner—

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family; and I never knew a woman of it but herself without. I have tried her; about three years ago I set her to translate a little French song; I found she had not even an idea of versification, and she put down love and joy for rhyme, so I gave her over.

Mr. Jes. Why, indeed, she appears to have more of the Thalestris than the Sappho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself; though, I protest, I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condescend to the Colonel a little; do, my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma. [Exit.

Mr. Jes. Let me consider; I am going to visit a country baronet here, who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter; the old gentleman has heard of my parts and understanding, miss of my figure and address. But, suppose I should not like her when I see her? Why, positively, then I will not have her; the treaty's at an end, and sans compliment, we break up the congress. But, won't that be cruel, after having suffered her to flatter herself with hopes, and shewing myself to her. She's a strange dowdy, I dare believe; however, she brings provision with her for a separate maintenance. Antoine, *appretez la toilet.* I am going to spend a cursed day; that I perceive already; I wish it was over, I dread it as much as a general election. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Study in Sir John Flowerdule's house.

Enter CLARISSA.

SONG.

Immortal powers protect me,

Assist, support, direct me;

Relieve a heart oppress'd.

Ah! why this palpitation?

Cease busy perturbation,

And let me, let me rest.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you?

Cla. Nothing, Jenny, nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, madam, there is something ails you indeed. Lord, what signifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am sure it vexes me to the heart, so it does, to see such a dear, sweet, worthy young lady, as you are, pining yourself to death.

Cla. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling so much on my account; but, in a little time, I hope I shall be easier.

Jen. Why, now, here to-day, madam, for sartain you ought to be merry to-day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one else better, I am sure I wish you had him, with all my soul.

Cla. Suppose, Jenny, I was so unfortunate as to like a man without my father's approbation, would you wish me married to him?

Jen. I wish you married to any one, madam, that could make you happy.

Cla. Heigho!

Jen. Madam, madam! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terrace; I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not seem to be in over great spirits either. To be sure, madam, it's no business of mine; but, I believe, if the truth was known, there are those in the house who would give more than ever I shall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a sartain person that shall be nameless.

Cla. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Jen. I hope you are not angry, madam?

Cla. Ah! Jenny—

Jen. Lauk, madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm sure, it will be a thousand pities; and your great pudding-sleeves! Lord! they'll quite spoil his shape, and the fall of his shoulders. Well, madam, if I was a lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel should be a parson, if I could help it.

Cla. I'm going into my dressing-room. It seems, then, Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of your's; but pray, Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one else.

Jen. Me talk, madam! I thought you knew me better; and, my dear lady, keep up your spirits. I'm sure I have dressed you to-day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

SONG.

I'm but a poor servant, 'tis true, ma'am;

But was I a lady, like you, m' am,

In grief would I sit? the dicken's a bit;

No, faith, I would search the world thro, ma'am,

To find what my liking could hit.

Set in case a young man,

In my fancy there ran;

It might anger my friends and relations:

But, if I had regard,

It should go very hard,

Or I'd follow my own inclinations. [Exeunt.

Enter SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE and LIONEL.

Sir J. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a sudden, this way; and at such a time too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it; when your company must be doubly agreeable, as well as necessary to us? I am sure you have no studies at present that require your attendance at Oxford; I must, therefore, insist on your putting such thoughts out of your head.

Lio. Upon my word, sir, I have been so long from the university, that it is time for me to think

of returning. It is true, I have no absolute studies; but really, sir, I shall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go.

Sir J. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for some time observed a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reason of it; I know, to minds serious, and well inclined, like your's, the sacred functions you are about to embrace—

Lio. Dear sir, your goodness to me, of every kind, is so unmerited. Your condescension, your friendly attentions; in short, sir, I want words to express my sense of obligations.

Sir J. Fie, fie! no more of them. By my last letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, still continues in good health, considering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from desiring the death of so worthy and pious a man; yet, I must own, at this time, I could wish you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage, which would give me a secret satisfaction.

Lio. No doubt, sir; any office in my power, that could be instrumental to the happiness of any in your family, I should perform with pleasure.

Sir J. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended husband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly happy; to be sure, the alliance is the most eligible for both families.

Lio. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness in the alliance, sir.

Sir J. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good; and, with the obligations she has to your instructions—

Lio. You do my endeavours too much honour, sir. I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir J. I don't think so; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom, I am far from considering ignorance as a desirable characteristic: when intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man. [ing for you, sir.

Lio. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins; I fancy he's look-

Sir J. I see him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's: I have a few words to say to him; and will return to you again in a minute. [Exit.

Lio. To be a burthen to one's self, to wage continual war with one's own passions, forced to combat, unable to overcome! But see, she appears, whose presence turns all my sufferings into transport, and makes even misery itself delightful.

Enter CLARISSA.

Perhaps, madam, you are not at leisure now; otherwise, if you thought proper, we would resume the subject we were upon yesterday.

Cla. I am sure, sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lio. Madam, you give me no trouble: I should think every hour of my life happily employed in your service; and as this is probably the last time I shall have the satisfaction of attending you upon the same occasion—

Cla. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myself extremely obliged to you; and shall ever consider the enjoyment of your friendship—

Lio. My friendship, madam, can be of little moment to you; but if the most perfect adoration, if the warmest wishes for your felicity, though I should never be witness of it; if these, madam

can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a share of your esteem—

Cla. Hold, sir—I think I hear somebody.

Lio. If you please, madam, we will resume our studies. (*They sit.*) Have you looked at the book I left you yesterday?

Cla. Really, sir, I have been so much disturbed in my thoughts for these two or three days past, that I have not been able to look at anything.

Lio. I am sorry to hear that, madam; I hope there was nothing particular to disturb you. The care Sir John takes to dispose of your hand in a manner suitable to your birth and fortune?

Cla. I don't know, sir; I own I am disturbed; I own I am uneasy; there is something weighs upon my heart, which I would fain disclose.

Lio. Upon your heart, madam? did you say your

Cla. I did, sir—I— [heart?

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Madam! madam! here's a coach and six driving up the avenue: it's Colonel Oldboy's family; and, I believe, the gentleman is in it that's coming to court you. Lord, I must run and have a peep at him out of the window. [Exit.

Lio. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Cla. Why so, sir? Bless me, Mr. Lionel! what's the matter? You turn pale.

Lio. Madam!

Cla. Pray speak to me, sir; you tremble. Tell me the cause of this sudden change. How are you? Where's your disorder?

Lio. Oh, fortune! fortune!

SONG.

*You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
Ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But doom'd to endure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns poison, and feeds the disease.* [Exit.

Enter DIANA.

Dia. My dear Clarissa, I'm glad I have found you alone. For heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us; and give me leave to sit down with you a little. I am in such a tremour, such a panic—

Cla. Mercy on us, what has happened?

Dia. You may remember I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman: I can't say but the wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth sixpence; and, in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Cla. Do you think that was prudent?

Dia. Madness! But this is not the worst; for what do you think? the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer

Cla. At your father's? [at my father's.

Dia. Ay, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse-jockey. He told me a long story of some tale he intended to invent, to make my father receive him as an indifferent person; and some gentleman in London, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face; and he longed to see me so, he said he could not live without it; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me—

Cla. Well, and what answer did you make?

Dia. Oh! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing; but—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Cla. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dia. Dreadful, my dear! I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Cla. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair, I think you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman, that you consider the outrage he has committed against you in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dia. Why, I believe that will be the best way; but then he'll be begging my pardon, and asking to stay.

Cla. Why then you must tell him positively you won't consent to it; and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live.

Dia. Must I tell him so?

SONG.

*For my heart beats so pit-pat throbbing,
For my heart beats whene'er he's nigh;
Then when he sues,
Can I refuse
To hear him plead?—
Not I indeed,
For my heart, &c.*

*When he softly sighs,
And I meet his eyes,
So well their meaning's understood;
Cou'd I bid him go?
Ah! no, no, no,
I'm sure I could not if I would.
For my heart, &c.*

*How oft have I try'd,
With our sex's pride,
And scorn his love to treat;
But again and again,
I have found 'twas in vain,
He talks so when we meet.
Tho' my heart, &c.* [Exit.

Cla. How easy to direct the conduct of others; how hard to regulate our own. I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretions in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man in the world, and not to be insensible to his merit? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers—will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again? He never told me so; but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety, sufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generosity, will not suffer him to utter.

SONG.

*Ye gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverse,
Like sullen vapours all disperse,
And scatter in the wind,

Delusive phantoms, brood of night,
No more my sickly fancy fright,
No more my reason blind.*

*'Tis done; I feel my soul releas'd;
The visions fly, the mists are chas'd,
Nor leave a cloud behind.* [Exit.

SCENE III.—A side View of Sir John Flowerdale's house.

HARMAN enters with COLONEL OLDBOY.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend, Dick Rantum, do? I have not seen him these twelve years: he was an honest, worthy fellow as ever

breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was cursedly plagued by his wife's relations.

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of spirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this business of your's, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't see much in it: an affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel.—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, sir, we hope not; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make some noise, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way; when hearing my case, Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he said, he was sure you would permit me to remain at your house for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the case; and the girl's friends are in business.—I'll tell you what will be the consequence, then, they will be for going to law with you for a maintenance; but no matter, I'll take the affair in hand for you; make me your solicitor; and, if you are obliged to pay for a single spoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hospital.

Har. You are very kind, sir.

Col. But hold;—hark you! you say there's money to be had; suppose you were to marry the wench?

Har. Do you think, sir, that would be so right after what has happened? Besides, there's a strong objection;—to tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh! you are.

Har. Yes, sir, but there are obstacles—a father: in short, sir, the mistress of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my present situation a little irksome.

Col. In this county? Zounds! then I am sure I am acquainted with her, and the first letter of her name is—

Har. Excuse me, sir, I have some particular

Col. But look who comes yonder;—ha, ha, ha!

my son, picking his steps like a dancing-master. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the house, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have some sport with him; they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, sir, I'll take the liberty—

Col. But, d'ye hear, I must have a little more discourse with you about this girl; perhaps she's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of service to you.

Har. Well, remember, Colonel, I shall try your friendship.

SONG.

*Indulgent pow'rs, if ever
You mark'd a tender vow,
O bend in kind compassion,
And hear a lover now.*

*For titles, wealth, and honours,
While others crowd your shrine;
I ask this only blessing,
Let her I love be mine.* [Exit Har.]

Enter MR. JESSAMY and several Servants.

Col. Why, zounds! one would think you had never put your feet to the ground before; you make as much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Mr. Jes. Colonel, you have used me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner; you told me the way was all over a bowling-green; only see what a condition I am in.

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty? Is that my fault? Besides, we mistook the way. Zounds! man, your legs will be never the worse when they are brushed a little.

Mr. Jes. Antoine! have you sent La Roque for the shoes and stockings? Give me the glass out of your pocket—not a dust of powder left in my

hair, and the frissure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk: get your comb and pomatum; you must borrow some powder. I suppose there's such a thing as a dressing-room in the house?

Col. Ay, and a cellar too, I hope, for I want a glass of wine cursedly. But hold! hold! Frank, where are you going? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you please; I see there's somebody coming out to welcome us.

Enter LIONEL, DIANA, and CLARISSA.

Lio. Colonel, your most obedient. Sir John is walking with my lady in the garden, and has commissioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to see you; come here, Frank;—this is my son, sir.

Lio. Sir, I am exceedingly proud to—

Mr. Jes. Can't you get the powder, then?

Col. Miss Clary, my little Miss Clary, give me a kiss my dear—as handsome as an angel, by heavens. Frank, why don't you come here? this is Miss Flowerdale.

Dia. Oh heavens, Clarissa! just as I said, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

Mr. Jes. Hadn't we better go into the house?

QUINTETTO.

Mr. Jes. *To be made in such a pickle!*

Will you please to lead the way, sir?

Col. *No, but, if you please, you may sir,
For precedence none will stickle.*

Dia. *Brother, no politeness? bless me!
Will you not your hand bestow?
Lead the lady.*

Cla. *Don't distress me;
Dear Diana, let him go.*

Mr. Jes. *Ma'am permit me.*

Col. *Smoke the beau.
Cruel must I, can I bear;*

Lio. *Oh adverse stars!*

and *Oh fate severe!*

Cla. *Beset, tormented,
Each hope prevented.*

Col. *None but the brave deserve the fair.
Come ma'am let me lead you:
Now, sir, I precede you.*

All. *Lovers must ill usage bear,
Oh adverse stars! oh fate severe!
None but the brave deserve the fair.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Sir John Flowerdale's house, with the view of a grand stair-case, through an arch.

Enter LIONEL, followed by JENNY.

Jen. Well, but Mr. Lionel, consider; pray consider now; how can you be so prodigious indiscreet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within in the parlour. Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up so soon after dinner, and before any of the rest of the company?

Lio. For heaven's sake, Jenny, don't speak to me: I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing; I am the most wretched and miserable of mankind.

Jen. Poor dear soul, I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miserable enough, indeed; and I assure you, I have pitied you a great while, and spoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had such a friend in a corner.

Lio. But, good Jenny, since, by some accident or other, you have been able to discover what I would willingly hide from all the world, I conjure you, as you regard my interest, as you value your lady's peace and honour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret. Ah! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and

say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in it; besides, who would not be in love with my lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for she is the handsomest, sweetest temperdest, and I am sure one of the best mistresses, ever poor girl had.

Lio. Oh, Jenny, she's an angel!

Jen. And so she is, indeed. Do you know that she gave me her blue silk gown to-day, and it is every crum as good as new; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself, for I am mortally sartin she would liverer see a toad than this Jessamy. Though I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man; and, a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose, I never saw on a face.

Lio. By heavens I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy; moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to a carnation, and so's a sign; for, mark my words, my lady loves you, as much as she hates him.

Lio. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect. No, I am unhappy and let me continue so; my most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may affect her quiet, or give her cause to repent.

Jen. That's very honourable of you, I must needs say; but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it; and if it should be my lady's case, it is no fault of your's. I am sure when she called me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood with her eyes brim-full of tears; and so I fell a crying for company; and then she could not abide the chap in the parlour; and, at the same time, she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her in the garden this evening, after tea, for she has something to say to you.

Lio. Jenny, I see you are my friend; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service: take this ring and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour; I am your friend indeed. But, I say, you won't forget to be in the garden now; and in the mean time, keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and ears; and I can tell you the servants take notice of your uneasiness, though I am always desiring them to mind their own business.

Lio. Pray have a care, Jenny; have a care my dear girl; a word may breed suspicion.

Jen. Psha! have a care yourself; it is you that breeds suspicion, sighing and pining about; you look for all the world like a ghost; and if you don't pluck up your spirits you will be a ghost soon; letting things get the better of you. Though to be sure, when I thinks with myself, being crossed in love is a terrible thing. There was a young man in the town where I was born, made away with himself upon the account of it.

Lio. Things shan't get the better of me, Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I say fortune is thrown in your dish, and you are not to fling it out; my lady's estate will be better than three livings, if Sir John could give them to you: think of that Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lio. Think of what?

SONG.

*Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.*

*By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that would I own;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented;
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.*

[Exit.]

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY.

Col. Very well, my lady; I'll come again to you, presently; I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here Molly, Jenny, Betty! What's your name? Why don't you answer me, hussy, when I call you?

Jen. If you want anything, sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! D—n me, I never knew one of them, in my life, that wouldn't prefer a rascal to a gentleman. Come here, you slut, put your hands about my neck and kiss me.

Jen. Who, I sir?

Col. Ay, here's money for you; what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you shall go and live at one of my tenant's houses.

Jen. I wonder you a'n't ashamed, sir, to make an honest girl any such proposal; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a lady of your own.—To be sure she's a little stricken in years; but why shouldn't she grow elderly as well as yourself?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl.

Jen. Well, then, you may go look for one, sir; I have no pretensions to the title. [me.]

Col. Why, you pert baggage! you don't know

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your charekter's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruiate

Col. What, then people say— [them.]

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, sir, though I'm in a me-nial station, I'm come of people that wou'dn't see me put upon; there are those that wou'd take my part against the proudest he in the land, that should offer anything uncivil. [lady like my son?]

Col. Well, let me know, how does your young

Jen. You want to pump me, do you? I suppose you would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth?

Col. She does'nt like him, then?

Jen. I don't say so, sir. Isn't this a shame now. I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be re-ported that Jenny has been talking; Jenny said that, and t'other. But here, sir, I ax you, did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bless me, how can you—

Col. Ad I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

SONG.

*Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.*

*Fie, let me go, sir,
Kiss me!—No, no, sir.
You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?
I'd have you to know*

*I'm not for your game, sir;
Nor will I be tame, sir;
Lord! have you no shame, sir,
To tumble one so?*

[Exit.]

Enter LADY MARY, DIANA, and HARMAN.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear? Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you: I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when: I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to-day; and eat so voraciously. Did you observe, miss? Doctor Arsenic will be quite astonished when he hears it; surely, his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of service.

Col. Ah! you'll always be taking one slop or

other, till you poison yourself. Give me a pinch of your ladyship's snuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty sort of a man, Colonel; who is he? [to me.]

Col. A young fellow, my lady, recommended

Lady M. I protest he has the sweetest taste for poetry!—He has repeated to me two or three of his own things; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother, Lord Jessamy, made on the mouse that was drowned.

Col. Ay, a fine subject for a poem; a mouse that was drowned in a—

Lady M. Hush, my dear Colonel; don't mention it; to be sure the circumstance was vastly indelicate; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morsel—Pray, sir, was there any news when you left London; anything about the East Indies, the ministry, or politics of any kind? I am strangely fond of politics; but I hear nothing since my Lord Jessamy's death; he used to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himself. I have a manuscript speech of his in my cabinet; he never spoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man?

Col. What is that crawling on your ladyship's

Lady M. Where? Where? [petticoat?]

Col. Zounds! a spider with legs as long as my arm.

Lady M. Oh heavens! ah don't let me look at it; I shall faint, I shall faint! A spider! a spider! a spider! (*Runs off; Har. attempts to follow her, the Col. prevents him.*)

Col. Hold! zounds, let her go. I knew the spider would set her a galloping, with her d—'d fuss about her brother, my Lord Jessamy. Harman, come here. How do you like my daughter? Is the girl you are in love with as handsome as this?

Har. In my opinion, sir.

Col. What, as handsome as Dy!—I'll lay you twenty pounds she has not such a pair of eyes. He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love; and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dia. Now, for my part, papa, I doubt it very much; though, by what I heard the gentleman say just now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him; and yet he may be mistaken there, too.

Col. For shame, Dy; what the mischief do you mean? How can you talk so tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes? Give him your hand, and ask his pardon. Don't mind her, sir: for all this, she is as good-natured a little devil as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for some time carried on a private correspondence with my lovely girl; and that her father, whose consent we despair of obtaining, is the great obstacle to our happiness.

Col. Why don't you carry her off in spite of him, then? I ran away with my wife—ask my Lady Mary, she'll tell you the thing herself. Her old, conceited lord of a father thought I was not good enough; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithstanding their chevaux-de-frize of broken glass bottles, took her out of a three-pair of stairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms—by the way, she would have squeezed through a cat-hole to get at me; and I would have taken her out of the tower of London, d—me, if it had been surrounded with the three regiments of guards.

SONG.

'Twas on a dismal night,
When scarce a star gave light,
And that hail came rattling down,
With peppering on my crown,
That I resolv'd upon a matter.
The matter was of love,
And I as fierce as Jove;
But my charmer was lock'd up,
At a castle's very top;
Yet I had fix'd to be at her.

*A whistle then was mine,
My fair one knew the sign—
And directly to my hopes,
Threw a ladder down of ropes;
When I mount without delay, sir:
And when I got on high,
And did my charmer spy,
I took her in my arm,
And descended without harm,
And carried off, oway, sir.*

Dia. But, surely, papa, you would not persuade the gentleman to such a proceeding as this is: consider the noise it will make in the country; and if you are known to be the adviser and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care? I say, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the assistance I can.

Har. I am sure, sir, you are very kind; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very scheme in my head, if I thought it was feasible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feasible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feasible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have spirit sufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that, sir, I can answer.

Dia. What, sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

Har. No, ma'am, that I have spirit enough to take her, if she is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promise, that between this and to-morrow morning, I will find out whether she is or not.

Col. So he may; she lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to serve you. You shall have my post-chaise at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any use to you, you may command

Har. Are you really serious, sir? [them.]

Col. Serious, d—me if I a'n't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of: and bring her to my house: whenever you come you shall have a supper and a bed; but you must marry her first, because my lady will be squeamish.

Dia. Well, but, my dear papa, upon my word you have a great deal to answer for: suppose it was your own case to have a daughter in such circumstances, would you be obliged to any one—

Col. Hold your tongue, hussy! who bid you put in your oar? However, Harman, I don't want to set you upon anything: 'tis no affair of mine, to be sure; I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act if I was in your place.

Har. I assure you, sir, I am quite charmed with the advice; and since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determined to follow it.

Col. You are—

Har. Positively.

Col. Say no more, then; here's my hand:—you understand me—no occasion to talk any further of it at present. When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him some tea. I say, Harman, mum.

Dia. You had better not give this advice.

Col. Hold your tongue, hussy,—Harman, if you don't carry her off, you dog, I'll never forgive you. [Exit.]

SONG.

O never doubt, my love, thy sorrows I'll banish,
And sweetly I'll sing while the night flies away,
And e'er the wild gloom o'er the mountain shall vanish,
Thou'lt sink on my pillow and sleep till the day.
O never doubt my love, &c.
O never doubt my love, its fondness shall bless thee,
'Twill soothe thee whene'er by this rude world
oppress'd; [thee,
And should the cold hand of misfortune e'er press
The angel of pity thou'lt find in my breast.
O never doubt my love, &c. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A handsome Dressing-room.**Enter DIANA, followed by JESSAMY.*

Dia. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience. Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, a pretty, elegant dressing-room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stone-masons: not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose, and mouth, to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place, *quel horrible phisiognomie.*

Dia. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple; but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale? Don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jes. Pale:—but that I am determined she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge. Let me see: has she got any in her boxes here? *Veritable toilet a la Anglaise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary-water, two or three rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniac by way of tooth-powder.

Dia. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you. You are now going to entertain a young lady: let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which, some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr. Jes. So much the worse for me. If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dia. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jes. Go on, sister. Ha, ha, ha!

Dia. I protest I am serious: though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powdered head, a laced coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learned by rote, that constitute the power of pleasing all women.

Mr. Jes. You had better return to the gentleman, and give him his tea, my dear.

Dia. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkies. I would undertake to teach Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as *degagée* and alluring as most of them.

SONG.

*Good folks would you know,
How to make up a beau,
Here's one ready made to your view,
His hair he must crop,
And to finish the fop,
Waistcoat, red, yellow, or blue.
To use an eye-glass, is a very good plan,
For it makes a beau almost as big as a man.
Then his opera hat,
Like this must be flat;
On me 'twould look well, I declare,
In martial attire
Who would not admire,
Diana dress'd en militaire? [scold;
Oh, then with the fiercest I'll strut and I'll
Dear brother, forgive me; perhaps, I'm too
bold. [Exit.*

Enter CLARISSA.

Cl. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moments' private conversation with you: I hope you will excuse it. (*Jes. brings down chairs.*) I am,

really greatly embarrassed. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Mr. Jes. My dear creature, don't be embarrassed before me; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any awe; but this is a species of *mauvaise honte*, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Cl. Upon my word, sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jes. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair as you could wish: it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better: and with regard to fortune full as well:—but you please me. Upon my soul, I have not met with anything more agreeable to me a great while.

Cl. Pray, sir, keep your seat.

Mr. Jes. *Mauvaise honte* again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me. When we are married, I shall do everything to render your life happy.

Cl. Ah! sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance—

Mr. Jes. Oh! I understand you. You have been told, I suppose, of the Italian opera girl. Rat people's tongues! However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples, and she is now here. But, be satisfied. I'll give her a thousand pounds, and send her about her business.

Cl. Me, sir! I protest, nobody told me. Lord! I never heard any such thing, or inquired about it.

Mr. Jes. Nor have they not been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del—

Cl. No, indeed, sir.

Mr. Jes. Well, I was afraid they might; because, in this rude country—but why silent on a sudden? Don't be afraid to speak.

Cl. No, sir, I will come to the subject on which I took the liberty to trouble you. Indeed, I have great reliance on your generosity.

Mr. Jes. You'll find me as generous as a prince, depend on't.

Cl. I am blessed, sir, with one of the best of fathers: I never yet disobeyed him; in which I have had little merit, for his commands hitherto have only been to secure my own felicity.

Mr. Jes. *Après ma chère.*

Cl. But now, sir, I am under the shocking necessity of disobeying him, or being wretched

Mr. Jes. Hem! [for ever.

Cl. Our union is impossible: therefore, sir, since I cannot be your wife, let me entreat permission to make you my friend. [Exit.

Mr. Jes. Who's there?

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. Do you call, sir?

Mr. Jes. Hark you, old gentleman; who are you?

Jenk. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jes. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's steward; a servant he puts confidence in.

Jenk. Sir, I have served Sir John Flowerdale many years.

Mr. Jes. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I shall condescend to speak to you. Does your master know who I am? Does he know, sir, that I am likely to be a peer of Great Britain; that I have ten thousand pounds a-year; that I have passed through all Europe with distinguished *eclat*; that I refused the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenfolk, the great Dutch burgomaster; and that, if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a protestant, I might have married the niece of his present holiness the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thousand piastres?

Jenk. I am sure, sir, my master has all the respect imaginable—

Mr. Jes. Then, sir, how comes he, after my shewing an inclination to be allied to his family; how comes he, I say, to bring me to his house to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the wrong; for a woman that insults

me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jenk. Pray, good sir, what's the matter?

Mr. Jes. Why, sir, this is the matter, sir: your master's daughter, sir, has behaved to me with d—d insolence and impertinence; and you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, first with regard to her, that I think she is a silly, ignorant, awkward, ill-bred country puss.

Jenk. Oh! sir, for heaven's sake—

Mr. Jes. And that, with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old doating, ridiculous, country 'squire; without the knowledge of either men or things; and that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jenk. Good lord! good lord!

Mr. Jes. And advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad, I will affront them, in the first place I meet them. And if your master is for carrying things further; tell him, I fence better than any man in Europe.

SONG.

*In Italy, Germany, France, have I been; [seen;
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've*

The great have caress'd me,

The fair have address'd me,

Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.

And, now, shall a pert,

Insignificant flirt,

With insolence use me,

Presume to refuse me!

She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,

I'm pleas'd I declare,

Quite happy to think I escape from the snare:

Serviteur, Mam'selle; my claim I withdraw.

Hey! where are my people? Fal, la, la, la, la. [Exit.

Jenk. I must go and inform Sir John of what has happened; but, I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young spark; for he is a man of spirit, and would resent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice; and, as stout as he is, I fancy these old fists would give him a bellyful. He complains of Miss Clarissa; but she is incapable of treating him in the manner he says. Perhaps she may have behaved with some coldness towards him; and yet that is a mystery to me too. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—Sir John Flowerdale's Garden.

Enter LIONEL, leading CLARISSA.

Lio. Hist! methought I heard a noise: should we be surprised together, at a juncture so critical; what might be the consequence? I know not how it is; but, at this the happiest moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremour at my heart—

Cla. Then, what should I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have discovered sentiments, which, perhaps, I should have hid, with a frankness, that, by a man less generous, less noble-minded than yourself, might be construed to my disadvantage.

Lio. Oh! wound me not with so cruel an expression. You love me, and have condescended to confess it. You have seen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them. The world, indeed, may blame you—

Cla. And, yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the most malicious suggest? They could but say, that truth and sincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dared to speak the honest sensation of the mind; that while you aimed at improving my understanding, you engaged and conquered my heart.

Lio. And is it—is it possible?

Cla. Be calm, and listen to me: what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor rashly

undertaken: it is the work of reflection, or conviction; my love is not a sacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deserving man in the world—

Lio. If to doat on you more than life, be to deserve you, so far I have merit; if, to have no wish, no hope, no thought but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend.

Cla. That I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit: born for quiet and simplicity, the crowds of the world, the noise attending pomp and distinction have no charms for me: I wish to pass my life in rational tranquillity, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lio. O charming creature! Yes, let me indulge the flattering idea; formed with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other; nature designed us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul.

Cla. One only thing remember. Secure in each other's affections, here we must rest; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world.

Lio. Command, dispose of me as you please: angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue; and, I will believe that our's are already registered in heaven.

Cla. I will believe so too.

SONG.

Go, and on my truth relying,

Comfort to your cares applying,

Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,

Leave to peace, and love your breast.

Go, and may the Pow'rs that hear us,

Still, as kind protectors near us,

Through our troubles safely steer us,

To a port of joy and rest. [Exit.

Enter SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE.

Sir J. Who's there? Lionel?

Lio. Heavens! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale.

Sir J. Who's there?

Lio. 'Tis I, sir; I am here, Lionel.

Sir J. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half-hour, and was at last told that you had come into the garden. I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprise you; my daughter has refused Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill-treatment.

Lio. Perhaps, sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy; certainly nothing else could occasion—

Sir J. Heaven only knows. I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion; and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere.

Lio. Engaged, sir! No, sir.

Sir J. I think not, Lionel.

Lio. You may be positive, sir. I'm sure—

Sir J. O worthy young man! whose integrity, openness, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lio. It troubles me, indeed, sir.

Sir J. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it. I well know how irksome it is to a generous mind to live in a state of dependance, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life.

Lio. Sir John, the situation of my mind at present is a little disturbed. Spare me—I beseech you, spare me; why will you persist in a goodness that makes me ashamed of myself?

Sir J. There is an estate in this county which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed, and who ever marries my daughter will

have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage, I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time prepared; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is your's, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

Lio. Sir, if you presented a pistol with a design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

Sir J. Your delicacy carries you too far. In this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present, let us walk towards the house, our friends will depart else without my bidding them adieu. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter DIANA and CLARISSA.

Dia. So, then, my dear Clarissa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Cla. I don't make it an absolute article of belief; but I think it an ingenious conjecture with great probability on its side.

Dia. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know something of astronomy; but that—that little shining thing there, which seems not much larger than a silver plate, should, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there, and parliaments, and plays, and operas, and people of fashion! Lord, the people of fashion in the moon must be strange creatures.

Cla. Methinks Venus shines very bright in yonder corner.

Dia. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I suppose, if there are any inhabitants there, they must be all lovers.

Enter LIONEL.

Lio. Was ever such a wretch? I can't stay a moment in a place. Where is my repose? fled with my virtue. Was I then born for falsehood and dissimulation? I was, I was! and I live to be conscious of it; to impose upon my friend; to betray my benefactor, and lie, to hide my ingratitude; a monster in a moment. No, I may be the most unfortunate of men, but I will not be the most odious; while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honest, I will obey its voice. *(Aside.)*

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY and HARMAN.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the mischief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your mama is waiting for you.

Dia. I am learning astronomy, sir. Do you know, papa, the moon is inhabited?

Col. Hussy, you are half a lunatic yourself: come here, things have gone just as I imagined they would; the girl has refused your brother; I knew he must disgust her.

Dia. Women will want taste now and then, sir.

Col. But I must talk to the young lady a little.

Har. (To Dia.) Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in short, all the necessary operations are settled between us, and I am to leave his house to-morrow evening, if I can but persuade the young lady—

Dia. Ay, but I hope the young lady will have more sense. Lord, how can you tease me with your nonsense. Come, sir, isn't it time for us to go in? Her ladyship will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you. Miss Clarissa, my dear, though I am father to the puppy who has displeased you, give me a kiss; you served him right, and I thank you for it.

QUARTETTO.

Col. *O what a night is here for love!*
Cynthia brightly shining above;

*Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling,
Stars a twinkling:*

Dia. *O what a night is here for love!*
So may the morn propitious prove;

Har. *And so it will, if right I guess;*
For sometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.

Cla. } *Farewell, my friend,*
and } *May gentle rest*

Dia. } *Calm each tumult in your breast,*
Every pain and fear remove.

Lio. *What have I done?*
Where shall I run?
With grief and shame at once oppress,
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distress?

Cla. *Hark to Philomel, how sweet,*

Dia. *From yonder elm.*

Har. *Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.*

All. *O what a night is here for love!*
But vainly nature strives to move;
Nor nightingale among the trees,
Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,
Nor murmur'ring streams,
Nor Phæbe's beams,
Can charm unless the heart's at ease.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Colonel Oldboy's house.*

Enter HARMAN, with his hat, boots, and whip, followed by DIANA.

Dia. Pr'ythee, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dia. I am afraid of the step we are going to take; indeed, I am. 'Tis true, my father is the contriver of it; but, really, on consideration, I think I should appear less culpable if he was not so; I am at once criminal myself, and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me?

Dia. Suppose I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderness, to blind my reason: how can you have so little regard for my honour as to sacrifice it to a vain triumph? For it is in that light I see the rash action you are forcing me to commit; nay, methinks, my consenting to it should injure me in your own esteem. When a woman forgets what she owes herself, a lover should set little value upon anything she gives to him.

Har. Can you suppose, then, can you imagine, that my passion will ever make me forget the veneration; and, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dia. At best, I shall incur the censure of disobedience, and indiscretion; and, is it nothing to a young woman, what the world says of her? Ah! my good friend, be assured, such a disregard of the world is the first step towards deserving its reproaches.

Har. But, the necessity we are under. Mankind has too much good sense, too much good-nature—

Dia. Every one has good sense enough to see other people's faults, and good-nature enough to overlook their own. Besides, the most sacred things may be made an ill use of; and even marriage itself, if indecently and improperly—

Har. Come, get yourself ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? Slip into the garden; be there at the iron-gate, which you shewed me just now; and, as the post-chaise comes round, I will step and take you in.

Dia. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to desist.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on.

Dia. I shall never have resolution to carry me through it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dia. In short—I—cannot go with you.

Har. But before me! Into the garden. Won't

Dia. Ha! ha! ha! [you?

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY.

Col. Heyday! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, sir; she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light—

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage! Egad I wish I had caught her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well; now let me ask you: don't you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth?

Har. Certainly, sir; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be d—d! I won't trust you with it. I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me. I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, sir?

Col. Ay; here, read it: I think it's the thing. However, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. "Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly; she assures me there is no hopes of your consenting to our marriage; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well: and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune; if not, you shall find, I dare behave myself like a man. A word to the wise. You must expect to hear from me in another style."

Col. Now, sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter. As soon as you have got off with the girl, sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl. Come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and six dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis.

Har. And, I say done first, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, sir; a chaise, with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys! Colonel? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires.

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither: you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases; and drive like devils, do you hear? but be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Leave that to me, sir. And so, my dear Colonel—

SONG.

To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm;
But dauntless goes,
Among his foes.

In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue;
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Resolve on death or victory. [Exit.

Enter Lady MARY, and then JENNY.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowerdale, it is addressed to me, entreating my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: she is in the ante-chamber. We had better speak to her. Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I choose to stay where I am, if your ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why so?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, hussy?

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience. Afraid! Here is something at the bottom of this. What did you mean by that expression, child?

Jen. Why the Colonel knows very well, madam; he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady M. Oh, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How come you to bring this note here?

Jen. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with Sir John, so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing, if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my lady? I have not been wronging you now, as you call it.

Jen. Indeed, madam, he offered to make me his kept madam. I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, though I so lately forgave him; but, as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jen. Yes, madam, I will.

Col. Why, I tell you, my lady, it was all a joke.

Jen. No, sir, it was no joke; you made me a proffer of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her.

Lady M. And how dare you, mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be informed of your impertinence, and you shall be turned out of the family. I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room: how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me?

Jen. Very well, madam, I shall let my lady know how you have used me; but I shan't be turned out of my place, madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe there is very few you will keep friends with.

SONG.

I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made;
For my part I'm neither asham'd nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said.
A servant, I hope, is no slave;
And tho', to their shames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not so bad,
If occasion I had,

*Nor my character such I need starve on't;
And for going away,
I don't want to stay,
And so I'm your ladyship's servant.* [Exit.

Enter MR. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance; I will indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers' daughters, and servant wenches: but anything with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, sir, I am sorry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to endeavour to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompense for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Mr. Jes. A man of your birth and distinction should, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family too: Lady Mary Jessamy might have had the best matches in England.

Mr. Jes. Then, sir, your grey hairs.

Lady M. I, that have brought you so many lovely, sweet babes.

Mr. Jes. Nay, sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin too—

Mr. Jes. Indeed, sir, I blush for you.

Col. S'death and fire, you little effeminate puppy! do you know who you talk to? And you, madam, do you know who I am? Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a—

Lady M. Ah! my dear come away from him. [Exit.

Enter a Servant.

Col. Am I to be tutored and called to account? How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, an't please your honour, that left this just now in the post-chaise; the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, sirrah? Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog. What gentleman? What young lady, sirrah?

Mr. Jes. There is some mystery in this. With your leave, sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? You sha'n't open a letter of mine. Dy—Diana. Somebody call my daughter to me there. To John Oldboy, Esq. Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly—consenting to our marriage—

Mr. Jes. So, so.

Col. You villain! you dog! what is it you have brought me here?

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour. As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Mr. Jes. Why this is your own hand.

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly; every one take a different road. [your own orders.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by

Col. My orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter, Dy—Diana Oldboy. [Exit Servant.

Mr. Jes. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, sir; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the scheme of a pickpocket here.

Mr. Jes. Besides, the matter is entirely of your

own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John— [Exit.

Mr. Jes. I am very glad of this; prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour. He! he! he! It will be a jest this hundred years. (Bells ring violently, on both sides.) What's the matter now? O! her ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the forte methinks: it would be a diverting thing now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow. [Exit.

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY, with one boot, a great-coat on his arm, &c. followed by several Servants.

Col. She's gone, by the lord! fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal! However, I won't follow her; no, d—e; take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unsaddle the horses; I won't follow her the length of a spur-leather. Come here, you sir, and pull off my boot; (whistles) she has made a fool of me once, she sha'n't do it a second time. Not but I'll be revenged too, for I'll never give her sixpence; the disappointment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day: the thought pleases me, I hope he'll do it. What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent dogs? are you laughing at me? I'll teach you to be merry at my expense—

SONG.

*A rascal, a hussy; zounds! she that I counted
In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil:
I set her a horse-back, and no sooner mounted,
Than, crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the
But there let her run, [devil.
Be ruin'd undone;
If I go to catch her,
Or back again fetch her,
I'm worse than the son of a gun.
A mischief possess'd me to marry;
And further my folly to carry,
To be still more a sot,
Sons and daughter I got,
And pretty ones, by the lord Harry. [Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Clarissa's Dressing-room.

Enter CLARA, melancholy, with a book in her hand, meeting JENNY.

Cla. Where have you been Jenny? I was inquiring for you; why will you go out without letting me know?

Jen. Dear madam, never anything happened so unlucky; I am sorry you wanted me. But I was sent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter; where I have been so used. Lord have mercy upon me; quality indeed! I say quality! Pray, madam, do you think that I looks anyways like an immodest parson? To be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do.

Cla. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, madam, you are

Cla. O my dear Jenny! [crying.

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter?

Cla. I am undone.

Jen. No, madam; no, lord forbid.

Cla. I am indeed. I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then?

Cla. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confessed what I

Dia. I shall never have resolution to carry me through it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dia. In short—I—cannot go with you.

Har. But before me! Into the garden. Won't

Dia. Ha! ha! ha! [you?

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY.

Col. Heyday! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, sir; she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light—

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage! Egad I wish I had caught her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well; now let me ask you: don't you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth?

Har. Certainly, sir; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be d—d! I won't trust you with it. I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me. I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, sir?

Col. Ay; here, read it: I think it's the thing. However, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. "Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly; she assures me there is no hopes of your consenting to our marriage; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well: and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune; if not, you shall find, I dare behave myself like a man. A word to the wise. You must expect to hear from me in another style."

Col. Now, sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter. As soon as you have got off with the girl, sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl. Come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and six dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis.

Har. And, I say done first, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, sir; a chaise, with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys! Colonel? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires.

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither: you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases; and drive like devils, do you hear? but be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Leave that to me, sir. And so, my dear Colonel—

SONG.

To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm;
But dauntless goes,
Among his foes.

*In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue;
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Resolve on death or victory.* [Exit.

Enter Lady MARY, and then JENNY.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowerdale, it is addressed to me, entreating my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: she is in the ante-chamber. We had better speak to her. Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I choose to stay where I am, if your ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why so?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, hussy?

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience. Afraid! Here is something at the bottom of this. What did you mean by that expression, child?

Jen. Why the Colonel knows very well, madam; he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady M. Oh, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How come you to bring this note here?

Jen. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with Sir John, so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing, if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my lady? I have not been wronging you now, as you call it.

Jen. Indeed, madam, he offered to make me his kept madam. I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, though I so lately forgave him; but, as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jen. Yes, madam, I will.

Col. Why, I tell you, my lady, it was all a joke.

Jen. No, sir, it was no joke; you made me a proffer of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her.

Lady M. And how dare you, mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be informed of your impertinence, and you shall be turned out of the family. I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room: how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me?

Jen. Very well, madam, I shall let my lady know how you have used me; but I shan't be turned out of my place, madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe there is very few you will keep friends with.

SONG.

I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made;
For my part I'm neither asham'd nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said.
A servant, I hope, is no slave;
And tho', to their shames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not so bad,
If occasion I had,

*Nor my character such I need starve on't;
And for going away,
I don't want to stay,
And so I'm your ladyship's servant.* [Exit.

Enter MR. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance; I will indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers' daughters, and servant wenches: but anything with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, sir, I am sorry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to endeavour to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompense for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Mr. Jes. A man of your birth and distinction should, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family too: Lady Mary Jessamy might have had the best matches in England.

Mr. Jes. Then, sir, your grey hairs.

Lady M. I, that have brought you so many lovely, sweet babes.

Mr. Jes. Nay, sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin too—

Mr. Jes. Indeed, sir, I blush for you.

Col. S'death and fire, you little effeminate puppy! do you know who you talk to? And you, madam, do you know who I am? Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a—

Lady M. Ah! my dear come away from him. [Exit.

Enter a Servant.

Col. Am I to be tutored and called to account? How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, an't please your honour, that left this just now in the post-chaise; the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, sirrah? Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog. What gentleman? What young lady, sirrah?

Mr. Jes. There is some mystery in this. With your leave, sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? You sha'n't open a letter of mine. Dy—Diana. Somebody call my daughter to me there. To John Oldboy, Esq. Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly—consenting to our marriage—

Mr. Jes. So, so.

Col. You villain! you dog! what is it you have brought me here?

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour. As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Mr. Jes. Why this is your own hand.

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly; every one take a different road. [your own orders.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by

Col. My orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter, Dy—Diana Oldboy. [Exit Servant.

Mr. Jes. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, sir; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the scheme of a pickpocket here.

Mr. Jes. Besides, the matter is entirely of your

own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John— [Exit.

Mr. Jes. I am very glad of this; prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour. He! he! he! It will be a jest this hundred years. (*Bells ring violently, on both sides.*) What's the matter now? O! her ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the forte methinks: it would be a diverting thing now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow. [Exit.

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In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil:
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Than, crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the
But there let her run, [devil.
Be ruin'd undone;
If I go to catch her,
Or back again fetch her,
I'm worse than the son of a gun.
A mischief possess'd me to marry;
And further my folly to carry,
To be still more a sot,
Sons and daughter I got,
And pretty ones, by the lord Harry.
[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Clarissa's Dressing-room.

Enter CLARA, melancholy, with a book in her hand, meeting JENNY.

Cla. Where have you been Jenny? I was inquiring for you; why will you go out without letting me know?

Jen. Dear madam, never anything happened so unlucky; I am sorry you wanted me. But I was sent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter; where I have been so used. Lord have mercy upon me; quality indeed! I say quality! Pray, madam, do you think that I looks anyways like an immodest parson? To be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do.

Cla. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, madam, you are

Cla. O my dear Jenny! [crying.

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter?

Cla. I am undone.

Jen. No, madam; no, lord forbid.

Cla. I am indeed. I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then?

Cla. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confessed what I

should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor give me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous, inhuman brute.

Cla. Hold, Jenny, hold! it is all my fault.

Jen. Your fault, madam? I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth: if he was a minister to-morrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot. (*A knock.*)

Cla. Somebody's at the door; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed; that I know to be the most virtuous, nicest, most delicatest—(*Goes to the door.*)

Cla. How now?

Jen. Madam, it's a message from Mr. Lionel. If you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you; I'll tell him, madam, that you

Cla. Where is he, Jenny? [*are busy.*]

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Cla. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him; but do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand in the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do so, dear madam; for your eyes are as red as ferrets; you are ready to faint too. Mercy on us, for what do you grieve and vex yourself? If I was as you. [*Exit.*]

Cla. Oh!

SONG.

*Why with sighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow;
Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
Mute, involuntary woe.*

*Who to winds and waves a stranger,
Vent'rous tempts the inconstant seas,
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at every rising breeze.* [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE and JENKINS.

Sir J. So, then, the mystery is discovered; but is it possible that my daughter's refusal of Colonel Oldboy's son, should proceed from a clandestine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel?

Jenk. Yes, sir; and it is my duty to tell you; else I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble and delicate sentiments—

Sir J. I thought so once, Jenkins.

Jenk. And think so still: O good Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness which the world so deservedly has given you. You have indeed cause to be offended; but consider, sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted; their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking the same.

Sir J. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins; their hypocrisy, their hypocrisy wounds me.

Jenk. Call it by a gentler name, sir; modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir J. Then what opportunity have they had? They never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company; besides, I had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude.

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature stamp'd that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart.

Sir J. How! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not shew more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter? I thought myself obliged to him, consented; and,

in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to Colonel Oldboy, to desire the family would come here again to-day.

Jenk. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter. I dare swear they will be here presently; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation?

Sir J. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eves-dropper to detect her?

Jenk. It is necessary at present. Come in, my dear master; let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLARISSA and LIONEL, meeting.

Cla. Sir, you desired to speak to me; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lio. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine. I come, indeed to speak to you; and yet, I know not how; I came to advise you, shall I say as a friend? yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity; dearer to me than life.

Cla. Go on, sir.

Lio. Sir John Flowerdale, madam, is such a father as few are blest with; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match; your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Cla. How, sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jessamy?

Lio. I would advise you to marry any one, madam, rather than a villain.

Cla. A villain, sir!

Lio. I should be the worst of villains, madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain; nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful? Received into this house as an asylum, what have I done? Betrayed the confidence of the friend that trusted me; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable desires.

Cla. Say no more, sir; say no more; I see my error too late. I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex; I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity; and it is just I should meet with the treatment my imprudence deserves.

Lio. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's security, I practised upon the tenderness and ingenuity of the daughter: my own imagination gone astray, I artfully laboured to lead your's after it; but here, madam, I give you back those vows which I insidiously extorted from you; keep them for some happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace.

Cla. For heaven's sake—

Lio. Oh! my Clarissa, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myself for loving you: yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—indulge my fondness with a last look—pray for your health and prosperity.

Cla. Can you forsake me? Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and disregards them? Let me throw myself at my father's feet; he is generous and compassionate:—he knows your worth—

Lio. Mention it not; were you stript of fortune, reduced to the meanest station, and I monarch of the globe, I should glory in raising you to universal empire; but as it is,—farewell! farewell!

SONG.

*O dry those tears! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall:
Think, think, no more of me; no more
The mem'ry of past scenes recall.
On a wild sea of passion toss'd,
I split upon the fatal shelf,
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.* [Exit.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O madam! I have betray'd you. I have gone and said something I should not have said to my uncle Jenkins; and, as sure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN and JENKINS.

Cla. My father!

Sir J. Go, Jenkins, and desire that young gentleman to come back—stay where you are. But what have I done to my child? How have I deserved that you should treat me like an enemy? Has there been any undesigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks?

Cla. Oh sir!

Enter LIONEL.

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel.

Sir J. Come in.—When I tell you that I am instructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witness to your conversation in this place, you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the measures which justice prescribes me to follow.

Lio. Sir, I have nothing to say in my own defence; I stand before you self-convicted, self-condemned, and shall submit, without murmuring, to the sentence of my judge.

Sir J. As for you, Clarissa, since your earliest infancy, you have known no parent but me; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother; and that I might the better fulfil those united duties, though left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a second marriage.—I loved you for your likeness to your dear mother; but that mother never deceived me, and there the likeness fails; you have repaid my affection with dissimulation—Clarissa you should have trusted me. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find strong enough to paint the excess of my friendship!—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father; he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man; I thought you inherited his good qualities. You were left an orphan, I adopted you; put you upon the footing of my own son; educated you like a gentleman; and designed you for a profession, to which, I thought, your virtues would have been an ornament. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself; and, therefore, I shall not repeat it; yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was conferred upon you in the very instant, when you were undermining my designs. Now, sir, I have but one thing more to say to you: take my daughter, was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lio. To me sir?—your daughter? do you give her to me? Without fortune, without friend—without—

Sir J. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Cla. O, sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand, acknowledge my error, and entreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir J. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have distinguished. It is I should ask pardon, for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince.

Lio. My patron—my friend—my father; I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds—

Sir J. I think I hear a coach drive into the court: it is Colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and receive them. Don't make yourself uneasy at this, we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so; heaven bless you, my children, and make you deserving of one another. [Exeunt Sir John and Jenkins.

Enter CLARISSA, LIONEL, and JENNY.

Jen. O dear, madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveness. Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me; I did not design to discover it, indeed—and you won't turn me off, madam, will you? I'll serve you for nothing.

Cla. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you if there is anything to be forgiven: I know you love me; and, I am sure here is one who will join with me in rewarding your services.

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as sure as could be, that some good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning. [Exit.

DUETT.

Lio. O bliss unexpected! my joys overpower me!
*My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find!
Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me—
He bless'd us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.*

Cla. He bless'd us! O rapture! Like one I recover,
Whom death had appall'd without hope,
without aid;
A moment depriv'd me of father and lover;
A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.

Lio. Forsaken, abandoned,
Cla. What folly! what blindness!

Lio. We fortune accus'd;

Cla. And the fates that decreed:

Both. But pain was inflicted by heaven, out of kindness,
To heighten the joys that were doom'd to
Our day was o'ercast; [succeed.
But brighter the scene is,
The sky more serene is,
And softer the calm for the hurricane past.

[Exeunt.

Enter LADY MARY OLDBOY, MR. JESSAMY, leading her; JENNY, and afterwards, SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE with COLONEL OLDBOY.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear: set me down anywhere; I can't go a step further. I knew, when Mr. Oldboy insisted upon my coming, that I should be seized with a megrim by the way; and and it's well I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jes. But, pr'ythee, why will you let yourself be affected with such trifles? Nothing more common than for young women of fashion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble! Not a nerve but what is in agitation; and my blood runs cold! cold!

Mr. Jes. Well, but Lady Mary, don't let us expose ourselves to those people; I see there is not one of the rascals about us, that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expose ourselves, my dear! Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or Don Quixote.

Mr. Jes. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Enter JENKINS.

Sir J. I give you my word, my good friend and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occasion, is greatly allayed by the disappointment of an alliance with your family; but I have explained to you how things have happened. You see my situation; and, as you are kind enough to consider it yourself, I hope you will excuse it to your son.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do? You see we have obey'd your summons; and I have the pleasure to assure you, that my son yielded to my entreaties with very little disagreement; in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he

is content to stand candidate again, notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but, my lady, you may save your rhetoric; for the borough is disposed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jes. What do you say, sir?

Enter LIONEL, CLARISSA, and JENNY.

Sir J. Here are my son and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir J. Believe me, madam, it is not for want of a just sense of Mr. Jessamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any side: but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impression is not easily effaced; it would, therefore, have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality possessed.

Mr. Jes. Upon my honour, upon my soul, Sir John, I am not in the least offended at this *contre temps*.—Pray, Lady Mary, say no more about it.

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir J. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiss by you: yes, I see you are angry on your son's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit.

Col. Ay, that's more than I have. Taken amiss! I don't take any thing amiss; I never was in better spirits, or more pleased in my life. [Lionel.]

Sir J. Come, you are uneasy at something, Co-

Col. Me! Gad I am not uneasy. Are you a justice of peace? Then you could give me a warrant, couldn't you? You must know, Sir John, a little accident has happen'd in my family since I saw you last, and you and I may shake hands.—Daughters, sir, daughters! Your's has snapt at a young fellow without your approbation; and how do you think mine has serv'd me this morning?—only run away with the scoundrel I brought to dinner here yesterday.

Sir J. I am excessively concerned.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concern'd. No, d—n me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far, I'll confess, I should be sorry that either of them would come in my way, because a man's temper may sometimes get the better of him; and I believe I should be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out.

Cla. But pray, sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther;—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

Enter DIANA and HARMAN.

Dia. No, my dear papa, I am not run away; and, upon my knees, I entreat your pardon for the folly I have committed: but, let it be some alleviation, that duty and affection were too strong to suffer me to carry it to extremity; and, if you knew the agony I have been in, since I saw you

Lady M. How's this? [last—]

Har. Sir, I restore your daughter to you; whose fault, as far it goes, I must also take upon myself. We have been known to each other for some time; as lady Richly, your sister, in London, can acquaint you.

Col. Dy, come here. Now, you rascal, where's your sword; if you are a gentleman you shall fight me; if you are a scrub, I'll horse-whip you. Shut the door there, don't let him escape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to escape; I am extremely sorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any satisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden, then. Zounds! I have no sword about me. Sir John Flowerdale, lend us a case of pistols, or a couple of guns; and, come and see fair play.

Cla. My dear papa! [shall expire.]

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight, I

Sir J. Pray, Colonel, let me speak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a saw-pit.

Mr. Jes. What business are you of, friend?

Har. My chief trade, sir, is plain dealing; and as that is a commodity you have no reason to be very fond of, I would not advise you to purchase any of it by impertinence.

Col. And is this what you would advise me to?

Sir J. It is, indeed, my dear old friend; as things are situated, there is, in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding; and it is the method I would adopt myself, was I in your case.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it; say what you will for me, then.

Sir J. Well, young people, I have been able to use a few arguments, which have softened my neighbour here; and, in some measure, pacified his resentment. I find, sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the strictest scrutiny, I desire no favour; and for fortune—

Col. Oh! rot your fortune, I don't mind that; I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And so, Dy, kiss and friends.

Mr. Jes. What, sir, have you no more to say to the man who has used you so ill?

Col. Us'd me ill! That's as I take it; he has done a mettled thing; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it: it's long before you would have spirit enough to run away with a wench. Harman, give me your hand; let's hear no more of this now. Sir John Flowerdale, what say you? shall we spend the day together, and dedicate it to love and

Sir J. With all my heart. [harmony?]

Col. Then take off my great coat.

QUARTETTO.

Lio. Come then, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with bliss the present hours,
And lighten those before us.
May the just, the generous, kind,
Still see that you regard 'em;
And Lionels for ever find,
Clarissas to reward 'em.

Cla. Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of sacred passion;
But will never bow before
Those idols—wealth, or fashion.
May, like me, each maiden wife,
From the fop defend her;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Har. Why the plague should men be sad,
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
And cast our cares behind us.

Dia. How shall I escape—so naught,
On filial laws to trample;
I'll e'en curtsey, own my fault,
And plead papa's example.
Parents 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft are shameless;
Oft transgress—the thing's too true,
But are you always blameless?
One word more before we go;
Girls and boys have patience;
You to friends must something owe,
As well as to relations.
These kind gentlemen address—
What, though we forgave 'em,
Still they must be lost, unless
You lend a hand to save 'em. [Exeunt.]

THE RECRUITING OFFICER;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY G. FARQUHAR.



Act IV.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

BALANCE
SCALE
SCRUPLE
WORTHY

CAPTAIN PLUME
CAPTAIN BRAZEN
KITE
BULLOCK

COSTAR PEARMAIN
THOMAS APPLETREE
WELSH COLLIER
MELINDA

SYLVIA
LUCY
ROSE
WOMAN, WIFE, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Market-Place.*—*Drum beats the Grenadiers' March.*

Enter SERGEANT KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and Mob.

Serg. K. If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages; or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. (*Drums beat.*) Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to insnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap; this is the cap of honour! It dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high was born to be a great man.—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head? (*To Cost.*)

Cost. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

Serg. K. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gunpowder plot upon me?

Serg. K. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. (*Going to put it on.*) It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns! does it.

Cost. Pray, Sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Serg. K. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Serg. K. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware; ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. My wife and I would do well to lie in't. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Serg. K. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake. [there.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay

Serg. K. Say you so? Then I find, brother—

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Lookye, Sergeant; no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see. If I have a mind to list, why so; if not, why 'tis not so: therefore, take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith!

Serg. K. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir: I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; 'tis base! though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man. Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Serg. K. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say than this; here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's

Mob. No, no, no. [health?

Serg. K. Huzza, then! huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

Mob. Huzza!

Serg. K. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt shouting; the drum beating the grenadiers' march.*]

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. By the grenadiers' march that should be my drum, and by that shout it should beat with success. Let me see—four o'clock. (*Looking on his watch.*) At ten yesterday morning I left London; pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble Captain; from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Capt. P. A very elegant reception, indeed, Mr. Kite; I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain: pray what success?

Serg. K. I've been here a week, and I have recruited five.

Capt. P. Five! pray what are they?

Serg. K. I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king of the gipsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welsh parson.

Capt. P. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him, this minute.

Serg. K. Why, sir?

Capt. P. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write. I say this minute discharge him.

Serg. K. And what shall I do with the parson?

Capt. P. Can he write?

Serg. K. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Capt. P. Keep him by all means. But how stands the country affected? Were the people pleased with the news of my coming to town?

Serg. K. Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and the better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business. But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Capt. P. Who?

Serg. K. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country. You remember your old friend Molly, at the Castle?

Capt. P. She's not breeding I hope.

Serg. K. She was brought to bed yesterday.

Capt. P. Kite, you must father the child.

Serg. K. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Capt. P. If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion. [already.]

Serg. K. But your honour knows I am married

Capt. P. To how many?

Serg. K. I can't tell readily. I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. (*Draws it out.*) Let me see: *imprimis*—Mrs. Shely Snikereyes, she sells potatoes upon Ormond-key, in Dublin; Peggy Guzzle, the brandy-woman, at the Horse-guards, at Whitehall; Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter, at Hull; Ma'amselle Van Bottomflat, at the Buss; then Jenny Oakum, the ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married, at the same time, to two lieutenants of marines, and a man-of-war's boatswain.

Capt. P. A full company! You have named five; come, make half a dozen. Kite, is the child a boy

Serg. K. A chopping boy. [or a girl?

Capt. P. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Serg. K. I shall, sir.

Capt. P. But hold; have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arrived?

Serg. K. Yes, yes, sir; and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie. I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it

so; but he is an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, sir, will get you men, and me money; which I think is all we want at present. But yonder comes your friend, Mr. Worthy. Has your honour any further commands?

Capt. P. None at present. [*Exit Serg. Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter WORTHY.

What! arms across, Worthy? methinks you should hold them open when a friend's so near. The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe. I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,

Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.*]

Wor. Plume! my dear Captain! returned; safe and sound, I hope.

Capt. P. You see I have lost neither leg nor arm; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow; once I was so.

Capt. P. What ails thee, man? no inundations or earthquakes in Wales, I hope? Has your father rose from the dead, and resumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Capt. P. Then you are married, surely?

Wor. No.

Capt. P. Then you are mad, or turning methodist?

Wor. Come, I must out with it. Your once gay, roving friend, is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Capt. P. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Capt. P. Shake hands, brother. If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Capt. P. For a regiment. But for a woman! 'sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one. Pray who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen indeed! not to be won under ten years' siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Capt. P. But who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Capt. P. That's impossible. I know no woman that will hold out a ten years' siege.

Wor. What think you of Melinda?

Capt. P. Melinda! you must not think to surmount her pride by humility. Would you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see; the very first thing that I would do, should be to make love to her chambermaid. Suppose we lampooned all the pretty women in town, and left her out; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the ugliest?

Wor. These would be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no—

Capt. P. What! no young ones? and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble Captain; witness our friend Molly at the Castle; there have been tears in town about that business, Captain.

Capt. P. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. Oh! sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Capt. P. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, Sylvia and I had once agreed, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but I am resolved never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. If people would but try

one another before they engaged, it would prevent all those elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what. [stick to say that.]

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not

Capt. P. I hate country-towns for that reason. If your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia, it deserves to be burned to the ground. I love Sylvia, I admire her frank, generous disposition; in short, were I once a general, I would marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have reason; for were you but a corporal, she would marry you. But my Melinda coquettes it with every fellow she sees; I'll lay fifty pounds she makes love to you. [if she does.]

Capt. P. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it
Re-enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Captain, Captain! a word in your ear.

Capt. P. You may speak out; here are none but friends.

Serg. K. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. Molly; my wife, Mr. Worthy.

Wor. O, ho! very well. I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Serg. K. Your worship very well may; for I have got both a wife and child in half an hour. But, as I was saying, you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly,—my wife, I mean; but what do you think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Capt. P. As how?

Serg. K. Why, sir, a footman in livery brought her ten guineas to buy her baby-clothes.

Capt. P. Who, in the name of wonder, could send them? [Sylvia.]

Serg. K. Nay, sir, I must whisper that; Mrs.

Capt. P. Sylvia! generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia! impossible!

Serg. K. Here are the guineas, sir: I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay, further, sir; she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with the news, called after me, and told me his lady would speak with me: I went; and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half-a-guinea for the news, and ordered me to tell you that Justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Capt. P. There's a girl for you, Worthy. Is there anything of woman in this? No; 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the lover, though she dies for the man. Come, Worthy, where's the best wine, for there I'll quarter?

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserved it for your welcome to town.

Capt. P. Let's away, then: Mr. Kite, go to the lady, with my humble service, and tell her I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite! have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Serg. K. No, sir; I'd have you to know I don't keep such company. [Exit.]

Capt. P. Another! who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment.

Enter MELINDA and SYLVIA.

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin Sylvia. (They salute.) I envied you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living: here we have smoke, noise, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen, and nothing to divert it; then the air is intolerable.

Syl. Oh, madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, Sylvia, how long I have lived in't; for I can assure you, that to a lady

the least nice in her constitution, no air can be good above half a year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste. Have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon air! But, pr'ythee, my dear Melinda! don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ache in a cold morning, at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same; but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of a horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with spleen, cholic, nor vapours. I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening after a fiddle.

Mel. I am told your Captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come; and I'll take care he sha'n't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl. And there's a pleasure in being mad

Which none but madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor, romantic Quixote! hast thou the vanity to imagine that a young, sprightly officer, that rambles over half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his thoughts? I should not like a man with confined thoughts; it shews a narrowness of soul.

Mel. O my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavoured to know the world. But now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. Worthy?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Syl. I say that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly; he's a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he's my Plume's friend! and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself a man in good earnest. But to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your Captain; for I take him to be a loose, idle, ill-mannerly coxcomb.

Syl. Oh, madam! you never saw him perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds; you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly.

Mel. What do you mean, madam? [with you.]

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam; for, methinks, you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakish officer as you do.

Syl. Again! lookye, madam, you are in your own house. [excused you.]

Mel. And if you had kept in your's I should have

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam; I sha'n't desire to have my visit returned. [this the better.]

Mel. The sooner, therefore, you make an end of

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations; and so, madam, your servant. [Exit.]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. What's the matter, madam?

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swelled upon the arrival of her fellow?

Lucy. I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor sha'n't, if I can help it. Let me see—I have it—bring me pen and ink: hold! I'll go write in my closet.

Lucy. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam. (*Presents a letter.*)

Mel. Who sent it?

Lucy. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tired of him: send it back unopened.

Lucy. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how should I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and CAPTAIN PLUME.

Just. B. Lookye, Captain; give us but blood for our money, and you sha'n't want men. Ads my life! Captain, get us but another marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier. [*daughter?*]

Capt. P. Pray, Mr. Balance, how does your fair

Just. B. Ah, Captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of France? We're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the last battle.

Capt. P. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see; but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle: all that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the enemy, and we did so; and, if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Mrs. Sylvia?

Just. B. Still upon Sylvia! for shame, Captain! you are engaged already—wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other. [*Mr. Balance.*]

Capt. P. As a mistress I confess, but as a friend,

Just. B. Come, come, Captain; never mince the matter; would not you deceive my daughter if you could? [*ceived.*]

Capt. P. How, sir? I hope she is not to be de-

Just. B. Faith, but she is, sir; and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and person. Lookye, Captain; once I was young, and once an officer, as you are, and I can guess at your thoughts now by what mine were then; and I remember very well that I would have given one of my legs, to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman as like me as I was then like you.

Capt. P. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Just. B. Not much of that. [*yours, sir, that—*]

Capt. B. There the comparison breaks: the fa-

Just. B. Pho, pho! I hate set speeches: if I have done you any service, Captain, it was to please myself. I love thee; and, if I could part with my girl, you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know; but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp: but she's at her own disposal; she has ten thousand pounds in her pocket, and so—Sylvia! Sylvia! (*Calls.*)

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet.

Just. B. And here is a gentleman from abroad. (*Presents Capt. P.*) Captain, you'll excuse me; I'll go and read my letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Capt. P. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam; since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe public report?

Capt. P. You may, when 'tis backed by private

assurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and, if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well; you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made beforehand.

Capt. P. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open this paper, which was drawn the evening before our last battle, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Mrs. Sylvia Balance. (*Opens the will and reads.*) Well, Captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but, methinks, sir, you should have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Capt. P. That's home. (*Aside.*) My little boy! lackaday, madam! that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine: why, the girl, madam, is my sergeant's wife; and so the poor creature gave out that I was the father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity—that was all, madam. My boy! no, no, no!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my master has received some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately; and he begs the Captain's pardon that he can't wait upon him as he promised. [*Exit.*]

Capt. P. Ill news! heaven avert it! nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted. I'll leave you to comfort him; and be assured that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my Sylvia, he shall freely command both. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and SYLVIA.

Syl. Whilst there is life there is hope, sir: perhaps my brother may recover.

Just. B. We have but little reason to expect it; the doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no son. Poor Owen! but the decree is just: I was pleased with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punished with the loss of an heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Syl. My desire in being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Just. B. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about two thousand pounds a year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title: you must set a just value upon yourself; and, in plain terms, think no more of Captain Plume. [*sir.*]

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman,

Just. B. And I do so still: he's a very pretty fellow; but though I liked him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family: ten thousand pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness; but, ods my life! two thousand pounds a year would ruin him, quite turn his brain. A captain of foot worth two thousand pounds a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship; but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Just. B. Come, shew me the messenger.

[*Exit with Servant.*]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince Prettyman exactly. If my brother dies—ah, poor brother! if he lives—ah, poor sister! It is bad both ways. I'll try it again. Fol-

low my own inclinations and break my father's heart, or obey his commands and break my own! Worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus: a moderate fortune, a pretty fellow, and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass. That will never do neither.

Re-enter JUSTICE BALANCE.

Just. B. Put four horses to the coach. (*To a Servant without.*) Ho, Sylvia!

Syl. Sir. [died?

Just. B. How old were you when your mother

Syl. So young that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Just. B. Have I ever denied you anything you

Syl. Never, that I remember. [asked of me?

Just. B. Then, Sylvia, I must beg that, once in your life, you will grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, sir?

Just. B. I don't; but I would rather counsel than command. I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend, that you would take the coach this moment and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you received just now?

Just. B. No matter; I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons. But before you go, I expect you will make me one so—

Syl. Propose the thing, sir. [lemn promise.

Just. B. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Just. B. Very well; and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent: and so, Sylvia, the coach is ready. Farewell. Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. (*Reads.*) "Sir, my intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend, Captain Plume; and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The Captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Sylvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended; and that you would immediately send my cousin into the country, is the advice of, sir, your humble servant, MELINDA."—Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age; they are ten times worse than they were in my time. Hang it! I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and cockade? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter WORTHY.

Worthy! your servant. [news.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill

Just. B. I apprehend it, sir; you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Just. B. He's happy, and I am satisfied: the stroke of heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr. Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehensions of wrong from anybody.

Just. B. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour in believing I could know anything to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Just. B. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to it.

Wor. Nay, then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. (*Takes up a piece.*) Sir, I know the hand; and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. (*Going*)

Just. B. Hold, sir; the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear sir, let me

pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a power over her pride to have her own an intimacy under her hand. This was the luckiest accident. (*Gathers up the letter.*) The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice; the effect of a little quarrel between her and Sylvia.

Just. B. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, sir, your daughter has suffered nothing upon the account?

Just. B. No, no, poor girl! she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company, she begged leave to go into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Just. B. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir? I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda; and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Just. B. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance? But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal. I am glad my daughter's fairly off, though. (*Aside.*) Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At Horton's: I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Just. B. Your pardon, dear Worthy. I must allow a day or two to the death of my son; afterwards, I'm your's over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter SERGEANT KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

Serg. K. (*Sings.*) Our 'prentice Tom, may now refuse

To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away.—Over, &c.

(*The Mob sing the Chorus.*)

We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.—Over, &c.

Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live; we are all princes; why—why, you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now, a'n't we?

Tho. No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

Serg. K. No?

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Serg. K. A justice of peace, man?

Tho. Ay, wauns, will I.

Serg. K. Done; you are a justice of peace, and you are a king. (*To Cos.*) And I am a duke, and a rum duke, a'n't I?

Cos. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Serg. K. What then?

Cos. I'll be a queen.

Serg. K. A queen?

[of 'em all.

Cos. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king

Serg. K. Bravely said, faith! huzza for the queen! (*Huzza.*) But harkye! you Mr. Justice and you Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Cos. *Tho.* No, no, no.

Serg. K. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like his majesty—bless the mark! see here, they are set in gold. (*Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket, gives one to each.*)

Tho. The wonderful works of nature!

Cos. What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, Sergeant?

Serg. K. O! Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for king George; that's all.

Cos. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard, Sergeant,

will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Serg. K. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away. (*They sing.*)

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, singing.

*Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.*

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among ye. Who are these hearty lads?

Serg. K. Off with your hats! 'ounds! off with your hats! This is the Captain, the Captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cos. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely d'off mine for any captain in England. My veather's a freeholder.

Capt. P. Who are those jolly lads, Sergeant?

Serg. K. A couple of honest, brave fellows, that are willing to serve the king. I have entertained 'em just now as volunteers under your honour's command.

Capt. P. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cos. Wauns, Tummas! what's this? Are you listed?

Tho. 'Sflesh! not I. Are you Costar?

Cos. Wauns! not I. [good jest, i'faith.

Serg. K. What! not listed? Ha, ha, ha! a very

Cos. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Serg. K. Home! for shame, gentlemen! behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Tummas! honest Costar!

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Serg. K. Nay, then, I command you to stay. I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours; to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Capt. P. What's the matter, Sergeant? I am afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Serg. K. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of 'em should be shot, for an example to the other.

Cos. Shot, Tummas!

Capt. P. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know; the noble Sergeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir; but—

Serg. K. They disobey command; they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, Sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Capt. P. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cos. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Serg. K. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cos. Wauns! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I. Look ye here, sir.

Cos. Nothing but the king's picture, that the Sergeant gave me just now.

Serg. K. See there, a guinea, one-and-twenty shillings: t'other has the fellow on't.

Capt. P. The case is plain, gentlemen; the goods are found upon you; those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cos. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin. [listed.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are

Cos. 'Sflesh, but we a'n't, Tummas. I desire to be carried before the mayor, Captain. (*Capt. P. and Serg. K. whisper.*)

Capt. P. 'Twill never do, Kite; your d—tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it. (*Apart.*) Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my Sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, Captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me, or neighbour Costar here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Capt. P. Lookye, rascal! you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog. Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay, then we'll speak. Your Sergeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and—

Cos. Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money, for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Capt. P. How! by way of a present? the son of a —! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel! rogue! villain! (*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*)

Tho. *Cos.* O brave, noble Captain; huzza! A brave Captain, 'faith.

Cos. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw.—Wauns! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you! Lookye, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cos. Mind that, Tummas.

Capt. P. I desire no man to go with me but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you or you may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar; a sweet gentleman!

Capt. P. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take advantage of you: the king's money was in your pockets; my sergeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing: you are both of you at your liberty.

Cos. Thank you, noble Captain. Ecod! I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind?

Capt. P. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young, tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours; what think you now of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with the butt end of your firelock, eh?

Cos. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain, give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar! do'na: be advis'd.

Capt. P. Here, my hero, there are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do further for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar!

Cos. I wull—I wull. Wauns! my mind mis-gives me that I shall be a captain myself. I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Capt. P. Give me thy hand; and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread. Bring your friend with you if you can. (*Apart.*)

Cos. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee. Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along, too; and if you have two honest, simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Capt. P. Here, my lad. (*Gives him money.*) Now

Tho. Tummas Appletree, [your name?

Capt. P. And your's?

Cos. Costar Pearmain.

Capt. P. Well said, Costar! Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Capt. P. Very well. Courage, my lads. Now we'll (*Sings.*)

*Over the hills and far away,
Courage, boys, it is one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen;
While conq'ring colours we display,
Over the hills and far away.*

Re-enter SERGEANT KITE.

Kite, take care of 'em. [*Exit.*]

Serg. K. A'n't you a couple of pretty fellows now? Here you have complained to the Captain, I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Cos. Tho. I.

Serg. K. So you shall, in your guts. March, you sons of— [*Exit, beating them off.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The Market-place.*

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY.

Wor. I cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we love two ladies; they meet us half way; and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, and away they run.

Capt. P. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore, a couple of poor, melancholy monsters.—What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine: the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Capt. P. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Capt. P. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Capt. P. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred. The generous, good-natur'd Sylvia, when poor, I admire; but the haughty and scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise. What! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment! 'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars, too, to come at her. Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Captain, Captain! sir, look yonder, she's a-coming this way. 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit—

Capt. P. Now, Worthy, to shew you how much I'm in love; here she comes. But, Kite, what is that great country fellow with her?

Serg. K. I can't tell, sir.

Enter ROSE, followed by her brother BULLOCK, with chickens in a basket on her arm.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Capt. P. Here! you chickens.

Rose. Who calls?

Capt. P. Come hither, pretty maid!

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Capt. P. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair; market for yourself. Come child, I'll buy all your stock.

Rose. Then it's all at your service. (*Curtsies.*)

Wor. Then must I shift for myself I find. [*Exit.*]

Capt. P. Let me see; young and tender you say?

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Capt. P. Come, I must examine your basket, my dear. [*as good as any in the market.*]

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I warrant my ware is

Capt. P. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you. [*times more.*]

Capt. P. Come, then, we won't quarrel about the price; they're fine birds. Pray what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. Rose, sir. My father is a farmer within three short miles o'the town: we keep this market;

I sell chickens, eggs, and butter; and my brother Bullock, there, sells corn.

Bul. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late home. (*Whistles about the stage.*)

Capt. P. Kite! (*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*) Pretty Mrs. Rose, you have—let me see, how many?

Rose. A dozen, sir; and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, Rouse; I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgie and higgie for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf? (*Kite and Bullock talk apart.*) I can make as much out of a groat as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure. The gentleman bids fair; and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him. And so, sir, I say for a crown-piece the bargain's your's.

Capt. P. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, sir.

Capt. P. Indeed, indeed, but you can. My lodging is hard by, chicken; and we'll make change there. [*Exit, Rose follows him.*]

Serg. K. So, sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards picked his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things: but pray, sir, what is a rabelin?

Serg. K. Why, 'tis like a modern minced pie; but the crust is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palisado, pray what may he be? Come, Rouse, pray ha' done.

Serg. K. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. (*Aside.*) Eh! where's Rouse? Rouse, Rouse! 'Sflesh! where's Rouse?

Serg. K. She's gone with the Captain. [*gone?*]

Bul. The Captain! wauns! there's no pressing of

Serg. K. But there is sure. [*women sure?*]

Bul. If the Captain should press Rouse, I should be ruined. Which way went she? Oh! the devil take your rabelins and palisadoes. [*Exit.*]

Serg. K. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Re-enter WORTHY.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find. [*will say it.*]

Serg. K. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Serg. K. You must know, sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learned canting and lying: I was bought from my mother, Cleopatra, by a certain nobleman, for three pistoles; who, liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learned impudence and pimping: I was turned off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learned bullying and swearing: I at last got into the army; and there I learned wenching and drinking; so that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz. canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amount to a recruiting sergeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Serg. K. Hunger and ambition. The fears of starving, and hopes of a truncheon, led me to a gentleman with a fair tongue, who loaded me with promises: but, 'gad, it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life. He promised to advance me; and indeed he did so—to a garret in the Savoy. I asked him, "Why he put me in prison?" He call'd me, "Lying dog!" and said, "I was in a garrison;" and indeed 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice Balance.

Re-enter BULLOCK, with JUSTICE BALANCE.

Just. B. Here you, Sergeant! where's your Captain? here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamour-

ing to me with a complaint that your Captain has press'd his sister. Do you know anything of this matter, Worthy?

Wor. I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodgings, to sell him some chickens.

Just. B. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst. [enough.]

Just. B. Thou'rt mad, fellow; thy sister's safe.

Serg. K. I hope so too. (*Aside.*)

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the Captain can list women?

Bul. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them; but I'm sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Just. B. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, sir! I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe,—you thought no harm, friend, did you? (*To Serg. Kite.*)

Serg. K. Lackaday, sir, not I; only that I believe I shall marry her to-morrow.

Just. B. I begin to smell powder. (*Aside.*) Well, friend, but what did that gentleman do with you?

Bul. Why, sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great sea fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the wild Irish.

Serg. K. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of the battle, the captain carried off the baggage.

Just. B. Sergeant, go along with this fellow to your Captain; give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, though he has listed her. [have another man in her place.]

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall

Serg. K. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the Captain's. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit with Bullock.*]

Just. B. We must get this mad Captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll overrun the country. [daughter's disdain.]

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your

Just. B. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age.—But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. Cupid had formerly wings; but I think in this age he goes upon crutches; or, I fancy Venus had been dallying with her cripple, Vulcan, when my amour commenced, which has made it go on so lamely. My mistress has got a Captain, too; but such a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes. [him.]

Just. B. Who, that bluff fellow? I don't know

Wor. But I engage he knows you and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living; for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice; then he's a Caesar among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talked with the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress; but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Just. B. I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a postboy; but for anything else, as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir: add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses. This is the picture,—behold the life.

[*Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.*]

Cap. B. Mr. Worthy, I'm your servant, and so forth.—Harkye, my dear!

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company is not manners; and when nobody's by 'tis foolish.

Capt. B. Company! *mort de ma vie!* I beg the gentleman's pardon—who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Capt. B. So I will. My dear; I am your servant, and so forth. Your name, my dear? (*To Just. B.*)

Just. B. Very laconic, sir. [*Just. B.*]

Capt. B. Laconic! a very good name, truly. I have known several of the Laconics abroad. Poor Jack Laconic! he was killed at the battle—I remember that he had a blue riband in his hat that very day; and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket. [we them?]

Just. B. Pray, sir, did the French attack us, or

Capt. B. The French attack us! No, sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horses killed under me that day.

Wor. Then, sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Just. B. Or perhaps, sir, you rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Capt. B. What do you mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were killed; all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I stak'd to death upon the enemy's chevaux-de frise. [name?]

Just. B. Noble Captain! May I crave your

Capt. B. Brazen, at your service.

Just. B. Oh, Brazen! a very good name. I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain Plume, sir? (*To Capt. B.*)

Capt. B. Is he anything related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire? Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we cracked hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles, that was concerned in the India Company; he married the daughter of old Tonguepad, the Master in Chancery; a very pretty woman, only she squinted a little: she died in childbed of her first child; but the child survived; 'twas a daughter; but whether it was called Margaret or Margery, upon my soul, I cannot remember. (*Looks at his watch.*) But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water. Worthy, your servant; Laconic, your's. [*Exit.*]

Just. B. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set up a rival. Were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation; I must go see. Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Just. B. Ay, ay, sir; you're a man of business.—But what have we got here?

[*Enter ROSE, singing.*]

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a Captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to London and see the tombs and the lions, and the king and queen. Sir, an't please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting, begging your worship's pardon. Pray what may this lace be worth a yard?

Just. B. Right Mechlin, by this light! Where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, sir; I came honestly

Just. B. I question it much. (*Aside.*) [by it.]

Rose. And see here, sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere. See here; (*Takes snuff affectedly.*) the Captain learned me how to take it with an air.

Just. B. Oh, ho! the Captain! now the murder's out. (*Aside.*) And so the Captain taught you to take it with an air?

Rose. Yes, and gave it with an air, too. Will your worship please to taste my snuff? (*Offers it affectedly.*)

Just. B. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid,

And pray what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweethearts I have in the country; they shall all go with the Captain. Oh! he's the finest man, and the humblest withal. Would you believe it, sir? he talked to me with as much familiarity as if I had been the best lady in the land. [can be.

Just. B. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman as

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, singing.

But it is not so

With those that go

Through frost and snow—

Most apropos,

My maid with the milking-pail.

How, the Justice! then I'm arraigned, condemned.

Just. B. Oh, my noble Captain! [and executed,

Rose. And my noble Captain, too, sir.

Capt. P. 'Sdeath, child! are you mad? (To *Rose*.)

Mr. Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits that I ha'n't a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to—

Just. B. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you.

Rose. And so must I, too, Captain.

Capt. P. Any other time, sir—I cannot for my

Just. B. Pray, sir— [life, sir—

Capt. P. Twenty thousand things—I would—but—now, sir, pray—devil take me—I cannot—I must—(Breaks away.)

Just. B. Nay, I'll follow you. [Exit.

Rose. And I too. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Walk by the Severn-side.*

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Mel. And pray was it a ring or buckle, or a new bonnet, or in what shape was that almighty gold transformed, that has bribed you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the Captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is a constant present from officers to their women. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Lucy. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a trader?

Lucy. One would imagine, madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for his absence? I'm only vexed that I have had nothing said to me these two days; one may like the love, and despise the lover, I hope, as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor. Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Lucy. If he should speak of the assignation, I should be ruined. (Aside.) [Exit.

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. True to the touch, faith! (Aside.) Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam. A fine river this same Severn. Do you love fishing, madam? [lovers.

Mel. 'Tis a pretty, melancholy amusement for

Capt. B. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have served in Flanders against the French; in Hungary, against the Turks; and in Tangier, against the Moors; and I never was so much in love before; and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment: but you soldiers are the best bred men; that we must allow.

Capt. B. Some of us, madam; but there are

brutes among us too, very sad brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable offers, madam. I might have married a German princess worth fifty thousand crowns a year; but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish bashaw fell in love with me, too, when I was a prisoner among the infidels; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me; but I don't know how, my time was not come. Hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserved me for a Shropshire lady, worth twenty thousand pounds. Do you know any such person, madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! (Aside.) To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of Mrs. Brazen.

Capt. B. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. Oh! are you there, gentleman? (Aside.) Come, Captain, we'll walk this way. Give me your hand.

Capt. B. My hand and heart are at your service.

Mr. Worthy, your servant, my dear. [Exit.

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Capt. P. The march beer at the Raven. I have been doubly serving the king, raising men and raising the excise. Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk?

Capt. P. No, no, whimsical only; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne; but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic. (Pointing off.) There's your play then; recover me that vessel from that Tangerine. [manned?

Capt. P. She's well rigged, but how is she

Wor. By Captain Brazen, that I told you of to-day. She is called the Melinda; a first rate, I can assure you. She sheered off with him just now on purpose to affront me; but, according to your advice, I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour.—But have a care of a quarrel.

Capt. P. No, no; I never quarrel with anything in my cups but an oyster-wench or a cookmaid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [Exit.

Capt. P. So! now must I look as sober and demure as a w—e at a christening.

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN and MELINDA.

Capt. B. Who's that, madam?

Mel. A brother officer of your's, I suppose, sir.

Capt. B. Ay. My dear! (To *Capt. P.*)

Capt. P. My dear! (Embraces him.)

Capt. B. My dear boy! how'st? Your name, my dear. If I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Capt. P. I never saw your's in my life, my dear; but there's a face well known as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all adored.

Capt. B. Have you any pretensions, sir?

Capt. P. Pretensions?

Capt. B. That is, have you ever served abroad?

Capt. P. I have served at home, sir; for ages served this cruel fair; and that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel. So between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands? (Aside.)

Capt. B. Will you fight for the lady, sir? [ing.

Capt. P. No, sir; but I'll have her notwithstanding—*Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,*

Envied by nymphs, and worshipp'd by the swains.—

Capt. B. Oons! sir, not fight for her?

Capt. P. Pr'ythee be quiet;—I shall be out:

Behold how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet the princess of the Severn side.

Capt. B. Don't mind him, madam. If he were not so well dressed I should take him for a poet; but I'll show you the difference presently. Come, madam, we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her. (*Draws, Melinda shrieks.*)

Re-enter WORTHY.

Mel. Oh, Mr. Worthy! save me from these madmen. [*Exit with Worthy.*]

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, sir, and fight the bold ravisher?

Capt. B. No, sir, you are my man. [*your man.*]

Capt. P. I don't like the wages; I won't be

Capt. B. Then you're not worth my sword.

Capt. P. No! pray what did it cost?

Capt. B. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Capt. P. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter SYLVIA, in man's apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye! gentlemen.

Capt. B. My dear! I'm your's.

Capt. P. Do you know the gentleman? [*dear?*]

Capt. B. No, but I will presently. Your name, my

Syl. Wilful, Jack Wilful, at your service.

Capt. B. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?

Syl. Both, sir, both: I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe; and I'm head of the family at present.

Capt. P. Do you live in the country, sir? [*sent.*]

Syl. Yes, sir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this

Capt. B. What are you, sir? [*spot of ground.*]

Syl. A rake.

Capt. P. In the army, I presume?

Syl. No; but I intend to list immediately.—Lookye, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest has me.

Capt. B. Sir, I'll prefer you; I'll make you a corporal this minute. [*you shall eat with me.*]

Capt. P. Corporal! I'll make you my companion;

Capt. B. You shall drink with me; you shall receive your pay, and no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field-officer.

Capt. P. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for sergeant.

Capt. B. Can you read and write, sir?

Syl. Yes.

Capt. B. Then your business is done; I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to choose. There is one Plume, that I hear much commended in town; pray which of you is Captain Plume?

Capt. P. I am Captain Plume.

Capt. B. No, no, I am Captain Plume.

Syl. Heyday! [*dear!*]

Capt. P. Captain Plume! I'm your servant, my

Capt. B. Captain Brazen! I'm your's. The fellow dares not fight. (*Aside.*)

Enter SERGEANT KITE.

Serg. K. Sir, if you please—(*Whispers to Capt. P.*)

Capt. P. No, no, there's your Captain.—Captain Plume, your sergeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Capt. B. He's an incorrigible sot. Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you. (*To Sylvia.*)

Capt. P. I forbid the bans. Lookye, friend! you shall list with Captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see Captain Brazen hanged first; I will list with Captain Plume. I am a freeborn Englishman, and will be a slave my own way. Lookye, sir! will you stand by me? (*To Capt. B.*)

Capt. B. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain Brazen, that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb. (*To Capt. P.*)

Capt. P. Ay, ay, a sad dog. [*Captain Plume.*]

Syl. A very sad dog. Give me the money, noble

Capt. P. Then you won't list with Captain Bra-

Syl. I won't! [*zen!*]

Capt. B. Never mind him, child; I'll end the dispute presently. Harkye, my dear! (*Takes Capt. P. aside, and talks to him in dumb shew.*)

Serg. K. Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain Plume; I am his Sergeant, and will take my oath

Syl. What! you are Sergeant Kite? [*on't.*]

Serg. K. At your service. [*farthing.*]

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a

Serg. K. A very understanding youth of his age. (*Aside.*) Pray, sir, let me look you full in your face.

Syl. Well, sir, what have you to say to my face?

Serg. K. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliber were never so like; sure it must be Charles.—Charles,—

Syl. What do you mean by Charles?

Serg. K. The voice too, only a little variation in E flat. My dear brother! for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade. [*body's.*]

Syl. No, sir; I'll be the Captain's comrade, if any-

Serg. K. Ambition there again! 'tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gained this glorious halberd. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already. But I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, Sergeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Serg. K. My Captain scorns assistance, sir.

Capt. B. How dare you contend for anything, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but, pr'ythee, resign the man, pr'ythee do; you are a very honest fellow.

Capt. P. You lie. (*Draws to Capt. B.*)

Capt. B. Hold, hold! did not you refuse to fight for the lady? (*Retiring.*)

Capt. P. I always do; but for a man I'll fight knee deep; so you lie again.

[*Capt. P. and Capt. B. fight a traverse or two about the stage; Sylvia draws, and is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth, takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.*]

Capt. B. Hold! where's the man?

Capt. P. Gone. [*let's embrace, my dear.*]

Capt. B. Then what do we fight for? Now,

Capt. P. With all my heart, my dear! I suppose Kite has listed him by this time. (*Embraces.*)

Capt. B. You are a brave fellow: I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend!—that lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found at home this morning, so beautiful, so inviting; I presently locked the door;—but I'm a man of honour; but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless; her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be a pretty conveniency. I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear! but don't do so again.

Capt. P. No, no, my dear! men are my business at present. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSE and BULLOCK, meeting.

Rose. Where have you been, you great booby? You are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, and hold up your head.

Bul. Ah, Rouse, Rouse! here has been Cart-wheel, your sweetheart; what will become of him?

Rose. Lookye; I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations. I told the Captain how finely he played on the tabor and pipe, so he set him down for drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? you know I have always loved to be

a drumming, if it were but on a table or on a quart pot. *Enter SYLVIA.*

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy this dress would become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold step, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain. What's here? Rose, my nurse's daughter? I'll go and practice. Come, child, kiss me at once. (*Kisses Rose.*) Honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a horse and cart, and a cart-horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your clothes and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list, friend?

Rose. No, no; though your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you. My brother is engaged to Captain Plume.

Syl. Plume! do you know Captain Plume?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me. I can assure you that I can do anything with the Captain.

Bul. That is in a modest way, sir. Have a care what you say, Rouse; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do anything with the Captain, but what I may do with anybody else.

Syl. So! And pray what do you expect from this Captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!—I expect—but he ordered me to tell nobody; but suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear; men will promise anything beforehand. [*afterwards.*]

Rose. I know that; but he promised to marry me

Bul. Wauns! Rouse, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards! after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens: I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Capt. P. What, Mr. Wilful, so close with my market woman?

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. (*Aside.*) Close, sir; ay, and closer yet, sir. Come, my pretty maid; you and I will withdraw a little. [*yet.*]

Capt. P. No, no, friend; I ha'n't done with her

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good a right as you have.

Capt. P. Thou'rt a very impudent fellow!

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Capt. P. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes, sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Capt. P. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice. Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider; you're both very handsome. [*begins to work.*]

Capt. P. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Dunna be angry, sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child? I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach, with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Capt. P. Pho! that's easily done: I'll do more for thee, child; I'll buy you a new gown, and give you a ticket to see a play. [*let's see the show.*]

Bul. A play! Wauns! Rouse, take the ticket, and

Syl. Lookye, Captain! if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain Brazen this minute. [*title?*]

Capt. P. Will you list with me if I give up my

Syl. I will. [*man at any time.*]

Capt. P. Take her; I'll change a woman for a

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains used to sell your men. [*Western Indies.*]

Bul. Pray, Captain, do not send Rouse to the

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! West Indies! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you nor she shall move a step further than I do. This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the Captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you; my circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Capt. P. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be,—What would you be? [*drum-major,—*]

Bul. Oh! sir, if you had not promised the place of

Capt. P. Ay, that is promised: but what think you of barrack-master? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be. But what's become of this same Cartwheel, you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him. Come, brother barrack-master. We shall find you at home, noble Captain? [*Exit, with Bullock.*]

Capt. P. Yes, yes; and now, sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your listing money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean. But now let me beg of you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command.

Capt. P. Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault I will excuse it, if a great one I'll discharge you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they would be less terrible to me than to stay behind you. And now your hand; this lists me; and now you are my Captain.

Capt. P. Your friend. 'Sdeath! there's something in this fellow that's very strange. (*Aside.*)

Syl. One favour I must beg: this affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that would censure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private sentinel of my own head: I must, therefore, take care to be impressed by the act of parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Capt. P. What you please as to that. Will you lodge at my quarters in the meantime?

Syl. No, no, Captain; you forget, Rose; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Capt. P. I had forgot: pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant: we are so weak that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholic. I am at this minute sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away. Help me, Lucy!

Lucy. Bless me! madam, what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only; I begin to recover. If Sylvia were in town I could heartily forgive her faults, for the ease of discovering my own.

Lucy. You are thoughtful, madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. Oh, Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer. You must know, that, hearing of a famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguised to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. The fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom favourites: he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.

Lucy. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckoned surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you anything surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing! Dear madam! if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty hours. And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why, I passed for you.

Lucy. So; 'tis I that am to die a maid. But the devil was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid: I've put it out of his power already. (*Aside.*)

Mel. I do but jest. I would have passed for you, and called myself Lucy; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune; and gave me the whole history of my life. He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described Worthy exactly; but in nothing so well as in his present indifference. I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct; excused his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walked off. 'Sdeath! I could have stabbed him, or myself; 'twas the same thing. Yonder he comes: I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortune-teller told you. Men are scarce; and, as times goes, it is not impossible for a woman to die a maid. *Enter WORTHY.*

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warmed; I must strike while the iron is hot. (*Aside.*) You've a great deal of courage, madam, to venture where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence, to appear before me, that you lately have so affronted!

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam; and came hither, thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another place.

Wor. The place is broad enough for us both. (*They walk by one another, she fretting and tearing her fan.*) Will you please to take snuff, madam? (*She strikes the box out of his hand.*)

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. What! here before me, my dear?

Mel. What means this insolence!

Lucy. Are you mad? don't you see Mr. Worthy? (*To Brazen.*)

Capt. B. No, no; I'm struck blind. Worthy! odso! well turned. My mistress has wit at her fingers' ends. Madam, I ask your pardon; 'tis our way abroad. Mr. Worthy, you're the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the favour miscarried, for it was designed for you, Mr. Worthy; and, be assured, 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands. Captain, I ask your pardon. [*Exit with Lucy.*]

Capt. B. I grant it. You see, Mr. Worthy, 'twas only a random shot; it might have taken off your head as well as mine. Courage, my dear! 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think. [*by withdraw?*]

Wor. Withdraw! Oons! sir, what do you mean

Capt. B. I'll shew you. [*Exit.*]

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost; and Plume's advice has ruined me. 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to her pride? [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

KITE, disguised in a strange habit, discovered sitting at a table, with books and globes.

Serg. K. (*Rises.*) By the position of the heavens, gained from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that Luna was a tidewaiter; Sol, a surveyor; Mercury, a thief; Venus, a w—; Saturn, an alderman; Jupiter, a rake; and Mars, a sergeant of grenadiers; and this is the system of Kite, the conjurer.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY.

Capt. P. Well, what success?

Serg. K. I have sent away a shoemaker and a tailor already; one's to be a captain of marines, and

the other a major of dragoons. I am to manage them at night. Have you seen the lady, Mr. Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do. Have you shewed her her name that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Serg. K. No, sir; I reserve that for the last stroke.

Capt. P. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here, Captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion. (*Knocking at the door.*)

Serg. K. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door. [*Exeunt Captain Plume and Worthy.*]

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Serg. K. Tycho, chairs for the ladies. [*tor,*]

Mel. Don't trouble yourself; we sha'n't stay, doc-

Serg. K. Your ladyship is to stay much longer

Mel. For what? [*than you imagine,*]

Serg. K. For a husband. For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband. (*To Lucy.*)

Lucy. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Serg. K. With both: when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other friend. [*count?*]

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my ac-

Serg. K. Yes, madam; and he's now under the table. [*be gone.*]

Lucy. Oh, heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's

Serg. K. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool. Do you think, sir, that because I'm a woman, I'm to be fooled out of my reasons, or frightened out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil.

Serg. K. He's a little busy at present; but, when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Serg. K. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Serg. K. Lookye, fair lady! the devil is a very modest person; he seeks nobody unless they seek him first; he's chained up like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose. You come to me to have your fortune told: do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? no, madam; the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now, to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill. Here, you Cacodemo del Plumo, exert your power; draw me this lady's name, the word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own hand writing; do it at three motions;—one,—two,—three,—'tis done. Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Lucy. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do!

Mel. My name in my own hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed!

Serg. K. Seeing is believing. (*Goes to the table and lifts up the carpet.*) Here, Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone, sirrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper; behold!

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle!

Lucy. 'Tis like your hand, madam; but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all. [*devil!*]

Serg. K. Here's a chambermaid that will outlie the

Lucy. Lookye, madam, they shan't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces. Come, madam, let us be certain; write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare the two hands. (*Takes out a paper.*)

Serg. K. Anything for your satisfaction, madam. Here's pen and ink. (*Mel. writes.*)

Lucy. Let me see it, madam; 'tis the same, the very same. I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. (*Aside.*)

Mel. This is demonstration.

Serg. K. 'Tis so, madam; the word demonstration comes from demon, the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I am convinced: and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Serg. K. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fixed for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate?

Serg. K. Let me see: about the hour of ten tomorrow morning, you will be saluted by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other. In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and, if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a man is he?

Serg. K. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Serg. K. Because, madam,—because it is so. A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say?

Serg. K. Ten: about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. (*Gives money.*) Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Lucy. Oh! madam, a thousand.

Serg. K. I must beg your patience till another time, for I expect more company this minute: besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the

Lucy. O pray, sir, discharge us first! [*table.*]

Serg. K. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. Your servant, my dear.

Serg. K. Stand off! I have my familiar already.

Capt. B. Are you bewitched, my dear?

Serg. K. Yes, my dear; but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself; (*draws a circle round himself*) and now, Captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Capt. B. Lines! what dost talk of lines? You have something like a fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man. What's your name, my dear?

Serg. K. Conundrum.

Capt. B. Conundrum? rat me! I knew a famous doctor in London of your name. Where were you

Serg. K. I was born in Algebra. [*born?*]

Capt. B. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom, I'm sure; unless it be some place in the Highlands in Scotland.

Serg. K. Right; I told you I was betwitched.

Capt. B. So am I, my dear; I am going to be married. I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen, and vapours. Shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay or no?

Serg. K. Certainly.

Capt. B. Gadso, ay.

Serg. K. Or no. But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Capt. B. Why, you old boar! did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills?

Serg. K. They are not so good, my dear; but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Capt. B. Contents! that you shall, old boy! here they be both.

Serg. K. Only the last you received, if you please. (*Takes the letter.*) Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter enclosed to you with the determination of the stars upon it, to your lodgings.

Capt. B. With all my heart. I must give him—(*Puts his hands into his pockets.*) Algebra! I

fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity. Here. (*Gives him money.*) And, if I succeed, I'll build a watch-tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales, for the study of astrology and the benefit of the Conundrums. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY.

Wor. O doctor! that letter's worth a million. Let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Capt. P. Pho! let me see it. (*Opens the letter.*) If she be a jilt,—d—n her, she is one! there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. By all my hopes! 'tis Lucy's hand.

Capt. P. Lucy's?

Wor. Certainly. 'Tis no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Capt. P. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband. But are you sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see. Where's the bit of paper I gave you just now, that the devil wrote Melinda

Serg. K. Here, sir. [*upon?*]

Capt. P. 'Tis plain they are not the same. And is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter which made Mr. Balance send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same. The other fragments I shewed you just now I once intended for another use; but I think I have now turned it to a better advantage.

Capt. P. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change. Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia, you mean, and poor captain; ha, ha, ha! Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be yours.

Capt. P. No, she's above my hopes: but for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

By some the sex is blam'd without design:

Light, harmless censure, such as yours and mine,

Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine:

Others the justice of the sex condemn,

And wanting merit to create esteem,

Would hide their own defects by cens'ring them:

But they, secure in their all conq'ring charms,

Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms,

He magnifies their conquests who complains,

For none would struggle, were they not in chains.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Justice Balance's House.

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and JUSTICE SCALE.

Just. Scale. I say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. Balance.

Just. B. Lookye, Mr. Scale, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army.

Enter SYLVIA, BULLOCK, ROSE, Prisoners, Constable, and Mob.

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in the very act, *re infectâ*, sir. The gentleman, indeed, behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Just. B. Give the gentleman his sword again. Wait you without. [*Exeunt Const. and Watch.*] I'm sorry, sir, (*to Sylvia,*) to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour; my innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Just. Scale. Innocence! Have you not seduced that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap; she seduced me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear; for she proposed marriage first.

Just. B. What! then you are married, child? (*To Rose.*)

Rose. Yes, sir, to my sorrow.

Just. B. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I. I danced, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Just. B. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! we are soldiers, and want no minister. They were married by the articles of war.

Just. B. Hold thy prating, fool. Your appearance, sir, (to *Sylvia*) promises some understanding: pray what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage, I think; but that, you know, is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred. Our sword, you know, is our honour; that we lay down; the hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after; the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed: that's all. The ceremony is concise. [time and prodigality.]

Bul. And the prettiest ceremony; so full of pas-

Just. B. What, are you a soldier?

Bul. Ay, that I am. Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise?

Just. B. Take it. (*Strikes him.*) Pray, sir, what commission may you bear? (*To Sylvia.*)

Syl. I'm called Captain, sir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, and groom-porters in London; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a picquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Just. Scale. Your name, pray, sir?

Syl. Pinch. [Shropshire?

Just. B. And pray, sir, what brought you into

Syl. A pinch, sir. I know you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money; and so— [ble!

Just. B. I understand you, sir. Here, constable—
Re-enter Constable.

Take this gentleman into custody till further orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so. [you.

Just. Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once? 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Just. B. Harkye, constable! (*Whispers him.*)

Const. It shall be done, sir. Come along, sir.

[*Exeunt Cons. Bul. Rose and Syl.*

Just. B. Come, Mr. Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter MELINDA and WORTHY.

Mel. So far the prediction is right; 'tis ten exactly. (*Aside.*) And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety; else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. Worthy: I am not so fond of variety as to travel for't; nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expense and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasures, which, at best, never answer expectation; as it is evident from the example of most travellers, that they long more to return to their own country than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are, indeed, uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made our accounts we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt. My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! Oh, Mr. Worthy! what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years' servitude. How did you use me the year before? when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave. Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits; remember those, those, Mr. Worthy.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. (*Aside.*) But you may remember, madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing; 'tis your interest that I should forget. You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other. Now, if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over, here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman should be, may this be my poison. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the coach is at the door. [*Exit.*

Mel. I am going to Mr. Balance's country-house to see my cousin Sylvia; I've done her an injury, and can't be easy till I've asked her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse, and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain Plume with you we sha'n't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading Mel.*

SCENE III.—*A Court of Justice.*

JUSTICE BALANCE, JUSTICE SCALE, and JUSTICE SCRUPLE discovered upon the Bench, with Constable, SERGEANT KITE, and Mob standing by. *Sergeant Kite and Constable advance.*

Serg. K. Pray who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice Balance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple; and I am Mr. Constable: four very honest gentlemen. [servant.

Serg. K. O, dear sir! I am your most obedient
Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Just. B. Captain, you're welcome.

Capt. P. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Just. Scr. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. (*Capt. P. ascends, and sits upon the bench.*) Now produce your prisoners. Here, that fellow there; set him up, Mr. Constable, what have you to say against this man? [please you.

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an't

Just. B. No? What made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an't please your worship.

Just. Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an't please ye; I can't read.

Just. Scr. A very pretty constable, truly. I find we have no business here.

Serg. K. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being the counsel for the king.

Just. B. Come, Sergeant, you shall be heard, since nobody else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Serg. K. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides he's cut out by nature for a grenadier: he's five feet ten inches high: he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with any man in the country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, sirrah, you lie: an't please your worship, he's the best-natur'd pains-taking'st man in the parish; witness my five poor children.

Just. Scr. A wife and five children! You Constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Just. Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Just. B. Hold, gentlemen. Harkye, friend! how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Capt. P. They live upon wild-fowl and venison, sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Just. B. A gun! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.

Serg. K. Ay, ay, I'll take care of him; if you please. *(Takes him down.)*

Just. Scale. Here, you Constable, the next. Set up that black-faced fellow; he has a gunpowder look; what can you say against this man, Constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Capt. P. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company for the novelty's sake.

Just. B. What are you, friend?

Welch C. A collier; I work in the coal-pits.

Just. Scr. Lookye, gentlemen! this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Serg. K. May it please your worship, this man has no visible means of livelihood, for he works under-ground. *[miners.]*

Capt. P. Well said, Kite; besides, the army wants

Just. B. Right; and had we an order of government for't, we could raise you in this, and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers, that would run you under ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army. *[yourself?]*

Just. Scr. Well, friend, what have you to say for

Welch C. I'm married.

Serg. K. Lackaday! so am I.

Welch C. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Just. B. Are you married, good woman?

Woman. I'm married, in conscience.

Just. Scale. Who married you, mistress?

Woman. My husband. We agreed that I should call him husband, and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

Just. Scr. A very pretty couple! Pray, Captain, will you take them both? *[care of the woman?]*

Capt. P. What say you, Mr. Kite? will you take

Serg. K. Yes, sir; she shall go with us to the sea-side; and there, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care nobody shall hinder her.

Just. B. Here, Constable, bring in my man. *[Exit Constable.]* Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a man such as you never listed in your life.

Re-enter Constable, with SYLVIA.

Oh, my friend Pinch! I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, sir, and what then? *[the bench?]*

Just. Scale. What then! is that your respect to

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench either.

Just. Scr. Lookye, gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Just. Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Just. B. What think you, Captain?

Capt. P. I think he is a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Just. B. Pray, Captain, read the articles of war; we'll see him listed immediately.

Capt. P. *(Reads.)* "Articles of war against mutiny and desertion."

Syl. Hold, sir! once more, gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. Balance, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Capt. P. Lookye; young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good Captain Huffcap! but you had better be quiet; I shall find a way to cool your courage. *[distracted.]*

Capt. P. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him; he's

Syl. 'Tis false; I am descended of as good a family as any in the county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench; and I am heir to two thousand pounds a year. *[the articles of war.]*

Just. B. He's certainly mad. Pray, Captain, read

Syl. Hold! once more. Pray, Mr. Balance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Just. B. No, faith; were you mine I would send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, sir; he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country; I'm his only child: perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Just. B. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute I'll leave the court. *[to the men while I read.]*

Capt. P. Kite, do you distribute the levy money

Serg. K. Ay, sir. Silence, gentlemen.

Capt. P. *(Reads.)* "Articles of war against mutiny and desertion. Any soldier who shall presume to quit his post without orders from his commanding officer, shall suffer death."

Welsh C. One death!

Capt. P. *(Reads.)* "Any soldier who shall presume to indulge in claret, Burgundy, and champagne, out of his private pay, shall suffer death."

Welsh C. Two deaths!

Capt. P. *(Reads.)* "Any soldier who shall presume to erect churches, hospitals, or other public buildings out of his private pay, shall suffer death."

Welsh C. Three deaths!

Just. B. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the favour of you not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Just. B. No more? there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, sir; but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man; because he said the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me: this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Serg. K. And I'll swear it: give me the book; 'tis for the good of the service.

Welsh C. May it please your worship, I gave him half-a-crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Just. B. 'Tis my opinion that this Constable be put into the Captain's hands; and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night, Captain, you shall carry him to Flanders.

Just. Scale, Just. Scr. Agreed, agreed. *[tody.]*

Capt. P. Mr. Kite, take the Constable into cus-

Serg. K. Ay, ay, sir. Will you please to have your office taken from you, or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you? *(To the Constable, who drops his staff.)*

Just. B. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court. Captain, you shall dine with me. *[Exeunt Justices, Capt. P. & Syl.]*

Serg. K. Come, Mr. Militia Sergeant, I shall silence you now now, I believe, without your taking the law of me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—A Room in Justice Balance's house.

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then, searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her clothes there;

but the suit that your son left in the press when he went to London was gone. [body?

Just. B. You ha'n't told that circumstance to any-
Stew. To none but your worship.

Just. B. And be sure you don't. Go and tell Captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall. [Exit.

Just. B. Was ever man so imposed upon? I had her promise, indeed, that she would never dispose of herself without my consent. I have consented with a witness; given her away as my act and deed; and this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass. No, I shall never pardon him the villany; first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon. Her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his. I'll know the truth presently.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with our young gentleman soldier?

Capt. P. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men. [soldiers?

Just. B. Does he keep company with the common

Capt. P. No, he's generally with me; but the young rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Just. B. So that between you both, Rose has been finely managed. [from me.

Capt. P. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm

Just. B. All's safe, I find. (*Aside.*) Now, Captain, you must know that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded: he said I should heartily repent his being listed; and so I do from

Capt. P. Ay! for what reason? [my soul.

Just. B. Because he is no less than what he said he was; born of as good a family as any in the county; and he is heir to two thousand pounds a year.

Capt. P. I'm very glad to hear it; for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of

Just. B. Won't you discharge him? [England.

Capt. P. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Just. B. You shall have it; for his father is my intimate friend.

Capt. P. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Just. B. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Capt. P. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above a hundred pounds.

Just. B. Perhaps, sir, you sha'n't repent your generosity. Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? (*Gives his book.*) In the meantime, we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Go to the Captain's lodging, and inquire for Mr. Wilful; tell him his Captain wants him here immediately. [quiring for the Captain.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, in-

Capt. P. Bid him come up. [*Exit Serv.*] Here's the discharge, sir.

Just. B. Sir, I thank you. 'Tis plain he had no hand in't. (*Aside.*)

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have used me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner; for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Capt. P. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality. But now you are at liberty; I have discharged you.

Syl. Discharged me? [home to your father.

Just. B. Yes, sir; and you must once more go

Syl. My father! then I am discovered. Oh, sir! (*kneels*) I expect no pardon.

Just. B. Pardon! no, no, child; your crime shall be your punishment. Here, Captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very

husband. When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than you would anybody else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Capt. P. And are you, Sylvia, in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir.

Capt. P. And do you give her to me in good earnest? (*To Just. B.*)

Just. B. If you please to take her, sir.

Capt. P. Why, then, I have saved my legs and arms, and lost my liberty. Secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout. Farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes. Sir, my liberty and the hopes of being a general are much dearer to me than your two thousand pounds a year; but to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition; greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Balance, that your daughter is lost. [man has found her.

Just. B. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentle-

Enter MELINDA.

Mel. Pray, Mr. Balance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia? [with your cousin Plume.

Just. B. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder

Mel. And Worthy! How?

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change? But I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy. I altered my outside because I was the same within; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man: that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin; but since success has crowned your adventures, you will have the world on your side; and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the letter to your father.

Capt. P. That injury, madam, was done to me; and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend: make Mr. Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great way. When my cousin is pleased to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Capt. B. Gentlemen, I am your's. Madam, I am not your's. (*To Melinda.*)

Mel. I'm glad on't, sir.

Capt. B. So am I. You have got a pretty house here, Mr. Laconic. [sir, is Balancee.

Just. B. 'Tis time to right all mistakes; my name,

Capt. B. Balance! Sir, I am your most obedient. I know your whole generation; had not you an uncle that was governor of the Leeward Islands

Just. B. Did you know him? [some years ago?

Capt. B. Intimately, sir. He played at billiards to a miracle. You had a brother, too, that was a captain of a fire-ship:—poor Dick! he had the most engaging way with him of making punch; and then his cabin was so neat; but his poor boy, Jack, was the most comical bastard: ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled dog; I shall never forget him.

Capt. P. Have you got your recruits, my dear?

Capt. B. Not a stick, my dear!

Capt. P. Probably I shall furnish you, my dear! instead of the twenty thousand pounds you talked of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me. My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit and less good fortune; whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

With some regret I quit the active field,

Where glory full reward for life does yield;

But the recruiting trade, with all its train

Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,

I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,

And raise recruits the matrimonial way. [Exeunt.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY CHARLES MACKLIN.



Act III.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

LORD LUMBERCOURT
SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT
EGERTON
SIDNEY

MELVILLE
COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE
SERGEANT EITHERSIDE
LADY MACSYCOPHANT

LADY RODOLPHA LUMBERCOURT
CONSTANTIA
BETTY HINT
SERVANTS

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter BETTY and SAM.

Betty. The postman is at the gate, Sam; pray step and take in the letters. [Betty.]

Sam. John the gardener is gone for them, Mrs.

Betty. Bid John bring them to me, Sam: tell him I am here in the library.

Sam. I'll send him to your ladyship in a crack. [Exit.]

Enter NANNY.

Nanny. Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. How is she now?—any better, Nanny?

Nanny. Something; but very low-spirited still. I verily believe it is as you say.

Betty. O! I would take my book oath of it. I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny.—Ay, ay, her business is done: she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nanny. Why, so the housekeeper thinks too.

Betty. Nay, I know the father, the man that

Nanny. The deuce you do! [ruined her.]

Betty. As sure as you are alive, Nanny; or I am greatly deceived; and yet—I can't be deceived neither. Was not that the cook that came galloping so hard over the common just now?

Nanny. The same: how very hard he galloped! he has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde-Park Corner.

Betty. And what time will the family be down?

Nanny. He has orders to have dinner ready by five; there are to be lawyers, and a great deal of company here: he fancies there is to be a private wedding to-night, between our young Master Charles, and Lord Lumbercourt's daughter, the Scotch lady; who, he says, is just come post from Bath, in order to be married to him.

Betty. Ay, ay, Lady Rodolpha. Nay, like enough, for I know it has been talked of a good while: well, go tell Miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nanny. I shall, Mrs. Betty. [Exit.]

Betty. So!—I find they all believe the impertinent creature is breeding—that's pure! it will soon reach my lady's ears, I warrant.

Enter JOHN.

Well, John, ever a letter for me? [Constantia.]

John. No, Mrs. Betty; but here is one for Miss

Betty. Give it me.—Hum! my lady's hand.

John. And here is one, which the postman says is for my young master; but it's a strange direction. (Reads.) To Charles Egerton, Esq.

Betty. O! yes, yes; this is for Master Charles, John; for he has dropped his father's name of Macsycophant, and has taken up that of Egerton: the parliament has ordered it. [Betty?]

John. The parliament!—pr'ythee, why so, Mrs.

Betty. Why, you must know, John, that my lady, his mother, was an Egerton, by her father; she stole a match with our old master, for which all her family, on both sides, have hated Sir Pertinax, and the whole crew of the Macsycophants, ever since; and so, John, my lady's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, dying an old bachelor, and, as I said before, mortally hating our old master, and all the crew of the Macsycophants, left his whole estate to Master Charles, who was his godson; but on condition that he should drop his father's name of Macsycophant, and take up that of Egerton; and that is the reason, John, why the parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that Master Charles has got the estate, however; for he is a sweet-tempered gentleman.

Betty. As ever lived. But come, John; as I know you love Miss Constantia, and are fond of being where she is, I will make you happy; you shall carry this letter to her.

John. Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am very much obliged to you. Where is she?

Betty. In the housekeeper's-room, settling the

dessert. Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, and I'll leave it on the table in his dressing-room: I see it is from his brother Sandy.—So; now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. That I will; and I am much beholden to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her; for though she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature.—Your servant, Mrs. Betty. *[Exit.]*

Betty. Your servant, John. Ha, ha, ha! poor fellow, he perfectly doats on her; and daily follows her about with nosegays and fruit, and the first of every thing in the season.—Ay, and my young master, Charles, too, is in as bad a way as the gardener:—in short, every body loves her, and that's one reason why I hate her. For my part, I wonder what the deuce the men see in her—a creature that was taken in for charity; I'm sure she's not so handsome. I wish she was out of the family once; if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my lady's favourite myself; ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young masters for a sweetheart, or at least the chaplain; but as to him, there would be no such great catch if I should get him. I will try for him, however; and my first step shall be to tell the doctor all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley.—Yes, that will do; for the doctor loves to talk with me—loves to hear me talk, too; and I verily believe—he, he, he! that he has a sneaking kindness for me; and this story will make him have a good opinion of my honesty, and that, I am sure, will be one step towards—O! bless me, here he comes, and my young master with him. I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him as soon as he is alone; for I will blow her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite, and as cunning as she is. *[Exit.]*

Enter EGERTON and SIDNEY.

Sid. Nay, dear Charles, but why are you so impetuous? Why do you break from me abruptly?

Eger. *(With great warmth.)* I have done, sir; you have refused. I have nothing more to say upon the subject. I am satisfied.

Sid. *(With a glow of tender friendship.)* Come, come, correct this warmth; it is the only weak ingredient in your nature, and you ought to watch it carefully. Because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion by an abuse of my sacred character, in marrying you beneath your rank, and in direct opposition to your father's hopes and happiness, you blame me, you angrily break from me, and call me unkind.

Eger. *(With tenderness and conviction.)* Dear Sidney, for my warmth I stand condemned; but, for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour, and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Eger. *(With great filial regret.)* I am sensible how unseemly it appears in a son to descant on the unamiable passions of a parent; but, as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing, in my own defence, that when a father will not allow the use of reason to any of his family; when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad, only to be a tyrant at home; when a narrow partiality to Scotland, on every trivial occasion, provokes him to enmity even with his wife and children, only because they give a national preference where they think it most justly due; and when, merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his son into a family he detests; *(great warmth)* sure, Sidney, a son thus circumstanced, *(from the dignity of human reason, and the feelings of a loving heart)* has a right, not only to protest against the blindness of a parent, but to pursue those measures that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of Sir Pertinax, I own, cannot be defended on many occasions; but still—your intended alliance with Lord Lumbercourt—

Eger. *(With great impatience.)* O! contemptible!—a trifling, quaint, haughty, voluptuous, servile tool! the mere lacquey of party and corruption; who, for the prostitution of nearly thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up and kicked down, kicked in and kicked out, just as the insolence, compassion, or convenience of leaders predominated: and now, being forsaken by all parties, his whole political consequence amounts to the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a tradesman's bill.

Sid. Well, but dear Charles, you are not to wed my lord, but his daughter.

Eger. Who is as disagreeable to me for a companion, as her father for a friend or an ally.

Sid. What, her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you.

Eger. No, upon my honour, not in the least; I think it entertaining in her: but, were it otherwise, in decency, and indeed in national affection, being a Scotchman myself, I can have no objection to her on that account:—besides, she is my near relation.

Sid. So I understand. But pray, Charles, how came Lady Rodolpha, who I find was born in England, to be bred in Scotland?

Eger. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch grandmother; who, upon a promise of leaving this grandchild all her fortune, would have the girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old; and there has she been ever since, bred up with this old lady, in all the vanity and unlimited indulgence that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled child, a fancied beauty, and a pretended wit: *(in a tone of friendly affection)* and is this a woman fit to make my happiness? this the partner that Sidney would recommend to me for life? to you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point, unfit for me to determine; besides, your father has set his heart upon the match.

Eger. *(Impatiently.)* All that I know—but still I ask and insist upon your candid judgment—is she the kind of woman that you think could possibly contribute to my happiness? I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable; but, since I must speak, I do not think she is.

Eger. *(In a start of friendly rapture.)* I know you do not; and I am sure you never will advise

Sid. I never will—I never will. *[the match.]*

Eger. *(With a start of joy.)* You make me happy; which, I assure you, I never could be with your judgment against me in this point.

Sid. But pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you?

Eger. That I cannot say positively; but I suppose so. *[ject, then?]*

Sid. Did you never speak to her upon that sub-

Eger. In general terms only; never directly requested her consent in form: *(he starts into a warmth of amorous resolution)* but I will this very moment, for I have no asylum from my father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms. Pray do not stir from hence; I will return instantly. I know she will submit to your advice; and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish, as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness, depend on my Constantia. *[Exit.]*

Sid. Poor Charles! he little dreams that I love Constantia too; but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands. Yes, I love; but must not be a rival, for he is dear to me as fraternal affinity.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. *(Running up to Sidney.)* I beg pardon for

my intrusion, sir. I hope, sir, I don't disturb your reverence.

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I humbly beg you will excuse me, sir; but I wanted to break my mind to your honour, about a scruple that lies upon my conscience; and indeed I should not have presumed to trouble you, sir, but that I know you are my young master's friend, and my old master's friend, and, indeed, a friend to the whole family; (*curtsying very low*) for, to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Ay, in truth do I; and as good a gentleman, too, as ever came into a family, and one that never gives a servant a bad word, nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind their back nor before their face.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! why, you are a mighty well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty; and I am mightily beholden to you for your good character of me.

Bet. Indeed, it is no more than you deserve, and what all the world and all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty; but, pray, what are your commands with me?

Betty. Why, I'll tell you, sir;—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say, and every tub should stand upon its own bottom; but—(*she looks about cautiously*) my young master is now in the china-room, in close conference with Miss Constantia. I know what they are about, but that is no business of mine; and, therefore, I made bold to listen a little; because, you know, sir, one would be sure, before one took away anybody's reputation.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty; very true, indeed.

Betty. O! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had a good reason for it; but, sir, (*with great solemnity*) if I am in this place alive, as I listened with my ear close to the door, I heard my young master ask Miss Constantia the plain marriage question; upon which I started and trembled, nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I could not help peeping through the key-hole.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! and so your conscience made you peep through the key-hole, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. It did, indeed, sir; and there I saw my young master upon his knees—lord bless us! and what do you think he was doing?—kissing her hand as if he would eat it; and protesting and assuring her he knew that you, sir, would consent to the match; and then the tears ran down her cheeks.

Sid. Ay! [*as fast—*

Betty. They did indeed. I would not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty; and what did Constantia say to all this?

Betty. Oh!—Oh! she is sly enough; she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth; but all is not gold that glitters; smooth water, you know, sir, runs deepest. I am sorry my young master makes such a fool of himself; but, um—take my word for it, he is not the man; for, though she looks as modest as a maid at a christening,—(*hesitating*)—yet—ah!—when sweethearts meet, in the dusk of the evening, and stay together a whole hour, in the dark grove, and embrace, and kiss, and weep at parting—why, then, you know, sir, it is easy to guess all the rest. [*manner?*

Sid. Why did Constantia meet anybody in this

Betty. (*Starting with surprise.*) O! heavens! I beg, sir, you will not misapprehend me; for, I assure you, I do not believe they did any harm; that is, not in the grove; at least not when I was there; and she may be honestly married for aught I know. O! lud, sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for the world. I only say that they did meet in the dark walk; and all the servants observe that Miss Constantia wears her stays very loose, looks very pale, is sick in the morning

and after dinner; and, as sure as my name is Betty Hint, something has happened that I won't name; but, nine months hence, a certain person in this family may ask me to stand godmother; for I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as ano-

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty. [*ther.*

Betty. (*Going and returning.*) I do, indeed, sir; and so, your servant, sir. But I hope your worship won't mention my name in this business; or that you had an item from me.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. For, indeed, sir, I am no busybody, no do I love fending nor proving; and I assure you sir, I hate all tittling and tattling, and gossiping, and backbiting, and taking away a person's good

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty. [*name.*

Betty. I do, indeed, sir. I am the farthest from it in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are. [*servant.*

Betty. I am indeed, sir; and so your humble

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. (*Aside, in great exultation.*) So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming. I'll do her business for her, I'm resolved. [*Exit.*

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean by her dark walk, her private spark, her kissing, and all her slanderous insinuations against Constantia, whose conduct is as unblameable as innocence itself? I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest or most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as well as in the highest station, must feel the shaft of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter CONSTANTIA and EGERTON.

Con. Mr. Sidney is not here, sir.

Eger. I assure you I left him, and begged he would stay till I returned.

Con. His prudence, you see, sir, has made him retire; therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present; in the meantime, sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me: I suppose you guess

Eger. I do not upon my word. [*what it is?*

Con. That is a little strange. You know, sir, that you and Mr. Sidney did me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning in my little study.

Eger. We had that happiness, madam.

Con. Just after you left me, upon opening my book of accounts, which lay in the drawer of the reading-desk, to my great surprise, I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of ear-rings, a necklace of great value, and two bank-bills in this pocket-book, the mystery of which, sir, I presume, you can explain?

Eger. I can.

Con. They were of your conveying, then?

Eger. They were, madam.

Con. I assure you, they startled and alarmed me.

Eger. I hope it was a kind of alarm, such as blushing virtue feels, when with her hand, she gives her heart and last consent.

Con. It was not, indeed, sir.

Eger. Do not say so, Constantia: come, be kind at once; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Con. What would you have me do?

Eger. What love and virtue dictate.

Con. O! sir, experience but too severely proves, that such unequal matches as ours, never produce aught but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world, and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties; which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Eger. But that, Constantia, cannot be our case: my fortune is independent and ample; equal to luxury and splendid folly. I have a right to choose the partner of my heart.

Con. But I have not, sir; I am a dependant on

my lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan: your benevolent mother found me, took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss, with every tender care, indulgent dalliance, and with all the sweet persuasion that maternal fondness, religious precept, polished manners, and hourly example could administer—she fostered me: (*weeps*) and shall I now turn viper, and with black ingratitude sting the tender heart that thus hath cherished me? shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace? No; though I loved to the mad extreme of female fondness; though every worldly bliss, that woman's vanity or man's ambition could desire, followed the indulgence of my love, and all the contempt and misery of this life, the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress—my earthly guardian, my more than parent.

Eger. My dear Constantia, your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Con. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these bills and jewels.

Eger. Pray do not mention them: sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far without suspicion or reproach: I beg you will accept of them; nay, I insist.

Con. I have done, sir; my station here is to obey. I know, sir, they are gifts of a virtuous mind; and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use.

Eger. Hark! I hear a coach; it is my father. Dear girl, retire and compose yourself. I will send my lady and Sidney to you; and by their judgment we will be directed: will that satisfy you?

Con. I can have no will but my lady's. With your leave, I will retire; I would not see her in this confusion.

Eger. Dear girl, adieu! [*Exit Constantia.*
Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir Pertinax and my lady are come, sir; and my lady desires to speak with you in her own room.—Oh! here she is, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACSYCOPHANT.

Lady M. (*In great confusion and distress.*) Dear child, I am glad to see you; why did not you come to town yesterday, to attend the levee? your father is incensed to the utmost at your not being there.

Eger. (*With great warmth.*) Madam, it is with extreme regret I tell you, that I can be no longer a slave to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying me to this woman; therefore, you had better consent at once to my going out of the kingdom, and my taking Constantia with me; for without her I never can be happy.

Lady M. As you regard my peace, or your own character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a step. You promised me you never would marry her without my consent. I will open it to your father. Pray, dear Charles, be ruled: let me prevail.

Sir P. (*Without, in great anger.*) Sir, wull ye do as ye are bid, and haud your gab, you rascal! You are so full of gab, you scoundrel! Take the chesnut gelding, return to town directly, and see what is become of my Lord Lumbercourt.

Lady M. Here he comes. I will get out of his way; but, I beg, Charles, while he is in this ill-humour, that you will not oppose him, let him say what he will: when his passion is a little cool, I will return, and try to bring him to reason; but do not thwart him.

Eger. Madam, I will not. [*Exit Lady M.*

Sir P. (*Without.*) Here, you Tomlins, where is my son Egerton?

Tom. (*Without.*) In the library, sir.

Sir P. (*Without.*) As soon as the lawyers come, be sure bring me word.

Enter SIR PERTINAX.

Sir P. Weel, sir! vary weel! vary weel! are nat ye a fine spark? are ye nat a fine spark, I say?

Ah! you are a—So you wou'd not come up till the levee?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I was not very well; besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir P. (*Snapping him up.*) Sir, it was necessary; I tauld you it was necessary: and sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir; I am sure I do not mean to offend you.

Sir P. I care not what you intend. Sir, I tell you, you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir?—Neglect the levee!—'death, sir, you—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. (*With a stifled, filial resentment.*) Sir, I am not used to levees; nor do I know how to dispose of myself; nor what to say or do in such a situation.

Sir P. (*With a proud, angry resentment.*) Zounds! sir, do you nat see what others do? gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops; aw crowding, bustling, and pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or a smile fra the great mon, which they meet wi' an amicable reesibility of aspect—a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon; which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates that they luock upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his poleetical fortune; this, sir, is what you ought to do; and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for this five-and-thraty years, let who would be minister.

Eger. (*Aside.*) Contemptible!

Sir P. What is that you mutter, sir? [*to you.*

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative

Sir P. Sir, your absenting yoursel fra the levee at this juncture is suspicious; it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For this, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend or weel-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. (*With a quick warmth.*) Then, sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but, pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged, either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir P. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, left you his three thousand pounds a-year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud; that you have estranged yourself fra the Macsycophants; have associated with your mother's family—with the opposection; and with those who do not wish well to Scotland: besides, sir, the other day, in a conversation, at dinner, at your cousin Campbell M'Kenzie's, before a whole table full of your ain relations, did you not publicly wish a total extinguishment to aw party, and of aw national distinctions whatever, relative to the three kingdoms? (*With great anger.*) And, you blockhead! was that a prudent wish before so many of your ain countrymen? or was it a filial language to hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it unfilial or imprudent. (*With a most patriotic warmth.*) I own I do wish, most ardently wish, for a total extinction of all party; particularly, that those of English, Irish, and Scotch, might never more be brought into contest or competition; unless, like loving brothers, in generous emulation for one common cause.

Sir P. How, sir! do you persist? What! would you banish aw party, and aw distinction between English, Irish, and your ain countrymen? [*sir.*

Eger. (*With great dignity of spirit.*) I would,

Sir P. Then d—n you, sir; you are nae true Scot. Ay, sir, you may look as angry as you will, but again, I say, you are nae true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir; I think he is the true Scot and the true citizen, who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain; amongst whom I know but of two distinctions. [those?]

Sir P. Weel, sir, and what are those—what are

Eger. The knave and the honest man.

Sir P. Psha! rideeculous!

Eger. And he who makes any other, let him be of the north, or of the south—of the east, or of the west—in place, or out of place, is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity.

Sir P. Ay, sir, this is your brother's impudent doctrine; for the which I have banished him for ever fra my presence, my heart, and my fortune. Sir, I will have no son of mine, because truly he has been educated in an English seminary, presume, under the mask of candour, to speak against his native land, or against my principles. Scotchmen, sir, Scotchmen, wherever they meet throughout aw the globe, should unite, and stick together, as it were, in a political phalanx. However, nae mair of that now; I will talk at large to you about that anon. In the meanwhile, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management of this voluptuary, this Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter you are to marry. You ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron above these five-and-thraty

Eger. True, sir. [years.]

Sir P. Vary weel. And now, sir, you see, by his prodigality, he is become my dependant; and, accordingly, I have made my bargain with him: the devil a baubee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three impleecit boroughs upon it—mark!—is now in my custody at nurse; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life-rent of five thousand pounds per annum, is to be made over till me for my life, and at my death is to descend till ye and your issue. The peerage of Lumbercourt, you ken, will follow of course. So, sir, you see, there are three impleecit boroughs, the whole patrimony of Lumbercourt, and a peerage at one slap. Why, it is a stroke—a hit—a hit. Zounds! sir, a mon may live a century, and not make sic an hit again.

Eger. It is a very advantageous bargain indeed, sir; but what will my lord's family say to it.

Sir P. Why, mon, he cares not if his family were aw at the devil, so his luxury is but gratified: only let him have his race-horse to feed his vanity; his harridan to drink drams with him, scrat his face, and burn his periwig, when she is in her maudlin hysterics; and three or four discontented patriotic dependants, to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes, and aw his wants, in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.

Sir P. And my lord? [servants say.]

Tom. Not yet, sir; he is about a mile behind, the

Sir P. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir. [Exit.]

Sir P. Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha; and I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover. Adzooks! Charles, you should administer a whole torrent of flattery till her; for a woman ne'er thinks a mon loves her, till he has made an idiot of her understanding by flattery: flattery is the prime bliss of the sex, the nectar and ambrosia of their charms, and you can ne'er gi' 'em o'er muckle on't; so, there's a guid lad, gang and mind your flattery. [Exit Egerton.] Ah! I must keep a devilish tight hand upon this fellow. Ah! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should

seduce him to desert to their party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart. A fine time of day for a blockhead to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed! Why, the common people, the vary vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

Enter TOMLINS and LORD LUMBERCOURT.

Tom. Lord Lumbercourt. [Exit.]

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir P. Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord L. Why, you stole a march upon me this morning; gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called upon me.

Sir P. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you; but ye ken that your lordship, at dinner yesterday, settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord L. That I acknowledge, Mac; I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir P. You did, indeed; and accordingly I was at the levee, and waited there till every soul was gone; and seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord L. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Mac, those old sinners, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soaker, and two or three more of that set, laid hold of me last night at the opera; and, as the General says, "from the intelligence of my head this morning," I believe we drank pretty deep ere we parted; ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord L. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen you before you left town; I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir P. I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way; but on what account did you want me?

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair; and—ha, ha, ha!—yet, I can't help laughing at it, neither, though it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir P. Vexed you, my lord? Zounds! I wish I had been with you! But, for heaven's sake! my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord L. Why, that impudent, teasing, dunning, rascal, Mahogany, my uphosterer: you know the

Sir P. Perfectly, my lord. [fellow?]

Lord L. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some d—d kind of a—something or other in the law, that I think they call an execution.

Sir P. The rascal!

Lord L. Upon which, sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon—ha, ha, ha!—had the modesty to wait on me two or three days ago, to inform my honour—ha, ha, ha!—as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was now ready to be put in force against my honour; but that, out of respect to my honour, as he had taken a great deal of my honour's money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it, till he had first informed my honour; because he was not willing to affront my honour—ha, ha, ha!—a son of a w—!

Sir P. I never heard of so impudent a dog.

Lord L. Now, my dear Mac—ha, ha, ha!—as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory, and his information so very agreeable, I told him that, in honour, I thought that my honour could not do less than to order his honour to be paid immediately.

Sir P. Vary weel, vary weel! you were as complaisant to the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

Lord L. You shall hear, you shall hear, Mac: so sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing-room, I ordered two of my fellows to hold the rascal, and another to take the cudgel, and re-

turn the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! as good a stroke of humour as ever I heard of. And, did they drub him, my lord?

Lord L. Most liberally, most liberally, sir; and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I should think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, just as I was stepping into my chaise, my servants about me, a fellow called a tipstaff, stepped up, and begged the favour of my footman, who thrashed the upholsterer, and of the two that held him, to go along with him upon a little business to my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir P. The devil!

Lord L. And, at the same instant, I, in my turn, was accosted by two other very civil scoundrels; who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me that I must not go into my own chaise!

Sir P. How, my lord, not into your ain carriage?

Lord L. No, sir; for that they, by order of the sheriff, must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—one Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir P. An impudent villain!

Lord L. It is all true, I assure you; so you see, my dear Mac, what a d—d country this is to live in, where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics: is not that a scandal, dear Mac, to this nation?

Sir P. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a national grievance.

Lord L. Sir, there's not a nation in the world has such a grievance to complain of.

Sir P. Vary true, my lord, vary true; and it is monstrous that a mon of your lordship's condition is not entitled to run one of these mechanics through the body when he is impertinent about his money; but our laws shamefully, on these occasions, make no distinction of persons amongst us.

Lord L. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But, sir, the scoundrel has seized upon the house, too, that I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir P. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel!

Lord L. Ay, but what concerns me most, I am afraid, my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to Newmarket, and seize my string of horses.

Sir P. Your string of horses? Zounds! we must prevent that at all events, that would be sic a disgrace. I will despatch an express to town directly, to put a stop till the rascal's proceedings.

Lord L. Pr'ythee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. O! it shall be done, my lord.

Lord L. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, upon honour!

Sir P. O! my lord, is is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abeility.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper presents his compliments to you, sir; and having no family down with him in the country, he and Captain Hardbottle, if not inconvenient, will do themselves the honour of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir P. They are two of our militia-officers: does your lordship know them?

Lord L. By sight only. [our business.]

Sir P. I am afraid, my lord, they will interrupt

Lord L. Not at all: I should be glad to be acquainted with Toper; they say he's a jolly fellow.

Sir P. O! devilish jolly, devilish jolly; he and the Captain are the two hardest drinkers in the country.

Lord L. So I have heard: let us have them by all means, Mac; they will enliven the scene. How far are they from you?

Sir P. Just across the meadows; not half a mile, my lord; a step, a step.

Lord L. O! let's have the jolly dogs, by all means.

Sir P. My compliments, I shall be proud of their company. [*Exit Tomlins.*] Guif ye please, my lord, we will gang and chat a bit with the women; I have

not seen Lady Rodolpha since she returned fra the Bath. I long to have a little news from her about the company there.

Lord L. O! she'll give you an account of them, I warrant you. (*A very loud laugh without.*)

Lady R. (*Without.*) Ha, ha, ha! weel, I vow, cousin Egerton, you have a vast deal of shrewd humour. But, Lady Macsycophant, which way is Sir Pertinax?

Lady M. (*Without.*) Straight forward, madam.

Lord L. Here the hairbrain comes: it must be her by the noise.

Lady R. (*Without.*) Allons, gude folks; fallow me—sans ceremonie.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, and SIDNEY.

Lady R. (*Running up to Sir P.*) Sir Pertinax, your most devoted, must obsequious, most obedient vassal. (*Curtsies very low.*)

Sir P. (*Bowing ridiculously low.*) Lady Rodolpha, down till the ground, my congratulations and duty attend you; and I should rejoice to kiss your ladyship's footsteps.

Lady R. (*Curtsying very low.*) Oh! Sir Pertinax, your humeility is most sublimely complaisant; at present unanswerable; but I shall intensely study to return it fifty fold.

Sir P. Your ladyship does me singular honour. Weel, madam; ha! you look gaily; weel, and how, how is your ladyship after your jaunt till Bath?

Lady R. Never better, Sir Pertinax; as weel as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a careless, happy heart can make me.

Sir P. I am mightily glad till hear it, my lady.

Lord L. Ay, ay; Rodolpha is always in spirits, Sir Pertinax. *Vive la bagatelle* is the philosophy of our family: ha, Rodolpha, ha?

Lady R. Traith it is, my lord; and upon honour, I am determined it shall never be changed with my consent. Weel, I vow—ha, ha, ha! *Vive la bagatelle* would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a belle of fashion. What say you till my fancy, Lady Macsycophant? [*commend it, madam.*]

Lady M. It would have novelty, at least, to re-

Lady R. Which of aw charms is the most delightful that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship; for novelty I take to be the true *je ne scai quoi* of all worldly bliss. Cousin Egerton, should not you like to have a wife with *vive la bagatelle* upon her wedding chariot?

Eger. O! certainly, madam.

Lady R. Yes, I think it would be quite out of the common, and singularly ailegant.

Eger. Indisputably, madam; for, as a motto is a word to the wise, or rather a broad hint to the whole world of a person's taste and principles, *vive la bagatelle* would be most expressive, at first sight, of your ladyship's characteristic.

Lady R. (*Curtsies.*) Oh! Maister Egerton, you touch my very heart with your approbation: ha, ha, ha! that is the vary spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride. Weel, I am immensely proud that my fancy has the approbation of so sound an understanding, and so polished a taste, as that of the all-accomplished (*curtsies*) Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Weel, but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had aw the world there.

Lady R. O, yes! there was a vary great mob there indeed, but vary little company. Aw *canaille*, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse-proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer-looking animals, that have started intill fortune fra lottery-tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in 'Change-alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath, to learn gentility, and the names, titles, intrigues, and *bon-mots* of us people of fashion—ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! I know them; I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have

observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from—ha, ha, ha!

Lady M. Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady R. Guid traith, my lady, the company were my diversion; and better nae human follies ever afforded—ha, ha, ha! sic an a mixture, and sic oddities!—ha, ha, ha! a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kunegunda M'Kenzie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconnoitre the monsters, and pick up their frivolities—ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! why that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship.

Lady R. Superlative and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax—ha, ha, ha! Madam, we had in one group, a peer and a sharper, a duchess and a pinmaker's wife; a boarding-school miss and her grandmother; a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral—ha, ha, ha! aw speaking together, and bawling and wrangling in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of aw the parties were to be the issue of the conflict. [object of their contention?

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the

Lady R. O! a vary important one, I assure you; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady R. In another party, Sir Pertinax—ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red-hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed prerogative lawyer; all of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the luggs, about the in and the out meenistry—ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow. Vary whimsical, upon honour! But they are all great politicians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with as much ease as they do the tune of a country dance.

Lady R. Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room, in a by-corner, snug, we had a Jew and a bishop.

Sir P. A Jew and a bishop! ha, ha! a devilish guid connection that: and pray, my lady, what were they about?

Lady R. Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew; while the Jew, by intervals, was slyly picking up intelligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the smouse! ha! it was devilish clever of him, my lord, devilish clever! The Jew distilling the bishop's brains.

Lord L. Yes, yes; the fellow kept a sharp look-out. I think it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Eger. True, my lord; but the Jew seems to have been in the fairer way to succeed.

Lord L. O! all to nothing, sir—ha, ha, ha! Well, child, I like your Jew and your bishop much. It's devilish clever. Let us have the rest of the history, pray, my dear.

Lady R. Guid traith, my lord, the sum total is, that there we aw danced, and wrangled, and flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled together, even like the animal assembly in Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha; and, upon my honour—ha, ha, ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off. What say you, Mr. Sidney?

Sid. Upon my word, my lord, the lady has made me see the whole assembly in distinct colours.

Lady R. O! Maister Sidney, your approbation

makes me as vain as a reigning toast before her looking-glass.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper and Captain Hardbottle are come, sir.

Sir P. O! vary weel. Dinner directly.

Tom. It is ready, sir. [Exit.

Sir P. My lord, we attend your lordship.

Lord L. Lady Mac, your ladyship's hand if you please. [Exit with Lady M.

Sir P. And here, Lady Rodolpha, is an Arcadian swain that has a hand at your ladyship's devotion.

Lady R. (Giving her hand to Egerton.) And I, sir, have one at his. There, sir; as to hearts, ye ken, cousin, they are not brought into the account of human dealings now-a-days.

Eger. O! madam, they are mere temporary baubles, especially in courtship; and no more to be depended upon than the weather, or a lottery-ticket.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha! twa excellent similies, I vow, Mr. Egerton. Excellent! for they illustrate the vagaries and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, as exactly as if you had meant to describe it.

[Exit with Egerton.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! what a vast fund of spirits and guid humour she has, Maister Sidney!

Sid. A great fund, indeed, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Come, let us till dinner. Ah! by this time to-morrow, Maister Sidney, I hope we shall have every thing ready for you to put the last hand till the happiness of your friend and pupil; and then, sir, my cares will be over for this life; for as to my other son, I expect nae guid of him, nor should I grieve, were I to see him in his coffin: but this match—O! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and EGERTON.

Sir P. (In warm resentment.) Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty till oblige him.

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physic; with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slyly slunged away.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses. [to drink any more.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose

Sir P. But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

Eger. A necessity! in what respect, pray, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage; about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P. Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed to assist me.

Eger. How so, sir?

Sir P. Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are in the humour; and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it among ourselves,

before the lawyers came: but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir: for sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship; and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir: for I understand neither the philosophy, nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I know you do not, sir: and, what is worse, you never wull understand it, as you proceed: in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune; and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it: sir, I raised it—by boeing, (*bows ridiculously low*) by boeing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence boeing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example

Eger. Certainly, sir. [*and demonstration?*]

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my boeing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir; sit ye down then, sit you down here. (*They sit down.*) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a mon, whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the south; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London; which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon, and every mode of prosperity; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition; and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty! ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart: aud fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked: but the devil an entrance I ever let it get: for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud,

vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity. *Eger.* Very justly observed. [*modesty.*]

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and, in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicy, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month; touched the siller; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; (*rises*) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is the first effectual boo, I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this

Eger. Perfectly well, sir. [*doctrine?*]

Sir P. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a boeing to: and was nae that boeing to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of boeing?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus boeing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many

heart-sores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeleties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it; Nature has done her's; you are popular, you are eloquent; aw parties like and respect you: and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, is an obligation I shall ever remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir: but, Charles, have you had any conversation yet with Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage; your liveries, your equipage; or your domestic establishment?

Eger. Not yet, sir. [vary wrong.]

Sir P. Poh! why there again, now, you are wrong;

Eger. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir P. Why, Charles, you are vary tardy in this business.

Lord L. (*Sings without, flushed with wine.*)
“What have we with day to do?”

Sir P. O! here comes my lord.

Lord L. “Sons of care, ’twas made for you.”

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT, drinking a dish of coffee; TOMLINS waiting.

“Sons of care, ’twas made for you.” Very good coffee, indeed, Mr. Tomlins. “Sons of care, ’twas made for you.” Here, Mr. Tomlins. [dish?]

Tom. Will your lordship please to have another

Lord L. No more, Mr. Tomlins. [*Exit Tomlins.*] Ha, ha, ha! my host of the Scotch pints, we have had warm work.

Sir P. Yes, you pushed the bottle about, my lord, with the joy and vigour of a bacchanal.

Lord L. That I did, my dear Mac; no loss of time with me: I have but three motions, old boy—charge, toast, fire—and off we go. Ha, ha, ha! that’s my exercise.

Sir P. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord; especially with the half-pint glasses.

Lord L. Zounds! it does execution point blank: ay, ay, none of your pimping acorn glasses for me, but your manly, old English half-pint bumpers, my dear; they try a fellow’s stamina at once: but where’s Egerton?

Sir P. Just at hand, my lord; there he stands.

Lord L. My dear Egerton.

Eger. Your lordship’s most obedient.

Lord L. I beg pardon, I did not see you. I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner: had you staid, you would have been highly entertained. I have made such examples of the commissioner, the captain, and the colonel.

Eger. So I understand, my lord.

Lord L. But, Egerton, I have slipped from the company for a few moments, on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me she fancies there is a kind of demur on your side, about your marriage with her.

Sir P. A demur! how so, my lord?

Lord L. Why, as I was drinking my coffee with the women just now, I desired they would fix the wedding night, and the etiquette of the ceremony; upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh, telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton had never yet given her a single glance or hint upon the subject.

Sir P. My lord, I have been just now talking to him about his shyness to the lady.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, sir, and Sergeant Eitherside. [very evening, my lord.]

Sir P. Why then we can settle the business this

Lord L. As well as in seven years; and, to make the way as short as possible, pray, Mr. Tomlins, present your master’s compliments and mine to Lady Rodolpha, and let her ladyship know we wish to speak with her directly. [*Exit Tomlins.*] He shall attack her this instant, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Ay, this is doing business effectually, my lord.

Lord L. O! I will pit them in a moment, Sir Pertinax; that will bring them into the heat of the action at once, and save a great deal of awkwardness on both sides. O, here your dulcinea comes, sir.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, singing.

Lady R. Weel, Sir Pertinax, I attend your commands; and your’s, my paternal lord.

Lord L. Why then, my filial lady, we are to inform you that the commission for your ladyship and this enamoured cavalier, commanding you to serve your country, jointly and inseparably, in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

Lady R. This evening, my lord!

Lord L. This evening, my lady. Come, Sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial campaign.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! excellent, excellent! Weel, I vow, my lord, you are a great officer: this is as guid a manœuvre to bring on a rapid engagement as the ablest general of them a’ could have started.

Lord L. Ay, ay! leave them together; they’ll soon come to a right understanding, I warrant you; or the needle and loadstone have lost their sympathy. [*Exit with Sir Pertinax.*]

Eger. (*Aside.*) What a dilemma am I in!

Lady R. (*Aside.*) Why, this is downright tyranny! it has quite damped my spirits; and my betrothed, yonder, seems planet-struck, too, I think.

Eger. (*Aside.*) A whimsical situation, mine.

Lady R. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha! methinks we look like a couple of cautious generals, that are obliged to take the field, but neither of us seems willing to come till action. [dress her.]

Eger. (*Aside.*) I protest I know not how to ad-

Lady R. (*Aside.*) He will nae advance, I see: what am I to do in this affair? guid traith, I will even do, as I suppose many brave heroes have done before me; clap a guid face on the matter; and so conceal an aching heart under a swaggering countenance. Sir, as we have, by the commands of our guid fathers, a business of some little consequence to transact, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of recommending a chair till you, for the repose of your body, in the embarrassed deliberation of your perturbed spirits.

Eger. (*Greatly embarrassed.*) Madam, I beg your pardon. (*Hands her a chair, then one for himself.*) Please to sit, madam.

Lady R. (*Aside.*) Ah! he’s resolved not to come too near till me, I think. [hem!]

Eger. (*Aside.*) A pleasant interview this—hem,

Lady R. (*Aside, mimics him to herself.*) Hem! he will not open the congress, I see: then I will. (*Very loud.*) Come, sir, when will you begin?

Eger. (*Greatly surprised.*) Begin! what, madam?

Lady R. To make love till me.

Eger. Love, madam!

Lady R. Ay, love, sir. Why, you have never said a word till me on the subject, nor cast a single glance at me, nor heaved one tender sigh, nor even secretly squeezed my loof. Now, sir, th’of our fathers are so tyrannical as to dispose of us without the consent of our hearts, yet you, sir, I hope, have more humanity than to think of marrying me without administering some of the preliminaries usual on those occasions.

Eger. Madam, I own your reproach is just; I shall, therefore, no longer disguise my sentiments; but fairly let you know my heart.

Lady R. (*Starts up, and runs to him.*) That’s

right, that is right, cousin! but sit you down, sit you down again. (*They sit.*) I shall return your frankness and your passion, cousin, with a melting tenderness, equal till the amorous enthusiasm of an ancient heroine.

Eger. Madam, if you will hear me—

Lady R. But remember, you must begin with fervency, and a most rapturous vehemency; for you are to consider, cousin, that our match is nae to arise fra the union of hearts, and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship, but is instantly to start at once, out of necessity, or mere accident. Ha, ha, ha! like a match in an ancient romance, where, you ken, cousin, the knight and the damsel are mutually smitten and dying for each other at first sight, or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance. So, now cousin, with the true romantic enthusiasm, you are to suppose me the lady of the enchanted castle; and you—ha, ha, ha! you are to be the knight of the sorrowful countenance; ha, ha, ha! and, upon honour, you look the character admirably, ha, ha, ha!

Eger. Trifling creature! (*Aside.*)

Lady R. Come, sir, why do you nae begin to ravish me with your valour, your vows, your knight-errantry, and your amorous frenzy? Nay, nay, nay! guin you do nae begin at once, the lady of the enchanted castle will vanish in a twinkling.

Eger. Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for raillery well; but at present, in my case, there is a kind of cruelty in it.

Lady R. Raillery! upon honour, cousin, you mistake me quite and clean. I am serious, very serious; ay, and I have cause to be serious; nay, I will submit my case even to yourself. (*Whines.*) Can any puir lassie be in a mair lamentable condition, than to be sent four hundred miles, by the command of a positive grandmother, to marry a man who, I find, has nae mair affection for me than if I had been his wife these seven years?

Eger. Madam, I am extremely sorry—

Lady R. (*Cries and sobs.*) But it is vary weel, cousin: I see your unkindness and aversion plain enough; and, sir, I must tell you fairly, you are the ainly man that ever slighted my person, or that drew tears fra these een. But it is vary weel, it's vary weel; I will return till Scotland to-morrow morning, and let my grandmother know how I hae been affronted by your slights, your contempts, and your aversions.

Eger. If you are serious, madam, your distress gives me a deep concern; but affection is not in our power; and you will forgive me when I tell you, I can never have that honour which is intended me, by a connexion with your ladyship.

Lady R. (*Starting up.*) How, sir; are you serious? And so you persist in slighting me?

Eger. I beg your pardon, madam; but I must be explicit, and at once declare, that I never can give my hand, where I cannot give my heart.

Lady R. (*In great anger.*) Why, then, sir, I must tell you, that your declaration is sic an affront as nae woman of spirit can, or ought to bear; and here I make a solemn vow, never to pardon it but on one condition.

Eger. If that condition be in my power, madam—

Lady R. (*Snaps him up.*) Sir, it is in your power.

Eger. Then, madam, you may command me.

Lady R. Why, then, sir, the condition is this—you must here give me your word and honour, that nae importunity, command, or menace of your father; in fine, that nae consideration whatsoever, shall induce you to take me, Rodolpha Lumbercourt, to be your wedded wife.

Eger. I most solemnly promise I never will.

Lady R. And I, sir, most solemnly and sincerely (*curtsies*) thank you for—(*curtsies*) your resolution, and your agreeable aversion; ha, ha, ha! for you have made me as happy as a puir wretch reprieved in the vara instant of intended execution.

Eger. Pray, madam, how am I to understand all this?

Lady R. (*With frankness, and a reserve of manners.*) Why, sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side; therefore, without further disguise or ambiguity, know, sir, that I myself (*with a deep sigh*) am as deeply smitten with a certain swain, as I understand you are with your Constantia.

Eger. Indeed, madam!

Lady R. (*With an amiable, soft, tender sincerity.*) O! sir, notwithstanding a' my shew of courage and mirth, here I stand as errant a trembling Thisbe as ever sighed or mourned for her Pyramus: and, sir, a' my extravagant levity and ridiculous behaviour in your presence now, and ever since your father prevailed upon mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme to provoke your gravity and guid sense intill a cordial disgust, and a positive refusal.

Eger. But, madam, if I may presume so far, pray, who is your lover?

Lady R. Why, in that too, I shall surprise you perhaps more than ever. In the first place, he is a beggar, and in disgrace with an unforgiving father; and, in the next place, he is (*curtsies*) your ain brother. So you see, cousin Charles, th'of I cou'd nae mingle affections with you, I have nae ganged out of the family. But now, sir, let me ask one question; pray, how is your mither affected in this business?

Eger. She knows of my passion; and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

Lady R. Ah! that's lucky. Our first step, then, must be to take her advice upon our conduct, so as to keep our fathers in the dark till we can hit off some measure that will wind them about till our ain purpose, and the common interest of our ain passion; so come along, cousin Charles. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE.

Sir P. No, no. Come away, Counsellor Plausible; come away, I say; let them chew upon it. Why, Counsellor, did you ever see so impertinent, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead as that Sergeant Eitherside? Confound the fellow, he has put me out of a' temper.

Plaus. He is very positive, indeed, Sir Pertinax; and no doubt was intemperate and rude. But, Sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding; for certainly, even without the boroughs, it is an advantageous bargain both to you and your son.

Sir P. But, zounds! Plausible, do you think I will give up the nomination till three boroughs? Why, I would rather give him twenty, nay, thirty thousand pounds in any other part of the bargain; especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become so valuable. Why, man, if a certain affair comes on, they will rise above five hundred per cent.

Plaus. You judge very rightly, Sir Pertinax; but what shall we do in this case? for Mr. Sergeant insists that you positively agreed to my lord's having the nomination to the three boroughs during his own life.

Sir P. Why, yes: in the first sketch of the agreement, I believe I did consent: but, at that time, mon, my lord's affairs did not appear to be half so desperate as I now find they turn out. Sir, he must acquiesce in whatever I demand; for I have got him into sic an hobble that he cannot—

Plaus. No doubt, Sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir P. Vary weel; and ought nae a man to make his vantage of it?

Plaus. No doubt you ought; no manner of doubt. But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business that you do not seem to perceive; and which, I am afraid, governs the matters respecting these boroughs.

Sir P. What spring do you mean, Counsellor?

Plaus. Why, this Sergeant Eitherside. I have some reason to think, that my lord is tied down, by some means or other, to bring the Sergeant in, the very first vacancy, for one of these boroughs; now, that, I believe, is the sole motive why the Sergeant is so strenuous that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power; fearing that you might reject him for some man of your own.

Sir P. Odswunds and death! Plausible, you are clever, devilish clever. By the blood! you have hit upon the vary string that has made a' this discord. Oh! I see it—I see it now. But hauld—hauld—bide a wee bit—a wee bit, mon: I have a thought come intill my head—yes—I think, Plausible, with a little twist in our negotiation, that this vary string, properly tuned, may be still made to produce the vary harmony we wish for. Yes, yes, I have it: this Sergeant, I see, understands business; and, if I am not mistaken, knows how to take a hint.

Plaus. O! nobody better, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Why, then, Plausible, the short road is the best with sic a man. You must even come up till his mark at once, and assure him from me that I will secure him a seat for one of these vary boroughs.

Plaus. Oh! that will do, Sir Pertinax; that will do, I'll answer for't.

Sir P. And further, I beg you will let him know that I think myself obliged to consider him, in this affair, as acting for me as weel as my lord, as a common friend till baith; and for the services he has already done us, make my special compliments till him: and, pray let this amicable bit of paper be my faithful advocate to convince him of what my gratitude further intends for his great (*gives him a bank-bill*) equity in adjusting this agreement betwixt my lord and me.

Plaus. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word, Sir Pertinax, this is noble. Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit of paper, indeed.

Sir P. Maister Plausible, in a' human dealings, the most effectual method is that of ganging at once till the vary bottom of a mon's heart: for, if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections by serving them. O! here they baith come.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT and SERGEANT EITHERSIDE.

Lord L. My dear Sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly? You are really wrong in the point; and, if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article; I appeal to Mr. Sergeant Eitherside here, whether I did not always understand it so.

Serg. I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions, both he and I always understood the nomination to be in my lord, *durante vita*.

Sir P. Why, then, my lord, to shorten the dispute, a' that I can say in answer till your Lordship is, that there has been a total mistake betwixt us in that point: and, therefore, the treaty must end here. I give it up. O! I wash my hands of it for ever.

Plaus. Well, but, gentlemen, gentlemen! a little patience. Surely this mistake, somehow or other, may be rectified. Pr'ythee, Mr. Sergeant, let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and reconsider the clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serg. (*With great warmth.*) Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully; am entirely master of the question: my lord cannot give up the point. It's unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. Nay, Mr. Sergeant, I beg you will not misunderstand me. Do not think I want his lord-

ship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Sergeant and me to retire a few moments to re-consider this point?

Sir P. With a' my heart, Maister Plausible; anything to oblige his lordship; anything to accommodate his lordship; anything.

Plaus. What say you, my lord? [*Sergeant.*]

Lord L. Nay, I submit it entirely to you and Mr.

Plaus. Come, Mr. Sergeant, let us retire.

Lord L. Ay, ay, go, Mr. Sergeant, and hear what Mr. Plausible has to say.

Serg. Nay, I'll wait on Mr. Plausible, my lord, with all my heart; but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion: impossible, impossible.

Plaus. Well, well, Mr. Sergeant, do not be positive. I am sure, reason, and your client's convenience, will always make you alter your opinion.

Serg. Ay, ay; reason and my client's convenience, Mr. Plausible, will always control my opinion, depend upon it; ay, ay! there you are right. Sir, I attend you. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]

Sir P. I am sorry, my lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened.

Lord L. Upon my honour, and so am I, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. But come, now, after a', your lordship must allow you have been in the wrong: come, my dear lord, you must allow me that now.

Lord L. How so, my dear Sir Pertinax?

Sir P. Not about the boroughs, my lord; for those I do not mind of a bawbee; but about your distrust of my friendship. Why, do you think, now—I appeal till your ain breast, my lord—do you think, I say, that I should ever have slighted your lordship's nomination till these boroughs.

Lord L. Why, really, I do not think you would, Sir Pertinax; but one must be directed by one's lawyer, you know.

Sir P. Ha! my lord, lawyers are a dangerous species of animals to have any dependance upon: they are always starting punctilios and difficulties among friends. Why, my lord, it is their interest that a' mankind should be at variance; for disagreement of every kind is the vary manure with which they enrich and fatten the land of litigation; and, as they find that that constantly promotes the best crop, depend upon it, they will always be sure to lay it on as thick as they can.

Lord L. Come, come, my dear Sir Pertinax; you must not be angry with the Sergeant for his insisting so warmly on this point; for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet anchor.

Sir P. I know it, my lord; and, as an instance of my promptness to study, and of my acquaintance till your lordship's inclination, as I see that this Sergeant Eitherside wishes you weel, and you of him, I think, now, he would be as guid a man to be returned for one of those boroughs as could be pitched upon; and, as such, I humbly recommend him till your lordship's consideration.

Lord L. Why, my dear Sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him. He must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously; he must be in.

Sir P. And why not? odswunds! why not? is nae your word a fiat? and will it nae be always so till me? are ye nae my friend, my patron? and are we nae, by this match of our children, to be united intill one interest?

Lord L. So I understand it, I own, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. My lord, it can nae be otherwise; then, for heaven's sake! as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us have nae mair words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement just as it stands; otherwise, there must be new writings drawn up, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; creditors will be impatient and impertinent; so that we shall nae finish the Lord knows when.

Lord L. You are right, you are right; say no more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-Hall could. It shall stand as it is: yes, you shall settle it your own way; for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir P. No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord L. O! here the lawyers come.

Enter COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE and SERGEANT EITHERSIDE.

Lord L. So, gentlemen—Well, what have you done?—How are your opinions now?

Serg. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me; fully convinced me.

Plaus. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him: I have laid such arguments before Mr. Sergeant as were irresistible.

Serg. He has, indeed, my lord; besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole matter, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

Lord L. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Sergeant, because that is my opinion too: so my dear Eitherside, do you and Mr. Plausible despatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serg. My lord, every thing will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Sergeant.

[Exeunt Lawyers.]

Lord L. And, while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women. *[presently.]*

Sir P. Do, do, my lord; and I will come to you

Lord L. Very well, my dear Mac, I shall expect you. *[Exit singing.]*

Sir P. So! a little flattery, mixed with the finesse of a gilded promise on one side, and a *quantum sufficit* of the *aurum palpabile* on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great Britain. Ha! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the completion of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation. Hauld! hauld! bide a wee, bide a wee! I have but one little matter mair in this affair to adjust; and then, Sir Pertinax, you may dictate till fortune herself, and send her to govern fools; while you shew and convince the world that wise men always govern her. Wha's there?

Enter SAM.

Tell my son, Egerton, I would speak with him here in the library. *[Exit Sam.]* Now I have settled the grand point with my lord, this, I think, is the proper juncture to feel the political pulse of my spark; and, once for a', to set it to the exact measure that I would have it constantly beat.

Enter EGERTON.

Come, hither, Charles.

Eger. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir P. About twa hours since, I told you, Charles, that I received a letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland, against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he: to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do anything either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir P. I hope so, too: but to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made this vary day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday seven-night. Now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are weel heard, it is ex-

pected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a larger share in that question, and supporting it with a' your power.

Eger. Sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious, prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and conscience.

Sir P. Conscience! why, you are mad! Did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? Conscience, quotha! I have been in parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it.

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature; you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor; for know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

Sir P. What are you about, sir? Malignant ferment and venal ambition! Sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country, and every man should be rewarded for it: and pray, sir, would nae you wish to serve your country? Answer me that. I say, would nae you wish to serve your country?

Eger. Only shew me how I can serve my country, and my life is her's. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and to deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes;—or could my eloquence pull down a state leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit.

Sir P. Why, are you mad, sir? you have certainly been bit by some mad whig or other. Oh! you are young, vary young in these matters; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shopkeeper, that kens the science o'the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom-house, or behind the counter, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion; and just so it is at an election: for instance, now, I am a candidate, (pray observe,) and I gang till a periwig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or thraty guineas, for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose; and so on, through a majority of voters; vary weel! what is the consequence? why this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us—a commercial friendship—and in a day or twa, these men gang and give their suffrages; weel! what is the inference? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, ca' this a bribe? Nae, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one side, and gratitude on the other. So, sir, let me have nae more of your religious or philosophical refinements; but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are nae son of mine.—Sir, I insist upon it.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready; and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Vary weel, we'll attend his lordship. *[Exit Sam.]* Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. (*Stopping Sir P. as he is going off.*) Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon this subject.

Sir P. Weel, sir, what would you say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match—

Sir P. How, sir?

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disoblighing you, have hitherto kept me silent.

Sir P. Your aversion!—your aversion, sir! How dare you use sic language to me? Your aversion! Lookye, sir; I shall cut the matter vary short: consider, my fortune is nae inheritance; a' mine ain acquisition; I can make ducks and drakes of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir P. How! another woman? and, you villain! how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman? what is she? Speak, sir,

Eger. Constantia. [speak.]

Sir P. Constantia! Oh, you profligate! What, a creature taken in for charity!

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune: her birth is equal to the noblest; therefore, sir—

Sir P. Haud your jabbering, you villain! haud your jabbering; none of your romance nor refinement till me. I have but one question to ask you; but one question, and then I have done with you for ever—for ever; therefore, think before you answer: will you marry the lady, or will you break my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer; but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unparental passion. *(Going.)*

Sir P. Tarry, I command you; and I command you, likewise, not to stir till you have given me an answer—a definitive answer: will you marry the lady, or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir—know, then, that I cannot, will not marry her. [Exit.]

Sir P. Oh! the villain has shot me through the head! he has cut my vitals! I shall run distracted! the fellow destroys a' my measures, a' my schemes: there never was sic a bargain as I have made with this foolish lord: possession of his whole estate, with three boroughs upon it—six members. Why, what an acquisition! what consequence! what dignity! what weight till the house of Macsycophant! O, d—n the fellow! three boroughs, only for sending down six broomsticks! O, miserable! O, miserable! ruined! undone! For these five-and-twenty years, ever since this fellow came intill the world, have I been secretly preparing him for ministerial dignity; and, with the fellow's eloquence, abilities, popularity, these boroughs, and proper connexions, he might certainly, in a little time, have done the deed: and sure never were times so favourable, every thing conspires, for a' the auld political post-horses are broken-winded and foundered, and cannot get on; and as till the rising generation, the vanity of surpassing one another in what they foolishly call taste and elegance, binds them hand and foot in the chains of luxury, which will always set them up till the best bidder; so that, if they can but get wherewithal to supply their dissipation, a minister may convert the political morals of a' sic voluptuaries, intill a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties till the great Mogul. [Exit.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and BETTY HINT.

Sir P. Come this way, Betty; come this way: you are a guid girl, and I will reward you for this discovery. Oh, the villain! offer her marriage!

Betty. It is true, indeed, sir; I would not tell your honour a lie for the world; but, in truth, it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your worship.

Sir P. You are right, you are right; it was your duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it. But you say Maister Sidney is in love with her too; pray how came you by that intelligence?

Betty. O, sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will. I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a sly look at her; by his trembling—his breathing short;—his sighing when they are reading together. Besides, sir, he has made love-verses upon her, in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music. Ay; and I suspect another thing, sir; she has a sweetheart, if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir P. Wha, Constantia?

Betty. Ay, Constantia, sir. Lord, I can know the whole affair, sir, only for sending over to Hadley, to farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Then send this instant, and get me a particular account of it.

Betty. That I will, sir.

Sir P. In the meantime, keep a strict watch upon Constantia; and be sure you bring me word of whatever new matter you can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband or sweetheart.

Betty. Never fear, sir. [Exit.]

Sir P. This love of Sidney's for Constantia is not unlikely. There is something promising in it. Yes, I think it is nae impossible to convert it into a special and immediate advantage. It is but trying. Wha's there? If it misses, I am but where I was.

Enter TOMLINS.

Where is Maister Sidney?

Tom. In the dining-room, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Tell him I would speak with him. [Exit Tomlins.] 'Tis more than probable. Spare to speak, and spare to speed. Try, try, always try the human heart; try is as guid a maxim in politics as in war. Why, suppose this Sidney, now, should be privy till his friend Charles's love for Constantia, what then? guid trath, it is natural to think that his ain love will demand the preference; ay, and obtain it, too. Yes; self, self is an eloquent advocate on these occasions, and seldom loses his cause. I hae the general principle of human nature, at least, to encourage me in the experiment; for only make it a man's interest to be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integrity—in serving himself.

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant. Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir P. Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a vary singular business. Maister Sidney, give me your hand. Guin it did nae look like flattery, which I detest, I would tell you, Maister Sidney, that you are an honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. Sir, you are very obliging.

Sir P. Sit you down, Maister Sidney; sit you down here by me. *(They sit.)* My friend, I am under the greatest obligations till you for the care you have taken of Charles. The principles, religious, moral, and political, that you have infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude both fra him and fra me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir P. Sir, you deserve it; richly deserve it. And now, sir, the same care that you have had of Charles, the same my wife has taken of her favourite Constantia; and sure, never were accomplishments, knowledge, or principles, social and religious, infused intill a better nature.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so too.

Sir P. She is besides a gentlewoman, and of as guid a family as any in this country.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir P. Sir, her father had a vast estate; the which he dissipated and melted in feastings, and friendships, and charities, and hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense: but to the business. Maister Sidney, I love you; yes, I love you; and I have been looking out, and contriving how to settle you in the world. Sir, I want to see you comfortably

and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family; and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I cou'd nae make a more valuable present till you for that purpose, as a partner for life, than this same Constantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you yourself shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of every canonical contingency in my power to confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but though the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth, yet, were she more amiable than love could paint her in the lover's fancy, and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's appetite, I could not, would not wed her. (*Rises.*)

Sir P. Not wed her! odswounds, man! you surprise me! Why so—what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal; but, briefly and finally, it cannot be; nor is it a subject I can long converse upon.

Sir P. Weel, weel, weel, sir! I have done, I have done. (*Sidney sits down.*) Sit you down, mon; sit you down again; sit you down; I shall mention it no more: not but I must confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match, had you consented to my proposal, besides profiting you, would have been of singular service till me likewise. However, you may still serve me as effectually as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will, most heartily.

Sir P. I believe it, friend Sidney; and I thank you: I have nae friend to depend upon but yourself. My heart is almost broke; I cannot help these tears. And, to tell you the fact at once, your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity. You see I cannot help weeping when I think of it; in short, this Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon him. Do you understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir P. Why, he is grievously smitten with the love of her; and, I am afraid, will never be cured without a little of your assistance.

Sid. Of my assistance! pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir P. In what manner? lord! Maister Sidney, how can you be so dull? Now, then, my vary guid friend, guin you would but give him that hint, and take an opportunity to speak a good word for him intill the wench; and guin you would likewise cast about a little, now, and contrive to bring them together once: why, in a few days after, he would nae care a pinch of snuff for her. (*Sidney starts up.*) What is the matter with you, mon? What the devil gars you start, and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me! In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness, which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir P. Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a friend with a wench an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron and benefactor, eh?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir P. (*Rising.*) How! what, sir? do you dispute? Are you nae my dependant, eh? and do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is nae a client about the court that would nae jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in your party schools: for, where faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to good government and general prosperity, there every vice is to be expected.

Sir P. Oho! oho! vara weel, vara weel; fine slander upon ministers! fine sedition against government! O, ye villain! You—you—you are a black sheep, and I'll mark you. I am glad you shew yourself. Yes, yes; you have taken off the mask at last: you have been in my service for many years, and I never knew your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before; if you had, you should have known them sooner.

Sir P. It is vary weel; I have done with you. Ay, ay; now I can account for my son's conduct: his aversions till courts, till ministers, levees, public business, and his disobedience till my commands. Ah! you are a Judas—a perfidious fellow: you have ruined the morals of my son, you villain! But I have done with you. However, this I will prophecy at our parting, for your comfort, that guin you are so very squeamish about bringing a lad and a lass together, or about doing sic an a harmless, innocent job for your patron, you will never rise in the church.

Sid. Though my conduct, sir, should not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour; in the favour of my own conscience, too, and in the esteem of all worthy men; and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons, or any minister, can bestow. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. What a rigorous, saucy, stiff-necked rascal it is! I see my folly now; I am undone by mine ain policy. This Sidney is the last man that should have been about my son. The fellow, indeed, hath given him principles that might have done vary weel among the ancient Romans, but are d—d unfit for the modern Britons. Weel, guin I had a thousand sons, I never would suffer one of these English university-bred fellows to be about a son of mine again; for they have sic an a pride of literature and character, and sic saucy English notions of liberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a mon is never sure of them. But what am I to do?—Zoons! he must nae marry this beggar; I cannot set down tamely under that. Stay! haud a wee: By the blood, I have it! yes, I have hit upon it.

Enter BETTY HINT.

Betty. O, sir! I have got the whole secret out.

Sir P. About what?

Betty. About Miss Constantia. I have just got all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford. [*quick; what is it?*]

Sir P. Weel, weel; but what is the story? quick,

Betty. Why, sir, it is certain that Mrs. Constantia has a sweetheart, or a husband; a sort of a gentleman, or a gentleman's gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodges; for Sukey says she saw them together last night, in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

Sir P. Zoons! I am afraid this is too guid news to be true.

Betty. O! sir, 'tis certainly true. Besides, sir, she has just writ a letter to her gallant, and I have sent John Gardener to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley. Now, sir, if your worship would seize it—see, see, sir; here John comes, with the letter in his hand. [*till me.*]

Sir P. Step you out, Betty, and leave the fellow

Betty. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter JOHN, with a packet and a letter.

John. (*Putting the packet into his pocket.*) There, go you into my pocket. There's nobody in the library, so I'll e'en go through the short way. Let me see—what is the name?—Mel—Meltill—O, no! Melville, at Gaffer Hodge's.

Sir P. What letter is that, sir?

John. Letter, sir!

Sir P. Give it me, sir.

John. An't please you, sir, it is not mine.

Sir P. Deliver it this instant, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour.

Sir P. Begone, rascal! This, I suppose, will let us intill the whole business.

John. (*Aside.*) You have got the letter, old Surly, but the packet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that, however, for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia in spite of you. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. (*Reading the letter.*) Um—um—“and bless my eyes with a sight of you.”—Um—um—“throw myself into your dear arms.” Zoons! this letter is invaluable. Aha, madam! yes, this will do; this will do, I think. Let me see how it is directed—“To Mr. Melville.” Vary weel. [*Enter BETTY.*] O, Betty, you are an excellent wench; this letter is worth a million.

Betty. Is it as I suspected—to her gallant?

Sir P. It is, it is. Bid Constantia pack out of the house this instant; and let them get a chaise ready to carry her wherever she pleases. But first send my wife and son hither.

Betty. I shall, sir.

Sir P. Do so; begone! [*Exit Betty.*] Aha, Maister Charles! I believe I shall cure you of your passion for a beggar now. I think he cannot be so infatuated as to be a dupe. Let me see, how am I to act now? Why, like a true politician, I must pretend most sincerity where I intend most deceit.

Enter EGERTON and LADY MACSYCOPHANT.

Weel, Charles, notwithstanding the misery you have brought upon me, I have sent for you and your mother, in order to convince you both of my affection and my readiness to forgive; nay, and even to indulge your perverse passion. Sir, since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your mother and you think that you can never be happy without her, why, I'll nae longer oppose your inclinations.

Eger. Dear sir, you snatch me from the sharpest misery; on my knees, let my heart thank you for this goodness.

Lady M. Let me express my thanks, too, and my joy; for, had you not consented to his marrying her, we all should have been miserable.

Sir P. Weel, I am glad I have found a way to please you both at last. But, my dear Charles, suppose, now, that this spotless vestal—this wonder of virtue—this idol of your heart, should be a concealed wanton after a' or should have an engagement of marriage, or an intrigue with another man, and is only making a dupe of you a' this time; I say, only suppose it, Charles—what would you think of her?

Eger. I should think her the most deceitful, and most subtle of her sex; and, if possible, would never think of her again.

Sir P. Will you give me your honour of that?

Eger. Most solemnly, sir.

Sir P. Enough; I am satisfied: you make me young again. Your prudence has brought tears of joy fra my very vitals. I was afraid you were fascinated with the charms of a crack. Do you ken

Eger. Mighty well, sir. [*this hand?*]

Sir P. And you, madam? [*stantia's.*]

Lady M. As well as I do my own, sir; it is Con-

Sir P. It is so; and a better evidence it is, than any that can be given by the human tongue. Here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical syren's ain hand—her ain hand, sir. Ay, ay; here, take and read it yourself.

Eger. (*Reads.*) “I have only time to tell you, that the family came down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot bless my eyes with the sight of you till the evening. The notes and jewels, which the bearer of this will deliver to you, were presented to me since I saw you by the son of my benefactor.”—

Sir P. Now mark!

Eger. (*Reads.*) “All which I beg you will convert to your immediate use.”—

Sir P. Mark! I say.

Eger. (*Reads.*) “For my heart has no room for any wish or fortune, but what contributes to your relief and happiness.”—

Sir P. Oh! Charles, Charles! do you see, sir, what a dupe she makes of you? But mark what follows.

Eger. (*Reads.*) “O, how I long to throw myself into your dear, dear arms; to soothe your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows. I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk.”—

Sir P. In the dark walk! in the dark walk! Ah! an evil-eyed curse upon her! Yes, yes; she has been often in the dark walk, I believe. But read on.

Eger. (*Reads.*) “In the meantime, banish all fears, and hope the best from fortune, and your ever dutiful CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.”

Sir P. There! there's a warm epistle for you! in short, the hussy, you must know, is married till

Eger. Not unlikely, sir. [*the fellow.*]

Lady M. Indeed, by her letter I believe she is.

Sir P. Now, madam, what amends can you make me for countenancing your son's passion for sic a strumpet? And you, sir, what have you to say for your disobedience and your frenzy? O, Charles, Charles!

Eger. Pray, sir, be patient; compose yourself a moment: I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir P. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage.

Eger. The lady, sir, has never yet been consulted; and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir P. Sir, that is nae business of your's. I know she will consent, and that's aw we are to consider. O! here comes my lord.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT.

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready and the lawyers wait for us. [*Rodolpha?*]

Sir P. We attend your lordship. Where is lady

Lord L. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia. Why, my lady—ha, ha, ha!—I hear your vestal has been flirting.

Sir P. Yes, yes, my lord; she's in vary guid order for any man that wants a wife and an heir till his estate intill the bargain.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Sir, there is a man below that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir P. I cannot speak till any body now; he must come another time: haud—stay—what, is he a gentleman?

Tom. He looks something like one, sir—a sort of a gentleman; but he seems to be in a kind of a passion; for when I asked his name, he answered hastily. “It is no matter, friend; go tell your master there is a gentleman here that must speak to him directly.”

Sir P. Must? ha! vary peremptory indeed: pry-thee, let's see him, for curiosity's sake. [*Exit Tom.*]

Enter LADY RODOLPHA.

Lady R. O! my Lady Macsycophant, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty, wha begs she may be permitted to speak till your ladyship, before you finally reprobate her.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, Lady Rodolpha, but it must not be; see her she shall not.

Lady M. Nay, there can be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir P. I tell you, it shall not be.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I have done.

Enter TOMLINS and MELVILLE.

Tom. Sir, that is my master. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Weel, sir, what is your urgent business with me?

Mel. To shun disgrace, and punish baseness.

Sir P. Punish baseness! what does the fellow mean? Wha are you, sir?

Mel. A man, sir; and one whose fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's limits.

Lord L. You seem to be a soldier, sir?

Mel. I was, sir; and have the soldier's certificate to prove my service—rags and scars. In my heart for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in noblest dangers sustained it with my sword; at length, ungrateful peace has laid me down where welcome war first took me

up—in poverty, and the dread of cruel creditors. Paternal affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child: I found her, as I thought, amiable as parental fondness could desire; but foul seduction has snatched her from me; and hither am I come, fraught with a father's anger and a soldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and glut revenge.

Lady M. Pray, sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her—but—Constantia.

Eger. Is Constantia your daughter, sir?

Mel. She is; and was the only comfort that nature, fortune, or my own extravagance had left me.

Sir P. Guid traith, then, I fancy you will find but vary little comfort fra her; for she is nae better than she should be. She has had nae damage in this mansion. I am told she is with bairn; but you may gang till Hadley, till one farmer Hodge's, and there you may learn the whole story, and wha the father of the bairn is, frae a cheeld they call Melville.

Mel. Melville!

Sir P. Yes, sir, Melville.

Mel. O! would to heaven she had no crime to answer but her commerce with Melville! No, sir; he is not the man: it is your son, your Egerton, that has seduced her; and here, sir, are the evidence of his seduction.

Eger. Of my seduction!

Mel. Of your's, sir, if your name be Egerton.

Eger. I am that man, sir; but pray what is your evidence?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels; not to be had in her menial state, but at the price of chastity! Not an hour since she sent them, imprudently sent them, by a servant of this house: contagious infamy started from their touch.

Eger. Sir, do you but clear her conduct with Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life; you are my better angel: I believe in your words—your looks. Know, then, I am that Melville.

Sir P. How, sir? you that Melville that was at farmer Hodge's?

Mel. The same, sir; it was he brought my Constantia to my arms—lodged and secreted me; once my lowly tenant, now my only friend. The fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville, till I could see and consult some who once called themselves my friends.

Eger. Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes; I will keep my word with you religiously, and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous and as happy as you could wish her.

[Exit with Lady Mac.]

Sir P. The clearing up of this wench's virtue is d—d unlucky; I am afraid it will ruin a' our affairs again; however, I have one stroke still in my head that will secure the bargain with my lord, let matters gang as they will. (*Aside.*) But I wonder, Maister Melville, that you did nae pick up some little matter of siller in the Indies. Ah! there have bonny fortunes snapt up there, of late years, by some of the military blades.

Mel. It is very true, sir; but it is an observation among soldiers, that there are some men who never meet with anything in the service, but blows and ill-fortune. I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir P. Ah! 'tis pity, sir, a great pity, now, that you did nae get a Mogul, or some sic an animal, intil your clutches. Ah! I should like to have the strangling of a nabob, the rummaging of his gold dust, his jewel-closet, and a' his magazines of bars and ingots. Ha, ha, ha! guid traith, naw, sic an a fellow would be a bonny cheeld to bring till this town, and to exhibit him riding on an elephant; upon honour, a man might raise a poll-tax by him, that would gang near to pay the debts of the nation.

Enter EGERTON, CONSTANTIA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, and SIDNEY.

Eger. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears con-

cerning your daughter's virtue; and my best proof is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and the tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life.

Sir P. How! married!

Eger. I know, sir, at present, we shall meet your anger; but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope, will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir P. Never, never! and, could I make you, her, and a' your issue beggars, I would move hell, heaven, and earth to do it.

Lord L. Why, Sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will entirely ruin my affairs.

Sir P. My lord, with the consent of your lordship and Lady Rodolpha, I have an expedient to offer, that will not only punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your lordship and the lady proposed by the intended match with him.

Lord L. I doubt it much, Sir Pertinax; I doubt it much. But what is it, sir? what is your expedient?

Sir P. My lord, I have another son, Sandy—eh! he's a guid lad; and, provided the lady and your lordship have nae objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfilled upon Lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son.

Lord L. Why, that is an expedient, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But what say you, Rodolpha?

Lady L. Nay, nay, my lord; as I ha nae reason to have the least affection till my cousin Egerton, and as my intended marriage with him was entirely an act of obedience till my grandmother, provided my cousin Sandy will be as agreeable till her ladyship as my cousin Charles here would have been, I have nae the least objection till the change. Ay, ay; one brother is as good to Rodolpha as another.

Sir P. I'll answer, madam, for your grandmother. Now, my lord, what say you?

Lord L. Nay, Sir Pertinax, so the agreement stands, all is right again. Come, child, let us begone. Ay, ay; so my affairs are made easy, it is equal to me whom she marries. I say, Sir Pertinax, let them be but easy, and rat me if I care if she incorporates with the cham of Tartary. [Exit.]

Sir P. As to you, my Lady Macsycophant, I suppose you concluded, before you gave your consent till this match, that there would be an end of a' intercourse betwixt you and me. You shall have a jointure; but not a bawbee besides, living or dead, shall you, or any of your issue, ever see of mine: and so, madam, live with your Constantia, with your son, and with that d—d black sheep there. [Exit.]

Lady R. Weel, cousin Egerton, in spite of the ambitious frenzy of your father, and the thoughtless dissipation of mine, Don Cupid has at last carried his point in favour of his devotees. But I must now take my leave; and so, guid folks, I will leave you with the fag end of an auld north-country wish: "May mutual love and guid humour be the guest of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blithsome subjects of aw your tricksome dreams through the rugged road of this deceitful world; and may our fathers be an example till ourselves, to treat our bairns better than they have treated us." [Exit.]

Eger. You seem melancholy, sir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, sir, will press upon the heart; for, notwithstanding my Constantia's happiness, and mine in her's, I own, I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Eger. You have no share in his disagreement: if affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach. My fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle.

*Myscheme, though mock'd by knave, coquette, and fool,
To thinking minds will prove this golden rule:*

In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,

Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life. [Exeunt.]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NATHANIEL LEE.



Act V.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

ALEXANDER
CLYTUS
CASSANDER
LYSIMACHUS

HEPHESTION
POLYPERCHON
THESSALUS
PERDICCAS

EUMENES
ARISTANDER
SLAVE
OFFICERS, &c.

ROXANA
STATIRA
PARISATIS
SYSIGAMBIS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexander's Camp before Babylon.*

*Enter HEPHESTION and LYSIMACHUS, fighting;
CLYTUS parting them.*

Cly. What, are you madmen? This a time for quarrel?

Put up, I say, or by the gods that form'd me,
He who refuses, makes a foe of Clytus.

Lys. I have his sword.

Cly. But must not have his life.

Lys. Must not, old Clytus!

Cly. Hare-brain'd boy, you must not.

Heph. Lend me thy sword, thou father of the war,
Thou far-fam'd guard of Alexander's life.

Curse on this weak, unexecuting arm!

Lend it, old Clytus, to redeem my fame;

Lysimachus is brave, and else will scorn me.

Lys. There, take thy sword, and since thou'rt bent on death,

Know, 'tis thy glory that thou dy'st by me.

Cly. Stay thee, Lysimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both, my body interpos'd;

Now let me see which of you dares to strike.

By Jove, you've stirr'd the old man!—that rash arm

That first advances moves against the gods,

And our great king, whose deputy I stand.

Lys. Some prop'rer time must terminate our quarrel.

Heph. And cure the bleeding wounds my honour [bears.

Cly. Some prop'rer time! 'tis false—no hour

is proper;

No time should see a brave man do amiss.

Say, what's the noble cause of all this madness?

What vast ambition blows the dangerous fire?

Why, a vain, smiling, whining, coz'ning woman.

By all my triumphs! in the heat of youth,

When towns were sack'd, and beauties prostrate lay,

When my blood boil'd, and nature work'd me high,

Clytus ne'er bow'd his body to such shame;

I knew 'em, and despis'd their cobweb arts:

The whole sex is not worth a soldier's thought!

Lys. Our cause of quarrel may to thee seem light;

But know, a less has set the world in arms.

Cly. Yes, Troy, they tell us, by a woman fell:

Curse on the sex, they are the bane of virtue!

Death! I'd rather this right arm were lost,

Than that the king should hear of your imprudence—

What! on a day thus set apart for triumph!

Lys. We were, indeed, to blame.

Cly. This memorable day!

When our hot master, whose impatient soul

Outrides the sun, and sighs for other worlds

To spread his conquests, and diffuse his glory;

Now bids the trumpet for awhile be silent,

And plays with monarchs, whom he us'd to drive;

Shall we, by broils, awake him into rage,

And rouse the lion, that has ceas'd to roar?

Lys. Clytus, thou'rt right—put up thy sword,

Hephestion:

Had passion not eclips'd the light of reason,

Untold, we might this consequence have seen.

Heph. Why has not reason power to conquer

Why are we thus enslav'd?

[love?

Cly. Because unmann'd;

Because ye follow Alexander's steps.

Heav'ns! that a face should thus bewitch his soul,

And ruin all that's great and godlike in it.

Talk be my bane, yet the old man must talk;

Not so he lov'd, when he at Issus fought,

And join'd in mighty combat with Darius,
Whom, from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
He hurl'd to earth, and catch'd th' imperial crown.
'Twas not the shaft of love perform'd that feat;
He knew no Cupids then. Now mark the change:
A brace of rival queens embroil the court;
And, while each hand is thus employ'd in beauty,
Where has he room for glory?

Heph. In his heart.

Cly. Well said, young minion!—I, indeed, forgot
To whom I spoke—but Sysigambis comes:
Now is your time, for with her comes an idol,
That claims your homage.—I'll attend the king.
[Exit.]

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, with a letter, and PARISATIS.

Sys. Why will you wound me with your fond
complaints,
And urge a suit that I can never grant?
You know, my child, 'tis Alexander's will;
He demands you for his lov'd Hephestion.
To disobey him might inflame his wrath,
And plunge our house in ruins yet unknown.

Par. To sooth this god, and charm him into
Is there no victim; none but Parisatis? [temper,
Must I be doom'd to wretchedness and woe,
That others may enjoy the conqueror's smiles;
Oh! if you ever lov'd my royal father—
And sure you did, your gushing tears proclaim it—
If still his name be dear, have pity on me!
He would not thus have forc'd me to despair;
Indeed he would not. Had I beg'd him thus,
He would have heard me, ere my heart was broke.

Sys. When will my suff'rings end? O, when, ye
gods!
For sixty rolling years, my soul has stood
The dread vicissitudes of fate unmov'd:
I thought 'em your decrees, and therefore yielded.
But this last trial, as it springs from folly,
Exceeds my suff'rance, and I must complain.

Lys. When Sysigambis mourns, no common woe
Can be the cause—'tis misery, indeed.
Yet, pardon, mighty queen, a wretched prince,
Who thus presumes to plead the cause of love:
Beyond my life, beyond the world, (*kneeling*) I prize
Fair Parisatis. Hear me, I conjure you!
As you have authoriz'd Hephestion's vows,
Reject not mine; grant me but equal leave
To serve the princess, and let love decide.

Heph. A blessing like the beauteous Parisatis,
Whole years of service, and the world's wide
empire,
With all the blood that circles in our veins,
Can never merit; therefore, in my favour,
I beg'd the king to interpose his int'rest;
Therefore, I beg'd your majesty's assistance;
Your word is pass'd, and all my hopes rest on't.

Lys. (*Rising.*) Perish such hopes! for love's
a generous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of her we love,
Beyond th' enjoyment of our own desires;
Nor kings, nor parents here have aught to do.
Love owns no influence, and disdains controul;
Let 'em stand neuter—'tis all I ask.

Heph. Such arrogance, did Alexander woo,
Would lose him all the conquests he has won.

Lys. To talk of conquests well becomes the man
Whose life and sword are but his rival's gift.

Sys. It grieves me, brave Lysimachus, to find
My power fall short of my desires to serve you;
You know Hephestion first declar'd his love,
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my aid.
Your glorious king, his mighty advocate,
Became himself an humble suppliant for him.
Forget her, prince, and triumph o'er your passion:
A conquest worthy of a soul like thine.

Lys. Forget her, madam! sooner shall the sun
Forget to shine, and tumble from his sphere.
Farewell, great queen; my honour now demands

That Alexander should himself explain
That wond'rous merit which exalts his fav'rite,
And casts Lysimachus at such a distance. [Exit.]

Sys. In this wild transport of ungovern'd passion
Too far, I fear, he will incense the king.

Is Alexander yet, my lord, arriv'd?

Heph. Madam, I know not, but Cassander comes;
He may, perhaps, inform us.

Sys. I would shun him.
Something there is, I know not why, that shocks me;
Something my nature shrinks at, when I see him.
[Exeunt.]

Enter CASSANDER.

Cas. The face of day now blushes scarlet deep:
Now blackens into night. The low'ring sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on.
All nature seems alarm'd for Alexander.—
Why, be it so. Her pangs proclaim my triumph.
A mad Chaldean, with a flaming torch
Came to my bed last night, and bellowing o'er me,
Well had it been, for Babylon, he cried,
If curst Cassander never had been born.

Enter THESSALUS, with a packet.

How now, dear Thessalus, what packet's that?

Thes. From Macedon, a trusty slave just
brought it.

Your father chides us for our cold delay;
He says, Craterus, by the king's appointment,
Comes, in his room, to govern Macedon,
Which nothing but the tyrant's death can hinder;
Therefore he bids us boldly strike at once,
Or quit our purpose, and confess our fears.

Cas. Is not his fate resolv'd?—this night he dies;
And thus my father but forestalls my purpose.
How am I slow then?—if I rode on thunder,
Wing'd as the light'ning, it would ask some mo-
ments,

Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.

Thes. Mark where the haughty Polyperchon
Some new affront by Alexander given, [comes!
Swells in his heart, and stings him into madness.

Cas. Now, now's our time; he must, he shall
be ours:

His haughty soul will kindle at his wrongs,
Blaze into rage, and glory in revenge.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Poly. Still as I pass, fresh murmurs fill my ears;
All talk of wrongs, and mutter their complaints.
Poor soul-less reptiles!—their revenge expires
In idle threats—the fortitude of cowards!
Their province is to talk! 'tis mine to act,
And shew this tyrant, when he dar'd to wrong me,
He wrong'd a man whose attribute is vengeance.

Cas. All nations bow their heads with servile
homage,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man.

The name, the shout, the blast from ev'ry mouth
Is Alexander! Alexander stuns
The list'ning ear, and drowns the voice of heav'n.
The earth's commanders fawn like crouching spa-
And if this hunter of the barbarous world [niels;
But wind himself a god, all echo him,
With universal cry.

Poly. I fawn, or echo him!
Cassander, no! my soul disdains the thought!
Let eastern slaves, or prostituted Greeks
Crouch at his feet, or tremble if he frown.
When Polyperchon can descend so low,
False to that honour, which thro' fields of death,
I still have courted, where the fight was fiercest,
Be scorn my portion; infamy my lot.

Thes. The king may doom me to a thousand
tortures,

Ply me with fire, and rack me like Philotas,
Ere I shall stoop to idolize his pride.

Cas. Not Aristander, had he rais'd all hell,

Could more have shock'd my soul, than thou hast done,

By the bare mention of Philotas' murder.

O Polyperchon! how shall I describe it!

Did not your eyes rain blood to see the hero?

Did not your spirits burst with smother'd vengeance

To see thy noble fellow-warrior tortur'd? [ance

Yet, without groaning, or a tear endure

The torments of the damn'd? O death to think it!

We saw him bruise'd; we saw his bones laid bare!

His veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quiv'ring flesh

With fiery pincers from his bosom torn;

Till all beheld where the great heart lay panting.

Poly. Yet all like statutes stood!—cold, lifeless statutes!

As if the sight had froze us into marble:

When, with collected rage, we should have flown

To instant vengeance on the ruthless cause,

And plung'd a thousand daggers in his heart.

Cas. At our last banquet, when the bowl had gone

The giddy round, and wine inflam'd my spirits;

I saw Craterus and Hephestion enter

In Persian robes; to Alexander's health

They largely drank; and falling at his feet

With impious adoration thus address'd

Their idol god. Hail, son of thund'ring Jove!

Hail, first of kings! young Ammon, live for ever!

Then kiss'd the ground; on which I laugh'd aloud,

And scoffing, ask'd 'em, why they kiss'd no harder:

Whereon the tyrant, starting from his throne,

Spurn'd me to earth, and stamping on my neck,

Learn thou to kiss it, was his fierce reply;

While, with his foot, he press'd me to the earth,

Till I lay welt'ring in a foam of blood.

Poly. Thus when I mock'd the Persians that ador'd him,

He struck me on the face, swung me around,

And bid his guards chastise me like a slave.

But if he 'scape my vengeance, may he live,

Great as that god whose name he thus profanes,

And, like a slave, may I again be beaten,

Scoff'd as I pass, and branded for a coward,

Cas. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes:

Remember, he's a man, his flesh as penetrable

As any girl's, and wounded too as soon;

To give him death no thunders are requir'd.

Struck by a stone, young Jupiter has fall'n,

A sword has pierc'd him, and the blood has follow'd;

Nay, we have seen an hundred common ailments

Bring this immortal to the gates of death.

Poly. O let us not delay the glorious business!
Our wrongs are great, and honour calls for vengeance.

Cas. This day, exulting Babylon receives

The mighty robber—with him comes Roxana,

Fierce, haughty fair! On his return from India,

Artful she met him in the height of triumph,

And by a thousand wiles at Susa kept him,

In all the luxury of eastern revels.

Poly. How bore Statira his revolted love?

For, if I err not, ere the king espous'd her,

She made him promise to renounce Roxana.

Thes. No words can paint the anguish it occasion'd!

E'en Sysigambis wept, while the wrong'd queen

Struck to the heart, fell lifeless on the ground.

Cas. When the first tumult of her grief was laid,

I sought to fire her into wild revenge;

And to that end, with all the art I could,

Describ'd his passion for the bright Roxana:

But tho' I could not to my wish inflame her,

Thus far, at least, her jealousy will help;

She'll give him troubles that perhaps may end him,

And set the court in universal uproar.

But see, she comes. Our plots begin to ripen.

Now every one disperse,

And, with a face of friendship, meet the king,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, and PARISATIS.

Sta. O for a dagger, a draught of poison, flames!
Swell heart, break, break, thou wretched stubborn thing.

Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held:

Pray give me leave to walk.

Sys. Is there no reverence to my person due?

Trust me, Statira, had thy father liv'd,

Darius wou'd have heard me.

Sta. O he's false.

This glorious man, this wonder of the world,

Is to his love, and every god foresworn.

O I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,

Out-weep the morning with his dewy eyes,

And sigh and swear the list'ning stars away.

Sys. Believe not rumour, 'tis impossible.

Thy Alexander is renown'd for truth;

Above deceit—

Sta. Away, and let me die.

Why, Alexander, why would'st thou deceive me!

Have I not kiss'd thy wounds with dying fondness,

Bath'd 'em in tears, and bound 'em with my hair!

Par. If man can thus renounce the solemn ties

Of sacred love, who would regard his vows?

Sta. Regard his vows, the monster, traitor! Oh!

I will forsake the haunts of men, converse

No more with aught that's human; dwell with darkness;

For since the sight of him is now unwelcome,

What has the world to give Statira joy?

Yet I must tell thee, perjur'd as he is,

Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,

The fragrant violet, or op'ning rose,

Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath:

Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,

Vows with such passion, and swears with such a grace,

That it is heav'n to be deluded by him.

Sys. Her sorrows must have way.

Sta. Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love;

Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms,

Doats on my conqu'ror, my dear lord, my king.

Oh 'tis too much! by heav'n I cannot bear it!

I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture.

Hear me, bright god of day, hear, ev'ry god.

Sys. Take heed, Statira; weigh it well, my child,
Ere desperate love enforces you to swear.

Sta. O fear not that, already have I weigh'd it;

And in the presence here of heav'n and you,

Renounce all converse with perfidious man.

Farewell, ye cozeners of our easy sex!

And thou the falsest of the faithless kind,

Farewell for ever! Oh, farewell! farewell!

If I but mention him, the tears will flow.

How cou'dst thou, cruel, wrong a heart like mine,

Thus fond, thus doting, ev'n to madness, on thee?

Sys. Clear up thy griefs, thy Alexander comes,

Triumphant in the spoils of conquer'd India;

This day the hero enters Babylon.

Sta. Why, let him come: all eyes will gaze with rapture.

All hearts will joy to see the victor pass,

All but the wretched, the forlorn Statira.

Sys. Wilt thou not see him then?

Sta. I swear, and heav'n be witness to my vow,
(*Kneels.*)

Never from this sad hour, never to see,

Nor speak, no, nor, if possible, to think

Of Alexander more: this is my vow,

And when I break it—

Sys. Do not ruin all!

Sta. May I again be perjured and deluded!

May furies rend my heart! may lightnings blast me!

Sys. Recal, my child, the dreadful imprecation.

Sta. No, I will publish it through all the court;

Then to the bow'rs of great Semiramis,

Retire for ever from the treacherous world.

There from man's sight will I conceal my woes,

And seek in solitude a calm repose :
Nor pray'rs nor tears, shall my resolves control,
Nor love itself, that tyrant of the soul. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A triumphal Arch at the entrance into Babylon.*

Enter ALEXANDER in a triumphal car; trophies and warlike ensigns in procession before him; CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, LYSIMACHUS, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON, THESSALUS, EUMENES, chorus of Priests, Youths, and Virgins, Guards, and Attendants.

*See the cong'ring hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.*

*See the godlike youth advance;
Breath the flute, and lead the dance;
Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.*

Heph. Hail, son of Jove! great Alexander, hail!

Alex. Rise all; and thou, my second self, my friend!

Oh, my Hephestion! raise thee from the earth!
Come to my arms, and hide thee in my heart;
Nearer, yet nearer, else thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love my king! bear witness, all ye powers,

And let your thunder nail me to the centre,
If sacred friendship ever burn'd more brightly!
Immortal bosoms can alone admit

A flame more pure, more permanent than mine.

Alex. Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel!

I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more,
Than Clytus does the king.

Lys. Now for my fate!
I see that death awaits me—yet I'll on.
Dread sir, I cast me at your royal feet.

Alex. Rise, my Lysimachus; thy veins and mine
From the same fountain have deriv'd their streams.
Rise to my arms, and let thy king embrace thee.
Is not that Clytus?

Cly. Your old faithful soldier.

Alex. Clytus, thy hand;—thy hand, Lysimachus;
Thus double-arm'd, methinks,
I stand tremendous as the Lybian god,
Who, while his priests and I quaff'd sacred blood,
Acknowledg'd me his son; my lightning thou,
And thou, my mighty thunder. I have seen
Thy glitt'ring sword out-fly celestial fire;
And, when I've cry'd, begone, and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet.

Lys. When fame invites, and Alexander leads,
Dangers and toils but animate the brave.

Cly. Perish the soldier, inglorious and despis'd,
Who starts from either, when the king cries—on!

Alex. Oh, Clytus! Oh, my noble veteran!
'Twas, I remember, when I pass'd the Granicus,
Thy arm preserv'd me from unequal force;
When fierce Itanor and the bold Rhesaces,
Fell both upon me with two mighty blows,
And clove my temper'd helmet quite asunder;
Then, like a god, flew Clytus to my aid;
Thy thunder struck Rhesaces to the ground,
And turn'd with ready vengeance, on Itanor.

Cly. To your own deeds that victory you owe,
And sure your arms did never boast a nobler.

Alex. By heav'n, they never did: they never can:

And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
Than to have driven a million o'er the plain:
Can none remember?—Yes, I know all must—
When glory, like the dazzling eagle stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;

When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale fates stood frighted on the shore;
When each immortal on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god.

Enter ARISTANDER.

Aris. Haste, first of heroes, from this fatal place;
Far, far from Babylon, enjoy your triumph,
Or all the glories, which your youth has won,
Are blasted in their spring.

Alex. What mean thy fears?
And why that wild distraction on thy brow?

Aris. This morn, great king, I view'd the angry sky,

And frighted at the direful prodigies,
To Orosmales for instruction flew!

But, as I pray'd, deep-echoing groans I heard,
And shrieks, as of the damn'd that howl for sin.
Shock'd at the omen, while amaz'd I lay

In prostrate rev'rence on the trembling floor,
Thus spoke the god:

The brightest glory of imperial man,
The pride of nations, and the boast of fame,
Remorseless fate, in Babylon, has doom'd
To sudden and irrevocable ruin.

Alex. If heav'n ordains that Babylon must fall,
Can I prevent the immutable decree?

Enter PERDICCAS.

Per. Oh, horror! horror! Dreadful and portentous! [climation?]

Alex. How now, Perdicas! Whence this ex-

Per. As Meleager and myself, this morn,
Led forth the Persian horse to exercise,
We heard a noise as of a rushing wind;
When suddenly a flight of baleful birds,
Like a thick cloud, obscur'd the face of heav'n;
On sounding wings from diff'rent parts they flew,
Encount'ring met, and battled in the air;
Their talons clash'd, their beaks gave mighty blows,
And show'rs of blood fell copious from their wounds.

Alex. Though all the curtains of the sky were drawn,

And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on;
While my Statira shines, I cannot stray,
Love lifts his torch to light me on my way,
And her bright eyes create another day.

Lys. Vouchsafe, dread sir, to hear my humble suit,

A prince intreats it, and what's more, your kinsman.

Alex. A soldier asks it; that's the noblest claim.

Lys. For all the services my sword has done,
Humbly I beg the princess Parisatis.

Alex. Lysimachus, no more—it is not well—
My word, you know, is to Hephestion given:
How dare you then—but let me hear no more on't.

Lys. At your command, to scale th' embattled wall,

Or fetch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe,
When has Hephestion flown with warmer zeal?
When did he leave Lysimachus behind?

These I have done, for these were in my pow'r;
But when you charge me to renounce my love,
And from my thoughts to banish Parisatis,
Obedience there becomes impossible;
Nature revolts, and my whole soul rebels.

Alex. It does, brave sir!—now hear me, and be dumb!

When, by my order, curst Calisthenes
Was, as a traitor, doom'd to live in torments—
Your pity sped him in despite of me.

Think not I have forgot your insolence;
No; though I pardon'd it:—yet, if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.—

In the mean time—think not of Parisatis;
For if thou dost—by the immortal Ammon!
I'll not regard that blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.

Lys. I knew you partial, ere I mov'd my suit;
Yet, know, it shakes not my determin'd purpose;
While I have life and strength to wield a sword,
I never will forego the glorious claim.

Alex. Against my life!—ha! traitor, was it so?
'Tis said, that I am rash, of hasty humour!
But I appeal to the immortal gods,
If ever petty, poor, provincial lord
Had temper like to mine? My slave, whom I
Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Cly. Forgive dread sir, the frantic warmth of
love:

The noble prince,—I read it in his eyes,—
Would die a thousand deaths to serve his king,
And justify his loyalty and truth.

Lys. I meant his minion there should feel my arm,
Love claims his blood, nor shall he live to triumph
In that destruction that awaits his rival.

Alex. I pardon thee, for my old Clytus' sake;
But if once more thou mention thy rash love,
Or dar'st attempt Hephestion's precious life,
I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
Philota's rack, Calisthenes' disgrace,
Shall be delights, to what thou shalt endure.

Cly. My lord, the aged queen, with Parisatis,
Comes to congratulate your safe arrival.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS and PARISATIS.

Alex. Oh! thou, the best of women, Sysigambis,
Source of my joy, blest parent of my love!

Sys. In humble duty to the gods and you,
Permit us, sir, with gratitude to bow.
Through you the royal house of Persia shines,
Rais'd from the depth of wretchedness and ruin,
In all the splendour of imperial greatness.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
But still there wants, to crown my happiness,
That treasure of my soul, my dear Statira:
Had she but come to meet her Alexander,
I had been blest indeed.

Cly. Now who shall dare
To tell him of the queen's vow?

Alex. How fares
My love?—Ha! neither answer me! all silent!
A sudden horror, like a bolt of ice,
Shoots to my heart, and numbs the seat of life.

Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails
me.

Alex. Why stand you all as you were rooted here?
What, will none answer? my Hephestion silent?
If thou hast any love for Alexander;
If ever I obliged thee by my care;
When through the field of death my eye has watch'd
thee,

Resolve my doubts, and rescue me from madness.

Heph. Your mourning queen has no disease but
grief,

Occasioned by the jealous pangs of love.
She heard, dread sir, (for what can 'scape a lover)
That you, regardless of your vows, at Susa,
Had to Roxana's charms resign'd your heart,
And revell'd in the joys you once forswore.

Alex. I own, the subtle sorceress, in my riot,
My reason gone, seduc'd me to her bed;
But, when I wak'd, I shook the Circe off;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at Thais' suit, enrag'd with wine,
I set the fam'd Persepolis on fire.

Heph. Your queen Statira, in the rage of grief,
And agony of desp'rate love, has sworn,
Never to see your majesty again.

Alex. Oh, madam, has she, has Statira sworn
Never to see her Alexander more?

Par. With sorrow, sir, I heard the solemn vow;
My mother heard it, and in vain adjur'd her,
By every tender motive, to recall it.

Sys. But with that fierceness she resents her
wrongs,
Dwells on your fault, and heightens the offence,

That I could wish your majesty forget her.

Alex. Ha, could you wish me to forget Statira?
The star which brightens Alexander's life,
His guide by day, and goddess of his nights!
I feel her now; she beats in every pulse,
Throbs at my heart, and circles with my blood.

Sys. Have patience, sir, and trust to heav'n and
me:

If my authority has any influence,
I will exert it, and she shall be yours.

Alex. Haste, madam, haste, if you would have
me live;

Fly, ere for ever she abjure the world,
And stop the sad procession. [*Exit Sysigambis.*]

Parisatis,
Hang thou about her; wash her feet with tears,
Nay, haste; the breath of gods, and eloquence
Of angels, go along with you. [*Exit Parisatis.*]
Oh, my heart!

Lys. Now let your majesty, who feels the pangs
Of disappointed love, reflect on mine.

Alex. Ha!

Cly. What, are you mad? Is this a time to plead?

Lys. The prop'rest time; he dares not now be
partial,

Lest heav'n, in justice, should avenge my wrongs,
And double every pang which he feels now.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy un-
doing?

Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so:
But, know, to thy confusion, that my word,
Like destiny, admits of no repeal:
Therefore, in chains, shalt thou behold the nuptials
Of my Hephestion. Guards, take him prisoner.

(*The Guards sieze Lysimachus.*)

Lys. Away, ye slaves, I'll not resign my sword,
Till first I've drench'd it in my rival's blood.

Alex. I charge you, kill him not; take him alive:
The dignity of kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this rebel.

Cly. Kneel—for I see rage lightning in his eyes.

Lys. I neither hope, nor will I sue for pardon:
Had I my sword and liberty again,
Again I would attempt his favourite's heart.

Alex. Hence, from my sight, and bear him to a
dungeon.

Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion.—

None speak for him: fly; stop his mouth, away.

[*Exeunt Lysimachus, Perdiccas, and Guards.*]

Cly. This comes of woman—the result of love.
Yet were I heated now with wine, I doubt
I should be preaching in this fool's behalf.

Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my friend He-
phestion;

Lend me your arms; for I am sick o' the sudden.
I fear, betwixt Statira's cruel vows,
And fond Roxana's arts, your king will fall.

Cly. Better the race of women were destroy'd,
And Persia sunk in everlasting ruin.

Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your
head,

As if you purpos'd to forsake the world,
Which you have greatly won.

Alex. Would I had not;
There's no true joy in such unwieldy fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make;
All find my spots, but few observe my brightness.
Stand from about me all, and give me air!

(*They retire.*)

Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my soul;
I'll fright the feeble god with war's alarms,
Or drown his pow'r in floods of hostile blood.
Grant me, great Mars, once more in arms to shine,
And break, like light'ning, through the embattl'd
line;

O'er fields of death to whirl the rapid car,
And blaze amidst the thunder of the war,
Resistless as the bolt that rends the grove;—
Or greatly perish, like the son of Jove. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—*A Square before the palace.*

Trumpets sounding a dead march. LYSIMACHUS
led Prisoner, PARISATIS, EUMENES, PERDICCAS,
and Guards.

Par. Stay, my Lysimachus! a moment stay!
Oh, whither art thou going?—hold a moment!
Unkind! thou know'st my life was wrapt in thine,
Why would'st thou then to worse than death ex-
pose me?

Lys. Oh, may'st thou live in joys without allay!
Grant it, ye gods! a better fortune waits thee;
Live and enjoy it—'tis my dying wish;
While to the grave the lost Lysimachus
Alone retires, and bids the world adieu.

Par. Even in that grave will Parisatis join thee;
Yes, cruel man! not death itself shall part us;
A mother's pow'r, a sister's soft'ning tears,
With all the fury of a tyrant's frown,
Shall not compel me to outlive thy loss.

Lys. Were I to live till nature's self decay'd,
This wond'rous waste of unexampled love
I never could repay—Oh, Parisatis!
Thy charms might fire a coward into courage;
How must they act, then, on a soul like mine?
Defenceless, and unarm'd, I fight for thee,
And may, perhaps, compel th' astonish'd world,
And force the king to own that I deserve thee.
Eumenes, take the princess to thy charge;
Away, Perdicas; all my soul's on fire.

[*Exeunt Parisatis and Perdicas, Lysimachus and Guards.*]

SCENE II.—*A Pavilion,*

Enter ROXANA and CASSANDER.

Rox. Deserted! saidst thou? for a girl abandon'd!

A puny girl, made up of wat'ry elements!
Shall she embrace the god of my desires,
And triumph in the heart Roxana claims?
If I forget it, may'st thou, Jove, deprive me
Of vengeance, make me the most wretched thing
On earth, while living, and when dead, the lowest
And blackest of the fiends;

Cas. Oh, nobly said!
Just is the vengeance which inflames your soul;
Your wrongs demand it—but let reason govern;
This wild rage, else, may disappoint your aims.

Rox. Away, away, and give a whirlwind room;
Pride, indignation, fury, and contempt,
War in my breast, and torture me to madness!

Cas. Oh, think not I would check your boldest
flights;
No—I approve 'em, and will aid your vengeance.
But, princess, let us choose the safest course,
Or we may give our foes new cause of triumph,
Should they discover, and prevent our purpose.

Rox. Fear not, Cassander, nothing shall prevent
it;

Roxana dooms him, and her voice is fate.
My soul, from childhood, has aspir'd to empire;
In early non-age I was us'd to reign
Among my she-companions: I despis'd
The trifling arts, and little wiles of women,
And taught 'em, with an Amazonian spirit,
To wind the steed, to chase the foaming boar,
And conquer man, the lawless, charter'd savage.

Cas. Her words, her looks, her every motion
fires me!

Rox. But when I heard of Alexander's fame,
How, with a handful, he had vanquish'd millions,
Spoil'd all the East, and captive held our queens;
While, like a god, unconquer'd by their charms,
With heav'nly pity he assuag'd their woes,
Dry'd up their tears, and sooth'd them into peace;
I hung attentive on my father's lips,
And wish'd him tell the wond'rous tale again.
No longer pleasing were my former sports;

Love had its turn, and all the woman reign'd.
Involuntary sighs heav'd in my breast,
And glowing blushes crimson'd on my cheek;
E'en in my slumbers I have often mourn'd
In plaintive sounds, and murmur'd Alexander.

Cas. Curse on his name!—she doats upon him
still.

Rox. At length this conqueror to Zogdia came,
And, cover'd o'er with laurels, storm'd the city:
But, Oh, Cassander! where shall I find words
To paint the ecstatic transports of my soul?
When, midst a circle of unrivall'd beauties,
I saw myself distinguish'd by the hero!
With artless rapture I receiv'd his vows,
The warmest, sure, that ever lover breath'd,
Of fervent love, and everlasting truth. [past?

Cas. And need you then be told, those times are
Statira now engrosses all his thoughts:
The Persian queen, without a rival, reigns
Sole mistress of his heart; nor can thy charms,
The brightest, sure, that ever woman boasted,
Nor all his vows of everlasting love,
Secure Roxana from disdain and insult.

Rox. Oh, thou hast rous'd the lion in my soul!
Ha! shall the daughter of Darius hold him?
No, 'tis resolv'd; I will resume my sphere,
Or, falling, spread a general ruin round me,
Roxana and Statira; they are names
That must for ever jar, like clashing clouds;
When they encounter, thunders must ensue.

Cas. Behold, she comes, in all the pomp of sorrow,
Determin'd to fulfil her solemn vow! (*They retire.*)

Rox. Away, and let us mark th' important scene.

Enter STATIRA and SYSIGAMBIS.

Sys. Oh, my Statira, how has passion chang'd thee!
Think, in the rage of disappointed love,
If treated thus, and hurried to extremes,
What Alexander may denounce against us;
Against the poor remains of lost Darius.

Sta. Oh, fear not that! I know he will be kind,
For my sake kind, to you and Parisatis:
Tell him, I rail'd not at his falsehood to me,
But with my parting breath spoke kindly of him;
Tell him I wept at our divided loves,
And, sighing, sent a last forgiveness to him.

Sys. No, I can ne'er again presume to meet him,
Never approach the much-wrong'd Alexander,
If thou refuse to see him. Oh, Statira!
Thy aged mother, and thy weeping country,
Claim thy regard, and challenge thy compassion:
Hear us, my child, and lift us from despair.

Sta. Thus low, I cast me at your royal feet,
To bathe them with my tears; or, if you please,
I'll let out life, and wash 'em with my blood.
But I conjure you not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness:
Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And you, my mother, stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death, and keep my vow.

Rox. This fortitude of soul compels my wonder.
(*Aside.*)

Sys. Hence! from my sight! ungrateful wretch,
begone!
And hide thee where bright virtue never shone;
For, in the sight of heaven, I here renounce,
And cast thee off an alien to my blood!

[*Exeunt Sys. and Cas.*]

Rox. (*Advancing.*) Forgive, great queen, th' in-
trusion of a stranger;
With grief Roxana sees Statira weep;
I've heard, and much applaud your fix'd resolve,
To quit the world for Alexander's sake;
And yet I fear, so greatly he adores you,
That he will rather choose to die of sorrow,
Than live for the despis'd Roxana's charms.

Sta. Spare, madam, spare your counterfeited fears;
You know your beauty, and have prov'd its pow'r;
Tho' humbly born, have you not captive held,

In love's soft chains, the conq'rour of the world?
Away to libertines, and boast thy conquest;
A shameful conquest! In his hours of riot,
When wine prevail'd, and virtue lost its influence,
Then, only then, Roxana could surprise
My Alexander's heart.

Rox. Affected girl,
To some romantic grove's sequester'd gloom
Thy sickly virtue would, it seems, retire,
To shun the triumphs of a favour'd rival. [thee;
In vain thou fliest; for there, ev'n there I'll haunt
Plague thee all day, and torture thee all night:
There shalt thou learn, in what ecstatic joys
Roxana revels with the first of men;
And, as thou hear'st the rapt'rous scene recited,
With frantic jealousy thou'lt madly curse
Thy own weak charms, that could not fix the rover,

Sta. How weak is woman! at the storm she
shrinks, [der;
Dreads the drawn sword, and trembles at the thun-
Yet, when strong jealousy inflames her soul,
The sword may glitter, and the tempest roar,
She scorns the danger, and provokes her fate.
Rival, I thank thee; thou hast fir'd my soul,
And rais'd a storm beyond thy pow'r to lay;
Soon shalt thou tremble at the dire effects,
And curse, too late, the folly that undid thee.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd Statira dares not mean it.

Sta. By all my hopes of happiness I dare:
And know, proud woman, what a mother's threats,
A sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears;
Could not effect, thy rival rage has done.
I'll see the king, in spite of all I swore,
Though curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, CLYTUS, POLY-
PERCHON, THESSALUS, and EUMENES.

Alex. Oh, my Statira! thou relentless fair!
Turn thine eyes on me: I would talk to them.
What shall I say to work upon thy soul? [ness?
What words, what looks, can melt thee to forgive-

Sta. Talk of Roxana, and the conquer'd Indies,
Thy great adventures, thy successful love,
And I will listen to the rapt'rous tale:
But rather shun me, shun a desperate wretch,
Resign'd to sorrow, and eternal woe. [thee;

Alex. Oh! I could die, with transport, die before
Would'st thou but, as I lay convuls'd in death,
Cast a kind look, or drop a tender tear.

Rox. Am I then fall'n so low in thy esteem,
That for another thou would'st rather die,
Than live for me? How am I alter'd, tell me,
Since last at Susa, with repeated oaths,
You swore the conquest of the world afforded
Less joy, less glory, than Roxana's love?

Alex. Take, take that conquer'd world, dispose
of crowns,

And canton out the empires of the globe;
But leave me, madam, with repentant tears,
And undissembled sorrows, to atone
The wrongs I've offer'd to this injur'd excellence.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art!
Bane to my life, and murd'rer of my peace,
I will be gone; this last disdain has cur'd me.
But have a care; I warn you not to trust me;
Or, by the gods, that witness to thy perjuries,
I'll raise a fire that shall consume you both,
Tho' I partake the ruin. [Exit.

Sta. Alexander! Oh, is it possible?
Immortal gods! can guilt appear so lovely?
Yet, yet I pardon, I forgive thee all.

Alex. Forgive me all! Oh, catch the heavenly
sounds,
Catch 'em, ye winds, and, as you fly, disperse
The rapt'rous tidings through the extended world,
That all may share in Alexander's joy!

Sta. Yes, dear deceiver, I forgive thee all,
But longer dare not hear thy charming tongue;
For while I hear thee, my resolves give way:

Be therefore quick, and take thy last farewell;
Farewell, my love—eternally farewell!

Alex. Go, then, inhuman, triumph in my pains,
Feed on the pangs that rend this wretched heart;
For now 'tis plain you never lov'd. Statira!
Oh, I could sound that charming, cruel name,
Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition.
Oh, stay, my Statira! (Kneels.)

I swear, my queen, I'll not outlive our parting:
My soul grows still as death. Say, wilt thou pardon?
'Tis all I ask; wilt thou forgive the transports
Of a deep wounded heart, and all is well? [tira!

Sta. Rise; and may heav'n forgive you, like Sta-

Alex. You are too gracious. Clytus, bear me
hence.

When I am laid i' th' earth, yield her the world.
There's something here, that heaves as cold as ice,
That stops my breath. Farewell, farewell for ever!

Sta. Hold off, and let me run into his arms:

My life, my love, my lord, my Alexander!

If thy Statira's love can give thee joy,

Revive, and be immortal as the gods.

Alex. Oh, let me press thee in my eager arms,
And strain thee hard to my transported breast!

Sta. But shall Roxana—

Alex. Let her not be nam'd!

Oh! how shall I repay you for this goodness?

And you, my fellow warriors, who could grieve

For your lost king? But talk of griefs no more;

The banquet waits, and I invite you all:

My equals in the throne, as in the grave,

Without distinction come, and share my joys.

Cly. Excuse me, sir, if I for once am absent.

Alex. Excuse thee, Clytus! None shall be excus'd.

All revel out the day, 'tis my command;

Gay as the Persian god, ourself will stand,

With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand;

Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,

While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground,

And to the vaulted skies our trumpet's clangors
sound. [Flourish of trumpets, and exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Square before the palace.

Enter CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, and PERDICCAS.

Cly. Urge me no more; I hate the Persian dress:
Nor should the king be angry at the rev'rence
I owe my country: sacred are her customs,
And honest Clytus will to death observe 'em.
Oh! let me rot in Macedonian rags,
Or, like Calisthenes, be cag'd for life,
Rather than shine in fashions of the east.

Per. Let me, brave Clytus, as a friend entreat you.

Heph. What virtue is there that adorns a throne,
Exalts the heart, and dignifies the man,
Which shines not brightly in our royal master?
And yet perversely you'll oppose his will,
And thwart an innocent unhurtful humour.

Cly. Unhurtful! oh! 'tis monstrous affectation,
Pregnant with venom, in its nature black,
And not to be excus'd. Shall man, weak man,
Exact the rev'rence which we pay to heaven,
And bid his fellow-creatures kneel before him,
And yet be innocent? Hephestion, no;
The pride that lays a claim to adoration,
Insults our reason, and provokes the gods.

Per. Yet what was Jove, the god whom we adore?
Was he not once a man, and rais'd to heaven
For gen'rous acts, and virtues more than human?

Heph. By all his thunder, and his sov'reign pow'r,
I'll not believe the world yet ever felt
An arm like Alexander's! Not that god
You nam'd, though riding in a car of fire,
Could in a shorter space do greater deeds;
Or more effectually have taught mankind
To bend submissive, and confess his sway.

Cly. I tell you, boy, that Clytus loves the kin-
As well as you, or any soldier here,

Yet I disdain to sooth his growing pride;
The hero charms me, but the god offends.

Heph. Then go not to the banquet.

Cly. Why, I was bid,
Young minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my friends, in this old habit, thus,
And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily;
And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
And hide them in the dust, I'll stand erect,
Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
And be by so much nearer to the gods.

Heph. But see, the king appears.

*Enter ALEXANDER, STATIRA, THESSALUS, and
Guards, PARISATIS and EUMENES.*

Par. Oh, gracious monarch!
Spare him, oh, spare Lysimachus his life!
I know you will; the brave delight in mercy.

Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sorrows!

Par. Save him, oh, save him, ere it be too late!
Speak the kind word; let not your soldier perish
For one rash action, by despair occasion'd.
I'll follow thus for ever on my knees;
You shall not pass. Statira, oh, intreat him!

Alex. Oh, madam! take her, take her from about me;

Her streaming eyes assail my very soul,
And shake my best resolves.

Sta. Did I not break
Through all for you? Nay now, my lord, you must.
By all th' obedience I have paid you long,
By all your passion, sighs, and tender looks,
Oh, save a prince, whose only crime is love!
I had not join'd in this bold suit, my lord,
But that it adds new lustre to your honour. [it?

Alex. Honour! what's that? Has not Statira said
Fly, Clytus! snatch him from the jaws of death,
And to the royal banquet bring him straight;
Bring him in triumph, fit for loads of honour.

[*Exeunt Clytus, Hephestion, and Parisatis.*

Sta. Why are you thus beyond expression kind?
Oh, my lov'd lord! my fond, my raptur'd heart,
By gratitude and love at once inflam'd,
With wild emotion flutters in my breast;
Oh, teach it, then, instruct it how to thank you!

Alex. Excellent woman!

'Tis not in nature to support such joy. [quiet;

Sta. Go, my best love; unbend you at the ban-
Indulge in joy, and laugh your cares away;
While, in the bowers of great Semiramis,
I dress your bed with all the sweets of nature,
And crown it, as the altar of our loves;
Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till you return. [Exit.

Alex. Is she not more than mortal can desire;
As Venus lovely, and as Dian chaste?
And yet, I know not why, our parting shocks me;
A ghastly paleness sat upon her brow;
Her voice, like dying echoes, fainter grew;
And, as I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart were
crack'd,

What could it mean? Forward, Laomedon.

Enter ROXANA, CASSANDER, and POLYPERCHON.

Why, madam, gaze you thus?

Rox. For a last look,
And to imprint the memory of my wrongs;
Roxana's wrongs, on Alexander's mind.

Alex. On to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Alexander and his Train.*

Rox. Ha! with such disdain!
So unconcern'd! Oh, I could tear myself,
Him, you, and all the hateful world to atoms!

Cas. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
And know us for your friends. We like your rage;
'Tis lovely in you, and your wrongs require it.
Here, in the sight of heaven, Cassander swears,

Unaw'd by death, to second your revenge,
Speak but the word, and, swift as thought can fly,
The tyrant falls a victim to your fury.

Rox. Shall he, then, die? Shall I consent to
kill him?

I, that have lov'd him with that eager fondness,
Shall I consent to have him basely murder'd,
And see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death?
Worlds should not tempt me to the deed of horror.

Poly. The weak fond scruples of your love
might pass,

Were not the empire of the world concern'd:
But, madam, think, when time shall teach his
tongue,

How will the glorious infant, which you bear,
Arraign his partial mother, for refusing
To fix him on the throne, which here we offer?

Cas. If Alexander lives, you cannot reign,
Nor will your child. Old Sysigambis plans
Your sure destruction. Boldly then prevent her;
Give but the word, and Alexander dies.

Poly. Not he alone; the Persian race shall bleed:
At your command, one universal ruin
Shall, like a deluge, whelm the eastern world,
Till gloriously we raise you to the throne.

Rox. But, till the mighty ruin be accomplish'd,
Where can Roxana fly th' avenging wrath
Of those who must succeed this godlike man?

Cas. Would you vouchsafe in these expanded
arms

To seek a refuge, what could hurt you here?
Here you might reign, with undiminish'd lustre,
Queen of the East, and empress of my soul.

Rox. Disgrac'd Roxana! whither art thou fallen?
Till this curs'd hour I never was unhappy;
There's not one mark of former majesty
To awe the slave that offers at mine honour.

Cas. Impute not, madam, my unbounded passion
To want of rev'rence—I have lov'd you long.

Rox. Peace, villain, peace, and let me hear no
more.

Think'st thou I'd leave the bosom of a god,
And stoop to thee, thou moving piece of earth?
Hence, from my sight, and never more presume
To meet my eyes; for, mark me, if thou dar'st,
To Alexander I'll unfold thy treason;
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall still be sacred, and above thy malice.

Cas. (*Kneels.*) By your own life, the greatest
oath, I swear,
Cassander's passion from this hour is dumb;
And, as the best atonement I can make,
Statira dies, the victim of your vengeance.

Rox. Cassander, rise; 'tis ample expiation.
Yes, rival, yes; this night shall be thy last;
This night, I know, is destin'd for thy triumph,
And gives my Alexander to thy arms.
Oh! murd'rous thought!

Poly. The bow'rs of great Semiramis are made
The scene of love; Perdiccas holds the guard.

Cas. Now is your time, when Alexander revels,
And the whole court re-echoes with his riot,
To end her, and with her to end your fears.
Give me but half the Zogdian slaves that wait you,
And deem her dead: nor shall a soul escape
That serves your rival, to disperse the news.

Rox. By me they die, Perdiccas and Statira;
Hence with thy aid, I neither ask nor want it;
But will myself conduct the slaves to battle.
Were she to fall by any arm but mine,
Well might she murmur, and arraign her stars.
Rival, rejoice, and, pleas'd, resign thy breath,
Roxana's vengeance grants thee noble death. [Exit.

Cas. All but her Jove, this Semele disdains.
We must be quick. She may, perhaps, betray
The great design, and frustrate our revenge.

Poly. Has Philip got instruction how to act?

Cas. He has, my friend; and, faithful to our cause,
Resolves to execute the fatal order.

Bear him this phial; it contains a poison
Of that exalted force, that deadly nature,
Should Æsculapius drink it, in an hour,
For then it works, the god himself were mortal;
I drew it from Nonacri's horrid spring:
Mix'd with his wine, a single drop gives death,
And sends him howling to the shades below.

Poly. I know its power, for I have seen it try'd;
Pains of all sorts through every nerve and artery
At once it scatters; burns at once and freezes;
Till, by extremity of torture forc'd,
The soul consents to leave her joyless home,
And seek for ease in worlds unknown to this.

Cas. Now let us part: with Thessalus and Philip
Haste to the banquet; at his second call
Let this be given him, and it crowns our hopes.

[*Exit Polyperchon.*

Now, Alexander, now we shall be quits;
Death for a blow is interest indeed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace.*

ALEXANDER, POLYPERCHON, CASSANDER, THES-
SALUS, EUMENES, *Guards, &c. discovered at a*
banquet. A flourish of trumpets, drums, &c.

Alex. To our immortal health, and our fair
queen's!—

All drink it deep; and, while the bowl goes round,
Mars and Bellona join to make us music;
A hundred bulls be offer'd to the sun,
White as his beams; speak the big voice of war;
Strike all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets;
Provoke the gods to follow our example
In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder.

(*Flourish of trumpets, drums, &c.*)

Enter CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, and LYSIMACHUS,
bloody.

Cly. Long live the king; long live great Alexander;
And conquest crown his arms with deathless laurels,
Propitious to his friends, and all he favours!

Alex. Did I not give command you should pre-
serve Lysimachus?

Heph. Dread sir, you did.

Alex. What then

Portend these bloody marks?

Heph. Ere we arriv'd,
Perdiccas had already plac'd the prince
In a lone court, all but his hands unarm'd.

Cly. On them were gauntlets; such was his desire,
In death to shew the difference betwixt
The blood of Eacus, and common men.
Forth issuing from his den, amaz'd we saw
The horrid savage, with whose hideous roar
The palace shook; his angry eye-balls glaring
With triple fury, menac'd death and ruin.

Heph. With unconcern, the gallant prince ad-
vanc'd;

Now, Parisatis, be the glory thine,
But mine the danger, were his only words;
For, as he spoke, the furious beast descried him,
And rush'd, outrageous, to devour his prey.

Cly. Agile and vigorous, he avoids the shock
With a slight wound; and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gauntlet, arm, and all, into his throat,
And, with Herculean strength, tears forth his tongue;
Foaming and bloody, the disabled savage
Sunk to the earth, and plough'd it with his teeth;
While, with an active bound, your conqu'ring
soldier

Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his scull in pieces.

Alex. By all my laurels, 'twas a godlike act;
And 'tis my glory, as it shall be thine,
That Alexander could not pardon thee.

Oh, my brave soldier, think not all the pray'rs
And tears of the lamenting queens could move me
Like what thou hast perform'd! Grow to my breast.

Lys. Thus, self-condemn'd, and conscious of
my guilt,
How shall I stand such unexampled goodness?

Oh, pardon, sir, the transports of despair,
The frantic outrage of ungovern'd love!
E'en when I shew'd the greatest want of reverence,
I could have died with rapture in your service.

Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported;
But, from this hour, be certain of my heart.

A lion be the impress of thy shield;
And that gold armour we from Porus won,
Thy king presents thee. But thy wounds ask rest.

Lys. I have no wounds, dread sir; or, if I had,
Were they all mortal, they should stream unminded,
When Alexander was the glorious health.

Alex. Thy hand, Hephestion. Clasp him to thy
heart,

And wear him ever near thee. Parisatis
Shall now be his who serves me best in war.

Neither reply; but mark the charge I give—

Live, live as friends; you will, you must, you shall;
'Tis a god gives you life.

Cly. Oh, monstrous vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says Clytus? who am I?

Cly. The son
Of good king Philip.

Alex. By my kindred gods,
'Tis false: great Ammon gave me birth.

Cly. I've done.

Alex. Clytus, what means that dress? Give him
a robe there.

Take it, and wear it.

Cly. Sir, the wine, the weather
Has heated me; besides, you know my humour.

Alex. Oh! 'tis not well! I'd rather perish, burn,
Than be so singular and froward.

Cly. So would I—

Burn, hang, or drown; but in a better cause.

I'll drink, or fight, for sacred majesty

With any here. Fill me another bowl.

Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excus'd.

But let him have his humour; he is old.

Cly. So was your father, sir; this to his mem'ry!
Sound all the trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

Till the king drinks. Sure, I was born to wage

Eternal war! All are my enemies,

Whom I could tame. But let the sports go on.

Lys. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise so well—

Alex. Let him persist, be positive, and proud,

Envious and sullen 'mongst the nobler souls,

Like an infernal spirit that hath stol'n

From hell, and mingled with the mirth of gods.

Cly. When gods grow hot, no difference I know
'Twixt them and devils. Fill me Greek wine: yet,
Yet fuller; I want spirits.

Alex. Let me have music.

Cly. Music for boys. Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying soldiers, and the neigh of steeds;

Or, if I must be pester'd with shrill sounds,

Give me the cries of matrons in sack'd towns.

Heph. Let us, Lysimachus, awake the king;

A heavy gloom is gathering on his brow.

Kneel all, with humblest adoration, kneel,

And let a health to Jove's great son go round.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may
hear, (*A loud flourish of trumpets.*)

Oh, for the voice of Jove! the world should know

The kindness of my people. Rise, Oh, rise!—

My hands, my arms, my heart, are ever your's.

Cly. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand;
I am unworthy, sir.

Alex. Thou art, indeed!

Thou enviest the great honour of thy master—

Sit, all my friends. Now let us talk of war;

The noblest subject for a soldier's mouth;

And speak, speak freely, else you love me not;

Who, think you, was the greatest general

That ever led an army to the field?

Heph. A chief so great, so fortunately brave,
And justly so renown'd as Alexander,

The radiant sun, since first his beams gave light,
Never yet saw.

Lys. Such was not Cyrus, nor the fam'd Alcides,
Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in ashes, though the warring gods
Oppos'd him.

Alex. Oh, you flatter me! you flatter me!

Cly. They do, indeed; and yet you love 'em for't,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.

Come, shall I speak a man, with equal bravery,
A better general, and experter soldier?

Alex. Instruct me, sir; I should be glad to learn.

Cly. Your father, Philip. I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The boldest at this table would have trembled.
Nay, frown not, sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war,
The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.

Why should I fear to speak a bolder truth,
Than e'er the lying priests of Ammon told you?
Philip fought men, but Alexander, women.

Alex. Proud spite, and burning envy, by the gods!
Is then my glory come to this at last,
To conquer women! Nay, he said, the stoutest,
The stoutest here would tremble at his dangers.
In all the sickness, all the wounds, I bore,
When, from my reins, the javelin's head was cut,
Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak, Perdiccas,
Did I once tremble? Oh, the cursed falsehood!
Did I once shake or groan? or act beneath
The dauntless resolution of a king?

Lys. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis mere malice—
I was a woman too, at Oxydrace,
When, planting on the walls a scaling ladder,
I mounted, spite of show'rs of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down;
When you, beneath, cried out, and spread your arms,
That I should leap among you; did I so?

Lys. Dread sir, the old man knows not what
he says.

Alex. Was I a woman, when, like Mercury,
I leap'd the walls, and flew amidst the foe,
And, like a baited lion, dy'd myself
All over in the blood of those bold hunters;
Till, spent with toil, I battled on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the darts that made my shield a
forest,

And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury?
Then, shining in my arms, I sunn'd the field,
Mov'd, spoke, and fought, and was myself a war.

Cly. 'Twas all bravado; for, before you leap'd,
You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Oh, that thou wert but young again, and
vigorous,
That I might strike thee prostrate to the earth
For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard!

Cly. I know the reason why you use me thus.
I sav'd you from the sword of bold Rhesaces,
Else had your godship slumber'd in the dust;
And most ungratefully you hate me for it.

Alex. Hence from the banquet! Thus far I
forgive thee.

Cly. First try, for none can want forgiveness more,
To have your own bold blasphemies forgiven,
The shameful riots of a vicious life,
Philotas' murder—

Alex. Ha! what said the traitor?

Heph. Clytus, withdraw; Eumenes, force him
hence.

Cly. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,
To Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes,
To great Parmenio, and his slaughter'd sons.

Alex. Give me a javelin.

Lys. Hold, mighty sir.

Alex. Sirrah! Off,
Lest I at once strike through his heart and thine.
Begone to Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes; (*Stabs him.*)
And let bold subjects learn, by thy example,

Not to provoke the patience of their prince.

(*Clytus falls.*)

Cly. The rage of wine is drown'd in gushing blood.
Oh, Alexander! I have been to blame;
Hate me not after death; for I repent,
That I so far have urg'd your noble nature.

Alex. What's this I hear! Say on, my dying
soldier.

Cly. I should have kill'd myself, had I but liv'd
To be once sober; but now I fall with honour;
My own hands wou'd have brought foul death.
Oh, pardon. (*Dies.*)

Alex. Then I am lost! What has my vengeance
done!

Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus! what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,
The bravest soldier! He who sav'd thy life,
Fighting bare-headed at the river Granick;
For a rash word, spoke in the heat of wine,
The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain;
Clytus, thy friend, thy guardian, thy preserver!

Heph. Remove the body, it inflames his sorrow.

Alex. None dare touch him; we must never part.
Cruel Hephestion and Lysimachus,
That had the power, yet would not hold me! Oh!

Lys. Dear sir, we did.

Alex. I know ye did; ye held me
Like a wild beast, to let me go again
With greater violence. Oh, ye've undone me!
Excuse it not—you that could stop a lion, (*To Lys.*)
Cou'd not turn me? ye should have drawn your
swords,

And barr'd my rage with their advancing points;
Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,
Till I had seen the precipice before me:
That had been noble, that had shewn the friend.
Clytus would so have done to save your lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were
urg'd—

Alex. No; you have let me stain my rising glory,
Which else had ended brighter than the sun.
Oh, I am all a blot, which seas of tears,
And my heart's blood, can never wash away;
Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the point,
Still reeking, hurl my black polluted breast.

Heph. Oh, sacred sir—it shall not—must not be.

Lys. Forgive, dread sir, forgive my pious hands,
That dare, in duty, to disarm my master.

Alex. Yes, cruel men, ye now can shew your
strength;
Here's not a slave, but dares oppose my justice,
Yet none had courage to prevent this murder.
But I will render all endeavours vain,
That tend to save my life. Here will I lie,
Close to my murder'd soldier's bleeding side,
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
Till death has clos'd my eyes, like his, for ever.

(*Throws himself on the body of Clytus.*)

Enter PERDICCAS.

Per. Treason! foul treason! Hephestion, where's
the king?

Heph. There, by old Clytus' side, whom he hath
slain.

Per. Rise, sacred sir, and haste to save the
queen:

Roxana, fill'd with furious jealousy,
Came with a guard unmark'd: she gain'd the bow'r,
And broke upon me with such sudden fury,
That all have perish'd who oppos'd her rage.

Alex. What says Perdiccas? Is the queen in
danger?

Per. Haste, sir, to your Statira, or she dies.

Alex. Thus from the grave I rise to save her life.
All draw your swords, on wings of lightning move,
Young Ammon leads you, and the cause is love;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.

[*Flourish of trumpets, drums, &c. Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Gardens of Semiramis.*STATIRA *discovered asleep.*

Sta. Bless me, ye pow'rs above, and guard my virtue! [fled?
Where are ye fled, dear shades? Where are ye
'Twas but a dream; and yet I saw and heard
My royal parents, who, while pious care
Sat on their faded cheeks, pronounc'd with tears,
Tears such as angels weep, this hour my last.
But hence with fear—my Alexander comes,
And fear and danger ever fled from him.
My Alexander! Would that he were here!
For Oh, I tremble, and a thousand terrors
Rush in upon me, and alarm my heart.

(Distant flourish of trumpets.)

But hark, 'tis he, and all my fears are fled:
My life, my joy, my Alexander comes.

Rox. *(Within.)* Make fast the gate with all its
massy bars;
At length we've conquer'd this stupendous height,
And reach'd the grove.

Sta. Ye guardian gods, defend me!
Roxana's voice! Then all the vision's true,
And die I must.

Enter ROXANA.

Rox. Secure the brazen gate.
Where is my rival? 'tis Roxana calls.

Sta. And what is she, who, with such tow'ring
pride,
Would awe a princess that is born above her?

Rox. Behold this dagger! 'Tis thy fate, Statira!
Behold, and meet it as becomes a queen.

Fain would I find thee worthy of my vengeance;
Here, take my weapon then; and, if thou dar'st—

Sta. How little know'st thou what Statira dares!
Yes, cruel woman! yes, I dare meet death
With a resolve, at which thy coward heart
Wou'd shrink; for terror haunts the guilty mind;
While conscious innocence, that knows no fear,
Can smiling pass, and scorn thy idle threats.

Rox. Return, fair insolent! return, I say.
Dar'st thou, presumptuous, to invade my rights?
Restore him quickly to my longing arms,
And with him give me back his broken vows,
For perjur'd as he is, he still is mine,
Or I will rend him from thy bleeding heart.

Sta. Alas! Roxana, 'tis not in my power;
I cannot if I would—And, oh, ye gods,
What were the world to Alexander's loss!

Rox. Oh, sorceress, to thy accursed charms
I owe the frenzy that distracts my soul;
To them I owe my Alexander's loss.
Too late thou tremblest at my just revenge,
My wrongs cry out, and vengeance will have way.

(Holds up the dagger.)

Sta. Hold, hold, thy threat'ning hand advanc'd
in air.

I read my sentence written in thy eyes:
Yet, Oh, Roxana, on thy black revenge
One kindly ray of female pity beam,
And give me death in Alexander's presence.

Rox. Not for the world's wide empire should'st
thou see him.

Fool! but for him thou might'st unheeded live;
For his sake only art thou doom'd to die.
The sole remaining joy that glads my soul,
Is to deprive thee of the heart I've lost.

*(Flourish of trumpets.)**Enter a Slave.*

Slave. Madam, the king and all his guards are
come;

With frantic rage they thunder at the gate,
And must, ere this, have gain'd admittance.

*[Exit Slave.]**Rox.* Ha!

Too long I've trifled; let me then redeem
The time mispent, and make great vengeance sure.

Sta. Is Alexander, Oh, ye gods, so nigh,
And can he not preserve me from her fury?

Rox. Nor he, nor heav'n, shall shield thee from
my justice.

Die, sorc'ress, die, and all my wrongs die with thee.
(Stabs her.)

Alex. *(Without.)* Away, ye slaves, stand off!—
Quick let me fly

On lightning's wings;—nor heav'n nor earth, shall
stop me.

*Enter ALEXANDER, LYSIMACHUS, CASSANDER,
PERDICCAS, THESSALUS, Officers and Guards.*

Ha! Oh, my soul, my queen, my love, Statira!
These wounds! are these my promis'd joys?

Sta. Alas!

My only love, my best and dearest blessing,
Wou'd I had died before you enter'd here;
For thus delighted, while I gaze upon thee,
Death grows more horrid, and I'm loth to leave
thee. [stars!]

Alex. Thou shalt not leave me. Cruel, cruel
Oh, where's the monster, where's the horrid fiend,
That struck at innocence, and murder'd thee?

Rox. Behold the wretch, who, desperate of thy
love,

In jealous madness gave the fatal blow.

Alex. To dungeons, tortures, drag her from my
sight.

Sta. My soul is on the wing. Spare
Roxana's life. 'Twas love of you that caus'd
The death she gave me. And, Oh, sometimes think,
Amidst your revels, think on your poor queen;
And, ere the cheerful bowl salute your lips,
Enrich it with a tear, and I am happy. *(Dies.)*

Alex. Yet, ere thou tak'st thy flight—She's gone,
she's gone!

All, all is hush'd; no music now is heard;
The roses wither; and the fragrant breath
That wak'd their sweets, shall never wake'em more.

Rox. Weep not, my lord! no sorrow can recall
her.

Oh! turn your eyes, and in Roxana's arms,
You'll find fond love and everlasting truth.

Alex. Hence, from my sight, and thank my dear
Statira,

That yet thou art alive.

Rox. Yes, thus I'll fasten on your sacred robe;
Thus, on my knees, for ever cling around you,
Till you forgive me, or till death divide us.

Alex. Hence, fury, hence: there's not a glance
of thine,

But, like a basilisk, comes wing'd with death.

Rox. Oh, speak not thus, to one who kneels for
mercy.

Think, for whose sake it was I madly plung'd
Into a crime abhorrent to my nature.

Alex. Off, murd'ress, off! for ever shun my sight!
My eyes detest thee, for thy soul is ruin.

Rox. Barbarian! yes, I will for ever shun thee,
Repeated injuries have steel'd my heart,
And I cou'd curse myself for being kind.

If there is any majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjur'd love,
Send, heav'n, the swiftest ruin on his head!
Strike the destroyer! lay the victor dead;
But what are curses? Curses will not kill,
Nor ease the tortures I am doom'd to feel. *[Exit.]*

Alex. Oh, my fair star, I shall be shortly with
thee!

What means this deadly dew upon my forehead?
My heart too heaves!—

Cus. The poison works!*Enter EUMENES.*

Eume. Pardon, dear sir, a fatal messenger.
The royal Sysigambis is no more.

Struck with the horror of Statira's fate,
She soon expir'd, and, with her latest breath,
Left Parisatis to Lysimachus.
But what, I fear, most deeply will affect you,
Your lov'd Hephestion's—

Alex. Dead! then he is bless'd!
But here, here lies my fate. Hephestion! Clytus!
My victories all for ever folded up
In this dear body. Here my banner's lost,
My standard's triumphs gone.—Oh, when, Oh,
when,
Shall I be mad indeed?

[*Exeunt all but Cassander and Thessalus.*]

Cas. He's gone—but whither?—follow, Thessalus,
Attend his steps, and let me know what passes.

[*Exeunt Thessalus and Cassander.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter CASSANDER.

Cas. Vengeance, lie still, thy cravings shall be stated.

Death roams at large, the furies are unchain'd,
And murder plays her mighty master-piece.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Saw you the king? He parted hence this moment.

Poly. Yes; with disorder'd wildness in his looks,
He rush'd along, till, with a casual glance,
He saw me where I stood; then stopping short,
Draw near, he cried; and grasp'd my hand in his,
Where more than fevers rag'd in ev'ry vein.
Oh, Polyperchon! I have lost my queen!
Statira's dead!—and, as he spoke, the tears
Gush'd from his eyes—I more than felt his pains.

Enter THESSALUS.

Thes. Hence, hence, away!

Cas. Where is he, Thessalus?

Thes. I left him circled by a crowd of princes,
The poison tears him with that height of horror,
E'en I could pity him; he call'd the chiefs;
Embrac'd 'em round—then, starting from amidst
'em [it.

Cried out, I come—'Twas Ammon's voice; I know
Father, I come; but, let me, ere I go,
Despatch the business of a kneeling world.

Poly. No more—I hear him—we must meet anon.

Cas. In Saturn's field, there give a loose to
rapture,
Enjoy the tempest we ourselves have rais'd,
And triumph in the wreck which crowns our ven-
geance. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Palace.*

ALEXANDER, LYSIMACHUS, EUMENES, PERDIC-
CAS, *Officers, Guards, and Attendants, discovered.*

Alex. Search there; nay, probe me; search my
wounded reins—

Pull, draw it out.

Lys. We have search'd, but find no hurt.

Alex. Oh, I am shot!—a forked, burning arrow
Sticks 'cross my shoulders; the sad venom flies,
Like lightning thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.

Lys. How fierce his fever!

Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels;

'Tis, sure, the arm of death. Give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.

Eume. Have mercy, heav'n!

Alex. Who talks of heav'n?

I burn, I burn again!—

The wargrows wond'rous hot;—hey for the Tygris!
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows.

Oh, 'tis a noble beast; I would not change him
For the best horse the sun has in his stable;
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals;
Their manes are flakes of light'ning, curls of fire;
And their red tails, like meteors, whisk about.

Lys. Help, all! Eumenes, help.

Alex. Ha! ha! ha! I shall die with laughter.

Parmenio, Clytus, do you see yon fellow,
That ragged soldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians,
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, through which
The grizly bristles of his pushing beard
Drive 'em like pikes—ha! ha! ha!

Per. How wild he talks!

Lys. Yet warring in his wildness.

Alex. Sound, sound! keep your ranks close;
ay, now they come.

Oh, the brave din, the noblest clank of arms!—
Charge, charge apace; and let the phalanx move;
Darius comes—ay, 'tis Darius:

I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot, drawn by ten white horses:
But, like a tempest, thus I pour upon him—
He bleeds; with that last blow I brought him
down:

He tumbles, take him, snatch the imperial crown.
They fly, they fly; follow, follow: Victoria,
Victoria, Victoria—

(*Throws himself into the arms of the Soldiers.*)

Per. Let's bear him softly to his bed.

Alex. Hold; the least motion gives me sudden
death;

My vital spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoky entrails turn'd to ashes.

Lys. When you, the brightest star that ever
shone,

Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all, before I die.—

Weep not, my dear companions; the good gods
Shall send ye in my stead a nobler prince,
One that shall lead ye forth with matchless conduct.

Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind ex-
pressions. [Mars.

Per. We will not part with you, nor change for

Alex. Perdiccas, take this ring.

And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lys. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Per. When will you, sacred sir, that we should
give

To your great memory, those divine honours
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in peace.
Your hands—Oh, father, if I have discharg'd

The duty of a man to empire born;

If, by unwearied toil, I have deserv'd

The vast renown of thy adopted son,

Accept this soul which thou didst first inspire,

And which this sigh thus gives thee back again.

(*Dies.*)

CATO;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOSEPH ADDISON.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

CATO
LUCIUS
PORCIUS

MARCUS
DECIUS
JUBA

SEMPRONIUS
SYPHAX
JUNIUS

TITUS
MARCIA
LUCIA

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the palace.*

Enter PORCIUS and MARCUS.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Mar. Thy steady temper, Porcius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy:
I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd,
Pharsalia rises to my view; I see
The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter.

O Porcius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious great-
ness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant bright-
ness!

His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him:
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

Mar. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens! such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;
Our understanding traces them in vain;
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Mar. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
O Porcius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus
Passion unpitied and successful love [calmly.
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind,—

Por. (*Aside.*) Thou seest not that thy brother
is thy rival:

But I must hide it; for I know thy temper.—
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Mar. Alas! the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, that grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse;
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince :
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her ;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him :
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What ! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul ?

Mar. No more, no more ! your words leave
stings behind 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Porcius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour ?

Por. O Marcus ! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Believe me, I could freely die to do it. [friends !

Mar. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of
Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions.—But, Sempronius comes :
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[Exit.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. (*Aside.*) What means Porcius
here ?

I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.
Good morrow, Porcius ! Let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, whilst yet we both are free :
To-morrow, should we thus express our friend-
ship,

Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
His little Roman senate,—
The leavings of Pharsalia,—to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it ;
Or must, at length, give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence :
His virtues render her assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Porcius !
Could I but call that wonderful man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed.

Por. Alas ! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of
love

To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger ?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling
vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed,
my Porcius ;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son :
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my linger-
ing here

On this important hour. I'll straight away,
To animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.

'Tis not in mortals to command success ;

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

[Exit.

Sem. Curse on the stripling ! How he apes his
sire :

Ambitiously sententious !—But I wonder,
Old Syphax comes not ; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief.

Cato has us'd me ill : he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows :

Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down greatness on his friends, will
raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.—
Syphax comes.

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready ;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt : they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to
waste ;

Even whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba ?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas ! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius ; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues. But I'll try once more,
For every instant I expect him here,
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive :
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your
senate

Is call'd together ? Gods ! thou must be cautious :
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're covered thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax : I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion : 'tis the surest way :
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick : would'st thou be thought in
earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey
And teach the wily African deceit. [hairs,

Sem. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on
Juba.

Meanwhile, I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and, underhand,
Blow up their discontents, till they break out,
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste.
O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods ;
It is a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death ;
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.

Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at
Cato.

The time is short ; Cæsar comes rushing on us ;—
But hold !—young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent :
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart ;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms

Against these wonderous sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before 'em,
And own the force of their superior virtue?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who, like our active African, instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves:
A Roman soul is bent on higher views.
To make man mild and sociable to man,
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,
The embellishments of life; virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, kind heavens! Excuse an old man's warmth:—

What are these wonderous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts?
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Juba. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man:
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And, when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that our souls can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues:
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and, at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if, the following day, he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance, and choice;
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But, grant that others could with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him?

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;

I think, the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen, by a slave's hand, inglorious;
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Juba. What wouldst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Juba. Never: I should be more than twice an
By such a loss. [orphan

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you;
You long to call him father: Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato;
No wonder, you are deaf to all I say. [nate.

Juba. No more; your zeal becomes importu-
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large: but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Yet hear me, prince, tho' hard to conquer
love,

'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair,—O how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and, with becoming grace,
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
praise!

But, on my knees, I beg you would consider—

Juba. Ha! is't not she? It is:—she moves this
way:

And with her Lucia, Lucius' fair daughter.
My heart beats thick. I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while. [Exit.

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Juba. Hail, charming maid! How does thy
beauty smooth

The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me;
And, for a while, forget the approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think
my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba. O Marcia! let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle:
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father;
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Juba. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array
And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee,—
O lovely maid!—then will I think on thee;

And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. [Exit.]

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe.
How could you chide, and drive so sternly from you,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink
away

In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress:
Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I say,
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. But tell me, whose address thou favour'st
most:

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Suppose 'twere Porcius, could you blame
my choice?

O Porcius, thou hast stolen away my soul!
Marcus is furious, wild, in his complaints;
I hear him with a secret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! And canst thou throw
him from thee?

How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Porcius.

Mar. Lucia, no:
Had Porcius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fallen on him.

Luc. Porcius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns: so much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows;
But to the gods submit the event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours:
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shews. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Senate House.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, and Senators discovered.

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled senate.
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luci. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting. (Trumpets.)
Hark! he comes.

May all the guardian-gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO, PORCIUS, and MARCUS.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council:
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts:—are they still
To hold it out, and fight it to the last? [fix'd

Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose,—slavery or death?
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps, some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help!
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens:
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud,—To battle:
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world too justly say,
We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luci. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on
peace.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our
hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent. (Sits.)

Cato. Let us appear nor rash, nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public counsels,
Betrays like treason: let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [us;
Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No; let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last;
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Fathers, even now a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp; and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers. Bid him en-
ter. [Exit Junius.]
Decius was once my friend: but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIUS, JUNIUS, and TITUS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato.
Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?
Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees

The straits to which you're driven; and as he knows Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome. Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country. Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar: Her generals and her consuls are no more, Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend? [it.

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues, And therefore sets this value on your life:

Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship, And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions; Restore the commonwealth to liberty; Submit his actions to the public censure, And stand the judgment of a Roman senate: Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom.

Cato. Nay, more; though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,— Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour, And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar; he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica, And at the head of your own little senate; You don't now thunder in the capitol, With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither: 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little, And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye Beholds this man in a false glaring light, Which conquest and success have thrown upon him! Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em. I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes; But, by the gods I swear! millions of worlds Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar, For all his generous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain: Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato. Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul, Bid him employ his care for these my friends, And make good use of his ill-gotten power, By sheltering men much better than himself. [get

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you for— You are a man. You rush on your destruction. But I have done. When I relate hereafter The tale of this unhappy embassy, All Rome will be in tears. [Exit, with Jun. and Titus.

Sem. Cato, we thank thee: Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st, And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luci. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato; Who with so great a soul consults its safety, And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life: but what is life? 'Tis not to draw fresh air from time to time; 'Tis, to be free. When liberty is gone, Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish. Oh! could my dying hand but lodge a sword In Cæsar's bosom and revenge my country, By heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death, And smile in agony!

Luci. Others, perhaps, May serve their country with as warm a zeal, Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come, no more, Sempronius. All here are friends to Rome, and to each other: Let us not weaken still the weaker side By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments Are sacrific'd to Rome. I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luci. Cato, we all go in to your opinion: Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate We ought to hold it out, till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death. But, Cato, My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to This little interval, this pause of life, [fill While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful, With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery, And all the virtues we can crowd into it; That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd. Fathers, farewell! The young Numidian prince Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[Exeunt all but Cato.

Enter JUBA.

Cato. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd, Till time give better prospects, still to keep The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate. But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience, And condescend to hear a young man speak. My father, when, some days before his death, He order'd me to march for Utica, (Alas, I thought not then his death so near!) Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms, And, as his griefs gave way, "My son," he said, "However fortune may dispose of me, Be Cato's friend: he'll train thee up to great And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well, Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em."

Cato. Thy sire, good Juba, was a worthy prince, And merited, alas! a better fate: But heaven thought otherwise.

Juba. His cruel fate, In spite of all the fortitude that shines Before my face in Cato's great example, Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. His virtues drew respect from foreign climes:

The kings of Afric sought him for their friend; Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports, Behind the hidden sources of the Nile; Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd, Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I do not mean to boast his power and greatness. But point out new alliances to Cato. [ness,

Had we not better leave this Utica, To arm Numidia in our cause, and court The assistance of my father's numerous friends? Did they know Cato, our remotest kings Would pour embattled multitudes about him; Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains, Doubling the native horror of the war, And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think, Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar, Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief From court to court, and wander up and down A vagabond in Afric?

Juba. Cato, perhaps, I'm too officious; but my forward cares Would fain preserve a life of so much value. My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me. But know, young prince, that valour soars above What the world calls misfortune and affliction,

These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st: I pant
for virtue,
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and
toil?—

Laborious virtues all;—learn them from Cato!
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?
Tell me thy wishes, prince.

Juba. O, they're extravagant!
Still let me hide them.

Cato. Speak: what canst thou ask
That Cato will refuse?

Juba. I fear to name it:
Marcia inherits all her father's virtues—

Cato. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a
word

Might lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest, liberty or death. [Exit.

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince? What! cover'd
with confusion?

You look, as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone.

Syph. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Juba. I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!

Juba. O, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?

Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of
late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen
you,

Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down;
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Pr'ythee, no more.

Syph. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk, though honey
flow'd

In every word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia's lost for ever!

Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good
Marcia might still be yours. [advice:

Juba. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention!

Syph. Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. As how, dear Syphax?

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs and bits, and fleetier than the wind:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act, that would destroy my honour?

Syph. Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a
ruffian?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great men
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians:
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape:
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,—
These gods on earth,—are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba. Syphax, I fear, that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syph. My prince, you want to know the world:
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes men per-
fidious,

May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Juba. Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd? Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor!

Syph. (Aside.) I have gone too far.

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. (Aside.) I must appease this storm, or
perish in it. [white

Young prince, behold these locks that are grown
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, the infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?

This the reward of a whole life of service?

Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!

(Aside.)

Juba. Is it, because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such
expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims? What is it he aspires to?

Is it not this? To shed the slow remains,

His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

Juba. Syphax, no more: I would not hear you
talk. [to Juba,

Syph. Not hear me talk? What! when my faith
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?

My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:

But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,

And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince. [heart:

Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've
To do an action which my soul abhors, [offer'd

And gain you whom you love, at any price:

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Juba. Sure thou mistak'st: I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did, indeed, my prince; you call'd me
traitor:

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.

Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato;

That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice

His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me: but thy
To serve thy master, carried thee too far. [zeal

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,

The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,

And imitates her actions, where she is not:

It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk; but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba. Give me thy hand: we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person:
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?

My joy grows burthensome: I sha'n't support it.

Juba. My friend, farewell. I'll hence, and try to
Some blest occasion that may set me right [find
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[Exit.

Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget
affronts;

Old age is slow in both. A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds.
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.

Syph. Who is this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him;
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
Is Juba fix'd?

Syph. Yes; but it is to Cato.
I've tried the force of every reason on him;
Laid safety, life, and interest, in his sight;
But all are vain; he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Well, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
My friend, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st
have her!

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Sem. All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, and spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers:
Within an hour, they'll storm the senate-house.

Syph. Meanwhile, I'll draw up my Numidian
troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Portico of the palace.

Enter MARCUS, and PORCIUS.

Mar. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Porcius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. The friendships of the world are oft, my
brother,

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Mar. Porcius, thou know'st my soul in all its
weakness;

Then, pr'ythee, spare me on its tender side;
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules. [love:

Por. When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
I know 'twere vain, but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Mar. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
The impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.

A lover does not live by vulgar time:
In every moment of my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burthen;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can I say, or do, to give thee help?

Mar. Porcius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's
presence:

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence,
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her, thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. I do entreat thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill: thou know'st my temper.

Mar. Canst thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
O, Porcius, Porcius! from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love:
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

(Retires, in great agitation.)

Por. (Aside.) What should I do? If I disclose
my passion,

Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to friend and brother.

Mar. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Behold her! Porcius,
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of
beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances.

Mar. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Porcius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [Exit.

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. O, Lucia! language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies.
My heart bleeds for him:

Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Porcius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might, perhaps, destroy
him. [my Lucia?

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think,

His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him :
Then do not strike him dead with a denial ;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope :
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us,—

Luc. No, Porcius, no : I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves :
And, Porcius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to join my plighted hand with thine,
While such a cloud of mischief hangs about us ;
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said ? Recall those hasty
Or I am lost for ever. [words,

Luc. Think, Porcius ; think thou see'st thy dying
brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee. Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause
That robs him of his son. Farewell, my Porcius !
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever !

Por. Thou must not go ; my soul still hovers o'er
And can't get loose. [thee,

Luc. If the firm Porcius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers.
But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way :
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell !
Farewell ! and know, thou wrong'st me, if thou
think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [Exit.

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Porcius, what hopes ? How stands she ?
Am I doom'd
To life or death ?

Por. What would'st thou have me say ?

Mar. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd
thoughts,
Tell me my fate ; I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Mar. What ! does the barbarous maid insult my
And triumph in my pains ? [heart,

Por. Away ! you're too suspicious in your griefs :
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Mar. Compassionates my pains, and pities me !
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love ?
Fool that I was, to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause ! Compassionates my pains !
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty : 'tis scorn—'tis death.

Por. Marcus, no more ! Have I deserv'd this
treatment ? [me !

Mar. What have I said ? O Porcius ! O forgive
A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With every thing, its friends, itself.

[Trumpets sound.]

But, ah !

What means that sound, big with the threat of war ?
What new alarm ? [Trumpets sound.]

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.

Mar. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle !
Lucia, thou hast undone me : thy disdain
Has broke my heart : 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence : who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure ? O Marcus, I am on fire ! my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Square before the palace.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, JUNIUS, TITUS, and other
Mutineers.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm
blows high ;

Be it your care, my friends to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile, I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number ; that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [Exit.

Jun. We are all safe ; Sempronius is our friend.
[Trumpets sound.]

Hark ! Cato enters. Bear up boldly to him ;
This day will end our toils, and give us rest.—
Fear nothing ; for Sempronius is our friend.
[Trumpets sound.]

Enter CATO, PORCIUS, MARCUS, LUCIUS, SEM-
PRONIUS, Senators, &c.

Cato. Where are these bold, intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance ?

Sem. (Aside.) Curse on their dastard souls, they
stand astonish'd ! [honour

Cato. Perfidious men !—and will you thus dis-
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars ?
Do you confess, 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty,
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces ?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Behold, ungrateful men !—

Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato ?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils ?
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares ?
Painful pre-eminence !

Sem. (Aside.) By heavens they droop :—
Confusion to the villains !—all is lost.

Cato. Hence, worthless men !—hence, and com-
plain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your general bore.

Luci. See, Cato, see,—the unhappy men !—they
weep :

Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men ; give up your
leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care :
First, let them each be broken on the rack,—
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake ;
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind :
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius :—see they suffer
death ;

But, in their deaths, remember they are men.—

[The Mutineers retire.—The four Senators
advance into their places.]

Lucius, the base, degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour ;
This curbs an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I gladly execute thy will.

Cato. Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
So dearly bought, the price of so much blood :
O let it never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children !
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,

Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence!

[*Flourish.*—*Exeunt Cato, Porcius, Marcus, Lucius, Senators, &c.*]

Jun. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself: One would have thought, you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off!—Base, groveling, worthless wretches!

Mongrels in faction! poor faint-hearted traitors!

Tit. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius: Throw off the mask; there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but, if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.—
Guards!—

Enter Guards.

Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

Jun. Nay; since it comes to this,—

Sem. Despatch them quick;—but first, pluck out
their tongues;

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt Guards, with the Mutineers.*]

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd
abortive;

Still there remains an after-game to play.

My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:

Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our passage.

A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

Syph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's
slave?

Sem. Think not that I can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,

And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. What hinders then, but that thou find her
And hurry her away by manly force. [out,

Sem. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's
guards:

The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. I thank thy friendly zeal:—Marcia's my
own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms;
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid;
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous
prize,

Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Portico of the palace.

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know, thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius:

But which of these has power to charm like Porcius?

Mar. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?

Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man:

Juba, to all the bravery of a hero

Adds softest love and sweetness: he, I own,

Might make indeed the proudest woman happy.

Luc. But, should your father give you to Sempronius?—

Mar. I dare not think he will: but, if he should,—
I hear the sound of feet:—they march this way.—

Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer thought in sense of present danger.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,

In spite of all the virtue we can boast,

The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SEMPRONIUS, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd: I've track'd her to her
covert:

Be sure you mind the word; and, when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey:

Let not her cries or tears have force to move you,—

How will the young Numidian rave, to see

His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul

Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,

'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.—

But hark, what noise? Death to my hopes! 'tis he,

'Tis Juba's self, There is but one way left;

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut

Through those his guards. Ha! dastards, do you
tremble?

Or act like men, or, by yon azure heaven,—

Enter JUBA, with Guards.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares
usurp

The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.

Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee:—have at thy
heart.

Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous
man.

(*They fight. Sempronius falls. His Guards
surrender to Juba's.*)

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to
fall

By a boy's hand, and for a worthless woman?

This my close of life?—

Oh, for a peal of thunder, that would make

Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!
(*Dies.*)

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke
loose,

And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!

Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit, with Guards and Prisoners.*]

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Luc. Sure, 'twas the clash of swords: my
troubled heart

Is so cast down and sunk amidst its sorrows,

It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.

O Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—

I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood!

What! a Numidian! Heavens preserve the prince!

The face lies muffled up within the garment,—

But hah!—death to my sight!—a diadem?—

O gods! 'tis he! Juba lies dead before us.

Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my pa-
tience:

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

Enter JUBA, with Guards.

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills.
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.
I will indulge my sorrows;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius

That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel?
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth! he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.

Juba. Do I live? or am, indeed,
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me.

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men
Nor modesty, nor virtue, here forbids
A last embrace, while thus—

Juba. (*Comes forward.*) See, Marcia; see,
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it, too,
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported.

If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba, on a curs'd design.

(*Signs to his guards, to carry off the body.*)

The tale is long, nor have I heard it out;
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping; and confess, this once,
Am rapt with joy, to see my Marcia's tears.

Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba. My joy! my best lov'd! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul?

Mar. Lucia, thy arm: O, let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush, to think what I have said;
But fate has wrested the confession from me.
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour:
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exit with Lucia.*]

Juba. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What, though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Square before the palace.*

Enter LUCIUS, CATO, Freedmen, &c.

Luci. I stand astonish'd. What! the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of pa-
As with a hurricane of zeal transported!
And, virtuous even to madness.

Cato. Trust me, my friend,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
O Lucius! I am sick of this bad world:
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORCIUS.

But see where Porcius comes. What means this haste?

Por. My heart is griev'd;
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so:

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch:
I saw, and call'd to stop him; but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[*Exit Porcius with the Freedmen.*]

Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

Luci. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life. [number

Cato. Would Lucius have me live, to swell the
Of Cæsar's slaves? or, by a base submission,
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms:—his enemies confess,
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's. [country:

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his
Such popular humanity is treason.
But Juba comes: the ingenuous prince appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded, to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Juba. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too:
Thou hast a Roman soul.

Juba. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas! good youth,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes; Rome has its Cæsars.

Juba. 'Tis generous, thus to comfort the dis-
tress'd. [serv'd.

Cato. 'Tis just, to give applause where 'tis de-
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its
weight.

Enter PORCIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him,
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,—
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd, with multitudes, he greatly fell,

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Por. Nor did he fall, before [Syphax.
His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of
I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his
duty.

Porcius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luci. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience!
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches;
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

(*A dead march sounds.*)

Enter Lictors, Senators, Soldiers bearing the body of Marcus on a bier, Freedmen, with his helmet, shield, sword, and spear; eagle and other ensigns; and guards with their arms reversed.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here set him down,
my friends,

Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once, to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd, if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

Porcius, behold thy brother; and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
When Rome demands? But Rome is now no more;
The Roman empire's fall'n,—O curs'd ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands:—our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer, but his country.

Juba. Behold that generous man! Rome fills
his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

Por. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Cæsar asham'd! Has he not seen Pharsalia?

Luci. Cato, 'tis time, thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm out of
danger;

Cæsar shall never say, "I've conquer'd Cato."

But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts. How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luci. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you: let him know,
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it:
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake:
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

Juba. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon *Juba*!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince; if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great. At Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.

Porcius, come hither to me. Ah! my son,
Despairing of success,

Let me advise thee to withdraw betimes

To our paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life:
There live retir'd:

Content thyself to be obscurely good:

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to *Porcius*, that he scorns himself. [*you*]

Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
Their sails already opening to the winds,
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

(*Pointing to his dead son.*)

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,

Shall know he conquer'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Senators.*]

The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune cross'd,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

[*A dead march. Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in the Palace.

CATO discovered, sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul: a drawn sword on the table by him,

Cato. It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else when this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold: If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.)
But when? or where? This world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures: This must end 'em.

(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me, I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORCIUS.

But ha! how's this? My son! Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!

What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence. (*Takes up the sword.*)

Cato. Rash youth, forbear! [*friends,*]

Por. O, let the prayers, the entreaties of your
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
you.

Cato. Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou
give me up,

A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?

Retire: and learn obedience to a father;

Or know, young man,—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me:

(*Lays down the sword.*)

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well: again I'm master of myself.

Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;

Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.

Por. (*Kneels.*) O, sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father,—
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so?—be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me, whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

(*Raises and embraces him.*)

Weep not, my son; all will be well again:
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and protect his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Porcius, thou may'st rely upon my con-
Cato will never act what misbecomes him.

But go, my son; take care that nought be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend 'em.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

[*Exit Cato.*]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease; my heart
revives.

Enter MARCIA.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope:
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

[*Exit Porcius.*]

Mar. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose!
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams! Remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia? Where is
Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low:—he is retir'd to rest.
My friend, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul: we may be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato;
In every view, in every thought, I tremble.
Cato is stern, and awful as a god:
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle, to his friends:
Fill'd with domestic tenderness,—the best,
The kindest father. I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us happy.
But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Porcius?
Or, how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luci. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man.
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep has fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, "Cæsar, thou canst not hurt
me."

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from
viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luci. Marcia, 'tis time, we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms;
And waits at distance, till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORCIUS.

Porcius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks, I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of
Spain

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

(*Cato's groans are heard.*)

But hark! what means that groan? O, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*]

Luci. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. (*Cato groans again.*)
Ha! a second groan!—Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps: 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.

Enter PORCIUS.

Por. O, sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.

Luci. O Porcius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

Mar. O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Enter CATO, with two Freedmen.

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O
Cæsar!

Luci. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato. Here set me down.

Porcius, come near me:—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst yet I live, let me not live in vain.
O Lucius, art thou here? Thou art too good!
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Porcius happy in thy daughter Lucia,
Alas, poor man he weeps! Marcia, my daughter,
O bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia,
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction:
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.
I'm sick to death. O, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear,
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!

The best may err; but you are good; and—oh!
(*Dies.*)

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY;

A BURLESQUE OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,—BY H. CAREY:

TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE **Old Ballad** ON WHICH IT IS FOUNDED.



Act III.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

MOORE
GUBBINS

DRAGON
MARGERY

MAUXALINDA
VILLAGERS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Rural Prospect.—Enter Villagers.

CHORUS.

*Fly, neighbours, fly!
The Dragon's nigh;
Save, save your lives, and fly!*

*Away, away!
For if you stay,
Sure as a gun, you die.
Fly, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

(The Dragon crosses the stage.)

SCENE II.—A Hall.

Enter GUBBINS, MAUXALINDA, and Chorus.

Gub. What wretched havoc does this Dragon make!
He sticks at nothing for his belly's sake.
Feeding but makes his appetite the stronger;
He'll eat us all, if he 'bide here much longer.

AIR.—GUBBINS.

*Poor children three,
Devoured he,
That could not with him grapple;
And, at one sup,
He eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.*

CHORUS.

*Houses and churches,
To him are geese and turkeys.*

Enter MARGERY.

Marg. Oh! father, father! as our noble 'squire
Was sat at breakfast by his parlour fire,
With wife and children, all in pleasant tattle,
The table shook, the cups began to rattle:
The table shook, the cups began to rattle:
A dismal noise was heard within the hall,—
Away they flew! the Dragon scar'd them all!
He drank up all their coffee at a sup;
And next devour'd their toast and butter up.

AIR.—MARGERY.

*But to hear the children mutter,
When they'd lost their toast and butter,
And to see my lady moan,
Oh! 'twould melt a heart of stone.*

*Here the 'squire with servants wrangling;
There the maids and mistress jangling;
And the pretty hungry dears,
All together by the ears,
Scrambling for a barley-cake;
Oh! 'twould make one's heart to ache.
But to hear, &c.*

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is;
What shall we do in this disast'rous crisis?
Marg. A thought, to quell him, comes into my head;
No way more proper than to kill him dead.

Gub. Oh! miracle of wisdom! rare suggestion!
But how, or who to do it? that's the question.

Marg. Not far from hence there lives a valiant knight,
A man of prowess great, and mickle might;
He has done deeds St. George himself might brag on.

Maux. This very man is he shall kill the Dragon.

AIR.—MAUXALINDA.

*He's a man ev'ry inch, I assure you,
Stout, vig'rous, active, and tall;
There's none can from danger secure you,
Like brave gallant Moore, of Moore-hall.
No giant or knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their hearts with alarms;
No virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his arms.*

CHORUS.

*Let's go to his dwelling,
With yelping and yelling,
And tell him a sorrowful ditty;
Who knows but the knight,
With this Dragon may fight,
If he have but a morsel of pity? [Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Moore Hall.

Enter MOORE and his Companions.

Moore. Come, friends, let's circulate the cheerful glass;
Let each true toper toast his favourite lass.
Sound all your instruments of joy, and play!
Let's drink and sing, and pass the time away.

AIR.—MOORE.

*Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle;
Poets, painters, and musicians,
Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
All admire a pretty lass,
All require a cheerful glass.
Every pleasure has its season,
Love and drinking are no treason.
Zeno, &c.*

Enter GUBBINS, MARGERY, MAUXALINDA, and others.

CHORUS.

*Oh! save us all, (Kneeling.)
Moore of Moore Hall!
Or else this cursed Dragon
Will plunder our houses,
Our daughters and spouses,
And leave us the devil a rag on.*

AIR.—MARGERY.

*Gentle knight! all knights exceeding,
Pink of prowess and good breeding,
Let a virgin's tears inspire thee;
Let a maiden's blushes fire thee.
For my father and my mother,
For my sister and my brother,
For my friends that stand before thee,
Thus I sue thee, thus implore thee;
Thus I kiss thy valiant garment,
Humbly hoping there's no harm in't.*

Moore. (*Aside.*) Her looks shoot through my soul, her eyes strike fire;
I'm all a conflagration of desire.
Fair maid, I grant whatever you can ask,
(*To Marg.*)
The deed is done, when once you name the task.

Marg. The Dragon, sir! the Dragon!

Moore. Say no more,
You soon shall see him weltering in his gore.

Marg. Most mighty Moore! do but this Dragon kill,

All that we have is wholly at your will.

Moore. The only bounty I require is this:
That thou may'st fire me with an ardent kiss;
That thy soft hands may 'noint me over night,
And dress me in the morning ere I fight.

AIR.—MARGERY.

*If that's all you ask,
My sweetest,
My featest,
Completest,
And neatest,
I'm proud of the task.
Of love take your fill,
Past measure,
Sole spring of my pleasure,
As long as you will.*

Maux. (*Overhearing.*) A forward lady; she grows fond apace;
But I shall catch her in a proper place.

Moore. Leave her with me; conclude the Dragon dead:

If I don't maul the dog, I'll lose my head.

[*Exeunt all but Moore and Marg.*]

DUETT.

Moore. Let my dearest be near me,—

Marg. I'll ever be near thee,—

Moore. To warm me, to cheer me;—

Marg. To warm thee, to cheer thee;—

Moore. To fire me, inspire me,—

Marg. To fire thee, inspire thee,—

Both. With kisses and ale.

Moore. Your fears I'll abolish.

Marg. This Dragon demolish.

Moore. I'll work him;—

Marg. Ay, work him;—

Moore. I'll jerk him;—

Marg. Ay, jerk him;—

Both. From nostril to tail.

Moore leads off Margery; MAUXALINDA enters, and pulls him back by the sleeve.

Maux. Oh! villain! monster! devil! basely base!

How can you dare to look me in the face?

Did you not swear last Christmas we should marry?

Oh! 'tis enough to make a maid miscarry!

Witness this piece of sixpence, certain token

Of my true heart, and your false promise broken.

Moore. The devil's in the woman? What's the matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; time was you could flatter.

Moore. Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean!

Maux. Don't you know Margery, of Roth'ram Green?

Moore. Not I, upon my honour.

Maux. That's a lie!

What, do you think I've neither ear nor eye?

Villain! I will believe my eyes and ears:

She whom you kiss'd, and call'd ten thousand dears.

"Let my dearest be near me," &c. (*Sings, mocking.*)

Moore. By Jove! I'm blown.—Zounds! how came this about?
However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.
I only of policy was civil; *(To Maux.)*
But, 'faith, I hate her, as I hate the devil.
You're all I value,—witness this close hug,—
I'm your's, and only your's.
Maux. Ah! coaxing pug!
Moore. My pretty Mauxy, pr'ythee, don't be jealous.
Maux. Dear me! you men are such bewitching fellows;
You steal into our hearts by sly degrees,
Then make poor girls believe just what you please.

AIR.—MOORE.

*By the beer as brown as berry,
By the cyder and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a hey-down, ho-down derry,
Mauxalinda's I'll remain;
True blue will never stain.*

Maux. But, do you really love me?
Moore. By this kiss,
By raptures past, and hopes of future bliss.

DUETT.

*Pigs shall not be
So fond as we,
We will out-coo the turtle-dove;
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting sparrows we'll out-love.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter MARGERY.

AIR.

*Sure, my stays will burst with sobbing,
And my heart quite crack with throbbing;
My poor eyes are red as ferrets,
And I ha'n't a grain of spirits.
Oh! I wouldn't for any money,
This vile beast should kill my honey.
Better kiss me, gentle knight,
Than with dragons fierce to fight.*

Enter MOORE.

Moore. My Madge! my honey-suckle in the dumps!
Marg. Put your hand here, and feel my heart how't thumps.
Moore. Good lack-a-day! how great a palpitation!
Tell me, my dear, the cause of this vexation.
Marg. An ugly dream has put me in a fright:
I dreamt the Dragon slew my gentle knight.
If such a thing should happen unto thee,
Oh! miserable, miserable Margery!
Moore. Don't fright thyself with dreams, my girl; ne'er fear him;
I'll work his buff, if ever I come near him.
I've such a suit of spiked armour bought,
Bears, lions, dragons, it sets all at nought;
In which, when I'm equipp'd, my Madge shall see
I'll scare the Dragon, not the Dragon me—
But time grows short, I must awhile away.
Marg. Make haste, my dear.
Moore. My duck, I will not stay. *[Exit.]*

Enter MAUXALINDA.

Maux. So, madam, have I found you out at last?
You now shall pay full dear for all that's past.

Were you as fine as e'er wore silk or satin,
I'd beat your harlot's brains out with my patten,
Before you shall delude a man of mine.

Marg. Who, in the name of wonder, made him thine?

Maux. D'ye laugh, you minx? I'll make you change your note,
Or drive your grinning grinders down your throat.

DUETT.

*Insulting gipsy,
You're surely tipsy,
Or, non se ipse,
To chatter so:
Your too much feeding,
All rules exceeding,
Has spoil'd your breeding—
Go, trollop, go!*

Marg. Lauk! what a monstrous tail our cat has got.

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go to pot.

Come, bodkin, come! take Mauxalinda's part,
And stab her hated rival to the heart.

(Goes to kill Margery; she swoons.)

Enter MOORE, who takes away the bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the devil is the woman doing?

Maux. To put an end to all your worship's wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came before the whim went further;

Had I staid longer, here had sure been murther.
This cursed jade has thrown the girl in fits.

How dost, my dear? *(Margery recovers.)*

Marg. Frighted out of my wits.

Moore. But, fear her not; for, by her own confession,

I'll bind her over to the quarter session.

AIR.—MAUXALINDA.

*Oh! give me not up to the law,
I'd much rather beg upon crutches;
Once in a solicitor's paw,
You never get out of his clutches.*

Marg. Come, come, forgive her.

Moore. Here my anger ends.

Maux. And so does mine.

Moore. Why, then, let's buss, and friends.

(Kiss round.)

TRIO.

Maux. Oh! how easy is a woman;
How deluding are you men;
Oh! how rare to find a true man,
Not so oft as one in ten!

Moore. Oh! how charming is a woman,
Form'd to captivate us men;
Yet so eager to subdue man,
For each one she covets ten.

Marg. Let's reward them as they treat us;
Women prove sincere as men;
But, if they deceive and cheat us,
Let us e'en cheat them again.

All. Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.

Enter GUBBINS.

Gub. Now, now, or never, save us, valiant Moore!

The Dragon's coming—Don't you hear him roar?

Moore. Why, let him roar his heart out, 'tis no matter:

Stand clear, my friends; this is no time to chatter.

THE LIAR;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL FOOTE.



Act II.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

SIR JAMES ELLIOT
OLD WILDING
YOUNG WILDING

PAPILLION
JOHN
JAMES

MISS GRANTAM
MISS GODFREY
KITTY

ACT I. SCENE I.—A Lodging.

Enter YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION.

Young W. And I am now, Papillion, perfectly equipped?

Pap. *Personne mieux.* Nobody better.

Young W. My figure?

Pap. *Fait à peindre.*

Young W. My air?

Pap. *Libre.*

Young W. My address?

Pap. *Parisienne.*

Young W. My hat sits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tattered academical habit.

Pap. *Ah! bien autre chose.*

Young W. Why, then adieu, Alma Mater! *bien venue, la ville de Londres!* farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, and short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, and long tavern bills, with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah! bravo, bravo!

Young W. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, thirteen year.

Young W. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is *difficile.*

Young W. But here you are at home.

Pap. *C'est vrai.*

Young W. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. *O, faite!*

Young W. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. *Sans doute.*

Young W. Well, then, open your lecture; and d'ye hear, Papillion? as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here, then, I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Young W. Hey, Papillion!

Pap. Sir?

Young W. What is this? Why you speak English?

Pap. Without doubt.

Young W. But like a native!

Pap. To be sure.

Young W. And what am I to conclude from all [this?

Pap. But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Young W. Pr'ythee, do.

Pap. Why, then, you are to know, sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

Young W. Why this disguise? Why renounce your country?

Pap. There, sir, you make a little mistake: it was my country that renounced me.

Young W. Explain.

Pap. In an instant: upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Young W. What, an author, too?

Pap. Oh! a voluminous one! The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemned books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original. But it would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves: our work hung upon hand; and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Young W. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh! half-starved me.

Young W. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose, when chance threw an old friend in my way, that quite retrieved my affairs.

Young W. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over threepenny-worth of beef-à-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend pursed up his lanthorn jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt, "*Ah! maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse; to thrive here, you must study the folly of your own country.*" "*How, monsieur?*" "*Taisez vous; keep-a your tongue. Autrefois, I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my logement, I vil give you proper dress; den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house, you vil find all de doors dat vere shut in your face as footman Anglois, vil fly open demselves to a French valet-de-chambre.*"

Young W. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Gad! sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determined to follow my friend's ad-

Young W. Did it succeed? [vice.

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a *passe partout*. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Young W. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, sir, to the point: as you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men: you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Young W. Well, I'll be your customer. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day; the Mall will be crowded.

Young W. Allons!

Pap. But I would, sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material

Young W. Proceed. [to you.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Young W. What is it? [well.

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it so very

Young W. Pr'ythee, be plain.

Pap. You have, sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Young W. Well!

Pap. But, now and then, in your narratives, you

are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

Young W. I understand you; what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh! pardon me, sir, I don't say that; no, no; only a little apt to embellish, that's all. To be sure, it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing; but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attached to matter of fact—and, yet, this talent of your's is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Young W. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in prose?

Pap. Why, sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Young W. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion? if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice sha'n't be thrown away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Park.

Enter MISS GRANTAM, MISS GODFREY, and JOHN.

Miss Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens. [Exit John.] My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out. Why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning. Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous, I honour the park? Forty thousand million of times preferable to the playhouse! Don't you think so, my dear?

Miss Go. They are both well in their way.

Miss Gr. Way! why the purpose of both is the same, to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! Well, that is well enough. But, oh, gemini! I beg a million of pardons. You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

Miss Go. Liberties in public!

Miss Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow across the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I were the Tripoli ambassador.

Miss Go. The good fortune, ma'am? Surely, the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

Miss Gr. Decent! Oh! my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

Miss Go. I profess I don't recollect.

Miss Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connexions.

Miss Go. Ma'am!

Miss Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know, that all my male friendships are formed in this place?

Miss Go. It is an odd spot: but you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

Miss Gr. Oh! I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure. (Drops her handkerchief.)

Miss Go. Nay, for heaven's sake!

Miss Gr. I am determined, child: that is—

Miss Go. You will excuse my withdrawing.

Miss Gr. Oh! please yourself, my dear.

[Exit Miss Go.]

Enter YOUNG WILDING with PAPILLION.

Young W. Your ladyship's handkerchief, ma'am.

Miss Gr. I am, sir, concerned at the trouble—

Young W. A most happy incident for me, madam; as chance has given me an honour in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

Miss Gr. Is this meant to me, sir?

Young W. To whom else, madam? Surely, you must have marked my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can. (Aside.)

Young W. In short, madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a sentinel the powder-magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pulled. (Aside.)

Miss Gr. You have served in America, then?

Young W. Full four years, ma'am; and, during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now? (Aside.)

Young W. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

Miss Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Young W. The mere taking the town, ma'am; but that's a trifle: sieges, now-a-days, are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation; for instance now, we will suppose the commander-in-chief, addressing himself to me, were to say: "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expense?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

Miss Gr. And you shall be near the mark?

Young W. To an odd joint, ma'am. But, madam, it is not to the French people alone that my feats are confined; Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, sir. (Aside to Young W.)

Young W. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, madam, than terrible in battle.

Miss Gr. And so young!

Young W. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum-belt, and a scalping knife. Will you permit him, madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their war-whoop?

Pap. For heaven's sake! (Aside to Young W.)

Miss Gr. The place is too public.

Young W. In short, madam, after having ga-

thered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you: then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achieved: prouder to serve here than commander-in-chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquished world.

Miss Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover; but I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. (Aside.) Well, sir, I accept the tender of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present, it is necessary we should separate.

Young W. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

Miss Gr. Sir?

Young W. Your place of abode.

Miss Gr. Oh! sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stood sentinel at my ladyship's portal.

Young W. Madam, I—I—I—

Miss Gr. Oh! sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.]

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, sir.

Young W. A little *mal-a-propos* I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Young W. Pho! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is. Harkye! Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman,—I see there he stands,—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try.

[Exit.]

(Wilding retires up the stage.)

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and WILLIAM.

Sir J. Music and an entertainment?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Last night, upon the water?

Wil. Upon the water, last night.

Sir J. Who gave it?

Wil. That, sir, I can't say.

[Exit.]

Enter PAPILLION.

Young W. (Coming forward.) Sir James Elliot, your most devoted. [to town.]

Sir J. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome

Young W. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seemed upon an interesting subject.

Sir J. Oh! an affair of gallantry.

Young W. Of what kind?

Sir J. A young lady regaled last night by her lover, on the Thames.

Young W. As how?

Sir J. A band of music in boats.

Young W. Were they good performers?

Sir J. The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Young W. Well ordered?

Sir J. With elegance. After supper, a ball; and to conclude the night, a fire-work.

Young W. Was the last well designed?

Sir J. Superb.

Young W. And happily executed?

Sir J. Not a single faux-pas.

Young W. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir J. I can't even guess.

Young W. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Why do you laugh?

Young W. Ha, ha, ha! It was I.

Sir J. You?

Pap. You, sir?

Young W. *Moi*—me.

Pap. So, so, so! he is entered again. (*Aside.*)

Sir J. Why, you are fortunate to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Young W. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O lord! O lord! (*Aside.*)

Young W. It is true, not daring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights. But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir J. I shall hear it with pleasure.—This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival. (*Aside.*)

Young W. Why, sir, between six and seven, my goddess embarked at the Temple-stairs, in one of the companies' barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us! (*Aside.*)

Young W. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing: the conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well-timed, and what was better, well taken.

Sir J. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs! (*Aside.*)

Young W. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surrey side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sailed along, till the arches of the new bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden china, by Robinson. Here the repast closed, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us! (*Aside.*)

Young W. Opposite Lambeth, I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir J. Surely, you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes; this battle will sink him. (*Aside.*)

Young W. True to the letter, upon my honour! I sha'n't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, *feu-d'artifice*, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced; it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a lavish abundance.

Sir J. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Young W. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature! (*Aside.*)

Sir J. I wish you joy of your success. For the present you will excuse me.

Young W. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir J. For that I shall seize another occasion. [*Exit.*]

Pap. Nobly performed, sir.

Young W. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Young W. Freely.

Pap. Pray, sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Young W. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

Pap. These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deemed absolute flams.

Young W. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Young W. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay; mark my example, follow my steps, and in time, thou mayest rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, sir. I have no talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Young W. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But why, sir, a soldier?

Young W. How little thou knowest of the sex! What, I suppose thou wouldst have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools? What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, sir—

Young W. No, no; the man of war is their man; they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, cohornes, and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell. Oh! how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rousomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers ever produced.

Pap. Very well, sir; this is all very lively: but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Young W. Do you think so, Papillion? And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And so, along after the lady. (*Stops short, going out.*) Zounds! here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Tavern.

YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION rising from table.

Young W. Gad! I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot, so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Young W. Well, then, I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment; I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so fluttered at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair; pr'ythee, who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Young W. That I saw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Young W. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Young W. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Young W. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Young W. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Young W. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, sir.

Young W. Oh! I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see,

by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expense of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Young W. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, sir?

Young W. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame?

Young W. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Young W. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Young W. The old way; solder it by marriage; that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to inquire for Mr. Wilding.

Young W. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, sir!

Young W. Ay; how is he dressed?

Wait. In a tie-wig and a snuff-coloured coat.

Pap. Zooks! sir, it is your father.

Young W. Shew him up. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Pap. And what must I do?

Young W. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Your servant, sir; you are welcome to town.

Young W. You have just prevented me, sir—I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Young W. Six weeks! I have scarcely been six hours.

Wild. Come, come; I am better informed.

Young W. Indeed, sir, you are imposed upon. This gentleman, (who first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you,) this, sir, is the Marquis de Chateau Briant, of an ancient house in Britany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford, for some time, the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

Wild. Does he speak English?

Young W. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, sir,—(*Aside to Young W.*)

Wild. Any services, sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. *Beaucoup d'honneur.*

Young W. This gentleman, I say, sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

Wild. Indeed!

Pap. *C'est vrai.*

Wild. This is amazing! I was, at the same time, informed of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfered with a favourite scheme of my own.

Young W. What could that be, pray, sir?

Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Young W. Me, sir!

Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, ball, and fire-works.

Young W. Monsieur le Marquis! And, pray, sir, who could tell you all this?

Wild. An old friend of your's.

Young W. His name, if you please.

Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Young W. Yes; I thought he was the man.

Wild. Your reason.

Young W. Why, sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

Wild. What may that be?

Young W. Why you can't, sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

Wild. How!

Young W. Oh! notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publish in a year.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Oh! he is the modern Mandeville; at Oxford, he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

Wild. Amazing!

Young W. Lord! sir, he is so well understood in his own county, that, at the last Hereford assize, a cause as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

Wild. A strange turn.

Young W. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected, too.

Pap. Poor gentleman! (*Aside.*)

Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Young W. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you, of fire-works, and the lord knows what. And I dare swear, sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

Wild. Extremely.

Young W. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, eh, marquis?

Pap. Oh! dat is all a fiction upon mine honour.

Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, became a kind of constitutional liars.

Young W. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is your's. (*Aside.*)

Wild. Well, sir, I suppose I shall see you this evening?

Young W. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend: besides, sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concerned.

Young W. I shall attend your commands; but where?

Wild. Why here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. *Votre serviteur très humble.* [*Exit Wild.*]

Young W. So, Papillion; that difficulty is despatched. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously managed: but are not you afraid of the consequence?

Young W. I do not comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Young W. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Young W. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find

my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion, I will reform.

Pap. Ah, sir!

Young W. I positively will; why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. (*Aside.*) Ay, think of that, sir.

Young W. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull matter-of-fact fellow—but, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father was an Indian governor and left her all his wealth; she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor Square.

Young W. A governor! oh, oh! Bushels of rупees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentlemen will soon return; I will hasten to finish my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concerned?

Pap. I can't guess.

Young W. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor Square. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, sir?

Young W. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you be, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Miss Grantam's house.*

Enter MISS GRANTAM and MISS GODFREY.

Miss Go. And you really like this gallant spark?

Miss Gr. Prodigiously. Oh! I'm quite in love with his assurance. I wonder who he is; he can't have been long in town; a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

Miss Go. By way of amusement, he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

Miss Gr. Indeed but I have.

Miss Go. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

Miss Gr. Oh! no.

Miss Go. What is your intention in regard to him?

Miss Gr. Hey! I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

Miss Go. Thou art a strange, giddy girl.

Miss Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence. Why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

Miss Go. My dear!

Miss Gr. Why, I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other; so that if one fund fail, I have a sure resource in the rest.

Miss Go. Very true.

Miss Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs; if I should not like this man; if he should not like me; if we should quarrel; if, if—or, in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means, I shall never be at a loss.

Enter JOHN.

John. A letter to you, madam. (*To Miss G.*) Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. (*To Miss Gr.*) [Exit.]

Miss Gr. Lord! I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapped up in the dismal; what can be the matter now?

Miss Go. You'll excuse me?

[Exit.]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir J. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, madam, of inquiring after your health.

Miss Gr. Very obliging. I hope, sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir J. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

Miss Gr. Cold! why, sir, I hope I did not sleep with my chamber window open.

Sir J. Madam!

Miss Gr. Sir!

Sir J. No, madam; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

Miss Gr. Upon the water!

Sir J. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, was a sufficient temptation.

Miss Gr. What can he be driving at now? (*Aside.*)

Sir J. And pray, madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

Miss Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir J. You don't know him?

Miss Gr. No.

Sir J. And his father I did not meet at your door?

Miss Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir J. I am glad you own that, however; but, for the son, you never—

Miss Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir J. Really?

Miss Gr. Really.

Sir J. Finely supported. Now, madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

Miss Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir J. Madam, you do me honour; but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

Miss Gr. And that is a wonder. What, then, I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

Sir J. Admirably rallied; but I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

Miss Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, sir.

Sir J. Know then, and blush, if you be not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

Miss Gr. Indeed!

Sir J. From your first entering the barge at the Temple, to your last landing at Whitehall.

Miss Gr. Surprising!

Sir J. Cupids, collations, feasts, fire-works, all have reached me.

Miss Gr. Why you deal in magic.

Sir J. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

Miss Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer?

Sir J. Freely, madam. Only the very individual spark, to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

Miss Gr. But his name?

Sir J. Young Wilding.

Miss Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir J. I had.

Miss Gr. From Wilding! That is amazing.

Sir J. Oh, ho! what, you are confounded at last! and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

Miss Gr. Lookye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it be meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answered your purpose.

Sir J. Oh! madam, I know you are provided.

Miss Gr. Matchless insolence! as you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleased with

the subject of this visit, you won't be surprised at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir J. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption from me; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. (*Going.*) But, madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [*Exit.*]

Miss Gr. Very well. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduced, if my hopes had rested upon one lover! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILION.

Wild. There, marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris may be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity. Oh! Jack, look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

Young W. Very well; but I don't see anything extraordinary.

Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Young W. What may that be, sir?

Wild. The mistress, you rogue you:—a fine girl and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent, sensible wench into the bargain.

Young W. Time enough yet, sir.

Wild. I don't see that; you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Young W. Suppose, sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Young W. Why, sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself?

Wild. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Young W. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Young W. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

Wild. Oh! I will allow you a week.

Young W. A little more knowledge of the world.

Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Young W. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Young W. You are then resolved?

Wild. Fixed.

Young W. Positively?

Wild. Peremptorily.

Young W. No prayers—

Wild. Can move me.

Young W. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? (*Aside.*) But suppose, sir, there should be an insurmountable objection?

Wild. Oh! leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

Young W. But I say, sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

Wild. Impossible! I don't understand you.

Young W. Oh! sir,—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon. (*Kneels.*)

Wild. Pardon! for what?

Young W. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

Wild. Which way?

Young W. I have done a deed,—

Wild. Let's hear it.

Young W. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

Wild. Well?

Young W. I am—

Wild. What?

Young W. Already married!

Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Young W. Married.

Wild. And without my consent?

Young W. Compelled; fatally forced. Oh! sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself into pity.

Wild. What an unlucky event! But rise, and let me hear it all.

Young W. (*Rising.*) The shame and confusion I now feel, renders that task, at present, impossible; I must, therefore, rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, sir! I never heard one word of the matter. (*Aside to Young W.*) [ticulars.

Wild. Come, marquis, favour me with the par-

Pap. Upon my vord, sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son. (*To Young W.*) Dry-a your tears. What can I say, sir? (*Aside to him.*)

Young W. Anything. Oh! (*Seems to weep.*)

Pap. You see, sare,—

Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortune, sans doute.

Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh! *beaucoup*; a great deal more.

Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, sir at Abingdon—

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon.

Wild. In the county of Berks.

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Young W. Oh! oh!

Wild. Ah! Jack, Jack; are all my hopes then— Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, sir?

Pap. De girl, sare,—(*Aside to Young W.*)—Who shall I say?

Young W. Anybody. (*Aside to Pap.*)

Pap. For de girl, I can't say, upon my vord.

Wild. Her condition?

Pap. *Pas grande* condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help. (*Aside to Young W.*) Sir, I am quite a-ground.

Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve; some artful hussy.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussy?

Wild. Or, perhaps, some common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy? (*Aside to Young W.*)

Young W. I'll step to your relief, sir. (*To Pap.*)

Pap. Oh, lord! a happy deliverance. (*Aside.*)

Young W. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

Wild. That is something.

Young W. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

Wild. Her name?

Young W. Miss Lydia Sybthorpe.

Wild. Sybthorpe—I never heard of the name. But proceed.

Young W. The latter end of last long vacation,

I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his, near Abingdon. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

Wild. Is she handsome?

Young W. Oh! sir, more beautiful—

Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Young W. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

Wild. Modestly observed.

Young W. I was deterred from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

Wild. Was that so decent? But, love and prudence, madness and reason!

Young W. One fatal evening, (the twentieth of September, if I mistake not,) we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

Wild. What, unobserved by him?

Young W. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place, I unhappily trod upon one of the brood, which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Young W. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention; he opened the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky!

Young W. I rushed to the door; but, fatally, my foot slipped at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand went off by accident; this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rushed with united force upon me.

Wild. And, so surprised you.

Young W. No, sir; with my sword, I, for some time, made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but, a raw-boned, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compelled me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Young W. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam, I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth. I'll hasten and explain it to her all. Oh! Jack, Jack! this is a mortifying business.

Young W. Most melancholy. [Exit *Wild.*

Pap. I am amazed, sir, that you have so carefully concealed this transaction from me.

Young W. Heyday! what, do you believe it, too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Young W. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Young W. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, sir! how was it possible to avoid it? Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Young W. Genius! the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But, to prevent that for the future, could you not give your humble servant a hint when you

are just bent upon bouncing? Besides, sir, if you recollect your fixed resolution to reform—

Young W. Ay; as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but, in case of necessity,—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter WILLIAM and JOHN.

Both Ser. A letter, sir. [Exit.

Pap. (*Aside.*) There are two things in my conscience my master will never want,—a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling it.

Young W. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observed, but in their order; therefore, the lady first. Let me see; I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife: now, if I can but get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to idle. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room, with table, pen, ink, paper, and chairs.

Enter JOHN, conducting in WILDING.

John. My lady, sir, will be at home immediately; Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him?—[Exit *John.*]—This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but, upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire?

Sir J. Sir!

Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but, as to their character. Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir J. The family of the Sybthorpes!

Wild. Of the Sybthorpes.

Sir J. Really I don't know, sir.

Wild. Not know!

Sir J. No; it is the very first time I have ever heard of the name.

Wild. (*Aside.*) How steadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one.—Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir J. It will be to no purpose.

Wild. Come, sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son; but I know the whole affair.

Sir J. What affair?

Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir J. What Jack?

Wild. My son Jack.

Sir J. Is he married?

Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir J. Not I, upon my honour.

Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but, to remove all your scruples at once, he has owned it himself.

Sir J. He has!

Wild. Ay, ay, to me: every circumstance. Going to your new purchase at Abingdon; meeting Lydia Sybthorpe at the assembly; their private interviews; surprised by the father; pistol, poker, and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir J. And this account you had from your son?

Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir J. I wish you joy, sir.

Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir J. Why, sir, does the marriage displease you?

Wild. Doubtless.

Sir J. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

Wild. Why so?

Sir J. You have got, sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir J. For, though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir J. She'll be easily jointured.

Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir J. No provision necessary for younger children.

Wild. No, sir! why not? I can tell you, if she answer your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. You are very merry, sir.

Sir J. What an unaccountable fellow!

Wild. Sir?

Sir J. I beg your pardon, sir. But, with regard to this marriage,—

Wild. Well, sir?

Sir J. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

Wild. How, sir?

Sir J. Even so.

Wild. Why, sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir J. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

Wild. What do you know?

Sir J. I know, sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

Wild. Oh! mighty well, sir! He wants to turn the tables upon Jack. But it won't do; you are forestalled; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir J. Sir?

Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir J. What is this?

Wild. No, no; Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir J. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

Wild. Nor, sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, withered and impotent as you may think it.

Enter MISS GRANTAM.

Miss Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir J. No more at present, sir; I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

Miss Gr. How, Sir James Elliot? I flattered myself that you had finished your visits here, sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, sir, what right—

Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my son, unfortunately, being married already.

Miss Gr. Married!

Sir J. Yes, madam; to a lady in the clouds; and, because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserved for another occasion; but you, it seems—

Miss Gr. Oh! is that the business? Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

Wild. Madam!

Miss Gr. Your son has just confirmed Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

Wild. Is it possible?

Miss Gr. Most true; and assigned two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

Wild. What can they be?

Miss Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

Wild. You amaze me!

Miss Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplexed us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir J. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! Was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

Miss Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted. This is a levity.

Wild. How, madam, a levity?

Miss Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir J. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

Miss Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my union with Sir James must cement the general peace.

Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr. Wilding, to wait upon you, madam. [Exit.]

Miss Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees.

[Exit with Sir J.]

Wild. This strange boy! But I must command my temper.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Young W. (Speaking as he enters.) People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion. My father here! that's unlucky enough.

Wild. Ha! Jack, what brings you here?

Young W. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate—

Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done. [approbation.]

Young W. I am happy to meet, sir, with your

Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow, my chariot shall fetch her.

Young W. The devil it shall! (Aside.)—Not quite so soon, if you please, sir.

Wild. No! Why not?

Young W. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

Wild. What's the matter with her?

Young W. She is big with child, sir.

Wild. An audacious—Big with child! That is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

Young W. Pardon me, sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger, indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Young W. By all means, sir; it will make him extremely happy.

Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Young W. Abingdon, Berkshire.

Wild. True: but his address?

Young W. You need not trouble yourself, sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclosed.

Wild. Ay ay, that will do. (*Going.*)

Young W. So, I have parried that thrust.

Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios. No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Young W. You have it, sir.

Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurried that I have entirely forgotten it.

Young W. I am sure, so have I. (*Aside.*) His name—his name, sir—Hopkins.

Wild. Hopkins?

Young W. Yes, sir.

Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before; that, if I recollect, was either Sythorpe, or Sybthorpe.

Young W. You are right, sir; that is his paternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's; so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins, or Sybthorpe; and, now I recollect, I have his letter in my pocket: he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

Wild. (*Aside.*) There is no end of this; I must stop him at once.—Harkye! sir, I think you are called my son.

Young W. I hope, sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Young W. In having the honour of descending from you.

Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Young W. Sir, pray, sir—

Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtained that distinguishing title? by their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. And has it never occurred to you, that what was gained by honour might be lost by infamy?

Young W. Perfectly, sir.

Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose whole life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! Not satisfied with violating the great bond of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions.

Young W. But, sir—

Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly sacri-

ficed in defence of your fame; but, perhaps, that was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Young W. For heaven's sake! sir,—

Wild. What other motive?

Young W. But, hear me, sir; I own the Abingdon business—

Wild. An absolute fiction?

Young W. I do.

Wild. And how dare you—

Young W. I crave but a moment's audience.

Wild. Go on.

Young W. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms—

Wild. So! what, here is another marriage trumped up! Well, sir; and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in nubibus—

Young W. No, sir; in London.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Nay, more; and, at this instant, in this house.

Wild. And her name?

Young W. Godfrey.

Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Young W. The very same, sir.

Wild. Have you spoken to her?

Young W. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

Wild. Has she favoured your address?

Young W. Time, sir, and your approbation will, I hope.

Wild. Lookye, sir; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. If I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember, you have lost a father.

Young W. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Wilding.*]

Enter PAPILLION.

Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Young W. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Young W. What do they want?

Pap. You, sir.

Young W. Me!

Pap. Yes, sir; they have brought in their bills.

Young W. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Young W. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, sir; you remember the bill of fare; but, however, I have despatched them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Young W. Oh! there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop. Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abingdon business.

Pap. The deuce!

Young W. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Young W. Happy, beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Young W. Who else? he is now with her in another room. [this?]

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all

Young W. No, no; that is all over now; my reformation is fixed.

Pap. As a weathercock.

Young W. Here comes my father.

Enter WILDING and MISS GODFREY.

Wild. If, madam, he has not the highest sense

of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him. There, sir; make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Young W. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

Wild. What! is the puppy petrified? Why don't you go up to the lady?

Young W. Up to the lady! That lady?

Wild. That lady! To be sure. What other lady? To Miss Godfrey.

Young W. That lady Miss Godfrey?

Wild. What is all this? Harkye! sir, I see what you are at—But, no trifling; this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Young W. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

Wild. No further evasions; there, sir.

Young W. Heigho! (*Signs the contract.*)

Wild. Very well. Now, madam, your name, if you please.

Young W. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question, indeed! Don't you, sir?

Young W. Not I, as I hope to be saved.

Enter JOHN.

John. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Young W. With me!

Miss Go. A young lady, with Mr. Wilding!

John. Seems distressed, madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

Miss Go. Indeed! There may be something in this. You must permit me, sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

Wild. How, sir? who is this lady?

Young W. It is impossible for me to divine, sir.

Wild. You know nothing of her?

Young W. How should I?

Wild. You hear, madam.

Miss Go. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Young W. Not in the least, madam.

Miss Go. Shew her in, John. [*Exit.*]

Wild. No, madam; I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandoned as to—But, she is here. Upon my word, a slightly woman!

Enter KITTY, as Miss Sybthorpe.

Kitty. Where is he? Oh! let me throw my arms—my life—my—

Young W. Heyday!

Kitty. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagged along.

Young W. Madam!

Kitty. But we are met at last, and now we will part no more.

Young W. The deuce we won't!

Kitty. What! not one kind look? no tender word to hail our second meeting?

Young W. What the devil is all this?

Kitty. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wandered here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

Wild. To what can all this tend? Harkye! sir, unriddle this mystery.

Young W. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

Kitty. Am I disowned, then? contemned—slighted?

Wild. Hold! let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, madam—You seem to be pretty familiar here—Do you know this gentleman?

Kitty. Too well.

Wild. His name?

Kitty. Wilding.

Wild. So far she is right. Now, your's, if you please?

Kitty. Wilding.

All. Wilding!

Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kitty. Most lawfully, sir: by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

Wild. What! married to him?

Kitty. Most true.

All. How?

Young W. Sir, may I never—

Wild. Peace, monster! One question more; your maiden name?

Kitty. Sybthorpe.

Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kitty. The same.

Wild. As I suspected. So, then, the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last!

Young W. Me, sir! By all that's—

Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar!

Young W. If not me, hear this gentleman. Marquis—

Pap. Not I! I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can. Meantime, I'll shift for myself. [*Exit.*]

Wild. What evasion, now, monster?

Miss Go. Deceiver!

Wild. Liar!

Miss Go. Imposter!

Young W. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly imposed upon; the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and, as to you, madam, with whom I have been suddenly surprised into a contract, I most solemnly declare, this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your request?

Young W. No.

Miss Go. Is not this your own letter?

Young W. No.

Kitty. Am not I your wife?

Young W. No.

Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Young W. No.

Kitty. Hear me.

Young W. No.

Miss Go. Answer me.

Young W. No.

Wild. Have not I—

Young W. No, no, no. Zounds! you are all mad; and, if I stay, I shall catch the infection. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and MISS GRANTAM.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Gr. Finely performed.

Wild. If his cure be complete, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crime. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar.

They in the fairest frames can fix a flaw,

And vanquish females whom they never saw.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE FAIR PENITENT;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NICHOLAS ROWE.



Act V. Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SCIOLTO
ALTAMONT
HORATIO

LOTHARIO
ROSSANO
SERVANTS

CALISTA
LAVINIA
LUCILLA

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.

Alt. Let this auspicious day be ever sacred;
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their
wishes;

This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

Hor. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretched-
ness,

And made their court to factions by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than
father!

Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,—
(Forget!—but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason;
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of heaven!

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,

It reach'd even me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

Alt. By heaven, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,

That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em:
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him e'en a grave.
Undone myself, and sinking in his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldst thou didst,
And didst it like a son; when his hard creditors,
Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness,)
By sentence of the cruel law forbade
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundauce.

Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happi-
ness,

The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

*Enter SCIOLTO; he runs to Altamont, and embraces
him.*

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!

Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine ;
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
And makes me father of a son like thee.

Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wondrous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. O, noble youth! I swear, since first I knew
thee,

Ev'n from that day of sorrow when I saw thee
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia, too, are mine; (*Embraces Hor.*)
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride e'en chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's
haste.

Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought of
Altamont,

One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For, oh, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son?

Alt. When, at your intercession,
Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tend'rest eloquence of love
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away! it is the coz'nage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women;
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When, blushing, from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. The father, and the husband!

Ros. Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not if they did;
Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once.

Loth. I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband;
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;
Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I've heard you oft describe her haughty, in-
solent,

And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,
That virtue thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear, then, I'll tell thee:

Once, in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole, unheeded, to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, 'twas great!

I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour, press'd her;
Till, with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn, and cold indifference, came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again?

Loth. Too soon I saw her:

For, oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sigh'd and languish'd for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady?

Loth. With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a priest and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's power;
Call'd ev'ry saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you?

Loth. None; but, pretending sudden pain and
illness,

Escap'd the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urg'd, and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight, with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning and distrac-
tion,

With all the subtleties, and pow'ful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull, nauseous tale.
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th'ungrateful subject,
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain:
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress, and my friend;
But for those other names, of wife and husband,
They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply?

Loth. At first her rage was dumb, and wanted
words;

But, when the storm found way, 'twas wild and
loud:

Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffer'd,
She call'd me villain! monster! base betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bade me fly that minute: I obey'd,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Ros. She has relented since, else why this mes-
sage,

To meet the keeper of her secrets here,
This morning?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd.

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord? Have you put
off

All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'st learnt to rail.

Luc. I've learn'd to weep:

That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast;
Then ever and anon she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario!

Loth. Oh, no more!

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall dote upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man?
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profess'd betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her be-
half?

I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my lord, there in her own sad
lines, *(Giving a letter.)*

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives
her.

Loth. (Reads.) "Your cruelty—Obedience to my
father—give my hand to Altamont."

By heav'n, 'tis well! such ever be the gifts

(Aside.)

With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.
But to go on—"wish—heart—honour—too faithless
—weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista."

Women, I see, can change, as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has given her hand to Altamont:
Yet tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her plea-
sure;

If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks:
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And though you love her not, yet swear you do;
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow, early,
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love

My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.
*(Lothario putting up the letter hastily, drops
it as he goes out. Exeunt Lothario and
Rossano one way, Lucilla another.)*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking, I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started and retir'd.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont

Profess'd and deadly hate. What paper's this?

(Taking up the letter.)

Ha! To Lothario! 'Sdeath! Calista's name!

(Opens it and reads.)

"Your cruelty has at length determined me; and
I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obe-
dience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont,
in spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could
almost wish I had that heart and that honour to be-
stow with it, which you have robbed me of!"—D—n!
to the rest—"But, oh! I fear, could I relieve 'em, I
should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too
lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of my pen,
and to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge
my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind
enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble
you shall meet with from the lost

CALISTA."

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.

Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!

Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age:

At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont

(For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)

Shall droop and hang his discontented head,

Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,

And never grace the public with his virtues.

What if I give this paper to her father?

It follows that his justice dooms her dead,

And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return

For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!

Hold, let me take a moment's thought.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!

Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.

Inquiring wherefore you had left the company,

Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,

They told me you had felt some sudden illness.

Hor. It were unjust. No, let me spare my friend,

Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,

Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my lord?

Hor. Ha! said'st thou, my Lavinia?

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me
suffer.

Whence is that sigh? And wherefore are your
eyes

Severely rais'd to heav'n? The sick man thus,

Acknowledging the summons of his fate,

Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,

And with confusion thinks upon his audit.

Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness
quite;

These pangs are of the soul. Would I had met

Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,

Or any other deadly foe to life,

Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from
me?

Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,

And swear I was Horatio's better half,

Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,

And rob me of my partnership of sadness?

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from
all,

But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,

Aught that was joyful, fortunate, or good,

But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,

And laid up all my happiness with thee:

But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?

Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further;

Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well!
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I wo't press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh, never, never, never! Thou art innocent:

Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

Lav. False ones, my lord?

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the heaven they hope for is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?

Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so diff'rent from my sex?
My little heart is satisfy'd with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,

And all the business of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease!
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Luc. Why do you follow still that wand'ring fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Sighs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.

Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has form'd a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,

Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

Luc. Alas, for pity!

Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! Oh, insupportable!

Luc. Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!

By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you
Never to see this faithless man again;—
Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life,
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, love, supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my
temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me,)

A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet and sigh to be forgiv'n,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

[*Exit Lucilla.*]

Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Be gone my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the seasons with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

Cel. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

Alt. Oh, mighty love! Shall that fair face profane

This thy great festival with frowns and sadness?
I swear it sha'not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.

Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:
Ill-suited to each other,—join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such ecstasy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,

Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent, but thee;
If still to love thee with unweary'd constancy,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and mis-
fortune,

Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter SCIOLO, HORATIO, and LAVINIA.

Sci. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no
pause,

But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music, let the master touch
The sprightly string and softly-breathing flute,
Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin: ev'n age itself is cheer'd with music;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

(*Music.*)

Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think and to be wretched.
Oh grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy.

(*Pointing to Altamont and Calista.*)
Completely blest, and I have life enough!

And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*]
Hor. What if, while all are here intent on re-
velling,

I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd, perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.—
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; though damn'd dissimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
With such smooth looks and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty, to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor could believe that such a heavenly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched
race. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden of Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my
thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round 'em;
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,

Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, unactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—

Re-enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Ha! he's here! (*Seeing him.*)

Loth. Damnation! He again! This second time
To-day, he has cross'd me like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs
my friend

To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue;
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape that artful fear e'er form'd, should hide
him,

Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me? that I am Lo-
thario?

As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the
light;

Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a
purpose

Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free
spirit,

When but this very morning I surpris'd thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue?—
At sight of me thou fled'st.

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee like a
thief,

A pilferer descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave! villain!

(*Offers to draw; Rossano holds him.*)

Ros. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour,
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my ven-
geance, know

I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be con-
ceal'd?

Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I have found
him,

And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,

To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think
so still,
Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I could produce such damning proof—

Hor. 'Tis false!
You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

(*Going.*)

Hor. Hold, sir; another word, and then fare-
well.

Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expense, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant—

Loth. By the joys
Which my soul yet has uncontrol'd pursu'd,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If, in the bounds of this forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;
Or something worse: an injur'd husband's ven-
geance

Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependant on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

Hor. Away! thy speech is fouler than thy man-
ners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his para-
site;
A beggar's parasite!

Hor. Now learn humanity,

(*Offers to strike him: Rossano interposes.*)

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation!

(*They draw.*)

Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.

Loth. Oh, Rossano!

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, sir, have ta'en th' alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence.

Loth. This wo't brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh, my better stars! to-mor-
row

Exert your influence; shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love as well as arms must grace my triumph.

[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*]

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere
that

He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool!
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I should not doubt
My combat with that loud, vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithless men complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd!
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love
you less. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter SCIOLTO and CALISTA.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When every heart was cheer'd, and mirth went
round,

Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish
Sat on thy brow.

Cal. Is, then, the task of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?

Sci. Dost thou complain?

Cal. For pity, do not frown, then,
If, in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:
For, oh! that sorrow which has drawn your anger,
Is the sad native of Calista's breast.

Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother; by her wondrous goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear, some sullen thought that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well; though, by yon heaven! I love
thee

As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet shouldst thou (which the pow'rs above forbid!)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband;
Consider well his worth; reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so. [Exit.]

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Through ev'ry state of life the slaves of man!
In all the dear delightful days of youth
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.

To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds ;
 Proud with opinion of superior reason,
 He holds domestic bus'ness and devotion
 All we are capable to know ; and shuts us,
 Like cloister'd idiots, from the world's acquaint-
 ance,
 And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
 Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal empire o'er the world ?

(*She sits down.*)

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loss.
 Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
 To dress my purpose up in gracious words ;
 Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
 And never waken the tempestuous passions.
 By heav'n, she weeps! Forgive me, fair Calista,

(*She starts up.*)

If I presume on privilege of friendship,
 To join my grief to your's, and mourn the evils
 That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in
 tears.

Cal. To steal unlook'd for on my private sorrow,
 Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
 But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said!
 For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
 I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of
 Altamont!

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by
 heav'n?

Each interwoven with the other's fate?
 Then who can give his friendship but to one?
 Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
 May bind two bodies in one wretched chain ;
 But minds will still look back to their own choice.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will the
 same,

To have one common object for their wishes,
 Look different ways, regardless of each other,
 Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
 Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
 The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
 And every day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
 Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
 Alas! what needeth that?

Hor. Oh! rather say,
 I came to tell her how she might be happy ;
 To sooth the secret anguish of her soul ;
 To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
 And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say, thou, to whom this paradise is known,
 Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to it ;
 For, oh! 'tis sure, I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy. Angels
 Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
 Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
 With whips and stings. The blest know none of this,
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
 Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should ; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
 That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
 As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
 Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express,
 As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?

Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
 And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what wouldst thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista! Thus they join

Two names, which heaven decreed should never
 meet.

Hence have the talkers of this populous city
 A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
 Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
 Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
 When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! Have I liv'd to this?
 Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
 To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
 Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature,
 That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me
 much ;

For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
 Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
 I came with strong reluctance, as if death
 Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
 Your's and Sciolto's ; your's and Altamont's ;
 Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
 To save his tender wife, with all her brood
 Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
 For noble worth, and deeds of arms renown'd?
 Is this,—this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
 That watches for intelligence from eyes ;
 This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
 That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
 And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
 Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
 Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?

Hor. Alas! this rage is vain ; for if your fame
 Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
 And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
 'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.

By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
 Never to see that curs'd Lothario more ;
 Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
 By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons ;
 Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
 To infamy, diseases, prostitution—

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd
 slave!

That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,
 And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound!

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of heav'n,
 Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
 Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee ;
 Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
 This paper,—nay, you must not fly,—this paper,
 (*Holding her.*)

This guilty paper shall divulge your shame.

Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper? What
 contrivance

Hast thou been forging to deceive my father ;
 To turn his heart against his wretched daughter ;
 That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
 A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
 The weakness of my sex. Oh! for a sword,
 To urge my vengeance on the villain's head
 That forg'd the scroll!

Hor. Behold! Can this be forg'd?
 See where Calista's name—

(*Shewing the letter near.*)

Cal. To atoms thus, (*Snatches and tears it.*)
 Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood,
 The wicked, lying vidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
 Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
 To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
 I am myself the guardian of my honour,
 And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming
 bride,
 Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes?—
 Disorder'd! and in tears! Horatio too

My friend is in amaze. What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth itself? and could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!

Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale;
Applaud his malice that would blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art, perhaps, confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch shall dare

To offer at an injury like that?

Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.
But mark me well: while thy divided heart,
Dotes on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear;
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage-chain, and from that tyrant,
man. *[Exit.]*

Alt. She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand fires

Shot from her angry eyes; as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks;
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating with thee,
And thou wert doubtful which should get the better?

Hor. I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista;
Thou has beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep;
I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou, my friend Horatio, thou hast wrong'd
her. *[been fed]*

Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes
From that rich stream which warms her heart, and
number'd

For every falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?

Hor. It had been better thou hadst liv'd a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart,
She has charm'd thee, like a siren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear;

When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend,
To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship
Does churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been
to thee?

I shar'd the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.

Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!
Would he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.

He call'd me friend, like thee: would he have left
me

Thus for a woman, and a vile one, too?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it! Speak
again;

Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus urg'd,
I must avow, I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee
well;

A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my ven-
geance.

I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more.

(Going out.)

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. *(Holds him.)*

Alt. Let go my arm.

Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou wouldst live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison.

Alt. Off!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted, stain'd—

Alt. Madness and raging!

But, hence—

Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate.

Alt. I pr'ythee, loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth thy keeping.

Hor. By Lothario.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the false-
hood! *(Strikes him.)*

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor. A blow! thou hast us'd me well. *(Draws.)*

Alt. This to thy heart!

Hor. Yet, hold! By heav'n, his father's in his
face!

Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with ten-
derness,

And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself; for by my much-wrong'd
love,

I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet, hold! thou know'st I dare.

(They fight.)

Enter LAVINIA, who runs between their swords.

Lav. My brother! my Horatio! Is it possible?
Oh! turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from your's.

Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safeguard; none
but this,

No pow'r on earth, could save thee from my fury.

Hor. Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the rev'rence
Due to my arm; thy first, thy great example;
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shew'd thee what is was to be a man?

Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,
Could kindle such a discord?

Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude,
'Twas such a sin to friendship, as heaven's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,

Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barb'rous bloody malice, sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee

The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;
Therefore, thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.

We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell!
(*He is going, Lavinia holds him.*)

Lav. Stay, Altamont; my brother, stay.

Alt. It cannot, sha'not be; you must not hold me.

Lav. Look kindly, then.

Alt. Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly:
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

[*Breaks from Lavinia, and exit.*]

Hor. Oh! raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
This wond'rous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Horatio!

A brother and a husband were my treasure;
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me,
If thou shouldst prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
Whom shall I find to pity my distress;
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings?

Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.

Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?

Hor. But for the love I owe the good Sciolto,
From Genoa, from falsehood, and inconstancy,
To some more honest, distant clime I'd go.
Nor would I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

Lav. And I would follow thee: forsake, for thee,

My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,
And better far, it should be left for thee,
And all that I would keep should be Horatio.
So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape, and live:
Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind;
But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest
behind. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Loth. Weep not, my fair; but let the god of love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;

But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,

To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous trans-
port—

Cal. Oh! let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
For 'twas that night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the fair
deceiver

Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth,
have heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has giv'n herself away;
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to do a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario?
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst bless'd me with thy beauty.

Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I would
live

A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have
way,

And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter ALTAMONT behind.

Alt. Ha! Do I live and wake? (*Aside.*)

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I
been!

Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curs'd;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd;
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me,
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs—

Alt. Behold him here! (*Coming forward.*)

Cal. Ah! (*Starting.*)

Alt. The wretch! whom thou has made.

Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left.

(*Drawing.*)

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares,
'tis true:

But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.
We've long been foes; this moment ends our
quarrel;

Earth, heav'n, and fair Calista, judge the combat!

(*They fight: Lothario falls.*)

Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevail'd! My fierce, ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride;
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

(*Dies.*)

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

(*She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to
kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests
it from her.*)

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet
still,
Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiven?
Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Sci. (*Within.*) What, ho! my son!

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLO.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall.
Ha! death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou hadst a diff'rence with thy friend,
The cause thou gav'st me for it was a damn'd one.
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Answer me quick—

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
And guess my shame! my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to good-
ness—

(*Offers to kill Calista; Altamont holds him.*)

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista;
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorn'd thy
love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow;
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;

'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable, good, old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But, mark me well, I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your
triumph?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding?
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me?
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence from my sight! thy father cannot
bear thee;

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more curs'd than you can wish I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardships, shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor aught that may continue hated life.
Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.

[*Exit.*]

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[*Exeunt Servants, with Lothario's body.*]

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius
did?

With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what
should I do?

But thou hast tied my hand. I won't kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She sha'n't escape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh, Altamont! what a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd? Well did I hope
This daughter would have bless'd my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like
you.

While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours;
There, like an old man, talk'd awhile, and then

Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave—
Oh, damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord;
Rossano, but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. *[Exit.]*

Sci. By heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone;
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice. *[Exit.]*

Alt. There is a heavy weight upon my senses;
A dismal, sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like it,
For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with anger or revenge;
Love was th' informing, active fire within:
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room hung with black; on one side
Lothario's body on a bier; on the other a table,
with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp
on it.*

CALISTA is discovered on a couch, in black; her hair
hanging loose and disordered. After soft music,
she rises and comes forward.

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp
of horror,

Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness,
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something; for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;
(Throwing away the book.)

I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry; they look uncouthly.
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relics play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,
That dear, perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
And those dead eyes!—How grim with clotted
blood!—

Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of dark-
ness,

Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
And yet distraction and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frightened citizens awake:
Amidst the gen'ral wreck, see where she stands,
(Pointing to Calista.)

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul,
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,

That he might see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had died,
And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to heav'n,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from
yours,
A poor, imperfect copy of my father;
It was because I lov'd, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a
cherubim;

But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly
thought?

'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes they stand aghast;
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poniard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guess'd; seest thou this trembling
hand? *(Holding up a dagger.)*
Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slackening
sinews

Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd;
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,

(Giving the dagger.)
And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.

It is but thus, and both are satisfied.

*(She offers to kill herself; Sciolto catches
hold of her arm.)*

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnat'ral sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! is it possible? and is there yet
Some little, dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in
thee,

What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How have I stood and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands and wond'ring bless'd
thee;

By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me;
I could curse nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwise! but thou must die.

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Come then,
Thou meagre shade: here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friends expect me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings.—Oh, my daughter! [Exit.]

Cal. Now think, thou curs'd Calista, now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r:
Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be receiv'd;
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred deep pollution.
And see, another injur'd wretch appears,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh, take me in, a fellow mourner with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont;
Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;

But know I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me! O, forbid me not
To mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud, disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now mourn indeed, ye miserable pair!
For now the measure of your woes is full.
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke indeed.

Hor. Not long ago, he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him;

But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?

Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus I set thee free. (Stabs herself.)

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Enter SCIOLTO, pale and bloody, supported by Servants.

Cal. Oh, my heart!

Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode!

Sci. Alas, my daughter!
Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost.
But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain. Then rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with heav'n the same forgiveness,
As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me. Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both; now 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object. Mercy, heav'n! (Dies.)

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont!

Come near, and let me bless thee ere I die.
To thee and brave Horatio I bequeath
My fortunes.—Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory as thou hast his;
For thou hast been my son.—Oh, gracious heav'n!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head.
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways. (Dies.)

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flow'r to earth.
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride.
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast. [Exeunt.]

THE BROTHERS;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.



Act II. Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE
CAPTAIN IRONSIDES
BELFORD, SENIOR
BELFORD, JUNIOR

SKIFF
PATERSON
OLD GOODWIN
PHILIP

FRANCIS
JONATHAN
LADY DOVE
SOPHIA

VIOLETTA
FANNY GOODWIN
LUCY WATERS
KITTY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A rocky Shore, with a Fisherman's Cabin in the Cliff: A violent tempest, with thunder and lightning: A Ship discovered stranded on the coast. After having looked out of their cabin, as if waiting for the abatement of the storm.*—

Enter OLD GOODWIN, PHILIP, and FANNY.

Philip. It blows a rank storm; 'tis well, father, we hauled the boat ashore before the weather came on; she's safe bestowed, however, let what will happen.

O. Good. Ay, Philip, we had need be provident; except that poor skiff, my child, what have we left in this world that we can call our own?

Philip. To my thoughts, now, we live as happily in this poor hut as we did yonder in the great house, when you was 'Squire Belfield's principal tenant, and as topping a farmer as any in the whole county of Cornwall.

O. Good. Ah, child!

Philip. Nay, never droop; to be sure, father, the squire has dealt hardly with you, and a mighty point, truly, he has gained—the ruin of an honest man. If those are to be the uses of a great estate, heaven continue me what I am!

Fanny. Ay, ay, brother, a good conscience in a coarse druggot, is better than an aching heart in a silken gown.

O. Good. Well, children, well, if you can bear misfortunes patiently, 'twere an ill office for me to repine; we have long tilled the earth for a subsistence; now, Philip, we must plough the ocean; in those waves lies our harvest; there, my brave lad, we have an equal inheritance with the best.

Philip. True, father; the sea that feeds us, provides us an habitation here in the hollow of the cliff; I trust the squire will exact no rent for this dwelling. Alas! that ever two brothers should

have been so opposite, as our merciless landlord, and the poor young gentleman they say is now dead!

O. Good. Sirrah, I charge you, name not that unhappy youth to me any more. I was endeavouring to forget him and his misfortunes, when the sight of that vessel in distress brought him afresh to my remembrance; for, it seems, he perished by sea; the more shame upon him whose cruelty and injustice drove him thither.—But come, the wind lulls apace; let us launch the boat, and make a trip to yonder vessel; if we can assist in lightening her, perhaps she may ride it out.

Philip. 'Tis to no purpose; the crew are coming ashore in their boat, I saw them enter the creek.

O. Good. Did you so? Then do you and your sister step into the cabin, make a good fire, and provide such fish and other stores as you have within; I will go down and meet them. Whoever they may be, that have suffered this misfortune on our coasts, let us remember, children, never to regard any man as an enemy, who stands in need of our protection. [Exit.]

Philip. I am strongly tempted to go down to the creek too. If father should light on any mischief,—well, for once in my life, I'll disobey him; sister, you can look to matters within doors, I'll go round by the point, and be there as soon as he.

Fanny. Do so, Philip, 'twill be best. [Exeunt.]

Enter OLD GOODWIN, followed by FRANCIS, and several Sailors, carrying goods and chests from the wreck.

O. Good. This way, my friends, this way; there's stowage enough within for all your goods.

Francis. Come, bear a hand, my brave lads; there's no time to lose: follow that honest man, and set down your chests where he directs you.

Sailor. Troth, I care not how soon I'm quit of mine; 'tis plaguy heavy. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sailor*. Here's a pretty spot of work! plague on't, what a night has this been! I thought this d—d lee-shore would catch us at last.

2 *Sailor*. Why, 'twas impossible to claw her off; well, there's an end of her—the Charming Sally privateer! Poor soul! a better sea-boat never swam upon the salt sea.

3 *Sailor*. I knew we should have no luck, after we took up that woman there from the packet that sunk alongside us.

1 *Sailor*. What, Madam Violetta, as they call her? Why, 'tis like enough; but, hush, here comes our captain's nephew; he's a brave lad, and a sea-man's friend; and, between you and me—(*Boatswain's whistle.*)—But hark, we are called; come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR, and FRANCIS.

Belf. jun. That ever fortune should cast us upon this coast, Francis.

Francis. Sir?

Belf. jun. Have the people landed those chests we brought off with us in the boat?

Francis. They have, sir; an old fisherman, whom we met, has shewn us here to a cavern in the cliff, where we have stowed them all in safety.

Belf. jun. That's well. Where's my uncle?

Francis. On board; no persuasions can prevail on him to quit the ship, which he swears will lift with the tide; his old crony, the master, is with him, and they ply the casks so briskly, that it seems a moot point which fills the fastest, they or the wreck.

Belf. jun. Strange insensibility! but you must bring him off by force then, if there is no other way of saving him; I think, o' my conscience, he is as indifferent to danger as the plank he treads on. We are now thrown upon my unnatural brother's estate; that house, Francis, which you see to the left, is his; and what may be the consequence if he and my uncle should meet, I know not; for such has been Captain Ironsides' resentment on my account, that he has declared war against the very name of Belfield, and, in one of his whimsical passions, you know, insisted on my laying it aside for ever; so that, hitherto, I have been known on board by no other name than that of Lewson.

Francis. 'Tis true, sir; and I think 'twill be advisable to continue the disguise as long as you can. As for the old Captain, from the life he always leads on shore, and his impatience to get on board again, I think 'tis very possible an interview between him and your brother may be prevented.

Belf. jun. I think so too. Go then, Francis, and conduct the old gentleman hither; I see Violetta coming. [*Exit Francis.*] Sure, there is something in that woman's story uncommonly mysterious. Of English parents, born in Lisbon, her family and fortune buried in the earthquake; so much she freely tells, but more, I am convinced, remains untold, and of a melancholy sort; she has once or twice, as I thought, seemed disposed to unbosom herself to me; but it is so painful to be told of sorrows one has not power to relieve, that I have hitherto avoided the discourse.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Well, madam, melancholy still? still that face of sorrow and despair? twice shipwrecked, and twice rescued from the jaws of death, do you regret your preservation? and have I incurred your displeasure by prolonging your existence?

Vio. Not so, Mr. Lewson; such ingratitude be far from me. Can I forget, when the vessel in which I had sailed from Portugal, foundered by your side, with what noble, what benevolent ardour, you flew to my assistance. Regardful only of my safety, your own seemed no part of your care.

Belf. jun. Oh, no more of this; the preservation

of a fellow-creature is as natural as self-defence. You now, for the first time in your life, breathe the air of England; a rough reception it has given you; but be not, therefore, discouraged; our hearts, Violetta, are more accessible than our shores, nor can you find inhospitality in Britain, save only in our climate.

Vio. These characteristics of the English may be just; I take my estimate from a less favourable example.

Belf. jun. Villany, madam, is the growth of every soil; nor can I, while yonder habitation is in my view, forget that England has given birth to monsters that disgrace humanity; but this I will say for my countrymen, that where you can point out one rascal with a heart to wrong you, I will produce fifty honest fellows, ready and resolute to redress you.

Vio. Ah! but on what part of the English coast is it that we are now landed?

Belf. jun. On the coast of Cornwall.

Vio. Of Cornwall is it? You seem to know the owner of that house; are you well acquainted with the country hereabouts?

Belf. jun. Intimately; it has been the cradle of my infancy, and, with little interruption, my residence ever since.

Vio. You are amongst your friends, then, no doubt; how fortunate is it, that you will have their consolation and assistance in your distress!

Belf. jun. Madam—

Vio. Every moment will bring them down to the very shores; this brave, humane, this hospitable people, will flock in crowds to your relief; your friends, Mr. Lewson—

Belf. jun. My friends, Violetta! Must I confess it to you? I have no friends. Those rocks—that have thus scattered my treasures,—those waves, that have devoured them, to me are not so fatal as hath been that man whom nature meant to be my nearest friend.

Vio. What! and are you a fellow-sufferer, then? Is this the way you reconcile me to your nation? Are these the friends of human kind? Why don't we fly from this ungenerous, this ungrateful country?

Belf. jun. Hold, madam! one villain, however base, can no more involve a whole nation in his crimes, than one example, however dignified, can inspire it with his virtues. Thank heaven, the worthless owner of that mansion is yet without a rival.

Vio. You have twice directed my attention to that house; 'tis a lovely spot; what pity that so delicious a retirement should be made the residence of so undeserving a being.

Belf. jun. It is, indeed, a charming place; and was once the seat of hospitality and honour; but its present possessor, Andrew Belfield—Madam! for heaven's sake, what ails you? You seem suddenly disordered. Have I said—

Vio. No, 'tis nothing; don't regard me, Mr. Lewson; I am weak, and subject to these surprises; I shall be glad, however, to retire.

Belf. jun. A little repose, I hope, will relieve you; within this hut some accommodation may be found. Lean on my arm. (*Leads her to the door of the cabin.*)

Enter OLD GOODWIN.

O. Good. Heaven defend me! do my eyes deceive me? 'tis wondrous like his shape, his air, his look—

Belf. jun. What is your astonishment, friend? Do you know me? If it was not for that habit, I should say your name is Goodwin.

O. Good. 'Tis he! he is alive! my dear young master, Mr. Belfield! Yes, sir, my name is Goodwin. However changed my appearance, my heart is still the same, and overflows with joy at this unexpected meeting.

Belf. jun. Give me thy hand, my old, my honest friend; and is this sorry hole thy habitation?

O. Good. It is.

Belf. jun. The world, I see, has frowned on thee since we parted.

O. Good. Yes, sir; but what are my misfortunes? You must have undergone innumerable hardships; and now, at last, shipwrecked on your own coast. Well, but your vessel is not totally lost; and we will work night and day in saving your effects.

Belf. jun. Oh! as for that, the sea gave all, let it take back a part; I have enough on shore not to envy my brother his fortune. But there is one blessing, Master Goodwin, I own I should grudge him the possession of—There was a young lady—

O. Good. What, sir, haven't you forgot Miss Sophia?

Belf. jun. Forgot her! my heart trembles while I ask you, if she is indeed as you call her, Miss Sophia?

O. Good. She is yet unmarried, though every day we expect—

Belf. jun. 'Tis enough! Fortune, I acquit thee! Happy be the winds that threw me on this coast, and blest the rocks that received me. Let my vessel go to pieces; she has done her part in bearing me hither; while I can cast myself at the feet of my Sophia, recount to her my unabating passion, and have one fair struggle for her heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Once more I am alone. How my heart sunk, when Lewson pronounced the name of Belfield! It must be he! it must be my false, cruel, yet (spite of all my wrongs) beloved husband!—Yes, there he lives, each circumstance confirms it: Cornwall the county; here the sea-coast, and these white craggy cliffs; there the disposition of his seat, the grove, lake, lawn; every feature of the landscape tallies with the descriptions he has given me of it. What shall I do, and to whom shall I complain? When Lewson spoke of him, it was with a bitterness that shocked me. I will not disclose myself to him; by what fell from him, I suspect he is related to Mr. Belfield; but hush! I talk to these rocks, and forget that they have ears.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Are you any better, madam? Is the air of any service to you?

Vio. I am much relieved by it; the beauty of that place attracted my attention; and, if you please, we will walk further up the hill to take a nearer view of it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sailors.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

1 Sailor. Long life to your honour! welcome ashore, noble Captain.

2 Sailor. Avast there, Jack! stand clear, and let his old honour pass; bless his heart, he looks cheerly, howsomever; let the world wag as it will, he'll never flinch.

3 Sailor. Not he; he's true English oak to the heart of him; and a fine old seaman-like figure he is.

Enter IRONSIDES and SKIFF.

Ironsides. Ah, messmates, we're all a-ground; I have been taking a parting cup with the Charming Sally: she's gone, but the stoutest bark must have an end; master, here, and I did all we could to lighten her; we took leave of her in an officer-like manner.

1 Sailor. Hang sorrow; we know the worst on't: 'tis only taking a fresh cruize; and, for my part, I'll sail with Captain Ironsides as far as there's water to carry me.

Omnes. So we will all.

Ironsides. Say ye so, my hearts? if the wind sits that way, hoist sail, say I; old George will make one amongst you, if that be all; I hate an idle life. So, so, away to your work; to-morrow we'll make a day on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*

Ironsides. Skiff!

Skiff. Here, your honour.

Ironsides. I told you, Skiff, how 'twould be; if you had luff'd up in time, as I would have had you, and not made so free with the land, this mishap had never come to pass.

Skiff. Lord love you, Captain Ironsides, 'twas a barrel of beef to a biscuit, the wind had not shifted so direct contrary as it did; who could have thought it?

Ironsides. Why, I could have thought it; every body could have thought it. Do you consider whereabouts you are, mun? Upon the coast of England, as I take it. Everything here goes contrary both by sea and land. Everything whips, and chops, and changes about, like mad in this country; and the people, I think, are as full of vagaries as the climate.

Skiff. Well, I could have sworn—

Ironsides. Ay, so you could, Skiff, and so you did, pretty roundly too; but for the good you did by it, you might as well have puff'd a whiff of tobacco in the wind's face.

Skiff. Well, Captain, though we have lost our ship, we haven't lost our all; thank the fates we've saved treasure enough to make all our fortunes, notwithstanding.

Ironsides. Fortunes, quotha? What have two such old weather-beaten fellows as thee and I are, to do with fortune? or, indeed, what has fortune to do with us? Flip and tobacco is the only luxury we have any relish for; had we fine houses, could we live in them?—a greasy hammock has been our birth for these fifty years;—fine horses? could we ride them? and as for the fair sex there, that my nephew makes such a pother about, I don't know what thou may'st think of the matter, Skiff; but, for my own part, I should not care if there were no such animals in the creation.

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Uncle; what cheer, man?

Ironsides. Oh, Bob, is it thee? whither bound now, my dear boy?

Belf. jun. Why, how can you ask such a question? We have landed our treasure, saved all our friends, and set foot upon English ground; and what business, think you, can a young fellow like me have, but one?

Ironsides. Psha! you're a fool, Bob; these wenches will be the undoing of you; a plague of them altogether, say I. What are they good for, but to spoil company, and keep brave fellows from their duty? O' my conscience, they do more mischief to the king's navy in one twelvemonth, than the French have done in ten; a pack of—but I ha' done with 'em; thank the stars, I ha' fairly washed my hands of them; I ha' nothing to say to none of them.

Skiff. Mercy be good unto us! that my wife could but hear your worship talk!

Belf. jun. Oh, my dear uncle—

Ironsides. But I'll veer away no more good advice after you; so even drive as you will, under your petticoat-sails; black, brown, fair, or tawny, 'tis all fish that comes in your net; why, where's your reason, Bob, all this here while? Where's your religion, and be d—d to you?

Belf. jun. Come, come, my dear uncle, a truce to your philosophy. Go, throw your dollars into yonder ocean, and bribe the tempest to be still; you shall as soon reverse the operations of nature as wean my heart from my Sophia.

Ironsides. Hold, hold, take me right; if, by Sophia, you mean the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, I don't care if I make one with you. What say'st thou, boy? shall it be so?

Belf. jun. So, then you think there may be one good woman, however?

Ironsides. Just as I think there may be one ho-

nest Dutchman, one sober German, or one righteous methodist. Look ye, Bob, so I do but keep single, I have no objection to other people's marrying; but, on those occasions, I would manage myself as I would my ship; not by running her into every odd creek and cranny, in the smuggling fashion, as if I had no good credentials to produce; but play fairly, and in sight d'ye see; and, whenever a safe harbour opens, stand boldly in, boy, and lay her up snug, in a good birth, once for all.

Belf. jun. Come then, uncle, let us about it; and you may greatly favour my enterprise, since you can keep the father and mother in play, while I—

Ironsides. Avast, young man, avast! the father, if you please, without the mother; Sir Benjamin's a passable good companion for a landman, but for my lady—I'll have nothing to say to my lady; she's his wife, thank the stars, and not mine.

Belf. jun. Be it as you will; I shall be glad of your company on any terms.

Ironsides. Say no more then. About ship! if you are bound for that port, I'm your mate. Master, look to the wreck; I'm for a fresh cruize. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of Sir Benjamin Dove's house.*

Enter BELFIELD SENIOR, and LUCY WATERS.

Lucy. What, don't I know you? haven't you been to me, of all mankind, the basest?

Belf. Not yet, Lucy.

Lucy. Sure, Mr. Belfield, you won't pretend to deny it to my face!

Belf. To thy face, child, I will not pretend that I can deny anything; you are much too handsome to be contradicted.

Lucy. Pish!

Belf. So, so.

Lucy. Haven't you, faithless as you are, promised me marriage, over and over again?

Belf. Repeatedly.

Lucy. And you have now engaged yourself to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, have you not?

Belf. Assuredly.

Lucy. Let me demand of you, then, Mr. Belfield, since you have no honourable designs towards me yourself, why you prevented those of an humbler lover, young Philip, the son of your late tenant, poor Goodwin?

Belf. For the very reasons you state in your question; because I had no honourable designs, and he had. You disappointed my hopes, and I was resolved to defeat his.

Lucy. And this you thought reason sufficient to expel his father from your farm; to persecute him, and his innocent family, till you had accomplished their ruin, and driven them to the very brink of the ocean for their habitation and subsistence?

Belf. Your questions, Miss Lucy, begin to be impertinent.

Lucy. Oh, do they touch you, sir? But I'll waste no more time with you, my business is with your Sophia; here, in the very spot which you hope to make the scene of your guilty triumphs, will I expose you to her; set forth your inhuman conduct to your unhappy brother, and detect the mean artifices you have been driven to, in order to displace him in her affections.

Belf. You will?

Lucy. I will, be assured; so let them pass.

Belf. Stay, Lucy, understand yourself a little better. Didn't you pretend to Sophia, that my brother paid his addresses to you; that he had pledged himself to marry you; nay, that he had—

Lucy. Hold, Mr. Belfield, nor further explain a transaction, which, though it reflects shame enough upon me, that was your instrument, ought to cover you, who was principal in the crime, with treble confusion and remorse.

Belf. True, child, it was rather a disreputable transaction; and 'tis therefore fit no part of it should rest with me: I shall disavow it altogether.

Lucy. Incredible confidence!

Belf. We shall see who will meet most belief in the world, you or I; chuse, therefore, your part; if you keep my secret, you make me your friend; if you betray it, you have me for your enemy; and a fatal one you shall find me. Now enter, if you think fit; there lies your way to Sophia. [*Exit Lucy into the house.*] So! how am I to parry this blow? what plea shall I use with Sophia?—'twas the ardour of my love; anything will find pardon with a woman, that conveys flattery to her charms. After all, if the worst should happen, and I should be defeated in this match, so shall I be saved from doing that, which, when done, 'tis probable I may repent of; and I have some intimations from within, which tell me that it will be so: I perceive that, in this life, he, who is checked by the rubs of compunction, can never arrive at the summit of prosperity.

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. What, melancholy, Mr. Belfield? So near your happiness, and so full of thought?

Belf. Happiness! What's that?

Paterson. I'll tell you, sir; the possession of a lovely girl with fifty thousand pounds in her lap, and twice fifty thousand virtues in her mind; this I call happiness, as much as mortal man can merit; and this, as I take it, you are destined to enjoy.

Belf. That is not so certain, Mr. Paterson. Would you believe it? that perverse hussy, Lucy Waters, who left me but this minute, threatens to transverse all my hopes, and is gone this instant to Sophia with that resolution.

Paterson. Impossible! how is Miss Waters provided or provoked to do this?

Belf. Why, 'tis a foolish story, and scarce worth relating to you; but you know, when your letters called me home from Portugal, I found my younger brother in close attendance on Miss Dove; and, indeed, such good use had the fellow made of his time in my absence, that I found it impossible to counterwork his operations by fair and open approaches; so, to make short of the story, I took this girl, Lucy Waters, into partnership, and, by a happy device, ruined him with Sophia.

Paterson. This, Mr. Belfield, I neither know, nor wish to know.

Belf. Let it pass, then. Defeated in these views, my brother, as you know, betook himself to the desperate course of privateering, with that old tar-barrel, my uncle; what may have been his fate, I know not, but I have found it convenient to propagate a report of his death.

Paterson. I am sorry for it, Mr. Belfield; I wish nothing was convenient, that can be thought dishonourable.

Belf. Nature, Mr. Paterson, never put into a human composition more candour and credulity than she did into mine; but acquaintance with life has shewn me how impracticable these principles are; to live with mankind, we must live like mankind; were it a world of honesty, I should blush to be a man of art.

Paterson. And do you dream of ever reaching your journey's end by such crooked paths as these are?

Belf. And yet, my most sage moralist, wonderful as it may seem to thee, true it is, notwithstanding, that, after having treaded all these by-ways and crooked alleys, which thy right-lined apprehensions knows nothing of; after having driven my rival from the field, and being almost in possession of the spoil, still I feel a repugnance in me that almost tempts me to renounce my good fortune, and abandon a victory I have struggled so hard to obtain.

Paterson. I guessed as much; 'tis your Violetta, 'tis your fair Portuguese, that counterworks your good fortune; and I must own to you, it was principally to save you from that improvident attachment, that I wrote so pressingly for your return; but though I have got your body in safe holding, your heart is still at Lisbon; and if you marry Miss Dove, 'tis because Violetta's fortune was demolished by the earthquake; and Sir Benjamin's stands safe upon terra firma.

Belf. jun. Pr'ythee, Paterson, don't be too hard upon me; sure you don't suspect that I am married to Violetta?

Paterson. Married to Violetta! Now you grow much too serious, and 'tis time to put an end to the discourse. *[Exit into the house.]*

Belf. jun. And you grow much too quick-sighted, Mr. Paterson, for my acquaintance. I think he does not quite suspect me of double-dealing in this business; and yet I have my doubts: his reply to my question was equivocal, and his departure abrupt; I know not what to think;—this I know, that love is a deity, and avarice a devil; that Violetta is my lawful wife; and that Andrew Belfield is a villain. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter PATERSON.

Paterson. All abroad this fine day, not a creature within doors.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Mr. Paterson! hist! Mr. Paterson, a word in your ear, sweet sir.

Paterson. Curse on't, she has caught me. Well, Mrs. Kitty?

Kitty. Why, I have been hunting you all the house over; my lady's impatient to see you.

Paterson. Oh, I'm my Lady Dove's most obedient servant. And what are her ladyship's commands, pray?

Kitty. Fie, Mr. Paterson; how should I know what her ladyship wants with you? but a secret it is, no doubt, for she desires you to come to her immediately in the garden, at the bottom of the yew-tree walk, next the warren.

Paterson. The devil she does? What a pity it is, Mrs. Kitty, we can't cure your lady of this turn for solitude; I wish you would go with me; your company, probably, will divert her from her contemplations; besides, I shall certainly mistake the place.

Kitty. I go with you, Mr. Paterson! a fine thing truly! I'd have you to know that my character is not to be trusted with young fellows in yew-tree walks, whatever my lady may think of the matter; besides, I've an assignation in another place. *[Exit.]*

Paterson. What a devilish dilemma am I in! Why, this is a peremptory assignation. Certain it is, there are some ladies that no wise man should be commonly civil to; here have I been flattering myself that I was stroking a termagant into humour, and all the while have been betraying a tender victim into love. Love! love, did I say? her ladyship's passion is a disgrace to the name; but what shall I do? 'tis a pitiful thing to run away from a victory; but 'tis frequently the case in precipitate successes, we conquer more than we have wit to keep, or ability to enjoy. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Yew-tree Walk.*

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Now, could I but meet my Sophia—Where can she have hid herself? Hush! Lady Dove, as I live.

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. So, Mr. Paterson, you're a pretty gentleman, to keep a lady waiting here; why, how you stand? Come, come, I shall expect a very handsome atonement for this indecorum. Why, what! let me look. Ah! who have we here?

Belf. jun. A man, madam; and, though not your man, yet one as honest and as secret: come, come, my lady, I'm no tell-tale; be you but grateful, this goes no further.

Lady D. Lost and undone! young Belfield!

Belf. jun. The same, but be not alarmed; we both have our secrets; I am, like you, a votary to love: favour but my virtuous passion for Miss Dove, and take you your Paterson; I shall be silent as the grave.

Lady D. Humph!

Belf. jun. Nay, never hesitate; my brother, I know, had your wishes: but wherein has nature favoured him more than me? And, since fortune has now made my scale as heavy as his, why should you partially direct the beam?

Lady D. Well, if it is so, and that you promise not to betray me—but this accident has so discomposed me; (plague on't, say I!) don't press me any further, at present; I must leave you; remember the condition of our agreement, and expect my friendship. Oh! I could tear your eyes out! *[Exit.]*

Belf. jun. Well, Sir Benjamin, keep your own counsel, if you are wise; I'll do as I would be done by; had I such a wife as Lady Dove, I should be very happy to have such a friend as Mr. Paterson. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Garden.*

Enter SOPHIA DOVE and LUCY WATERS.

Lucy. If there is faith in woman, I have seen young Belfield; I have beheld his apparition; for what else could it be?

Sophia. How? When? Where? I shall faint with surprise.

Lucy. As I crossed the yew-tree walk, I saw him pass by the head of the canal, towards the house. Alas, poor youth! the injuries I have done him have called him from his grave.

Sophia. Injuries, Miss Waters! What injuries have you done him? Tell me; for therein, perhaps, I may be concerned.

Lucy. Deeply concerned you are: with the most penitent remorse I confess it to you, that his affections to you were pure, honest, and sincere. Yes, amiable Sophia, you was unrivalled in his esteem; and I, who persuaded you to the contrary, am the basest, the falsest of womankind; every syllable I told you of his engagements to me was a malicious invention: how could you be so blind to your own superiority, to give credit to the imposition, and suffer him to depart without an explanation? Oh! that villain, that villain, his brother, has undone us all!

Sophia. Villain, do you call him? Whither would you transport my imagination? You hurry me with such rapidity from one surprise to another, that I know not where to fix, how to act, or what to believe.

Lucy. Oh, madam, he is a villain! a most accomplished one; and if I can but snatch you from the snare he has spread for you, I hope it will, in some measure, atone for the injuries I have done to you, and to that unhappy youth, who now—O, heavens! I see him again; he comes this way; I cannot endure his sight; alive or dead, I must avoid him. *[Runs out.]*

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Adorable Sophia! this transport overpays my labours. *[me.]*

Sophia. Sir! Mr. Belfield, is it you? Oh! support

Belf. jun. With my life, thou loveliest of women! Behold, your poor adventurer is returned: happy past compute, if his fate is not indifferent to you; rich beyond measure, if his safety is worthy your concern.

Sophia. Release me, I beseech you. What have I done? Sure, you are too generous to take advantage of my confusion.

Belf. jun. Pardon me, my Sophia; the advantages I take from your confusion are not to be purchased

by the riches of the east: I would not forego the transport of holding you one minute in my arms for all that wealth and greatness have to give.

Enter LADY DOVE, while Belfield Junior is kneeling and embracing Sophia.

Lady D. Hey-day! What's here to do with you *Sophia*. Ah! (*Shrieks.*) [both?

Belf. jun. Confusion! Lady Dove here?

Lady D. Yes, sir, Lady Dove is here, and will take care you shall have no more garden dialogues. On your knees too! The fellow was not half so civil to me. (*Aside.*) Ridiculous! a poor, beggarly swabber, truly! As for you, Mrs.—

Belf. jun. Hold, madam; as much of your fury and foul language as you please upon me; but not one hard word against that lady, or by heavens!—

Lady D. Come, sir, none of your reprobate swearing; none of your sea-noises here: I would my first husband was alive, I would he was, for your sake. I am surprised, Miss Dove, you have no more regard for your reputation; a delicate swain, truly, you have chosen; just thrown ashore from a shipwrecked privateer. Go, go; get you in, for shame; your father shall know of these goings on, depend on't. [*Exit Sophia.*] As for you, sir—(*As Lady Dove is going out, Belfield Junior stops her.*)

Belf. jun. A word with you, madam: is this fair dealing? What would you have said, if I had broke in thus upon you and Mr. Paterson?

Lady D. Mr. Paterson! Why, you rave. What is it you mean?

Belf. jun. Come, come, this is too ridiculous; you know your reputation is in my keeping; call to mind what passed between us a while ago, and the engagement you are under on that account.

Lady D. Ha, ha, ha!

Belf. jun. Very well, truly; and you think to brave this matter out, do you?

Lady D. Most assuredly; and shall make Sir Benjamin call you to account, if you dare to breathe a word against my reputation. Incurable coxcomb! to think I would keep any terms with you after such an event. Take my word for it, Belfield, you are come home no wiser than you went out; you missed the only advantage you might have taken of that rencontre, and now I set you at defiance: take heed to what you say, or look to hear from Sir Benjamin.

Belf. jun. Oh, no doubt on't! How can Sir Benjamin avoid fighting for your sake, when your ladyship has so liberally equipped him with weapons?

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—A Hall.

Enter JONATHAN and FRANCIS.

Jon. And so, sir, 'tis just as I tell you, everything in this family goes according to the will of the lady: for my own part, I am one of those that hate trouble; I swim with the stream, and make my place as easy as I can.

Francis. Your looks, Mr. Jonathan, convince me that you live at your ease.

Jon. I do so; and, therefore, in spite of the old proverb, "like master like man," you never saw two people more different than I and Sir Benjamin Dove. He, Lord help him! is a little, peaking, puling thing; I am a jolly, portable man, as you see. It so happened, that we both became widowers at the same time: I knew when I was well, and have continued single ever since. He fell into the clutches of—hark! sure, I heard my lady.

Francis. No, it was nothing. When did the poor gentleman light upon this termagant?

Jon. Lack-a-day! 'twas here at the borough of Knavestown, when master had the great contest with Squire Belfield, about three years ago; her first husband, Mr. Searcher, was a king's messenger, as they call it, and came down express from a

great man about court during the poll; he caught a surfeit, as ill-luck would have it, at the election-dinner; and, before he died, his wife, that's now my lady, came down to see him; then it was master fell in love with her. Egad! 'twas the unluckiest job of all his life.

Sir B. (Without.) Jonathan! Why, Jonathan!

Francis. Hark! you are called.

Jon. Ay, ay! 'tis only my master: my lady tells the servants not to mind what Sir Benjamin says, and I love to do as I am bid.

Francis. Well, honest Jonathan, if you won't move, I must: by this time, I hope, my young master is happy with your young mistress. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Sir B. Why, Jonathan, I say! Oh! are you here? Why couldn't you come when I called you?

Jon. Lack-a-day, sir! you don't consider how much easier it is for you to call, than for me to come.

Sir B. I think, honest Jonathan, when I first knew you, you was a parish orphan; I 'prenticed you out; you ran away from your master; I took you into my family; you married; I set you up in a farm of my own, stocked it; you paid me no rent; I received you again into my service, or rather, I should say, my lady's. Are these things so, or does my memory fail me, Jonathan?

Jon. Why, to be sure, I partly remember somewhat of what your worship mentions.

Sir B. If you partly remember something of all this, Jonathan, don't entirely forget to come when I call.

Ironsides. (Without.) Hoy, there! Within! What, nobody stirring! all hands asleep; all under the hatches!

Sir B. Hey-day! Who the dickens have we got here? Old Captain Ironsides, as I am a sinner! Who could have thought of this? Run to the door, good Jonathan—nay, hold, there's no escaping now. What will become of me? He'll ruin everything; and throw the whole house into confusion.

Enter IRONSIDES.

Ironsides. What, Sir Ben! My little knight of Malta! Give me a buss, my boy. Hold, hold! sure, I'm out of my reckoning; let me look a little nearer: why, what mishap has befallen you, that you heave out these signals of distress?

Sir B. I'm heartily glad to see thee, my old friend; but a truce to your sea-phrases, for I don't understand them: what signals of distress have I about me?

Ironsides. Why, that white flag there, at your main-top-mast head: in plain English, what dost do with that clout about thy pate?

Sir B. Clout, do you call it? 'Tis a little *en dishabille*, indeed; but there's nothing extraordinary, I take it, in a man's wearing his gown and cap in a morning; 'tis the dress I usually chuse to study in.

Ironsides. And this hall is your library, is it? Ah, my old friend! my old friend! But come, I want to have a little chat with you, and thought to have dropped in at pudding-time, as they say; for though it may be morning with thee, Sir Ben, 'tis mid-day with the rest of the world.

Sir B. Indeed, is it so late? But I was fallen upon an agreeable tête-à-tête with Lady Dove, and hardly knew how the time passed.

Ironsides. Come, come, 'tis very clear how your time has passed; but what occasion is there for this fellow's being privy to our conversation. Why don't the lubber stir? What does the fat lazy oaf stand staring at?

Sir B. What shall I say now? Was ever anything so distressing? (*Aside.*) Why, that's Jonathan, Captain; don't you remember your old friend, Jonathan?

Jon. I hope your honour's in good health; I'm glad to see your honour come home again.

Ironsides. Honest Jonathan, I came to visit your master, and not you; if you'll go and hasten dinner, and bring Sir Benjamin his periwig and clothes, you'll do me a very acceptable piece of service; for, to tell you the truth, my friend, I haven't had a comfortable meal of fresh provision this many a day. [Exit Jonathan.]

Sir B. 'Foregad! you are come to the wrong house to find one. (*Aside.*)

Ironsides. And so, sir knight, knowing I was welcome, and having met with a mishap here, upon your coast, I am come to taste your good cheer, and pass an evening with you over a tiff of punch.

Sir B. The devil you are! (*Aside.*) This is very kind of you: there is no man in England, Captain Ironsides, better pleased to see his friends about him than I am.

Ironsides. Ay, ay! if I didn't think I was welcome, I shouldn't ha' come.

Sir B. You may be assured you are welcome.

Ironsides. I am assured.

Sir B. You are, by my soul; take my word for it, you are.

Ironsides. Well, well, what need of all this ceremony about a meal's meat? Who doubts you?

Sir B. You need not doubt me, believe it: I'll only step out and ask my lady what time she has ordered dinner; or whether she has made any engagement I'm not apprised of.

Ironsides. No, no: engagement! how can that be, and you in this pickle? Come, come, sit down; dinner won't come the quicker for your inquiry: and now tell me, how does my god-daughter, Sophia?

Sir B. Thank you heartily, Captain, my daughter's well in health.

Ironsides. That's well; and how fares your fine new wife? How goes on matrimony? Fond as ever, my little amorous Dove? always billing, always cooing?

Sir B. No, Captain, no: we are totally altered in that respect; we shew no fondness now before company; my lady is so delicate in that particular, that from the little notice she takes of me in public, you would scarce believe we were man and wife.

Ironsides. Ha, ha, ha! why, 'tis the very circumstance would confirm it; but I'm glad to hear it; for of all things under the sun I most nauseate your nuptial familiarities; and though, you remember, I was fool enough to dissuade you from this match, I'm rejoiced to hear you manage so well and so wisely.

Sir B. No man happier in this life, Captain; no man happier: one thing only is wanting; had the kind stars but crowned our endearments—

Ironsides. What, my lady don't breed, then!

Sir B. Hush, hush! for heaven's sake, don't speak so loud; should my lady overhear you, it might put strange things into her head; oh! she is a lady of delicate spirits, tender nerves, quite weak and tender nerves; a small matter throws her down; gentle as a lamb; starts at a straw; speak loud, and it destroys her: oh! my friend, you are not used to deal with women's constitutions; these hypochondriac cases require a deal of management; 'tis but charity to humour them; and you cannot think what pains it requires to keep them always quiet and in temper.

Ironsides. Ay! like enough.

Lady D. (*Without.*) Hey-day! Sir Benjamin!

Ironsides. But here comes my lady, and in excellent temper, if her looks don't belie her.

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. What's to do now, Sir Benjamin? What's the matter, that you send for your clothes in such a hurry? Can't you be contented to remain as you are? Your present dress is well enough to stay at home in; and I don't know that you have any call out of doors.

Ironsides. Gentle as a lamb, Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. This attention of your's, my dear, is beyond measure flattering. I am infinitely beholden to you; but you are so taken up with your concern on my account, that you overlook our old friend and neighbour, Captain Ironsides.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin, you make yourself quite ridiculous; this folly is not to be endured; you are enough to tire the patience of any woman living.

Sir B. She's quite discomposed, all in a flutter for fear I should take cold by changing my dress.

Ironsides. Yes, I perceive she has exceeding weak nerves. You are much in the right to humour her.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin Dove, if you mean that I should stay a minute longer in this house, I insist upon your turning that old porpoise out of it: is it not enough to bring your nauseous sea-companions within these doors, but must I be compelled to entertain them? Poh! I sha'n't get the scent of his tar-jacket out of my nostrils this fortnight.

Sir B. Hush, my dear Lady Dove! for heaven's sake, don't shame and expose me in this manner! How can I possibly turn an honest gentleman out of my doors, who has given me no offence in life?

Lady D. Marry, but he has, though; and great offence too! I tell you, Sir Benjamin, you are made a fool of. [posed.]

Sir B. Nay, now, my dear, sweet love, be com-

Lady D. Yes, forsooth! and let a young, rambling, raking prodigal run away with your daughter.

Sir B. How! What?

Lady D. A fine thing, truly, to be composed—

Ironsides. Who is it your ladyship suspects of such a design?

Lady D. Who, sir? Why, who but your nephew Robert? You flattered us with a false hope he was dead; but, to our sorrow, we find him alive, and returned; and now you are cajoling this poor, simple, unthinking man, while your wild Indian, your savage there, is making off with his daughter.

Sir B. Mercy on us! What am I to think of all this?

Ironsides. What are you to think! Why, that it is a lie; that you are an ass; and that your wife is a termagant. My nephew is a lad of honour, and scorns to run away with any man's daughter, or wife either; though, I think, there's little danger of that here. As for me, sooner than mess with such a vixen, I'd starve; and so, Sir Benjamin, I wish you a good stomach to your dinner. [Exit.]

Lady D. Insolent, unmannerly brute! Was ever the like heard? And you to stand tamely by! I declare, I've a great mind to raise the servants upon him, since I have no other defenders. Thus am I for ever treated by your scurvy companions!

Sir B. Be pacified, my dear; am I in fault? But, for heaven's sake! what is become of my daughter?

Lady D. Yes, you can think of your daughter; but she is safe enough for this turn. I have taken care of her for one while, and thus I am rewarded for it. Am I a vixen? am I a termagant? Oh! had my first husband—had my poor, dear, dead Mr. Searcher heard such a word, he would have rattled him! But he—what do I talk of? he was a man: yes, yes, he was, indeed, a man. As for you—

Sir B. Strain the comparison no further, Lady Dove; there are particulars, I dare say, in which I fall short of Mr. Searcher.

Lady D. Short of him! I'll tell you what, Sir Benjamin; I valued the dear greyhound that hung at his button-hole, more than I do all the foolish trinkets your vanity has lavished on me.

Sir B. Your ladyship, doubtless, was the paragon of wives: I well remember, when the poor man laid ill, at my borough of Knavestown, how you came flying on the wings of love, by the Exeter waggon, to visit him before he died.

Lady D. I understand your sneer, sir, and I despise it: there is one condition only, upon which

you may regain my forfeited opinion; young Belfield, who, with this old fellow, has designs in hand of a dangerous nature, has treated me with an indignity still greater than what you have been a witness to. Shew yourself a man upon this occasion, Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. Anything, dearest, for peace sake.

Lady D. Peace sake! It is war, and not peace, which I require. But come, if you'll walk this way, I'll lay the matter open to you. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-shore before Goodwin's cabin.*

Enter VIOLETTA and FANNY.

Vio. And when is this great match of Mr. Belfield's to be? [day.]

Fanny. Alas, madam! we look to hear of it every

Vio. You seem to consider this event, child, as a misfortune to yourself: however others may be affected by Mr. Belfield's marrying Miss Dove, to you, I conceive, it must be a matter of indifference.

Fanny. I have been taught, madam, to consider no event as matter of indifference to me, by which good people are made unhappy. Miss Sophy is the best young lady living: Mr. Belfield is—

Vio. Hold, Fanny, do step into the house; in my writing-box you will find a letter sealed, but without a direction; bring it to me. [Exit Fanny.] I have been writing to this base man, for I want fortitude to support an interview. What if I unbosomed myself to this girl, and entrusted the letter to her conveyance? She seems exceedingly honest, and, for one of so mean a condition, uncommonly sensible; I think I may safely confide in her. Well, Fanny?

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Here is your letter, madam.

Vio. I thank you: I trouble you too much; but thou art a good-natured girl, and your attention to me shall not go unrewarded.

Fanny. I am happy to wait upon you. I wish I could do or say anything to divert you; but my discourse can't be very amusing to a lady of your sort; and talking of this wedding seems to have made you more melancholy than you was before.

Vio. Come hither, child; you have remarked my disquietude, I will now disclose to you the occasion of it: you seem interested for Miss Dove; I too am touched with her situation; you tell me, she is the best young lady living.

Fanny. Oh, madam! if it were possible for an angel to take a human shape, she must be one.

Vio. 'Tis very well: I commend your zeal; you are speaking now of the qualities of her mind?

Fanny. Not of them alone; she has not only the virtues, but the beauties, of an angel.

Vio. Indeed! Pray tell me, is she so very handsome?

Fanny. As fine a person as you could wish to see.

Vio. Tall?

Fanny. About your size.

Vio. Fair, or dark complexioned?

Fanny. Of a most lovely complexion; 'tis her greatest beauty, and all pure nature, I'll be answerable; then her eyes are so soft, and so smiling! and as for her hair—

Vio. Hey-day! Why, where are you rambling, child? I am satisfied; I make no doubt she is a consummate beauty, and that Mr. Belfield loves her to distraction. (*Aside.*) I don't like this girl so well as I did; she is a great talker; I am glad I did not disclose my mind to her. I'll go in, and determine on some expedient. [Exit.]

Fanny. Alas, poor lady! as sure as can be, she has been crossed in love; nothing in this world besides could make her so miserable; but, sure, I see Mr. Francis! If falling in love leads to such misfortunes, 'tis fit I should get out of his way. [Exit.]

Enter FRANCIS and PHILIP.

Francis. Wasn't that your sister, Philip, that ran into the cabin?

Philip. I think it was.

Francis. You've made a good day's work on't; the weather coming about so fair, I think we've scarce lost anything of value, but the ship: didn't you meet the old captain, as you came down to the creek?

Philip. I did; he has been at Sir Benjamin Dove's here, at Copley Castle, and is come back in a curious humour.

Francis. So, so! I attended my young master thither at the same time; how came they not to return together?

Philip. That I can't tell.—Come, let's go in, and refresh ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter SOPHIA DOVE and LUCY WATERS.

Sophia. Indeed, and indeed, Miss Lucy Waters, these are strong facts which you tell me; and I do believe, that no prudent woman would engage with a man of Mr. Andrew Belfield's disposition: but what course am I to follow? and how am I to extricate myself from the embarrassments of my situation?

Lucy. Truly, madam, you have but one refuge that I know of.

Sophia. And that lies in the arms of a young adventurer! O Lucy, Lucy! this is a flattering prescription, calculated rather to humour the patient, than to remove the disease.

Lucy. Nay, but if there is a necessity for your taking this step—

Sophia. Ay! necessity is grown strangely commodious of late, and always compels us to do the very thing we have most a mind to.

Lucy. Well, madam, but common humanity to young Mr. Belfield—you must allow, he has been hardly treated.

Sophia. By me, Lucy?

Lucy. Madam! No, madam, not by you; but 'tis charity to heal the wounded, though you have not been a party in the fray.

Sophia. I grant you. You are a true female philosopher; you would let charity recommend you a husband, and a husband recommend you to charity. But I won't reason upon the matter; at least, not in the humour I am now, nor at this particular time: no, Lucy, nor in this particular spot; for here it was, at this very hour, yesterday evening, young Belfield surprised me.

Lucy. And see, madam, punctual to the same lucky moment, he comes again: let him plead his own cause; you need fear no interruption; my lady has too agreeable an engagement of her own, to endeavour at disturbing those of other people. [Exit.]

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Have I then found thee, loveliest of women? Oh, Sophia! report has struck me to the heart, if, as I am told, to-morrow gives you to my brother, this is the last time I am ever to behold you.

Sophia. Why so, Mr. Belfield? Why should our separation be a necessary consequence of our alliance?

Belf. jun. Because I have been ambitious, and cannot survive the pangs of disappointment.

Sophia. Alas, poor man! but you know where to bury your disappointments; the sea is still open to you, and take my word for it, Mr. Belfield, the man who can live for three years, ay! or three months, in separation from the woman of his heart, need be under no apprehensions for his life, let what will befall her.

Belf. jun. Cruel, insulting Sophia! when I last parted from you, I flattered myself, I had left some impression on your heart; but in every event of

my life, I meet a base, injurious brother; the everlasting bar to my happiness. I can support it no longer; and Mr. Belfield, madam, never can, never shall, be your's.

Sophia. How, sir! Never shall be mine? What do you tell me? There is but that man on earth with whom I can be happy; and, if my fate is such, that he is never to be mine, the world, and all it contains, will for ever after be indifferent to me.

Belf. jun. I have heard enough; farewell!

Sophia. Farewell, sagacious Mr. Belfield! the next fond female who thus openly declares herself to you, will, I hope, meet with a more gallant reception than I have done.

Belf. jun. How, what! Is't possible? O heavens!

Sophia. What, you've discovered it at last? Oh, fie upon you!

Belf. jun. Thus, thus, let me embrace my unexpected blessing! Come to my heart, my fond o'erflowing heart! and tell me, once again, that my Sophia will be only mine!

Sophia. O man, man! all despondency one moment, all rapture the next. No question now but you conceive every difficulty surmounted, and that we have nothing to do but to run into each other's arms, make a fashionable elopement, and be happy for life; and I must own to you, Mr. Belfield, were there no other condition of our union, even this project should not deter me; but I have better hopes, provided you will be piloted by me; for, believe me, my good friend, I am better acquainted with this coast than you are.

Belf. jun. I doubt not your discretion, and shall implicitly surrender myself to your guidance.

Sophia. Give me a proof of it then, by retreating from this place immediately; 'tis my father's hour for walking, and I would not have you meet; besides, your brother is expected.

Belf. jun. Ay! that brother, my Sophia, that brother brings vexation and regret whenever he is named; but I hope I need not dread a second injury in your esteem; and yet, I know not how it is, but if I were addicted to superstition—

Sophia. And if I were addicted to anger, I should quarrel with you for not obeying my injunctions with more readiness.

Belf. jun. I will obey thee, and, yet, 'tis difficult. Those lips, which thus have blest me, cannot dismiss me without—

Sophia. Nay, Mr. Belfield, don't you—well, then—Mercy upon us! who's coming here?

Belf. jun. How! Oh, yes! never fear; 'tis a friend; 'tis Violetta; 'tis a lady that I—

Sophia. That you what, Mr. Belfield? What lady is it? I never saw her in my life before.

Belf. jun. No; she is a foreigner; born in Portugal, though of an English family; the packet, in which she was coming to England, foundered alongside of our ship, and I was the instrument of saving her life. I interest myself much in her happiness, and I beseech you, for my sake, to be kind to her. [Exit.]

Sophia. He interests himself much in her happiness; he beseeches me, for his sake, to be kind to her! What am I to judge of all this?

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Madam, I ask pardon for this intrusion, but I have business with you of a nature that—I presume I'm not mistaken, you are the young lady I have been directed to, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove?

Sophia. I am, madam; but won't you please to repose yourself in the house? I understand you are a stranger in this country. May I beg to know what commands you have for me? Mr. Belfield has made me acquainted with some circumstances relative to your story, and for his sake, madam, I shall be proud to render you any service in my power.

Vio. For Mr. Belfield's sake, did you say, madam? Has Mr. Belfield named me to you, madam?

Sophia. Is there any wonder in that, pray?

Vio. No, none at all. In any man else such confidence would surprise me; but in Mr. Belfield 'tis natural; there is no wondering at what he does.

Sophia. You must pardon me, I find we think differently of Mr. Belfield; he left me but this minute, and, in the kindest terms, recommended you to my friendship.

Vio. 'Twas he then that parted from you as I came up: I thought so, but I was too much agitated to observe him, and, I am confident, he is too guilty to dare to look upon me.

Sophia. Why so, madam? For heaven's sake, inform me what injuries you have received from Mr. Belfield. I must own to you, I am much interested in finding him to be a man of honour.

Vio. I know your situation, madam, and I pity it; Providence has sent me here, in time, to save you, and to tell you—

Sophia. What? To tell me what? Oh, speak! or I shall sink with apprehension.

Vio. To tell you that he is my husband.

Sophia. Husband! Your husband? What do I hear? ungenerous, base, deceitful Belfield! I thought he seemed confounded at your appearance; everything confirms his treachery, and I cannot doubt the truth of what you tell me.

Vio. A truth it is, madam, that I must ever reflect on with the most sorrowful regret.

Sophia. Come, let me beg you to walk towards the house. I ask no account of this transaction of Mr. Belfield's; I would fain banish his name from my memory for ever, and you shall, this instant, be a witness to his peremptory dismissal. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Garden.

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR, and PATERSON.

Belf. jun. And so, sir, these are her ladyship's commands, are they?

Pateron. This is what I am commissioned by Lady Dove to tell you. What report shall I make to her?

Belf. jun. Even what you please, Mr. Pateron: mould it, and model it to your liking; put as many palliatives as you think proper, to sweeten it to her ladyship's taste, so you do but give her to understand that I neither can, nor will, abandon my Sophia. Cease to think of her indeed! What earthly power can exclude her idea from my thoughts? I am surprised Lady Dove should think of sending me such a message; and I wonder, sir, that you should consent to bring it.

Pateron. Sir!

Belf. jun. Nay, Mr. Pateron, don't assume such a menacing air, nor practise on my temper too far in this business. I know both your situation and my own; consider, sir, mine is a cause that would animate the most dastardly spirit; your's is enough to damp the most courageous. [Exit.]

Pateron. A very short and sententious gentleman! but there is truth in his remark; mine is but a sorry commission after all: the man's in the right to fight for his mistress; she's worth the venture, and if there was no way else to be quit of mine, I should be in the right to fight too. Egad! I don't see why aversion shouldn't make me as desperate, as love makes him. Hell and fury! here comes my Venus!

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. Well, Pateron, what says the fellow to my message?

Pateron. Says, madam! I'm ashamed to tell you what he says; he's the arrantest boatswain that ever I conversed with.

Lady D. But tell me what he says.

Pateron. Everything, that scandal and scurrility can utter against you. [me?]

Lady D. Against me! What could he say against

Paterson. Modesty forbids me to tell you.

Lady D. Oh, the vile reprobate! I, that have been so guarded in my conduct, so discreet in my partialities, as to keep them secret, even from my own husband; but, I hope, he didn't venture to abuse my person?

Paterson. No, madam, no; had he proceeded to such lengths, I couldn't, in honour, have put up with it; I hope I have more spirit than to suffer any reflections upon your ladyship's personal accomplishments.

Lady D. Well, but did you say nothing in defence of my reputation?

Paterson. Nothing.

Lady D. No?

Paterson. Not a syllable; trust me for that: 'tis the wisest way upon all tender topics to be silent; for he, who takes upon himself to defend a lady's reputation, only publishes her favours to the world; and, therefore, I would always leave that office to a husband. [heart—

Lady D. 'Tis true; and if Sir Benjamin had any

Paterson. Come, come, my dear lady, don't be too severe upon Sir Benjamin; many men of no better appearance than Sir Benjamin, have shewn themselves perfect heroes: I know a whole family that, with the limbs of ladies, have the hearts of lions. Who can tell but your husband may be one of this sort?

Lady D. Ah!—

Paterson. Well, but try him; tell him how you have been used, and see what his spirit will prompt him to do. Apropos! here the little gentleman comes; if he won't fight, 'tis but what you expect; if he will, who can tell where a lucky arrow may hit? [Exit.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin, I want to have a little discourse in private with you.

Sir B. With me, my lady?

Lady D. With you, Sir Benjamin; 'tis upon a matter of a very serious nature; pray sit down by me. I don't know how it is, my dear, but I have observed of late, with much concern, a great abatement in your regard for me.

Sir B. Oh, fie, my lady! Why do you think so? What reason have you for so unkind a suspicion?

Lady D. 'Tis in vain for you to deny it. I am convinced you have done loving me.

Sir B. Well, now, I vow, my dear, as I am a sinner, you do me wrong.

Lady D. Lookye, Sir Benjamin, love, like mine, is apt to be quick-sighted, and, I am persuaded, I am not deceived in my observations.

Sir B. Indeed, and indeed, my Lady Dove, you accuse me wrongfully.

Lady D. Mistake me not, my dear, I do not accuse you, I accuse myself; I am sensible there are faults and imperfections in my temper.

Sir B. Oh! trifles, my dear; mere trifles!

Lady D. Come, come, I know you have led but an uncomfortable life of late; and, I am afraid, I have been innocently, in some degree, the cause of it.

Sir B. Far be it from me to contradict your ladyship, if you are pleased to say so.

Lady D. I am sure it has been as I say: my overfondness for you has been troublesome and vexatious; you hate confinement, I know you do; you are a man of spirit, and formed to figure in the world.

Sir B. Oh! you flatter me.

Lady D. Nay, nay, there's no disguising it: you sigh for action; your looks declare it: this alteration in your habit and appearance puts it out of doubt; there is a certain quickness in your eye; 'twas the first symptom that attracted my regards; and, I am mistaken, Sir Benjamin, if you do not possess as much courage as any man.

Sir B. Your ladyship does me honour.

Lady D. I do you justice, Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. Why, I believe, for the matter of courage, I have as much as my neighbours; but 'tis of a strange perverse quality; for, as some spirits rise with the difficulties they have to encounter, my courage, on the contrary, is always greatest when there is least call for it.

Lady D. Oh! you shall never make me believe this, Sir Benjamin. You couldn't bear to see me ill used; I'm positive you couldn't.

Sir B. 'Tis as well, however, not to be too sure of that. (Aside.)

Lady D. You couldn't be so mean-spirited, as to stand by and hear your poor dear wife abused and insulted, and—

Sir B. Oh, no, by no means; 'twould break my heart; but who has abused you, and insulted you, and—

Lady D. Who? why this young Belfield, that I told you of.

Sir B. Oh, never listen to him! a woman of your years should have more sense than to mind what such idle young fleers can say of you.

Lady D. (Rising.) My years, Sir Benjamin! Why, you are more intolerable than he is; but let him take his course; let him run away with your daughter; it shall be no further concern of mine to prevent him.

Sir B. No, my dear, I've done that effectually.

Lady D. How so, pray?

Sir B. By taking care she sha'n't run away with my estate at the same time. Some people lock their daughters up, to prevent their eloping; I've gone a wiser way to work with mine, let her go loose, and locked up her fortune.

Lady D. And, o' my conscience, I believe you mean to do the same by your wife; turn her loose upon the world, as you do your daughter; leave her to the mercy of every freebooter; let her be vilified and abused—her honour, her reputation, mangled and torn by every paltry, privateering fellow, that fortune casts upon your coast.

Sir B. Hold, my lady, hold; young Belfield did not glance at your reputation, I hope.—Did he?

Lady D. Indeed, but he did though; and there, in I think every wife has a title to her husband's protection.

Sir B. True, my dear; 'tis our duty to plead, but yours to provide us with the brief.

Lady D. There are some insults, Sir Benjamin, that no man of spirit ought to put up with; and the imputation of being made a wittol of, is the most unpardonable of any.

Sir B. Right, my dear; even truth, you know, is not to be spoke at all times.

Lady D. How, sir, would you insinuate anything to the disparagement of my fidelity? But chuse your side, quarrel you must, either with him or with me.

Sir B. Oh, if that is the alternative, what a deal of time have we wasted. Step with me into the library, and I'll pen him a challenge immediately.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Cabin, with a View of the Sea, as before.*

Enter PHILIP, and LUCY WATERS.

Philip. How I have loved you, Lucy, and what I have suffered on your account, you know well enough; and you shou'dn't now, when I am struggling to forget you, come to put me in mind of past afflictions. Go, go, leave me, I pray you, leave me.

Lucy. Nay, Philip, but hear me.

Philip. Hear you, ungrateful girl! you know it has been all my delight to hear you, to see you, and to sit by your side,—for hours I have done it; for whole days together. But those days are past;

I must labour now for my livelihood, and, if you rob me of my time, you wrong me of my subsistence.

Lucy. O, Philip! I am undone if you don't protect me!

Philip. Ah, Lucy! that I fear is past prevention.

Lucy. No, Philip, no! I am innocent, and therefore persecuted by the most criminal of men. I have disclosed all Mr. Belfield's artifices to Miss Sophia, and now am terrified to death. I saw him follow me out of the Park, as I was coming hither, and I dare not return home alone; indeed, Philip, I dare not.

Philip. Well, Lucy, step in with me, and fear nothing; I see the squire is coming. He, who can refuse his protection to a woman, may he never taste the blessings a woman can bestow!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELFIELD SENIOR.

Belf. Ay, 'tis she! confusion follow her! How perversely has she traversed my projects with Sophia! By all that's resolute, I'll be revenged! My brother, too, returned—vexatious circumstance! there am I foiled again. Since first I stepped out of the path of honour, what have I obtained? O, treachery! treachery! if thou can'st not, in this world, make us happy, better have remained that dull formal thing, an honest man, and trusted to what the future might produce.

Enter PHILIP.

So, fellow, who are you?

Philip. A man, sir; an honest man.

Belf. A saucy one, methinks.

Philip. The injurious are apt to think so; however, I ask pardon. As your riches make you too proud, my honesty, perhaps, makes me too bold.

Belf. O, I know you now: you are son to that old fellow I thought proper to discharge from my farm. Please to betake yourself from the door of your cabin; there's a young woman within I must have a word with. [with—

Philip. If 'tis Lucy Waters you would speak

Belf. If, rascal! It is Lucy Waters that I would speak with—that I will speak with—and, spite of your insolence, compel to answer whatever I please to ask, and go with me wherever I please to carry her.

Philip. Then, sir, I must tell you, poor as I am, she is under my protection. You see, sir, I am armed; you have no right to force an entrance here, and, while I have life, you never shall.

Belf. Then be it at your peril, villain, if you oppose me. (*They fight.*)

Enter PATERSON, who beats down their swords.

Paterson. For shame, Mr. Belfield! what are you about—tilting with this peasant?

Belf. Paterson, stand off.

Paterson. Come, come, put up your sword.

Belf. D——n, sir! what do you mean? Do you turn against me? Give way, or, by my soul, I'll run you through.

Enter CAPTAIN IRONSIDES and SKIFF.

Ironsides. Heyday, what the devil ails you all! I thought the whole ship's company had sprung a mutiny. Master and I were taking a nap together for good fellowship; and you made such a d—d clattering and clashing, there's no sleeping in peace for you.

Belf. Come, Mr. Paterson, will you please to bear me company, or stay with your new acquaintance?

Ironsides. Oh, ho, my righteous nephew! is it you that are kicking up this riot? Why, you ungracious profligate, would you murder an honest lad at the door of his own house? his castle—his castellum. Are these your fresh-water tricks?

Belf. Your language, Captain Ironsides, savours strongly of your profession; and I hold

both you, your occupation, and opinion, equally vulgar and contemptible.

Ironsides. My profession! Why, what have you to say to my profession, you unsanctified whelp, you? I hope it is an honest vocation to fight the enemies of one's country: you, it seems, are for murdering friends: I trust it is not for such a skip-jack as thee art to flee at my profession. Master, did'st ever hear the like?

Skiff. Never, never, captain; for my own part, I am one of few words; but, for my own part, I always thought that to be a brave seaman, like your honour, was the greatest title an Englishman can wear.

Ironsides. Why, so it is, Skiff; ahem!

Belf. Well, sir, I leave you to the enjoyment of your honours; so, your servant. Sirrah, I shall find a time for you. (*Belfield is going out.*)

Ironsides. Hark ye, sir; come back: one more word with you.

Belf. Well, sir!

Ironsides. Your father was an honest gentleman: your mother, though I say it that should not say it, was an angel; my eyes ache when I speak of her: ar'n't you ashamed, sirrah, to disgrace such parents? My nephew, Bob, your brother, is an honest lad, and as brave as ever stepped between stem and stern; a' has a few faults, indeed, as who is free? But you, Andrew, you are as false as a quicksand, and as full of mischief as a fire-ship.

Paterson. Come, Mr. Belfield, for heaven's sake, let us go home. [*Exit, with Belfield.*]

Ironsides. Hark ye, Philip, I forgot to ask you what all this stir was about. [form you.

Philip. Sir, if you please to walk in, I will in—

Ironsides. With all my heart: a pragmatical, impertinent coxcomb! Come, master, we'll fill a pipe, and hear the lad's story within doors. I never yet was ashamed of my profession, and I'll take care my profession shall have no reason to be ashamed of me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR, and SOPHIA.

Belf. jun. Madam! madam! will you vouchsafe to give me a hearing?

Sophia. Unless you could recall an act no earthly power can cancel, all attempt at explanation is vain.

Belf. jun. Yet, before we part for ever, obstinate, inexorable Sophia, tell me what is my offence?

Sophia. Answer yourself that question, Mr. Belfield; consult your own heart; consult your Violetta.

Belf. jun. Now, on my life, she's meanly jealous of Violetta; that grateful woman has been warm in her commendations of me, and her distempered fancy turns that candour into criminality. (*Aside.*)

Sophia. Ha! he seems confounded! guilty, beyond all doubt. (*Aside.*)

Belf. jun. By heaven, I'll no longer be the dupe to these bad humours! Lucy Waters, Violetta, every woman she sees or hears, alarms her jealousy, overthrows my hopes, and rouses every passion into fury. Well madam, at length I see what you allude to: I shall follow your advice, and consult my Violetta;—nay, more, consult my happiness; for, with her, at least, I shall find repose; with you, I plainly see, there can be none.

Sophia. 'Tis very well, sir; the only favour you can now grant me is never to see you again: for, after what has passed between us, every time you intrude into my company, you will commit an insult upon good breeding and humanity.

Belf. jun. Madam, I'll take care to give you no further offence. [*Exit.*]

Sophia. Oh, my poor heart will break!

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Sir B. Hey-day, Sophia! what's the matter?—

What ails my child? Who has offended you! Did not I see the younger Belfield part from you just now?

Sophia. O, sir! if you have any love for me, don't name that base treacherous wretch to me any more. *[Exit.]*

Sir B. Upon my word, I am young Mr. Belfield's most obsequious servant; a very notable confusion, truly, he has been pleased to make in my family! Lady Dove raves, Sophia cries: my wife calls him a saucy impudent fellow; my daughter says he's a base treacherous wretch; from all which I am to conclude, that he has spoke too plain truths to the one, and told too many lies to the other. Lady Dove has peremptorily insisted upon my giving him a challenge; but, to say the truth, I had no great stomach to the business, till this fresh provocation: I perceive now, I am growing into a most unaccountable rage; 'tis something so different from what I ever felt before, that, for what I know, it may be courage, and I mistake it for anger. I never did quarrel with any man, and hitherto, no man ever quarrelled with me. Egad, if I once break the ice, it sha'n't stop here; if young Belfield does not prove me a coward, Lady Dove shall see that I am a man of spirit. Sure, I see my gentleman coming here again! *(Steps aside.)*

Enter BELFIELD, JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. What meanness, what infatuation possesses me, that I should resolve to throw myself once more in her way!—but she's gone, and yet I may escape with credit.

Sir B. Ay; there he is, sure enough! By the mass, I don't like him! I'll listen a while, and discover what sort of a humour he is in.

Belf. jun. I am ashamed of this weakness: I am determined to assume a proper spirit, and act as becomes a man upon this occasion.

Sir B. Upon my soul, I am very sorry for it.

Belf. jun. Now am I so distracted between love, rage, and disappointment, that I could find in my heart to sacrifice her, myself, and all mankind.

Sir B. Lord ha' mercy upon us! I'd better steal off, and leave him to himself.

Belf. jun. And yet, perhaps, all this may proceed from an excess of fondness in my Sophia.

Sir B. Upon my word, you are blest with a most happy assurance!

Belf. jun. Something may have dropped from Violante to alarm her jealousy; and, working upon the exquisite sensibility of her innocent mind, may have brought my sincerity into question.

Sir B. I don't understand a word of all this.

Belf. jun. Now could I fall at her feet for pardon, though I know not in what I have offended: I have not the heart to move. Fie upon it! What an arrant coward has love made me!

Sir B. A coward, does he say? I am heartily rejoiced to hear it; if I must needs come to action, pray heaven, it be with a coward! I'll even take him while he is in the humour, for fear he should recover his courage, and I lose mine. So, sir! your humble servant, Mr. Belfield! I'm glad I have found you, sir.

Belf. jun. Sir Benjamin, your most obedient. Pray, what are your commands, now you have found me?

Sir B. Hold! hold! don't come any nearer: don't you see I am in a most prodigious passion? Fire and fury! what's the reason you have made all this disorder in my house? my daughter in tears; my wife in fits; every thing in an uproar; and all your doing! Do you think I'll put up with this treatment? If you suppose you have a coward to deal with, you'll find yourself mistaken—greatly mistaken, let me tell you, sir! Mercy upon me, what a passion I am in! In short, Mr. Belfield, the honour of my house is concerned, and I must and will have satisfaction. *(Aside.)* I think this is

pretty well to set in with: I'm horribly out of breath. What great fatigues do men of courage undergo!

Belf. jun. Look ye, Sir Benjamin, I don't rightly comprehend what you would be at; but, if you think I have injured you, few words are best; disputes between men of honour are soon adjusted. I'm at your service, in any way you think fit.

Sir B. How you fly out, now! Is that giving me the satisfaction I require? I am the person injured in this matter, and, as such, have a right to be in a passion; but I see neither right nor reason, why you, who have done the wrong, should be as angry as I who have received it.

Belf. jun. (Aside.) I suspect, I have totally mistaken this honest gentleman; he only wants to build some reputation with his wife upon this rencounter, and 'twould be inhuman not to gratify him.

Sir B. What shall I do now? Egad, I seem to have posed him! This plaguy sword sticks so hard in the scabbard! Well, come forth, rapier; 'tis but one thrust; and what should a man fear, that has Lady Dove for his wife?

Belf. jun. Heyday! is the man mad? Put up your sword, Sir Benjamin; put it up, and don't expose yourself in this manner.

Sir B. You shall excuse me, sir; I have had some difficulty in drawing it, and am determined now to try what metal it's made of. So, come on, sir!

Belf. jun. Really, this is too ridiculous: I tell you, Sir Benjamin, I am in no humour for these follies. I've done no wrong to you, or yours; on the contrary, great wrong has been done to me: but I have no quarrel with you, so, pray put up your sword.

Sir B. And I tell you, Mr. Belfield, 'tis in vain to excuse yourself. The less readiness he shews, so much the more resolution I feel.

Belf. jun. Well, sir knight, if such is your humour, I won't spoil your longing. So, have at you!

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. Ah! *(Shrieks.)*

Belf. jun. Hold, hold, Sir Benjamin! I never fight in ladies' company.

Sir B. Oh, my lady! is it you? Don't be alarmed, my dear; 'tis all over: a small fracas between this gentleman and myself, that's all; don't be under any surprise; I believe the gentleman has had enough: I believe he is perfectly satisfied with my behaviour, and, I persuade myself, you will have no cause in future to complain of his. Mr. Belfield, this is Lady Dove.

Belf. jun. Madam, to a generous enemy, 'tis mean to deny justice, or withhold applause. You are happy in the most valiant of defenders, gentle as you may find him in the tender passions; to a man, madam, he acquits himself like a man. Sir Benjamin Dove, in justice to your merit, I am ready to make any submission to this lady you shall please to impose. If you suffer her to bully you after this, you deserve to be hen-pecked all the days of your life. *(Aside to Sir B.)*

Sir B. Say no more, my dear Bob; I shall love you for this the longest hour I have to live.

Belf. jun. If I have done you any service, promise me only one hour's conversation with your lovely daughter, and make what use of me you please.

Sir B. Here's my hand; you shall have it; leave us. *[Exit Belfield, Junior.]*

Lady D. What am I to think of all this? It can't well be a contrivance; and yet, 'tis strange, that yon little animal should have the assurance to face a man, and to be so bashful at a rencontre with a woman!

Sir B. Well, Lady Dove, what are you musing upon? You see, you are obeyed; the honour of your family is vindicated: slow to enter into these affairs, being once engaged, I pertinaciously conduct them to an issue.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin, I—I—

Sir B. Here, Jonathan, do you hear? set my things ready in the library; make haste.

Lady D. I say, Sir Benjamin, I think—

Sir B. Well, let's hear what it is you think?

Lady D. Bless us all! why, you snap one up so! I say, I think, my dear, you have acquitted yourself tolerably well, and I am perfectly satisfied.

Sir B. Humph! you think I have done tolerably well; I think so too: do you apprehend me? Tolerably! for this business, that you think tolerably well done, is but half concluded, let me tell you: nay, what some would call the toughest part of the undertaking, remains unfinished; but, I dare say, with your concurrence, I shall find it easy enough.

Lady D. What is it you mean to do with my concurrence? what mighty project does your wise brain teem with?

Sir B. Nay, now I reflect on't again, I don't think there'll be any need of your concurrence; for, *volens* or *volens*, I'm determined it shall be done. In short, this it is:—I am unalterably resolved, from this time forward, Lady Dove, to be sole and absolute in this house;—master of my own servants, father to my own child, and sovereign lord and governor, madam, over my own wife!

Lady D. You are?

Sir B. I am. Gods! gods! what a pitiful, contemptible figure does a man make under petticoat government! I am determined to be free.

Enter PATERSON, and whispers Lady Dove.

Ha! how's this, Mr. Paterson! What liberties are these you take with my wife, and before my face? No more of these freedoms, I do beseech you, sir, as you expect to have to answer it to a husband, who will have no secrets whispered to his wife, to which he is not privy; nor any appointments made, in which he is not a party.

Paterson. Heyday! what a change of government is here! Egad, I'm very glad on't. Sir Benjamin, I see you are busy about family affairs; so I'll wait on you some other time. *[Exit.]*

Lady Dove. What insolence is this, Sir Benjamin? what ribaldry do you shock my ears with? Let me pass, sir; I'll stay no longer in the same room with you.

Sir B. Not in the same room, nor under the same roof, shall you long abide, unless you reform your manners; however, for the present, you must be content to stay where you are.

Lady D. What, sir! will you imprison me in my own house? I'm sick; I'm ill; I'm suffocated; I want air: I must and will walk into the garden.

Sir B. Then, madam, you must find some better weapon than your fan to parry my sword with: this pass I defend: what, dost think, after having encountered a man, I shall turn my back on a woman? No, madam; I have ventured my life to defend your honour; 'twould be hard if I wanted spirit to protect my own. To-morrow, madam, you leave this house for ever.

Lady D. Will you break my heart, you tyrant? Will you turn me out of doors, to starve, you barbarous man?

Sir B. Oh! never fear; you will fare, to the full, as well as you did in your first husband's time; in your poor, dear, dead Mr. Searcher's time. You told me once, that you prized the paltry greyhound that hung at his button-hole, more than all the jewels my folly had lavished upon you. I take you at your word; you shall have your bauble, and I will take back all mine; they'll be of no use to you hereafter.

Lady D. O, Sir Benjamin! Sir Benjamin! for mercy's sake turn me not out of your house! I will be obedient, gentle, and complying, for the future; don't shame me; on my knees, I beseech you, don't.

Enter BELFIELD, SENIOR.

Sir B. Mr. Belfield, I am heartily glad to see you; don't go back, sir; you catch us, indeed, a little unawares; but these situations are not uncommon in well-ordered families: rewards and punishments are the life of government; and the authority of a husband must be upheld.

Belf. I confess, Sir Benjamin, I was greatly surprised at finding Lady Dove in that attitude; but I never pry into family secrets: I had much rather suppose your lady was on her knees to intercede with you in my behalf, than be told she was reduced to that humble posture for any reason that affects herself.

Sir B. Sir, you are free to suppose what you please for Lady Dove; I'm willing to spare you that trouble on my account; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, if you will sign and seal your articles this night, to-morrow morning Sophia shall be your's. I'm resolved, that the self-same day which consecrates the redemption of my liberty, shall confirm the surrender of your's.

Lady D. O, Mr. Belfield! I beseech you, intercede with this dear cruel man in my behalf! Would you believe, that he harbours a design of expelling me his house, on the very day, too, when he purposes celebrating the nuptials of his daughter?

Belf. Come, Sir Benjamin, I must speak to you now as a friend in the nearest connexion: I beg you will not damp our happiness with so melancholy an event. I will venture to pledge myself for her ladyship.

Sir B. Well, for your sake, perhaps, I may prolong her departure for one day; but I'm determined, if she does stay to-morrow, she shall not preside at table; if 'tis only to shew the company what a refractory wife, in the hands of a man of spirit, may be brought to submit to. Our wives, Mr. Belfield, may tease us, and vex us, and still escape with impunity; but, if once they thoroughly provoke us, the charm breaks, and they are lost for ever. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Sea Coast.

Enter OLD GOODWIN and FANNY.

O. Good. What you tell me, Fanny, gives me great concern; that Mr. Francis should think to seduce the innocence of my child, for a paltry bribe! What can have passed to encourage him to put such an affront upon you?

Fanny. Till this proposal, which I tell you of, I always took Mr. Francis for one of the best-behaved, modestest young men, I had ever met with.

O. Good. To say the truth, Fanny, so did I; but the world is full of hypocrisy, and our acquaintance with him has been very short.

Enter FRANCIS.

Hark ye, young man, a word with you. What is it I or my children have done to offend you?

Francis. Offend me! what is it you mean?

O. Good. When your vessel was stranded upon our coast, did we take advantage of your distress? On the contrary, wasn't this poor hut thrown open to your use, as a receptacle for your treasures, and a repose for your fatigues! Have either those treasures, or that repose, been invaded? Whom amongst you have we robbed or defrauded?

Francis. None, none; your honesty has been as conspicuous as your hospitality.

O. Good. Why, then, having received no injury, do you seek to do one? an injury of the basest nature. You see there a poor girl, whose only portion in this world is her innocence, and of that you have sought to—

Francis. Hold; nor impute designs to me which I abhor. You say your daughter has no portion but her innocence; assured of that, I ask none else; and if she can forgive the stratagem I have

made use of, I am ready to atone for it by a life devoted to her service.

O. Good. Well, sir, I am happy to find you are the man I took you for, and cannot discommend your caution; so, that, if you like my daughter, and Fanny is consenting—But, soft! who have we got here?

Fanny. I wish Mr. Paterson was further off, for interrupting us just now.

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. Pray, good people, isn't there a lady with you, of the name of Violetta?

O. Good. There is.

Paterson. Can you direct me to her? I have business with her of the utmost consequence.

O. Good. Fanny, you and Mr. Francis step in, and let the lady know. [*Exeunt Fanny and Francis.*] If it's no offence, Mr. Paterson, allow me to ask you, whether there is any hope of our young gentleman here, who is just returned, succeeding in his addresses to Miss Dove?

Paterson. Certainly none, Master Goodwin.

G. Good. I'm heartily sorry for it.

Paterson. I find you are a stranger to the reasons which make against it; but how are you interested in his success?

O. Good. I am a witness of his virtues; and, consequently, not indifferent to his success. [*Exit.*

Enter VIOLETTA.

Paterson. Madam, I presume your name is Violetta?

Vio. It is, sir.

Paterson. I wait upon you, madam, at Miss Dove's desire, and as a particular friend of Mr. Andrew Belfield's.

Vio. Sir!

Paterson. Madam!

Vio. Pray, proceed.

Paterson. To entreat the favour of your company at Cropley Castle, upon business, wherein that lady and gentleman are intimately concerned; I presume, madam, you guess what I mean?

Vio. Indeed, sir, I cannot easily guess how I can possibly be a party in any business between Miss Dove and Mr. Belfield. I thought all intercourse between those persons was now entirely at an end.

Paterson. Oh, no, madam; by no means: the affair is far from being at an end.

Vio. How, sir! not at an end?

Paterson. No, madam; on the contrary, from Sir Benjamin's great anxiety for the match, and, above all, from the very seasonable intelligence you was so good to communicate to Miss Sophia, I am not without hopes that Mr. Andrew Belfield will be happy enough to conquer all her scruples, and engage her to consent to marry him.

Vio. Indeed! but pray, sir, those scruples of Miss Dove's, which you flatter yourself Mr. Belfield will so happily conquer, how is it that ladies in this country reconcile themselves to such matters? I should have thought such an obstacle utterly insurmountable.

Paterson. Why, to be sure, madam, Miss Dove has had some doubts and difficulties to contend with; but duty, you know—and, as I said before, you, madam, you have been a great friend to Mr. Belfield, you have forwarded matters surprisingly.

Vio. It is very surprising, truly, if I have.

Paterson. You seem greatly staggered at what I tell you. I see you are a stranger to the principles upon which young ladies frequently act in this country; I believe, madam, in England, as many, or more, matches are made from pique, than for love; and, to say the truth, I take this of Miss Dove's to be one of that sort. There is a certain person, you know, who will feel upon this occasion.

Vio. Yes; I well know there is a certain person, who will feel upon this occasion; but, are

the sufferings of that unhappy one to be converted into raillery and amusement?

Paterson. Oh, madam, the ladies will tell you, that therein consists the very luxury of revenge! But, I beseech you, have the goodness to make haste, my friend, Mr. Belfield, may stand in need of your support.

Vio. Thus insulted, I can contain myself no longer. Upon what infernal shore am I cast? Into what society of demons am I fallen? that a woman whom, by an act of honour, I would have redeemed from misery and ruin, should have the insolence, the inhumanity, to invite me to be a spectatress of her marriage with my own husband!

Paterson. With your husband! What do I hear? Is Mr. Andrew Belfield your husband?

Vio. Ay, do you doubt it? 'Would I could say he was not!

Paterson. Just heaven! you then are the Violetta, you are the Portuguese lady I have heard so much of, and married to Mr. Belfield.—Base and perfidious! Why, madam, both Miss Dove and myself conceived that 'twas the young adventurer with whom you suffered shipwreck, that—

Vio. What, Lewson! the brave, generous, honourable Lewson?

Paterson. Lewson! Lewson! as sure as can be, you mean young Belfield; for now the recollection strikes me, that I've heard he took that name before he quitted England. That Lewson, madam, whom we believed you married to, is Robert Belfield, the younger brother to your husband.

Vio. Mercy defend me! into what distress had this mutual mistake nearly involved us.

Paterson. Come then, madam, let us lose no time, but fly, with all despatch, to Cropley Castle; I have a postchaise waiting, which will convey us thither, in a few minutes; but before we go, I'll step in and direct these good people to find young Belfield, and send him after us. Old Ironsides and all must be there. [*Exit.*

Vio. Let me reflect upon my fate—wedded, betrayed, abandoned! at once a widow and a wife, all that my soul held dear, in the same hour obtained and lost. O false, false Belfield! Strong, indeed, must be that passion, and deeply seated in my heart, which even thy treachery could not eradicate! Twice shipwrecked! twice rescued from the jaws of death! Just heaven! I do not, dare not, murmur; nor can I doubt but that thy hand invisibly is stretched forth to save me; and, through this labyrinth of sorrow, to conduct me to repose. *Re-enter PATERSON.*

Paterson. Now, madam, if you will trust yourself to my convoy, I'll bring you into harbour, where you shall never suffer shipwreck more.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Sir Benjamin Dove's House.*

Enter SIR BENJAMIN and LADY DOVE.

Sir B. Upon these terms and stipulations, Lady Dove, I consent to your remaining at Cropley Castle. Enjoy you your own prerogative, and leave me in possession of mine; above all things, my dear, I must insist that Mr. Paterson be henceforward considered as my friend and companion, and not your ladyship's.

Lady D. Nay, but indeed and indeed, my dear Sir Benjamin, this is being too hard with me, to debar me the common gratifications of every woman of distinction; Mr. Paterson, you know, is my very particular friend.

Sir B. 'Tis for his being so very particular, my dear, that I object to him.

Lady D. Friendship, Sir Benjamin, is the virtuous recreation of delicate and susceptible minds; would you envy me that innocent pleasure? Why, you know, my dearest, that your passion for me, which was once so violent, is now softened and subsided into mere friendship.

Sir B. True, my dear; and, therefore, I am afraid, lest my love having, by easy degrees, slackened into friendship, his friendship should, by as natural a transition, quicken into love; say no more, therefore, upon this point, but leave me to Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Paterson to me; go, send Sophia to me—Oh, here she comes: your ladyship need not be present at our conference; I think my own daughter, surely, belongs to my province, and not yours. Good morning to you. [*Exit Lady D.*]

Enter SOPHIA.

Well, daughter, are you prepared to comply with my desires, and give your hand to Andrew Belfield, this morning?

Sophia. Sir!

Sir B. My heart is fixed upon this event; I have watched late and early to bring it to bear; and you'll find, my child, when you come to peruse your marriage settlement, how tenderly I have consulted your happiness in this match.

Sophia. Alas! I should never think of searching for happiness amongst deeds and conveyances; 'tis the man, and not the money, that is likely to determine my lot.

Sir B. Well, and is not Mr. Belfield a man? a fine man, as I take it he is, and a fine estate I'm sure he has got. Then, consider, likewise, how this alliance will accommodate matters in the borough of Knavestown, where I and my family have stood three contested elections with his, and lost two of them; that sport will now be at an end; and our interests will be consolidated by this match, as well as our estates.

Sophia. Still you mistake my meaning; I talk of the qualities of a man, you of his possessions; I require in a husband, good morals, good nature, and good sense; what has all this to do with contiguous estates, connected interests, and contested elections?

Sir B. I don't rightly understand what you would have, child; but this I well know, that if money alone will not make a woman happy, 'twill always purchase that that will. I hope, Sophy, you've done thinking of that rambling, idle young fellow, Bob Belfield.

Sophia. Perish all thought of him for ever! Nothing can be more contrary, more impossible in nature, than my union with young Belfield.—Age, ugliness, ill-nature, bring any-thing to my arms, rather than him.

Sir B. But why so angry with him, child? This violent detestation and abhorrence, is as favourable a symptom as any reasonable lover could wish for.

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. Joy to you, Sir Benjamin! all joy attend you both; the bridegroom by this time is arrived; we saw his equipage enter the avenue, as ours drove into the court.

Sir B. Mr. Paterson, sir, I know not if yet your friend is to be a bridegroom, I find my daughter, here, so cold and uncomplying, for my own part, I don't know how I shall look Mr. Belfield in the face.

Paterson. Fear nothing, Sir Benjamin; make haste and receive your son-in-law; I have news to communicate to miss Dove, which I am confident will dispose her to comply with your wishes.

Sir B. Well, sir, I shall leave her to your tutorage. This obliging gentleman undertakes not only for my wife, but my daughter too. [*Exit.*]

Sophia. I am surprised, Mr. Paterson—

Paterson. Hold, madam, for one moment; I have made a discovery of the last importance to your welfare; you are in an error with regard to young Belfield. Violetta, the lady you believed him married to, is here in the house; I have brought her hither at your request; and from her I learn, that the elder brother is her husband—he who, this very morning, but for my discovery, had been yours also.

Sophia. What's this you tell me, sir? Where is this lady—where is Violetta? where is young Belfield?

Paterson. Violetta, madam, I have put under safe convoy; and by this time, your waiting woman has lodged her privately in the closet of your bed-chamber: there you will find her, and learn the whole process of this providential escape. I'll only speak a word to Sir Benjamin, and come to you without any further delay. [*Exit Sophia.*]

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE and BELFIELD, SEN.

Sir B. Well, Mr. Paterson, what says my daughter?

Paterson. Every thing that becomes an obedient daughter to say: so, that if this gentleman is not made completely happy within this hour, the fault will lie at his door, and not with Miss Sophia.

Sir B. This is good news, Paterson; but I am impatient to have the ceremony concluded; the bells are ringing, the parson is waiting, and the equipages are at the door: step up to Sophia, and tell her to hasten; and hark ye, my friend, as you go by Lady Dove's door, give her a call; do you mind me, only call at the door: don't you go in; she's busy at work upon a large parcel of ribbons, which I've given her to make into wedding favours; she'll be very angry if you go into her chamber. Go, go, get you gone. [*Exit Paterson.*]

Belf. How comes it to pass, Sir Benjamin, that Mr. Paterson is become so necessary an agent in the female affairs of your family? I confess to you my pride is wounded, when I find I am to thank him for your daughter's consent to marry me. The man that can prevail upon a woman to act against her liking, what may he not persuade her to do, with it?

Sir B. Your remark is just: Paterson has certainly some secret faculty of persuasion; and all that can be said is, that 'tis better to see your danger before marriage, than to be feeling it out, as I have done, afterwards.

Enter CAPTAIN IRONSIDES and BELFIELD, JUN.

Sir B. What, old acquaintance, are you come to rejoice with me on this occasion? Bob Belfield too, as I live! you are both heartily welcome. I could have spared their visit notwithstanding. (*Aside.*)

Belf. My brother here? vexation!

Belf. jun. Sir Benjamin! I come now to claim your promise of one hour's conversation with your

Sir B. The devil you do! [*daughter.*]

Belf. Ridiculous!

Belf. jun. To you, sir, obligations of this sort may be matter of ridicule: but while I religiously observe all promises I make to others, I shall expect others to be as observant of those they make to me.

Belf. Sir, I have a most profound veneration for your principles, and am happy to find your understanding so much cultivated by travel; but, in spite of your address, you will find it rather difficult to induce me to waive my right in Miss Dove, in favour of a professed adventurer.

Belf. jun. Shameless, unfeeling man! an adventurer do you call me? You, whose unbrotherly persecution drove me to this hazardous, this humiliating occupation?

Ironsides. Sirrah! Bob! no reflections upon privateering; it has lined your pockets well, you young rogue; and you may tell your fine brother there, that we have landed treasure enough upon his estate to buy the fee-simple of it: ay, and, for what I know, of Sir Wiseacre's here into the bargain.

Sir B. What's that you say, Captain Ironsides? Let's have a word in a corner with you.

Belf. Look ye, sir, if you conceive yourself wronged by me, there is but one way. You know your remedy.

Belf. jun. I know your meaning, brother; and, to demonstrate how much greater my courage is than your's, I must confess to you, I dare not accept your proposal. [believe.]

Sir B. No, no, I've given him enough of that, I

Ironsides. Bob Belfield, if I did not know thee for a lad of mettle, I should not tell what to make of all this; for my own part, I understand none of your scruples and refinements, not I; a man is a man; and if I take care to give an affront to no man, I think I have a right to take an affront from no man.

Sir B. Come, gentlemen, suspend your dispute; here comes my daughter—let her decide betwixt you.

Belf. jun. Let me receive my sentence from her lips, and I will submit to it.

Enter SOPHIA, PATERSON, and LADY DOVE.

Sir B. Here's a young gentleman, daughter, that will take no denial; he comes to forbid the bans just when you are both going into the church to be married.

Sophia. Upon my word, this is something extraordinary. What are the gentleman's reasons for this behaviour?

Sir B. He claims a sort of promise from me that he should be indulged in an hour's conversation with you, before you give your hand to his brother.

Sophia. An hour's conversation! What little that gentleman can have to say to me, I believe, may be said in a very few minutes.

Belf. I think, brother, this conversation don't promise a great deal.

Sophia. In the first place, then, I own to this gentleman, and the company present, that there was a time when I entertained the highest opinion of his merit. Nay, I will not scruple to confess that I had conceived a regard for him of the tenderest sort.

Ironsides. And pray, young lady, how came my nephew to forfeit your good opinion?

Sophia. By a conduct, sir, that must for ever forfeit, not my esteem only, but your's, and all mankind's: I am sorry to be his accuser; but I will appeal to you, Mr. Belfield, who are his brother, whether it is reconcilable either to honour or humanity, to prosecute an affair of marriage with one woman, when you are previously and indispensably engaged to another?

Belf. Humph!

Sophia. Yet this, sir, is the treatment I received: judge, therefore, if I can desire or consent to have any long conversation with a gentleman, who is under such engagements; nay, whom I can prove actually married to another woman, in this very house, and ready to vouch the truth of what I assert. Judge for me, Mr. Belfield, could you believe any man capable of such complicated, such inconceivable villany?

Belf. Heavens! This touches me too closely.

Sir B. Sir, I would fain know what excuse you can have for this behaviour? I can tell you, sir, I don't understand it.

Lady D. Oh, fie! fie upon you, Mr. Belfield! I wonder you are not ashamed to shew your face in this family.

Sir B. Who desired you to put in your oar?

Ironsides. Why, sirrah, would not one wife content you? 'Tis enough, in all reason, for one man; is it not, Sir Benjamin? [accuse me.]

Belf. jun. Sir, when it is proved I am married,

Ironsides. Look ye, Bob, I don't blame you for marrying; 'twas an indiscretion, and I can forgive it; but to deny it, is a meanness, and I abhor it.

Sophia. Mr. Belfield, do you say nothing upon this occasion?

Belf. Paterson, I am struck to the heart; I cannot support my guilt! I am married to Violetta; save me the confusion of relating it: this disho-

nourable engagement for ever I renounce; nor will I rest till I have made an atonement to an injured wife. Madam, I beg leave to withdraw for a few minutes.

Belf. jun. Hold, sir! this contrivance is of your forging; you have touched me too near; and now, if you dare draw your sword, follow me.

Sophia. Hold, gentlemen! you forget the lady is now in the house; she is a witness that will effectually put an end to your dispute: I will conduct her hither. [Exit.]

Belf. jun. I agree to it.

Ironsides. Harkye, nephew; I shrewdly suspect you have been laying a train to blow yourself up: if once Bob comes fairly alongside of you, you'll find your quarters too hot to hold you. I never yet found my boy out in a lie, and sha'n't tamely see a lie imposed upon him; for, while he is honest, and I have breath, he shall never want a friend to stand by him, or a father to protect him.

Belf. Mr. Paterson, explain my story: I will depart this instant in search of Violetta.

Enter SOPHIA and VIOLETTA.

Sophia. Stay, I conjure you! stay, turn, and look back upon this lady, before you go. (*Presenting Violetta.*)

Belf. My wife!

Sophia. Yes, sir, your wife, and my unanswerable witness.

Sir B. Heyday! here's a turn!

Ironsides. I thought how 'twould be.

Vio. Yes, sir, your faithful, your forsaken wife.

Sophia. Thank heaven, that I can add, your only wife!

Belf. How shall I look upon you? What shall I say? Where shall I hide my confusion? Oh, take me to your arms, and, in that soft shelter, let me find forgiveness and protection.

Vio. Be this your only punishment! and this!

Belf. jun. Was it then a sister I preserved from death? [pardon too?]

Belf. What's this I hear? Oh, brother! can you

Belf. jun. Be indeed a brother, and let this providential event be the renovation of our friendship.

Belf. What shall I say to you, madam? (*To Sophia.*) Paterson, you know my heart: bear witness to its remorse. By heaven, my secret resolution was instantly to have departed in search of this my injured wife; but I'm not worthy even of your resentment; here is one that merits and returns your love. (*Turning to his brother.*)

Ironsides. Come, god-daughter, we can never say the fleet's fairly come to an anchor while the admiral's ship is out at sea. (*Presenting Belfield, Junior.*) My nephew here is as honest a lad as lives, and loves you at the soul of him; give him your hand, and I'll broach the last chest of dollars to make him a fortune deserving of you. What say you, my old friend?

Sir B. Here's my hand; I've spoke the word; she's his own. Lady Dove, I won't hear a syllable to the contrary.

Ironsides. Then, the galleon is thy own, boy. What should an old fellow like me do with money? Give me a warm nightcap, a tiff of punch, and an elbow-chair in your chimney corner, and I'll lay up for the remainder of my days.

Belf. jun. How shall I give utterance to my gratitude, or my love?

Belf. Now are you all assembled to overwhelm me with confusion. Like some poor culprit, surrounded by a crowd of witnesses, I stand convicted and appalled. But all your wrongs shall be redressed; my whole life shall be employed in acts of justice and atonement. Virtue, and this virtuous woman, were my first ruling passions.

Now they resume their social, soft controul,

And love and happiness possess my soul.

[Exeunt.]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY R. B. SHERIDAN.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

LORD FOPPINGTON
SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY
COLONEL TOWNLY
YOUNG FASHION

LOVELESS
PROBE
LORY
LA VAROLE

TRADESMEN
POSTILLION
AMANDA
BERINTHIA

MRS. COUPLER
MISS HOYDEN
NURSE
SEMPSTRESS

ACT I. SCENE I.—A Room in an Inn.

Enter YOUNG FASHION, LORY, and Postillion.

Young F. Lory, pay the post-boy, and take the portmanteau.

Lory. 'Faith, sir, we had better let the postboy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

Young F. Why sure there's something left in it.

Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour, sir—

Young F. Why, 'sdeath! it appears full.

Lory. Yes, sir; I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

Young F. What the devil shall I do? harkye, boy, what's the chaise?

Post. Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

Young F. Can you give me change for a guinea?

Post. O yes, sir.

Lory. So, what will he do now? Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below. [be as well.

Young F. Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will

Lory. Yes, yes; I'll tell them to discharge you below, honest friend. [pikes, too.

Post. Please your honour, there are the turn-

Young F. Ay, ay, the turnpikes by all means.

Post. I hope your honour will order me something.

Young F. To be sure; bid them give you a crown.

Lory. Yes, yes, my master doesn't care what you charge them, so get along, you—

Post. And there's the ostler, your honour.

Lory. Psha! damn the ostler; would you impose on the gentleman's generosity! [Exit Postillion.

Lory. Well, sir, we have arrived at Scarborough not worth a guinea: I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outlived all your cares.

Young F. How so, sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of. But, now, sir, for my Lord Foppington, your elder

Young F. D—n my eldest brother. [brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however. Look you, sir—

Young F. Look you, sir, are you so impenetrable a blockhead as to believe he'll help me with a far-thing?

Lory. Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

Young F. Why how would'st have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout, tickle him.

Young F. I can't flatter.

Lory. Can you starve?

Young F. Yes.

Lory. I can't; good-by-t'ye, sir.

Young F. Stay, thou'lt distract me. But who comes here? my old friend, Colonel Townly.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

My dear Colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

Col. T. Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure; what, are you come to Scarborough to be present at your brother's wedding?

Lory. Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure. [still?

Col. T. What, Lory, are you with your master

Lory. Yes, sir, I have been starving with him ever since I saw your honour last. [gaze.

Young F. Go, go, sir, and take care of the bag-

Lory. Yes, sir! The baggage! O Lord! I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows it.

Young F. Get along, you rascal. [Exit Lory.]

But, Colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law?

Col. T. Only by character; her father, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home; in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, Mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a distant relation of Sir Tunbelly's.

Young F. But is her fortune so considerable?

Col. T. Three thousand a-year, and a good sum of money, independant of her father, beside.

Young F. 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, Dame Coupler, could not have thought of me, as well as my brother, for such a prize.

Col. T. Egad, I wouldn't swear that you are too

late, his lordship, I know, hasn't yet seen the lady, and, I believe has quarrelled with his patroness.

Young F. My dear Colonel, what an idea have you started!

Col. T. Pursue it if you can, and you shall have my assistance; for beside my natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him. [the widow Berinthia?

Young F. Has he been addressing your old flame,

Col. T. Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced. I came here a month ago to meet the lady you mention; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique, and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

Young F. And Berinthia has never appeared?

Col. T. Oh, there's the perplexity; for just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived: not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fooled me for a month, I left her in a huff.

Young F. Well, well, I'll answer for it she'll soon resume her power; but my coxcomb of a brother is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he?

Col. T. Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her; but come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

Young F. I must pay my respects to his lordship: perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings.

Col. T. Come with me; I shall pass by it.

Young F. I wish you could pay this visit for me, or could tell me what I should say to him.

Col. T. Say nothing to him; apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box; and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

Young F. 'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune, Fortune, thou art a jilt, by gad! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Dressing Room.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON, and LA VAROLE.

Lord F. Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality; strike me dumb; even the boors of this northern spa have learned the respect due to a title. (Aside.) La Varole!

La Var. Mi lor—

Lord F. You han't yet been at Muddymoat-hall, to announce my arrival, have you?

La Var. Not yet, mi lor.

Lord F. Then you need not go till Saturday. [Exit La Varole.] as I am in no particular haste to view my intended sposa, I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife: Amanda is a charming creature, strike me ugly: and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my Lord Foppington.

Re-enter LA VAROLE.

La Var. Mi lor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord F. 'Tis well; admit them.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Tailor, Shoemaker, and Servants.

Lord F. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Tai. I think I may presume, sir,—

La Var. My lor, you clown, you.

Tai. My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord. I hope my lord, your lordship will be pleased to own I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore; will your lordship please to view 'em now?

Lord F. Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round.

Enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.

Young F. Heyday! what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's gown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee. (Apart.)

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make

him a favourite at court, they are to establish him with the ladies. (Apart.)

Young F. Good heaven! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them. (Apart.)

Lory. Sir, tailors and hair-dressers debauch all the women. (Apart.)

Young F. Thou say'st true. But now for my reception. (Apart.)

Lord F. (To Tailor.) Death, and eternal tortures! sir, I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

Tai. My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hooked nor buttoned.

Lord F. Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can any thing be worse than this? As Gad shall judge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout. [fancy.

Tai. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's

Lory. There, sir, observe what respect does.

Young F. Respect! D—n him for a coxcomb, but let's accost him. (Apart.) Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord F. O Lard, Tam, I did not expect you in England. Brother, I'm glad to see you; but what has brought you to Scarborough, Tam? Look you sir, (To the Tailor.) I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping gown, therefore pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion. [Exit Tailor.] Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarborough. Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind? [is pleased with your ruffles?

Semp. Directly, my lord. I hope your lordship

Lord F. In love with them, stab my vitals! Bring me my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

Semp. I humbly thank your lordship. [Exit.

Lord F. Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'nt ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, I think they fit you very well.

Lord F. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. No, my lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord F. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be d—. [me I cannot feel?

Lord F. Why wilt thou undertake to persuade

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you; I think I understand my trade.

Lord F. Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb, but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord F. Well, pr'ythee begone about thy business. [Exit Shoemaker.] Mr. Mendlegs, the calves of these stockings are thicken'd a little too much: they make my legs look like a porter's.

Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord F. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am, I have studied them all my life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

Mend. My lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town.

Lord F. Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter, and you should always remember, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs us robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter. [Exit Hosier.

Jewel. I hope, my lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation?

Lord F. Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jewel. My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe.

Lord F. My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be: formerly, indeed,

the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle. Now give me my watches, (*to Serv.*) my chapeau,—my handkerchief,—my snuff box: there, now the business of the morning is pretty well over. [*Exit Jeweller.*]

Young F. Well, Lory, what dost think on't? a very friendly reception from a brother, after three years' absence! (*Apart.*)

Lory. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault, here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended one thing that belongs to him. (*Apart.*)

Young F. (*Servants all go off.*) Nor ever shall while they belong to a coxcomb. (*Apart.*) Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord F. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind. Eh! is my carriage at the door? Excuse me, brother.

Young F. Shall you be back to dinner?

Lord F. As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for it is possible I may dine with some friends at Donner's. [*needs talk with you.*]

Young F. Shall I meet you there? for I must

Lord F. That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so proper; for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large; but there are other ordinaries in town, very good beef ordinaries. I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef? However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals! [*Exit.*]

Young F. 'Sdeath! Is this to be borne? But 'tis enough; I will now shew you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than both our loggerheads, if she would but join in the confederacy.

Young F. By this light, Madam Coupler! she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her. (*Retire.*) Enter MRS. COUPLER.

Mrs. C. So! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services, truly; my suspicions I find, were but too just. What! refuse to advance me a petty sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a galleon! But let him look to the consequences, an ungrateful, narrow-minded coxcomb.

Young F. (*Comes forward.*) So he is upon my soul, old lady; it must be my brother you speak of.

Mrs. C. Ha! stripling, how came you here? What, hast spent all, eh? And art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance?

Young F. No, I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risk of being hang'd for him.

Mrs. C. Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burn'd in the hand for't.

Young F. How, how, old Mischief?

Mrs. C. Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Young F. I'm very much beholden to you, truly!

Mrs. C. You may before the wedding-day: for

Young F. Good. [*your brother's a knave.*]

Mrs. C. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this lady, and has promised me as much more in ready money, upon the day of the marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he never designs to pay me; and his just now refusing to pay me a part is a proof of it. If therefore you will be a generous young rogue, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

Young F. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Mrs. C. Without his aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all his letters go through my hands. Sir Tunbely

Clumsy, my relation is apprised of his lordship's being down here, and expects him to-morrow to receive his daughter's hand, but the peer, I find, means to bait here a few days longer to recover the fatigue of his journey. Now you shall go to Mud-dymoot-hall in his place. I'll give you a letter of introduction: and if you don't marry the girl before sun-set, you deserve to be hanged before morning!

Young F. Agreed, agreed; and for thy reward—

Mrs. C. Well, well; though I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—

Young F. Not a souse by Jupiter.

Mrs. C. Must I advance then? Well, be at my lodgings, next door, this evening, and I'll see what may be done, we'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and begone. [*Exit.*]

Young F. So, Lory, fortune, thou seest, at last takes care of merit.

Lory. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he used to do.

Young F. Why, faith, he has played me many a sad trick; and, egad, I am almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thoud'st wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Young F. No! What wouldst thou say, if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design? [*than ever.*]

Lory. I would eat my words, and wonder more

Young F. Why faith, Lory, though I have played many a roguish trick, this is so full grown a cheat, I find I have scruples.

Lory. They are strong symptoms of death. If you find them increase, sir, pray make your will.

Young F. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither; but before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him to assist me, though with a moderate aid, I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make.

Succeed or fail, still vic'try is my lot;

If I subdue his heart, 'tis well,—if not,

I will subdue my conscience to my plot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room.

Enter AMANDA and LOVELESS.

Aman. I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarborough at all.

Love. O! a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasures of our retreat.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Love. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good music is one: and truly (with some small allowance) the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. Plays, I confess, have some small charms. What do you think of that you saw last night?

Love. To say truth, I did not mind it much, my attention was for some time taken off to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Love. What, alarmed, Amanda? [*danger.*]

Aman. It is my duty to be so when you are in

Love. You are too quick in apprehending for me. I viewed her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? who was she, pray?

Love. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Love. Upon my honour then, I did not ask.

Aman. Do you know what company was with her?

Love. I do not. But why are you so earnest.

Aman. I thought I had cause.

Love. But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story,—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair desires to know whether your ladyship sees company? her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen these five years, pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*] Here's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

Love. Don't be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ha! by Heavens, the very woman! (*Aside.*)

Ber. Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet you in Scarborough.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you. Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Love. If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

Love. Give my compliments to his lordship, and I shall be glad to see him. [*Exit Servant.*] If you are not acquainted with his lordship, madam, you will be entertained with his character.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth to see a man, whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Love. Nay, Amanda; pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lord F. Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

Love. My lord, I'm yours. [*slave.*]

Lord F. Madam, your ladyship's very obedient

Love. My lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

Lord F. (*Kisses her hand.*) The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me! Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here. I am, stap my vitals! For gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life? (*To Amanda.*)

Aman. My life has been very far from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord F. Why, that's the fatigue I speak of, madam; for 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading, then?

Lord F. Oh, passionately, madam; but I never think of what I read. [*ing?*]

Ber. Why, can your lordship read without think-

Lord F. Oh, lud! can your ladyship pray without devotion? But, to say the truth, madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know the town, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four-and-twenty hours, that 'twere ten thousand pities he should consume his time in that: for example, madam, my life is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, when in tawn, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion: nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look decent, lest he make so odious a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So, at twelve o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it is a good day, I resolve to take the exercise of riding; so, drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots, by two. On my return, I dress; and after dinner, lounge, perhaps, to the opera.

Ber. Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

Lord F. Oh, passionately! on Tuesdays and Saturdays; for then there is always the best company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening. [*the opera?*]

Aman. Does your lordship think that the case at

Lord F. Most certainly, madam. There is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Sneer, my Lady Giggie, and my Lady Grin; these have boxes in the front, and, while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the waurld, stap my vitals! Mayn't we hope for the honour to see you added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas! I am the worst company in the world at a concert; I'm so apt to attend to the music.

Lord F. Why, madam, that is very pardonable in the country or at church, but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly. I am afraid I tire the

Love. Not at all. Pray go on. [*company.*]

Lord F. Why, then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the clubs; nat that I ever play deep; indeed, I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand paunds at a sitting.

Love. But isn't your lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

Lord F. Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body. [*state.*]

Ber. Nay, my lord, but you are a pillar of the

Lord F. An ornamental pillar, madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the fatigue, rat me, but the whole building should fall plump to the ground!

Aman. But, my lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

Lord F. So! She would inquire into my amours! that's jealousy, poor soul! I see she's in love with me. (*Aside.*) O lord, madam! I had like to forgot a secret I must needs tell your ladyship. Ned, you must not be so jealous, now, as to listen.

Love. Not I, my lord; I am too fashionable a husband, to pry into the secrets of my wife.

Lord F. I am in love with you, to desperation, strike me speechless! (*Apart.*)

Aman. (*Strikes him.*) Then thus I return your passion, an impudent fool! [*realm.*]

Lord F. Gad's curse, madam! I am a peer of the

Love. Eh! what, the devil, do you affront my wife, sir? nay, then—(*Draws; they fight.*)

Aman. What has my folly done? Help! murder! help! Part them, for heaven's sake!

Lord F. Ah! quite through the body, stap my vitals!

Enter Servant.

Love. (*Runs to Lord Foppington.*) I hope I ha'n't killed the fool, however. Bear him up; call a surgeon there! (*A Servant crosses, and goes off.*)

Lord F. Ay, pray make haste.

Love. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord F. I may so; love's the devil, indeed, Ned!

Enter PROBE and Servant.

Serv. Mr. Probe, sir, was just going by the door.

Lord F. He's the welcomest man alive.

Probe. Stand by, stand by, stand by; pray, gentlemen, stand by. Lord have mercy upon us, did you never see a man run through the body before? Pray, stand by.

Lord F. Ah, Mr. Probe, I'm a dead man!

Probe. A dead man, and I by! I should laugh to see that, egad! [*upon his wound.*]

Love. Pr'ythee, don't stand prating, but look

Probe. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir.

Love. Why, then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Probe. Why, then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Love. 'Slife! he's run through the body, I tell thee.

Probe. I wish he was run through the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure. Now, I hope, you are satisfied. Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. (*Viewing his wound.*) Oons! what a gash is here! Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

Lord F. Oh!

Probe. Why, what the devil! have you run the gentleman through with a scythe? A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that's all. (*Aside.*)

Love. Let me see his wound.

Probe. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it I won't. [saw.]

Love. Why, thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever

Probe. Sir, I am not master of my trade for no-

Lord F. Surgeon! [thing.]

Probe. Sir.

Lord F. Are there any hopes? [for a cure?]

Probe. I can't tell. What are you willing to give

Lord F. Five hundred pounds, with pleasure.

Probe. Why, then, perhaps, there may be hopes; but we must avoid a further delay. Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently; that's the properest place—to bubble him out of his money. (*Aside.*) Come, come; there, in with him.

Lord F. Dear Loveless, adieu! if I die, I forgive thee; and, if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here's an end on't; for, if you are satisfied, I am.

Love. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

Lord F. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb! but thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals! (*Aside.*)

Probe. So; carry him off, carry him off; we shall have him prate himself into a fever by-and-by; carry him off. [*Exeunt, with Lord Foppington.*]

Love. Nay, I saw his wound; 'tis nothing.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. T. So, so; I am glad to find you alive, and that you have corrected him without further mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

Love. Explain.

Col. T. His brother, Tom Fashion, is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance instantly. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprize, so I promised to bring you to him; so, if these ladies can spare you—

Love. I'll go with you, with all my heart;—(*Aside.*) though I could wish—how engaging she is! but what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

Love. What would my dear?

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question, how do you like my cousin here?

Love. Why, I confess she's handsome: but you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last that would triumph in my

Aman. I am satisfied. [heart.]

Love. Now, tell me why you asked.

Aman. At night I will. Adieu.

Love. I'm your's. [*Exeunt Love. and Col. T.*]

Aman. I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. (*Aside.*)

Ber. So! I find my colonel continues in his airs. (*Aside.*)

Aman. For heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me. [but one.]

Ber. Why, one way in the world there is, and

Aman. And pray what is that?

Ber. It is to assure me I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night. [will think me mad.]

Ber. To-night! Why, the people where I lodge

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda? Why, then, they shall think what they please; for I'm a young widow,

and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, Amanda! it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Because you are in love with your husband.

Aman. Pray, 'tis with a world of innocence I would inquire, what is your opinion of Colonel Townly?

Ber. Why, I can assure you, there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with.

Aman. He answers the opinion I had ever of him. I must acquaint you with a secret: 'tis not that fool Lord Foppington alone has talked to me of love, Townly has been tampering too.

Ber. So, so! here the mystery comes out. (*Aside.*) Colonel Townly! impossible, my dear.

Aman. 'Tis true, indeed; though he has done it in vain; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind combined, could shake the tender love I bear my husband: yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

Ber. Oh! this is better and better! (*Aside.*) Well said, innocence! And you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband?

Aman. Nothing, I am convinced. [better?]

Ber. What if you found he lov'd another woman

Aman. Well?

Ber. Well! why, were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call, a husband. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly, indeed!

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That, I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour: but you resolve, then, never to marry again?

Ber. Oh, no! I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed, I don't; but a—heavens! I have business at home, and am half an hour too late!

Aman. As you are to return with me, I'll just give some orders, and walk with you.

Ber. Well, make haste, and we'll finish this subject as we go. [*Exit Amanda.*] Well, this discovery is lucky! Base Townly! at once, false to me, and treacherous to his friends! and my innocent and demure cousin too! I have it in my power to be revenged on her, however. Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles, as Townly can hope to be in hers. I'll make the experiment, come what will on it. The woman who can forgive the being robbed of a favoured lover, must be either an idiot or something worse. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.—A Room.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON and LA VAROLE.

Lord F. Fellow, let my vis-a-vis come to the door.

La Var. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

Lord F. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

La Var. I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

Lord F. My wound! I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed; for this evening I shall wait on my future father-in-law, Sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady, by giving an entertainment at her father's expense; and hark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honour me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

La Var. I will be sure, milor. [*Exit.*]

Enter YOUNG FASHION.

Young F. Brother, your servant: how do you find yourself to-day?

Lord F. So well, that I have ordered my coach to the door; so there's no danger of death this baut,

Young F. I'm very glad of it. [Tam.]

Lord F. That I believe's alie! (*Aside.*) Pr'ythee, Tam, tell me one thing; did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run through the bady?

Young F. Why do you think it should?

Lord F. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my uncle was shot through the head.

Young F. It then did very ill.

Lord F. Pr'ythee, why so?

Young F. Because he used you very well.

Lord F. Well! Naw, strike me dumb, he starv'd me; he has let me want a thousand women, for want of a thousand paund.

Young F. Then he hinder'd you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman worth money, that will take money. [so too.]

Lord F. If I were a younger brother I should think

Young F. Then you are seldom much in love?

Lord F. Never, stap my vitals! [Amanda?]

Young F. Why did you make all this bustle about

Lord F. Because she's a woman of insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqued, in honour, to attack her.

Young F. Very well. But now for business. (*Aside.*) Brother, though I know to talk of any business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord F. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the waurst argument in the waurld for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb! it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Young F. I'm sorry you think you.

Lord F. I do believe thou art; but come, let's know the affair quickly.

Young F. Why, then, my case in a word is this: the necessary expenses of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So, unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

Lord F. Why, 'faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the waurld; for, if you succeed, you are relieved that way; if you are taken, (*drawing his hand round his neck*) you are relieved t'other.

Young F. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord F. Do you really think it a reasonable thing, that I should give you five hundred pawnds?

Young F. I do not ask it as a due, brother; I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Lord F. Then thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speechless! But these are d—d times to give money in: taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and boquets so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it down to five guineas a maunth; now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawnds.

Young F. If you can't, I must starve, that's all. D—n him! (*Aside.*) [better husband.]

Lord F. All I can say is, you should have been a

Young F. Ouns! If you can't live upon ten thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord F. Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the waurld, to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you malancholy, but, upon this occasion, I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance than a

coach horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me. [take her! (*Aside.*)]

Young F. Yes; she has made you older. Plague

Lord F. That is not all, Tam.

Young F. Why, what is there else?

Lord F. Ask the ladies.

Young F. Why, thou essence-bottle, thou musk-cat! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what fortune has given thee?

Lord F. I do, stap my vitals!

Young F. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs!

Lord F. Sir, I am proud of being at the head of so prevailing a party. [coward.]

Young F. Will nothing provoke thee? Draw,

Lord F. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishhest plats broke out that I have seen a lang time. Your poverty makes life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes, either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain, but I will disappoint you in both your designs; far, with the temper of a phylasapher, and the discretion of a statesman, I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard. [*Exit.*]

Young F. So! farewell, brother! and now, conscience, I defy thee. [*Enter LORY.*] Lory!

Lory. Sir.

Young F. Here is rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill which has purged off all my scruples. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly, and bring it to Dame Coupler's without a moment's delay. [fortune.]

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the

Young F. I am: away! fly, Lory!

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already; now, I shall get my wages. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Garden.

Enter LOVELESS and Servant.

Love. Is my wife within?

Serv. No, sir; she has gone out this half hour.

Love. Well, leave me. [*Exit Servant.*] How strangely does my mind run on this widow! that my wife should pick out her, of all womankind, to be her playfellow. But what fate does, let fate answer for; I sought it not: so! by heavens! here she comes. *Enter BERINTHIA.*

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill. [not.]

Love. I was debating, madam, whether I was or

Ber. Allow me to be your physician.

Love. Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet further; for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. How?

Love. Oh! you might betray me to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Love. Will you then keep my secret?

Ber. I will.

Love. Well, but swear it.

Ber. I swear, by woman!

Love. Nay, that's swearing by my deity; swear by your own, and I shall believe you.

Ber. Well, then, I swear by man!

Love. I'm satisfied. Now, hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these:—when I saw you at the play, a random glance you threw, at first alarmed me. I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came; I gazed upon you till my heart began to pant; nay, even now, on your approaching me, my illness is so increased, that, if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes.

Ber. O lord, let me go; 'tis the plague, and we shall be infected. (*Breaking from him.*)

Love. Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O 'gad! the devil's in you. Lord! let me go; here's somebody coming. [*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit Servant.*] But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health. (*To Berinthia.*)

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens!

Love. In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. [*Kisses her. Exit.*]

Ber. Um! *Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.*

Col. T. So! what's here? Berinthia and Loveless—and in such close conversation! I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me. O, rare woman! Well, then, let Loveless look to his wife; it will be but the retort courteous, on both sides. Your servant, madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. I have been walking.

Col. T. Is that all? Pray was it Mr. Loveless went from here just now?

Ber. O, yes! he has been walking with me.

Col. T. He has!

Ber. Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man; and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address.

Col. T. So, so! she has'n't even the modesty to dissemble. (*Aside.*) Pray, madam, did I not come to this place at your express desire, and for no purpose but the honour of meeting you? and after waiting a month in disappointment, have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologize, for your conduct?

Ber. O heavens! Apologize for my conduct! apologize to you! Oh, you barbarian! But pray now, my good serious Colonel, have you anything more to add?

Col. T. Nothing, madam, but that, after such behaviour, it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honourable lover, should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

Ber. Very true: no more wonderful than it was for this honourable lover to divert himself in the absence of this coquette, with endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife! O, Colonel, Colonel! don't talk of honour or your friend, for heaven's sake!

Col. T. 'Sdeath! how came she to suspect this? (*Aside.*) Really, madam, I don't understand you.

Ber. Nay, nay; you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you. But here comes the lady: perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

Col. T. Oh! madam, this recrimination is a poor resource; and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me. Madam, your servant.

Enter AMANDA, Colonel Townly whispers Amanda, and exit.

Ber. He carries it off well, however; upon my word, very well! how tenderly they part! (*Aside.*) So, cousin, I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me; I assure you, we have been talking of you.

Aman. Fie, Berinthia! my admirer! Will you never learn to talk in earnest of anything?

Ber. Why, this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you the matter of fact.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it. I have just parted with Mr. Loveless—perhaps it is fancy, but I think there is an alteration in his manner which alarms me.

Ber. Indeed, I think so too.

Aman. Do you, then, really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so! I am sure of it.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively! He fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right! the very same: but who could have told you this?

Ber. Um!—Oh!—Townly! I suppose your husband has made him his confidant. [*say on't?*]

Aman. Oh, base Loveless! And what did Townly

Ber. So, so! Why should she ask that? (*Aside.*)

Say! why, he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

Aman. Did he? Oh, my heart! I'm very ill—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Sir Tunbelly's house.*

Enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.

Young F. So; here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession; but, methinks, the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here: get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Young F. Get but the house! let the devil take the heiress, I say: but, come, we have no time to squander, knock at that door. (*Knocking.*) What, the devil! have they got no ears in this house.

Lory. 'Egad! sir, this will prove some enchanted castle: we shall have the giant come out, by-and-by, with his club, and beat our brains out. (*Knock-*

Young F. Hush! they come. [*ing.*]

Serv. (Within.) Who is there? [*try breeding?*]

Lory. Open the door and see; is that your coun-

Serv. Ay, but two words to that bargain—Tummas, is the blunderbuss primed?

Young F. Ouns! give 'em good words, Lory, or we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lory. Egad, sir! I think you're in the right on't. Ho! Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, will you please to let us in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by your moat-side? (*Servant looks over the wall with a blunderbuss in his hand.*)

Serv. Well, naw, what's ya're business?

Young F. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Serv. To wait upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Young F. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Serv. Why, look you, d'ye see, with good words much may be done. Ralph, go thy ways, and ask Sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon; and, dost hear? call to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the gates open.

Young F. D'ye hear that, Lory? (*Gates open.*)

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, with servants, armed

Lory. Oh! (*Runs behind his master.*) O Lord, O Lord! we are both dead men!

Young F. Fool! thy fear will ruin us. (*Apart.*)

Lory. My fear, sir? 'Sdeath, sir! I fear nothing. (*Apart.*) Would I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond! (*Aside.*)

Sir T. Who is it here hath any business with me?

Young F. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsy.

Sir T. Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, whether you have any business with me or not. I am not ashamed of my name, nor my face either.

Young F. Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

Sir T. Sir, if you have no cause either, I desire to know who you are; for, till I know your name, I sha'n't ask you to come into my house; and when I do know your name, 'tis six to four I don't ask you then.

Young F. Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Sir T. Cod's my life! from Mrs. Coupler! I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times. (*To his Servant.*) Here, run in a-doors quickly; get a Scotch-coal fire in the parlour, set all the Turkey-work chairs in their places, get the brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of laurel, run. (*Turns to Young F.*) My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon. (*To the Servant.*) And, do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again. [*Exit Servant.*] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family. We are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day. Pray, where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Young F. Sir, that I might give you and your daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir T. Your lordship does me too much honour: it was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and though I say it, that should not say it, Hoyden has charms.

Young F. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her: common fame has done her justice.

Sir T. My lord, I am common fame's very grateful, humble servant. My lord, my girl's young; Hoyden is young, my lord: but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has in breeding; and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution. So, pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Young F. Sir, I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Sir Tunbelly's house.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN.

Miss H. Sure, nobody was ever used as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool o' me. It's well I have a husband a-coming, or, i'cod! I'd marry the baker, I would so. Nobody can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here's the young greyhound can run loose about the house all the day long, so she can. 'Tis very well—

Nurse. (*Without.*) Miss Hoyden! Miss, Miss Hoyden! *Enter Nurse.*

Miss H. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha? Why do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss H. What care I who's come? I care not a fig who comes, or who goes, as long as I must be locked up like the ale-cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss H. Oh! don't trouble your head about that; I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well. Now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss H. My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry, is he! and a goodly person too.

Miss H. Oh! my dear Nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing! see now it melts; its as full of good-nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss H. But, my dear nurse, don't lie now: is he come, by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss H. O Lord! I'll go and put on my laced tucker, though I'm locked up for a month for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN and Nurse.

Nurse. Well, Miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss H. O Lord! Nurse, I'm so overjoyed I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. Oh! but you must have a care of being too fond; for men, now-a-days, hate a woman that loves 'em.

Miss H. Love him! Why, do you think I love him, nurse? Ecod! I would not care if he was hanged, so I were but once married to him. No, that which pleases me is, to think what work I'll make when I get to London. Ay, and I shall have money enough to do so too, nurse.

Nurse. Ah! there's no knowing that, Miss; for though these lords have a power of wealth indeed, yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em! whilst poor madam sits sighing

and wishing, and has not a spare half-crown to buy her a "Practice of Piety."

Miss H. Oh! but for that, don't deceive yourself, nurse; for this I must say of my lord, he's as free as an open house at Christmas; for this very morning he told me I should have six hundred a year to buy pins. Now, if he gives me six hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy petticoats?

Nurse. Ah! my dearest, he deceives thee foully; and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberish with 'em would confound a gipsy. That which they call pin-money, is to buy everything in the versal world, down to their very shoe-knots. But look, look, if his honour be not coming to you! Now, if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss H. That's my best nurse, do as you'd be done by. Trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my breeding, I wish I may never be married.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you. But if you disparage me—

Miss H. Never fear.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Enter YOUNG FASHION.

Young F. Your servant, madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss H. Sir, (my lord, I meant,) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Young F. You give so obliging one, it encourages me to tell you your father has resolved to make me happy in being your husband; and I hope I may obtain your consent to perform what he desires.

Miss H. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

Young F. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife. I am, therefore, impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss H. My lord, how long is that? [week.]

Young F. Madam, a thousand years!—a whole

Miss H. Why, I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure, nurse told me so. [you'll consent.]

Young F. And it shall be to-morrow morning, if

Miss H. If I'll consent? Why, I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

Young F. That's when we are married. Till then, I'm to obey you.

Miss H. Why, then, if we are to take it by turns, its the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Young F. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss H. No more we sha'n't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

Young F. Why, then, my dear, if you call her hither, we'll persuade her presently.

Miss H. O lud! I'll tell you a way how to persuade her to anything.

Young F. How's that?

Miss H. Why, tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Young F. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss H. O gemini! for half that she'd marry you herself. I'll run and call her. [*Exit.*]

Young F. So! matters go on swimmingly. This is a rare girl, i'faith! I shall have a fine time on't with her at London. [*Enter LORY, with a letter.*]

So, Lory, what's the matter?
Lory. Here, sir; an intercepted packet from the enemy; your brother's postillion brought it. I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of Sir Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

Young F. (*Looks at the letter.*) Ouns! he tells Sir Tunbelly here that he will be with him this evening, with a large party to supper. Egad! I must marry the girl directly.

Lory. Oh, zounds, sir! directly, to be sure! Here she comes. [*Exit.*]

Young F. And the old Jezabel with her.

Re-enter MISS HOYDEN and Nurse.

How do you do, good Mrs. Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care, and kind conduct in her education; pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my further kindness, when I shall be that happy thing, her husband. (*Gives her money.*)

Nurse. Gold, by the maakins! (*Aside.*) Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I nursed her well, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived; and how it would look up in my face; and crow and laugh, it would.

Miss H. (*To Nurse.*) Pray one word with you. Pr'ythee, nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentlemen as he is, cares for a fiddle-come tale of a child? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. (*Goes to Fash.*) I hope your honour will excuse my mis-manners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Young F. Oh! everything, madam, is to give way to business; beside good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss H. Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? Do they darn their own linen? [*not to save.*]

Young F. Oh, no! they study how to spend money,

Miss H. Ecod! I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, nurse? [*you come there.*]

Young F. Well, you shall have your choice when

Miss H. Shall I? then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can. His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow. (*To Nurse.*)

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam?

Young F. Ay, faith! nurse, you may well be surprised at Miss's wanting to put it off so long. To-morrow! no, no; 'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony performed.

Miss H. Ecod! with all my heart.

Nurse. Oh, mercy! worse and worse!

Young F. Yes, nurse, now and privately; for all things being signed and sealed, why should Sir Tunbelly make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner?

Nurse. But if you should be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be married?

Miss H. Why, then, we will be married again.

Nurse. What twice, my child? [*ried, not I.*]

Miss H. Ecod! I don't care how often I am mar-

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions. [*the moon.*]

Miss H. Shall I? O Lord! I could leap over

Young F. Dear nurse, this goodness of your's shall be still more rewarded. But now you must employ your power with the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him? Let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay, then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss H. Faith! do, nurse, make him marry you too; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

Young F. Well, nurse, while you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden. [*Exit Nurse.*] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss H. Oh dear! yes, sir; I don't think you'll do anything I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Garden. Moonlight.

Enter LOVELESS.

Love. Now, does Berinthia mean to make a fool of me, or not? I sha'n't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be inquiring for me to set out on our supping-party. Suspense is at all times the devil! but of all modes of suspense, the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst. But let me accuse her no longer; she approaches with one smile, to o'erpay the anxieties of a year. [*Enter BERINTHIA.*] Oh, Berinthia! what a world of kindness are you in my debt! had you staid five minutes longer—

Ber. You would have gone, I suppose?

Love. Egad! she's right enough. (*Aside.*)

Ber. And, I assure you, 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a being to trifle with; and as I shall, probably, only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

Love. You cannot mean it, sure?

Ber. What more would you have me give to a married man? [*fortunes!*]

Love. How doubly cruel to remind me of my mis-

Ber. A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda?

Love. I grant all her merit, but—'Sdeath! now see what you have done by talking of her; she's here, by all that's unlucky.

Ber. O Ged, we had better get out of the way; for I should feel as awkward to meet her as you.

Love. Ay, if I mistake not, I see Townly coming this way also. I must see a little into this matter. (*Steps aside.*)

Ber. Oh, if that's your intention, I am no woman, if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity.

Enter AMANDA.

Aman. Mr. Loveless come home, and walking on the lawn! I will not suffer him to walk so late, though perhaps it is to shew his neglect of me. Mr. Loveless, I must speak with you. Ha! Townly again! How I am persecuted!

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. T. Madam, you seem disturbed.

Aman. Sir, I have reason.

Col. T. Whatever be the cause, I would to heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady. [*tress.*]

Aman. Your interference can only add to my dis-

Col. T. Ah, madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge: weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear. Disdain the false embraces of a husband. See at your feet a real lover; his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

Love. So, so, very fine, i'faith. (*Aside.*)

Aman. Why do you presume to talk to me thus? Is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless? I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

Col. T. He could not upbraid me if you were—he deserves it from me; for he has not been more false

Aman. To you? [*to you, than faithless to me.*]

Col. T. Yes, madam; the lady for whom he now deserts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and I imagined too, by inclination. Yes, madam Berinthia, who now—

Aman. Berinthia! Impossible!

Col. T. 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention. She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

Aman. I will not believe it.

Col. T. By the faith of a true lover, I speak from conviction. This very day I saw them together, and overheard—

Aman. Peace, sir, I will not even listen to such slander; this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidious addresses. No, sir, though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so

grossly in him, as to believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for my rival, than she who is my relation and my friend; for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

Col. T. If I do not prove to you—

Aman. You never shall have an opportunity. From the artful manner in which you first shewed yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less criminal than unhappy; but this last unmanly artifice merits at once my resentment and contempt. [Exit.]

Col. T. Sure there's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honour's light to me; yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation? Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Amanda's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia. Surely I love her still, for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [Exit.]

Re-enter LOVELESS and BERINTHIA.

Ber. Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

Love. Your servant, madam.

Ber. Pray what do you think of this?

Love. Truly, I don't know what to say.

Ber. Don't you think we steal forth, two contemptible creatures?

Love. Why, tolerably so, I must confess.

Ber. And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

Love. No, I think we never should, indeed.

Ber. We! why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertained a thought?

Love. Why, then, sincerely and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness.

Ber. Nay, pr'ythee, don't let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly, and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

Love. By no means inform him; for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again? [face again?]

Ber. How will you presume to look him in the

Love. He, who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

Ber. You, who have dared to attempt the honour of his mistress! Come, come, be ruled by me, who affect more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries, is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

Love. Then I will be ruled by you; and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him, as Amanda's have of me. When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a sacred habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan;

Could they but reach the deep reserve of man.

To keep our love they'd rate their virtue high,

They live together, and together die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's House.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN, Nurse, and YOUNG FASHION.

Young F. This quick despatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favour as long as I live, I assure you.

Miss H. And to mine, too, I promise you.

Nurse. I most humbly thank your honours; and may your children swarm about you like bees about a honeycomb.

Miss H. Ecod, with all my heart; the more the merrier, I say—ha, Nurse? [Enter LORY.]

Lory. One word with you, for heaven's sake. (*Taking Young F. hastily aside.*)

Young F. What the devil's the matter?

Lory. Sir, your fortune's ruined if you are not married. Yonder's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat worth fourscore pounds; so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Young F. Is he in the house yet?

Lory. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate. Sir Tunbelly luckily takes him for an impostor; and I have told him that we had heard of this plot before.

Young F. That's right. (*Turning to Miss Hoyden.*) My dear, here's a troublesome business my man tells me of, but don't be frightened, we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss H. Oh, the varlet; it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Young F. 'Egad, like enough. (*Aside.*) Pr'ythee, Nurse, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

Nurse. An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Young F. Do so, if you please.

Miss H. Not so fast; I won't be locked up any more, now I'm married. [seized this rascal.]

Young F. Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have

Miss H. Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do anything. [Exit Miss H. and Nurse.]

Young F. (*To Lory.*) Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

Lory. The devil it is, sir! (*Capers about.*)

Young F. Not a word—all's safe; but Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet. So I am resolved to brazen the brunt of the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY.

Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking? [him, I'll warrant you.]

Sir T. Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle

Young F. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir T. Ay, ay, rogues enow, but we have mastered them. We only fired a few shot over their heads, and the regiment scoured in an instant. Here, Tummus, bring in your prisoner.

Young F. If you please, Sir Tunbelly, it will be best for me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

Sir T. 'Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person. Your lordship then will please to step aside.

Lory. 'Fore heaven, I applaud my master's modesty. [Exit with Young F.]

Enter Servants, with LORD FOPPINGTON, disarmed.

Sir T. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord F. What do you mean, gentlemen? is it fair time, that you are all drunk before supper?

Sir T. Drunk, sirrah! here's an impudent rogue for you now. Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a justice o'the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

Lord F. Strollers!

Sir T. Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What's your name? where do you live? do you pay scot and lot? Come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder? [pertinent questions?]

Lord F. And why dost thou ask me so many im-

Sir T. Because I'll make you answer 'em, before I have done with you, you rascal you.

Lord F. Before Gad, all the answers I can make to them is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals!

Sir T. Nay, if thou art joking deputy lieutenants, we know how to deal with you. Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

Lord F. A warrant! What the devil is't thou would'st be at, old gentleman?

Sir T. I would be at you, sirrah if my hands were not tied as a magistrate), and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you. (*Driving him.*) [that rate?

Lord F. And why wouldst thou spoil my face at

Sir T. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Lord F. Rab thee of thy daughter! Pr'ythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question? [know what it is.

Sir T. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I

Lord F. Why then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir T. Yes, marry, did I, and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

Lord F. Now, give me thy hand, old dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir T. The fellow's mad; here bind him hand and foot. (*They bind him.*)

Lord F. Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir T. Bind him, I say; he's mad: bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

Lord F. Pr'ythee, Sir Tunbelly, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address, as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit?

Re-enter MISS HOYDEN and Nurse.

Miss H. (*Going up to him.*) Is this he that would have run—Fough, how he stinks of sweets! Pray father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

Lord F. This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband. (*Aside.*)

Miss H. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him—Hang him?

Sir T. That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord F. Madame la gouvernante, I presume; hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality marched into. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. What's become of my lord, daughter?

Miss H. He's just coming, sir.

Lord F. My lord, what does he mean by that now? (*Aside.*)

Re-enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.

Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

Young F. Is this the fellow, sir, that designed to trick me of your daughter?

Sir T. This is he, my lord; how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Young F. I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss H. Oh, gemini! Is this a beau? Let me see him again. (*Surveys him.*) Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Young F. 'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol. (*Aside.*) Sir, though your undertaking shews you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha'n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me? (*To Lord F.*) [dent fellow.

Lord F. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art an impu-

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the effrontery to call his lordship, plain Thomas.

Lord F. My Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Ho, ho, it's my lord with him now. See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss H. Pray, my lord, (*To Young F.*) don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Lord F. I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine. Look you, Tam, I am sensible, I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer; thou may'st live in extreme splendour with it, stap my vitals! (*Apart to Young F.*)

Young F. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much cannot redeem her. (*Apart.*)

Sir T. Well, what says he?

Young F. Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go. [lead on, constable.

Sir T. Ay, he shall go, with a plague to him; *Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here is muster Loveless, and muster Colonel Townly, and some ladies to wait on you. (*To Young F.*)

Lory. So, sir, what will you do now? (*Aside.*)

Young F. Be quiet; they are in the plot. (*Aside to Lory.*) Only a few friends, Sir Tunbelly, whom I wished to introduce to you.

Lord F. Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever nature yet brought into the world. Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and acquaintances, and my guests, and they will soon inform thee whether I am the true Lord Foppington or not.

Enter LOVELESS, COLONEL TOWNLY, AMANDA, and BERINTHIA. *Lord Foppington accosts them, but none answer him.*

Young F. So, gentlemen, this is friendly; I rejoice to see you.

Col. T. My lord, we are fortunate to be the witnesses of your lordship's happiness.

Love. But your lordship will do us the honour to introduce us to Sir Tunbelly Clumsy?

Aman. And us to your lady.

Lord F. Gad take me, but they are all in a story.

Sir T. Gentlemen, you do me much honour; my Lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine. [ladies.

Young F. My love, let me introduce you to these

Miss H. By goles, they look so fine and so stiff, I am almost ashamed to come nigh 'em.

Aman. A most engaging lady, indeed!

Miss H. Thank ye, ma'am.

Ber. And I doubt not, will soon distinguish herself in the *beau monde*.

Miss H. Where is that?

Young F. You'll soon learn, my dear,

Love. But, Lord Foppington—

Lord F. Sir!

Love. Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, sir! Pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament.

Col. T. For so well-dressed a person, a little oddly circumstanced, indeed.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! So, these are your friends and your guests, ha, my adventurer?

Lord F. I am struck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

Sir T. Why, sir, this modest gentleman wanted to pass himself upon me as Lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

Love. A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha, ha!

Lord F. As Gad shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee. Come, pr'ythee confess the joke; tell Sir Tunbelly that I am the real Lord Foppington, who yesterday made love to thy wife; was honoured by her with a slap on the face, and afterwards pinked through the body by thee. [thus?

Sir T. A likely story, that a peer would behave

Love. A pretty fellow, indeed, that would scandalize the character he wants to assume; but what will you do with him, Sir Tunbelly?

Sir T. Commit him, certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom choose to pardon him.

Lord F. Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, Sir Tunbelly, 'tis torture to me to hear you call 'em so.

Miss H. Why, you ugly thing, what, would you have him call us, dog and cat?

Lord F. By no means, Miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other.

Sir T. A precious rogue this to come a wooing.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. There are some gentlefolks below to wait upon Lord Foppington.

Col. T. 'Sdeath, Tom, what will you do now? (*Apart to Young F.*)

Lord F. Now, Sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses, who I believe are not corrupted.

Sir T. Peace, fellow! Would your lordship choose to have your guests shewn here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

Young F. I believe, Sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet. Egad, all must out. (*Aside.*)

Love. Confess, confess, we'll stand by you. (*Apart to Young F.*)

Lord F. Nay, Sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides; and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor—

Young F. Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing that I am not what I have passed myself for. Sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and I flatter myself a man of character; but 'tis with great pride I assure you I am not Lord Foppington.

Sir T. Ouns! what's this? an impostor? a cheat? fire and faggots, sir, if you are not Lord Foppington, who the devil are you?

Young F. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer.

Lord F. Impudent to the last, Gad dem me.

Sir T. My son-in-law! Not yet I hope.

Young F. Pardon me, sir; thanks, to the goodness of your chaplain, and the kind offices of this old gentlewoman.

Lory. 'Tis true, indeed, sir; I gave your daughter away, and Mrs. Nurse, here, was clerk.

Sir T. Knock that rascal down! But speak, Jezabel, how's this?

Nurse. Alas! your honour, forgive me! I have been overreached in this business as well as you. Your worship knows, if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands. [quainting me?]

Sir T. But how durst you do this, without ac-

Nurse. Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung and twined about me like ivy round an old wall, you would say, I, who had nursed it, and reared it, must have had a heart like stone to refuse it.

Sir T. Ouns! I shall go mad! Unloose my lord, there, you scoundrels.

Lord F. Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I should be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

Miss H. 'Egad, though, I don't see which is to be my husband, after all.

Love. Come, come, Sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive, that an affair of this kind is not to be mended by anger and reproaches.

Col. T. Take my word for it, Sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of; my friend, Tom Fashion, is as honest a fellow as ever breathed.

Love. That he is, depend on't; and will hunt or drink with you most affectionately; be generous, old boy, and forgive them.

Sir T. Never. The hussy! when I had set my heart on getting her a title.

Lord F. Now, Sir Tunbelly, that I am untrussed, give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy d—d execrable mansion; and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and blockheads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious, strike me ugly!

Sir T. What's this? I believe you are both rogues alike.

Lord F. No, Sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find, to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real Lord Foppington, who was to have disgraced myself by

an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast matched thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title-deeds might be contained in thy tobacco-box.

Sir T. Puppy! puppy! I might prevent their being beggars, if I chose it; for I could give 'em as good a rent-roll as your lordship.

Lord F. Ay, old fellow, but you will not do that, for that would be acting like a Christian, and thou art a barbarian, stap my vitals.

Sir T. Udzoekers! Now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

Love. 'Slife, Sir Tunbelly, you should do it, and bless yourself. Ladies, what say you?

Aman. Good Sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

Ber. You've been young yourself, Sir Tunbelly.

Sir T. Well, then, if I must, I must; but turn, turn that sneering lord out, however, and let me be revenged on somebody. But first look whether I am a barbarian or not; there, children, I join your hands; and when I'm in a better humour, I'll give you my blessing.

Love. Nobly done, Sir Tunbelly; and we shall see you dance at a grandson's christening yet.

Miss H. By goles though, I don't understand this. What, a'n't I to be a lady, after all? only plain Mrs.—What's my husband's name, Nurse?

Nurse. Squire Fashion. [nothing.]

Miss H. Squire, is he? Well, that's better than

Lord F. Now I will put on a philosophic air, and shew these people, that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance. (*Aside.*) Dear Tam, since things are fallen out, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb! You have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners, and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe! [he calls me names.]

Miss H. By goles, husband, break his bones, if

Young F. Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine, by Sir Tunbelly's favour, with this lady and three thousand pounds a-year.

Lord F. Well, adieu, Tam; ladies, I kiss your hands. Sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit this thy den, but while I retain the use of my arms, I shall ever remember thou art a demn'd horrid savage, Ged demn me. [Exit.]

Sir T. By the mass, 'tis well he's gone, for I should ha' been provoked, by-and-by, to ha' dun un a mischief. Well, if this is a lord, I think Hoyden has luck o'her side, in troth.

Col. T. She has indeed, Sir Tunbelly; but I hear the fiddles; his lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

Love. O, a dance and a bottle, Sir Tunbelly, by all means.

Sir T. I had forgot the company below; well—what—we must be merry then, ha? and dance and drink, ha? Well, 'fore George, you sha'n't say I do these things by halves. Son-in-law, thee looks a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night on't; and which of these ladies will be the old man's partner, ha? Ecod, I don't know how I came to be in so good a humour.

Ber. Well, Sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavour to keep you so; you have done a generous action, and are entitled to our attention. If you should be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's marriage, and his lordship's deserved mortification; a subject which, perhaps may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

Sir T. Ecod, with all my heart; though I am a main bungler at a long story.

Ber. Never fear, we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance. [Exeunt.]

COMUS;

A MASQUE, IN TWO ACTS.—ALTERED FROM MILTON.



Act II—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COMUS
SPIRIT
ELDER BROTHER

YOUNGER BROTHER
CHIEF BACCHANALS
LADY

EUPHROSYNE
SABRINA
PASTORAL NYMPH

BACCHANTES
BACCHANALS
SPIRITS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter Spirit.

Spi. Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions wild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and pester'd to this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst th' enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
But, to my task.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
On Circe's island fell: this nymph had by him a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd;
Who, in thick shelter of these shades embower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to ev'ry traveller

His orient liquor in a crystal glass.
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance
Is chang'd into some brutish form, and they
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy.
But first, I take the likeness of a swain,
And hark! I hear the tread of hateful steps. [*Exit.*]

*Enter COMUS, with a rout of Men and Women,
dressed as Bacchanals.*

Com. The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;

And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east;
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast!

AIR.—By a Bacchanal.

Now Phoebus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine!

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice, with scrup'lous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws to slumber lie.

Com. We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir;
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morris move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies, and the dapper elves.

AIR.—By a Bacchante.

By dimpl'd brook, and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:
Come let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

Com. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport!
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend
Us, thy vow'd priests!
Till the nice morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabin loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.

DUETT.—By a Man and Woman.
From tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules control
Transports of the jovial soul?
No dull stinting hour we own;
Pleasure counts our time alone.

Com. Come; knit hands and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round. (*A Dance.*)
Break off, break off: I feel the diff'rent pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground,
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright. [*Exeunt all but Comus.*

Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by my art,)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains! Thus I hurl
My spells into the air. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager.
But see, she stops, and seems
As she'd address herself in song.

AIR.—By a Lady behind.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy cell,
By slow meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well!
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That liketh thy Narcissus are?

O! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies!

Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
But see, she approaches; I step aside
And hearken, if I may her business hear.

Enter Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd mirth. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late rioters; yet O! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

Com. I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.
(*Aside.*)

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
But where they are, and why they come not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I could make to be heard furthest
I have ventur'd; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me: and they perhaps are not far off.

Com. Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smil'd; I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the syrens three,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. (*Aside.*) Hail, foreign
wonder,

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by bless'd song
Forbidding ev'ry bleak, unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
That is address'd to unattending ears:
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you
thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near ush'ring
guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf,
To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
return.

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrows came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human; as they stood,
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i'th' plaited clouds. I was awe struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager, what readiest way would
Me to that place? [*bring*]

Com. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thatch'd pillow rouse; or grant it other-
I can conduct you, lady, to a low, [*wise,*
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe till fur-
ther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy offer'd service. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Comus's Crew from behind the trees.

AIR.—By a Man.

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;

*The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love!
Without love and wine, wit, and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what you
gave.*

Cho. *Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter the Two Brothers.

E. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
That wou'st to love the trav'ler's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades.

Y. Bro. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but know
The sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
But O, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm,
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears;
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat.

E. Bro. Peace, brother; be not over exquisite,
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestal his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk: and wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

E. Bro. My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength?

E. Bro. 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds.
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. (A halloo heard.)

List, list; I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Bro. Either some one like us night-founder'd
here,

Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister! (Halloo.)

Again! again! and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I'll halloo;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

Enter the Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

Y. Bro. That halloo I should know—What are
you? speak. [again.]

Spi. What voice is that? My young lord? Speak

Y. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,
sure.

Spi. O, my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
Where is my virgin lady? where is she?

How chance she is not in your company? [blame,

E. Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spi. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. Bro. What fears, good Thyrus? pr'ythee,
briefly shew.

Spi. Within the bosom of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born; great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father. This I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by; whence, night by night,
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl;
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
T'inveigle and invite th' unwary sense.

(A loud laugh.)

But hark! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound,
And wild tumultuous mirth, proclaim their presence
Onward they move; and this way guide their steps.
Let us withdraw awhile! (They retire.)

*Enter Comus's Crew, revelling; the Elder Brother
advances and speaks.*

E. Bro. What are you? speak! that thus in
wanton riot

And midnight revelry, like drunken bacchanals,
Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

1 Wom. Ye godlike youths,
Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
We are the happiest of the race of mortals;
Of freedom, mirth, and joy the only heirs;
But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

AIR.—By a Man.

*By the gayly circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.*

(A female offers the cup, which they both put by.)

E. Bro. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets.

1 Wom. Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming
youth

Such grey severity! But come with us;
We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps.

AIR.

*Would you taste the noontide air?
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.
Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phæbus scorching round.
Round the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,*

*While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.
All alone—and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till, bless'd and blessing, you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.*

Y. Bro. How low sinks beauty when by vice
debas'd!

Fair were that form, if virtue dwelt within;
But from the wanton advocate of shame
To me the warbled song harsh discord sounds.

2 Wom. No more; these formal maxims misbe-
come you,
They only suit suspicious shrivell'd age.

TRIO.—*By a Man and two Women.*

*Live and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say!
Age has had his share of play;
But youth's sport begins to-day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scarecrow virtue fright!
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.*

E. Bro. How can your impious tongues profane
the name

Of sacred virtue, and yet promise pleasure
In lying songs of vanity and vice?

1 Wom. Turn not away, but listen to our strain,
That shall in pleasing slumber lull the sense,
And sweet in madness rob it of itself.

DUETT.—*First Man and Woman.*

Wom. O, thou wert born to please me,

Man. My life, my only love!

Wom. Through all the woods I'll praise thee,

Man. My rural queen of love.

Wom. Thus happy, never

Man. Jealous,

Wom. Can any harm

Man. Assail us?

Wom. Can any harm assail us, my shepherd of the
grove? [love?

Man. Can any harm assail us, my rural queen of

Wom. Feel how my heart is beating, my shepherd
of the grove. [of love.

Man. The pulse of life retreating, my rural queen
The pulse of life retreating,

Wom. My shepherd of the grove.

Man. Thus love's sweet poison drinking,

Wom. Dear idol of my love.

E. Bro. From virtue sever'd, pleasure frenzy
And always flies at reason's cool return. [grows,

But we forget; who hears the voice of truth,

In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd?

Thyrsis, be thou our guide! We'll follow thee;

And some good angel bear a shield before us!

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*

1 Wom. Come, come, my friends, and partners of
my joys,

Leave to yon pedant youths their bookish dreams;

A beardless Cynic is the shame of nature,

Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup;

Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,

To Comus' court repair;

There night outshines the day,

There yields the melting fair. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A gay Pavilion.*

COMUS and Attendants on each side of the Lady, who
is seated in an enchanted chair.

Com. Come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore!
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter, holding both his sides!
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe:
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty.

AIR.—*By a Man.*

*Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter, holding both his sides!*

Cho. Haste thee, nymph, &c.

Enter EUPHROSINE.

AIR.—*EUPHROSINE.*

*Come, come, bid adieu to fear!
Love and harmony reign here.
No domestic, jealous jars,
Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
In our presence will appear;
Love and harmony reign here.
Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning;
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and harmony reign here.*

Lady. How long must I, by magic fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly which my soul abhors?

Com. Now softly slow sweet Lydian airs attune,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

(*A Pastoral Nymph advances slowly, with a me-
lancholy and desponding air, and repeats, by way
of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the
Ballad. She is observed by Euphrosyne, who,
by her gestures, expresses her different senti-
ments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to
the character of their several Songs.*

RECITATIVE.—*Pastoral Nymph.*

*How gentle was my Damon's air!
Like sunny beams his golden hair;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales,
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine.*

AIR.

*On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of formal love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.*

*From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more;
Each flower in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.*

RECITATIVE.—EUPHROSINE.

Love, the greatest bliss below,
How to taste few women know;
Fewer still the way have hit
How a fickle swain to quit.
Simple nymph, then learn of me
How to treat inconstancy.

AIR.

The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts:
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;
I love them much, but more my ease;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I ask of mortal man,
Is love to me, whilst he can.

[*Exeunt Euphrosyne and Pastoral Nymph.*]

Com. Cast thine eyes around, and see
How from every element
Nature's sweets are cull'd from thee,
And her choicest blessings sent.
Hither summer, autumn, spring,
Hither all your tributes bring;
All on bended knee be seen,
Paying homage to your queen!

(*The Lady attempts to rise.*)

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
And you a statue.

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corp'ral rind
Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts:
And first behold this cordial julap here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds!

Lady. Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it.
Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

(*Points to his crew.*)

Com. Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted? But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode [ments!
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchant-
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets
I would not taste thy treas'rous offer. None,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Shall I go on, or have I said enough?

Com. Enough to shew
That you are cheated by the lying boasts
Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
From scorning pleasures which they cannot reach.

AIR.—By a Bacchante.

Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell!
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care;
They only live who life enjoy.

Com. List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
Love darting eyes, or tresses like the mora?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet;
This will inform you soon. One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

Enter the Brothers, with their swords drawn, who
wrest the glass out of Comus's hand, and break it
against the ground; he and his rout are all driven
out: after which the Spirit enters.

Spi. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O, ye mistook! you should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
We cannot free the lady, that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
That sways the Severn stream: she can unlock
The clasp charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbling song.
Sabrina, goddess dear!
We implore thy powerful aid
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd,
Through the force and through the will
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SABRINA rises.

RECITATIVE.—SABRINA.

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity;
Brightest lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glut'nous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost its hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

(*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her
seat; the Brothers embrace her tenderly.*)

E. Bro. Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid
We aught can pay, that equals thy desert.

Spi. (*Discovering himself.*) Pay it to heaven!
There my mansion is.

RECITATIVE.—Spirit.

Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon,
To the corners of the moon.

AIR.

Mortals, that would happy be,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Enter Spirits.

CHORUS.

Taught by virtue, you may climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. [*Exeunt.*]

THE DOCTOR AND THE APOTHECARY;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act I.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

THOMASO
STURMWALD

CARLOS
JUAN

GUZMAN
DR. BILIOSO

PEREZ
ANNA

ISABELLA
THERESA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of Thomaso's house.*

Enter STURMWALD, GUZMAN, ANNA, ISABELLA, and THERESA.

TRIO.—ANNA, ISABELLA, and GUZMAN.

Now the sun so faintly glancing
O'er the western hills his ray;
Ev'ning shadows, quick advancing,
Triumph o'er the fading day.

DUETT.—ANNA and ISABELLA.

Timorous love, at day affrighted,
Blushing, courts the silver moon;

Sturm. Bacchus' sons are now delighted,
Night's the jolly fellow's noon.

TRIO.

Ev'ning thus our joys uniting,
To her power due homage pay;
Mirth to dance and song inviting,
Bids us hail the close of day.

Enter THOMASO.

Tho. What, moping yet, my friend Guzman?
For shame, you a sailor, and carry sorrow aboard?
Zounds! if I had lost a mistress, nay, had it been
The. Well, sir? [my wife—

Tho. I think I could have comforted myself.
Ah, Captain, how far preferable are the charms of
peace and a country life, to all the bustle and danger
of a campaign.

Stur. It may be so to you, Signor Thomaso,
who slumber in the inglorious lap of peace; but
war is my element; glory is my mistress; and I
have courted her amid the cannon's thunder.

Tho. Many men of many minds, Captain; for
my part, I always preferred a more quiet kind of
courtship; but you are a man of true gallantry, to
remain so partial to your mistress, after having
lost the use of a leg and an eye in her service.

Stur. A leg and an eye! Psha, trifles! while my
honour, a soldier's vital spark, has escaped unhurt.
You may be a very good apothecary, Signor Tho-
maso, and may understand lotions and potions; but
as to a soldier's honour—

The. Ah, very true, Captain. He is a most pro-
voking man, though he is my husband. For
shame, after our good friend, Captain Sturmwald,
has come all the way from Germany to marry our
daughter Anna.

Tho. Nay, I'm sure, the Captain knows I mean
no harm. Anna, come hither, child. (*Aside to
Anna.*) Why don't you smile upon your husband
that is to be? [cruel solicitation.

Anna. Do not, my dear father, persist in this

Tho. (*Aside to Anna.*) Psha! how can you be
so obstinate! though the Captain is not very hand-
some, he is very rich. 'Tis true, he is rather old;
but then you know you have the better chance of
being a widow soon; and as to his having but one
eye, it ought to be his recommendation, for you'll
have no trouble in discovering his blind side.

The. Lookye, Anna, you know my way of ar-
guing, and so does your father. It is my pleasure
that you marry Captain Sturmwald; and have him
you shall. [madam.

Guz. Have a little patience with her, my dear

Anna. Then you are resolved to render me mi-
serable!

AIR.—ANNA.

On Love's blest altar burns the flame
Whence Hymen's torch should kindle bright
To bliss, which boasts fair virtue's name;
It casts its pure and radiant light.
But, ah! should avarice interpose,
With sordid and unhallow'd fires,
The prospect which their light bestows,
Repentance and despair inspires.

[Exeunt Anna, Isabella, and Guzman.]

The. Anna's reluctance is certainly owing to that
impertinent slut, her cousin. I'm sure she does
not inherit her obstinacy from me. When my mo-
ther proposed a husband to me, I gave my consent
without a moment's hesitation. Didn't I, my dear?

Tho. True, my love; but then I had not lost
any of my limbs in pursuit of glory, like the Cap-
tain. (*Aside to her.*)

Stur. I was thinking whether I had not better
talk to the young lady myself.

The. To be sure; how the deuce else are you to gain her consent?

Stur. I'faith, I will. She'll find me very entertaining. I'll breakfast with her to-morrow, and give her the history of my last campaign. I'll come early in the morning, that I may finish the story before dinner.

The. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*]

Tho. Well, Captain, now my wife is gone, I want to have a little talk with you about my new-invented miraculous drops, as I call them, that cure all disorders.

Stur. Do they cure gun-shot wounds?

Tho. Everything.

Stur. I wish then I had had a bottle in that engagement where I was wounded by a French dragoon in the shoulder. I'll tell you how it happened.

Tho. Unfortunate man that I am! He'll talk like my wife. (*Aside.*)

Stur. We were fording a river, and I was about the middle of the stream—

[half hour.]

Tho. (*Aside.*) He won't be out of the water this

Stur. A scoundrel French dragoon upon a black

Tho. A grey horse.

[horse—]

Stur. Black, black as jet.

Tho. I beg your pardon, Captain, it was a grey horse. I have heard you tell the story twenty times, and you always said the horse was grey. So much for that. Now you must know, my drops—

Stur. You have heard me tell the story, then?

Tho. Often. So my drops—

Stur. And what d'ye think of it?

Tho. One of the best stories I ever heard in my life. So—

[another.]

Stur. I'm very glad you like it. I'll tell you

Tho. Curse his stories. (*Aside.*) To-morrow, Captain, I shall be happy to hear it.

Stur. Well; if you are tired of my company, I'll go and get a bottle of good wine, to make me sleep soundly; and so adieu, my dear father-in-law.

Tho. Adieu, my dear son-in-law. (*Aside.*) What a cursed bore he is for talking.

[*Exit.*]

Stur. A good kind of a man enough; but can't bear to hear anybody talk, except himself. [*Exit.*]

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. When wilt thou cease, thou pleasing pain,
With cruel sway to rend my heart?

Yet, though of torment I complain,

Alas! I fear to cure the smart.

Enter JUAN, with a guitar.

Juan. Sighing never gains a maid!

I'll tell you what is better far;

Call good humour to your aid,

And play the lass a tune upon the sweet guitar.

If a heart has nature dealt her,

Music's charms will surely melt her;

But should the gipsy answer, "No,"

Sing *tol de rol*, and let her go.

Car. (*Aside.*) Zounds! I see some one at the door. A rival, perhaps! (*Perceives it to be Juan.*)
Juan!

Juan. Carlos! my dear boy, how d'ye do?

Car. I'm heartily glad to see you—no, i'faith, now I think again, I am not glad to see you, till I know what brought you hither.

Juan. I was going to tell you, I have an appointment with a very pretty girl in this house—

Car. Ah! my fears. (*Aside.*)

Juan. So I am sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good night.

Car. Faith, I am sorry to deny you. But I happen to have an assignation here myself. You perceive a light in that window?

Juan. That light is my signal.

Car. Egad, 'tis my signal too! So I'm sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good

Juan. Sir, this insult—

[night.]

Car. Insult, sir! (*Laying their hands on their swords.*)

Juan. Though now I recollect myself, perhaps we are going to cut throats without any cause. There are two fair damsels in that house. What is the name of your mistress?

Car. Anna, the daughter of old Thomaso, the apothecary; and your mistress is—

Juan. Isabella! her laughing little cousin.

Car. Then I am glad to see you, after all; and yet I am an unlucky dog, Juan. They are going to marry my dear Anna to old Sturmwald, the German Captain. I dare not acquaint my father of my passion for her; you know he and Thomaso are the bitterest enemies. The only resource left, is to carry her off; and I have, for this week past, in vain sought an opportunity of seeing her.

Juan. Oh, the devil! Old Thomaso's man, to shut the shop up. Stand aside—(*Thomaso's man shuts up the shop, while they talk aside.*) Give me your hand, Carlos; you shall see Anna, speak to her, and carry her off this night. [plished?]

Car. My dear Juan, how is this to be accom-

Juan. The first thing is to get the old fellow out of the house.

Car. And how is that to be managed?

Juan. Very easily—as thus: I'll act an old woman, and bring him down, I'll warrant you. (*Knocks.*) Say nothing, and stand aside. (*Thomaso opens the window and looks out.*)

Tho. What the devil is all that noise for?

Juan. (*In a feigned voice.*) Pray, is this Signor Thomaso's?

[maso, good woman?]

Tho. Why, what do you want with Signor Tho-

Juan. The sick gentleman, signor, at the next inn, is much worse.

Tho. I'm sorry for it; I wish the gentleman had been much worse an hour ago; because then I could have attended him; but at present I'm going to bed.

Juan. Dear signor, you won't leave the poor man to the mercy of an ignorant physician?

Tho. Why, who attends him?

Juan. Dr. Bilioso.

Tho. Then I give him over. Good night to you, good woman. (*Shuts the window.*)

Car. Our plot is ruined.

Juan. Not yet Carlos. (*Knocks again, loud.*)

Tho. (*Again opens the window.*) Zounds! what's the matter with the woman? Go about your business.

Juan. The sick man has heard wonders related of your famous drops, Signor.

Tho. Eh! what!—Oh ho! he has heard of my drops. Well, madam?

Juan. And he wishes you would come to him directly, and bring a bottle in your pocket.

Tho. Ay, that I will—poor soul! poor soul! I'll cure him in spite of his physician. (*Calls within.*) Hallo! Pedro! (*To Juan.*) I'll go with you, good woman, and as we walk, I'll tell you some of the cures I have performed. I'll wait on you instantly. (*Shuts the window.*)

Car. This is a prosperous beginning, Juan.

Juan. Hush, not a word; we must retire. (*They retire.*)

Enter THOMASO, from the house.

Tho. And so, good woman, you say—Heyday, she is gone! The poor gentleman's case is urgent, I suppose, so I'll lose no time. What a pleasure it is to attend sensible patients; I dare say, he is a shrewd fellow, by his wishing to try my drops.

[*Exit.*]

Juan. Ha, ha! The old fox is fairly unkenneled.

Car. But how are we to get into the house?

Juan. The door is fast. Eh! i'faith this shutter is unbolted. (*Opens part of the shutter.*) So we will e'en get in at the shop window.

Car. My best friend! (*Going to climb in at the window.*)

Juan. Hold! let me reconnoitre first. I know every part of the house. Follow me.

Car. Kind Cupid light us on our way!

Juan. Psha! Zounds! a lantern would light us much better. So, rot your heroics, and follow me. *(They get in at the window.)*

Enter STURMWALD, drunk.

Stur. Tol de rol, de rol—halt! Stand to your arms, Captain Sturmwald. Do my eyes deceive me, or have the enemy besieged my father-in-law's house, and made a practicable breach in the shop-window? Who the devil are they? Thieves! No, i'faith, that can't be; who'd think of stealing anything out of an apothecary's shop! Perhaps they are gallants; have at you, my boys, I must enter and defend my father-in-law. *(Going to climb in at the window; he stops.)* But hold! a prudent general should know what force he has to contend with; besides, I forget, old Bolus is not at home, I remember I met him just now; egad, I'll go and fetch him, and we'll surprise the enemy together. How lucky it is that I am sober? If I had taken the other bottle, my senses might have been confused; but now I am cool and collected. Ah! there is nothing like drinking in moderation. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Inside of Thomaso's shop.*

Enter JUAN and CARLOS.

Car. Hush! tread softly for your life.

Juan. Why, what are you afraid of? *[happ—*

Car. If Thomaso should return! and then, per-

Juan. Perhaps what? Why your whole conversation is composed of ifs, buts, perhapses, and supposes; a mere vocabulary of doubts.

Car. Hark! I hear Anna's voice, the sound transports me. Oh, Juan, I scarcely know where I am!

Juan. Why, then, I'll tell you. This is an apothecary's shop; it is dark, and you are surrounded with phials; therefore, take care you break none. Those are stairs before us, and lead to the room where our dear girls are. I shall go up first, and you may follow, unless you prefer staying here. I have now given you full information, and so come along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Thomaso's house.*

DUETT.—ANNA and ISABELLA.

*Two maidens sat complaining,
And mourn'd their hapless lot,
The pangs of absence paining,
Each by her love forgot.*

*On every former token
Of love, while fancy hung,
Of vows so sweet, yet broken,
They, deeply sighing, sung.*

*At ev'ry sound they hear,
With fond alarm they start;
Alternate hope and fear,
Now joy, now pain, impart.*

*But by each sound misguided,
Alas! they only find
Their tears, their sighs, derided,
By mocking rain and wind.*

Anna. Isabella, 'tis a whole week since I saw my Carlos. How can he say he loves me, and yet suffer them to marry me to this hateful German officer. *[chamber, child?*

The. *(Within.)* Anna, why don't you go to your

Isa. Heavens! your mother is not gone to bed yet.

Anna. And do you think my Carlos has really forsaken me? My Carlos! did I say? yes, I will repeat it. My heart yields to the fond delusion of my tongue; and I think I love him better every time I call him mine. *[Exit.]*

Isa. Poor Anna! I love her sincerely, and yet I am not sorry she is gone. I think Juan must be here soon, and—and, perhaps, our conversation would be very uninteresting to her.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Oh! Isabella, I'm frightened out of my wits. Two men have got into the house; and I think it is our lover and mine. *[ing in all that?*

Isa. Well, my dear, and what is there so alarm-

Enter CARLOS and JUAN.

Car. My dear Anna!

Anna. Ah! *(Screams.)*

Juan. My dear Isabella!

Isa. Hush! you'll wake your mother. *(Carlos shews Anna a marriage contract.)*

The. *(Within.)* Anna! what's the matter, child?

Isa. My cousin was frightened at something; but I am sure there was no reason to be afraid.

Anna. Do you know, Isabella, this unreasonable creature has brought me a marriage-contract, and would have me seize this moment to elope with him!

Car. *(To Isabella.)* And do you know, madam, this unreasonable creature hesitates, though she promised me long ago to elope, whenever I could find an opportunity.

Juan. Psha! Marry first, and dispute afterwards; that would be much more in the common order of things. Come, my dear Isabella, let us set them a good example; leave dissimulation to knaves and coquettes, and lead up the dance of Hymen as first couple. *[to change partners—*

Isa. Why, if I were sure you would never wish

Car. Consider, my dear Anna, the moments fly.

Isa. *(Peeping through the key-hole.)* I vow, your mother is not in bed yet. *(To Anna.)* Away, away, instantly, and leave me to keep her quiet; I'll follow you directly. *[Exeunt Anna, Carlos, and Juan.]* I'll sing, that she may suspect nothing.

AIR.—ISABELLA.

*Ye hours that part my love and me,
And slow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliss obscured by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep:
Still I through Sorrow's tedious night,
Hope's friendly star discern;
On that I fix my anxious eye
Until my love return.
By Jealousy's pernicious power,
Untainted are my sighs;
Confiding in my Juan's truth,
My fondest wishes rise.*

Still I through Sorrow's, &c.

Tho. *(Without.)* Hey, Guzman! Pedro! where the devil are you?

Re-enter CARLOS, JUAN, and ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Isabella, my father is come home! all the doors are locked.

Car. And our retreat cut off.

Isa. Then we are lost.

Juan. No, faith, I'm afraid we are all found. Where can we hide ourselves?

Isa. Go into our chamber.

Anna. My father is now at the chamber-door.

Car. In here, then. *(Going into Theresa's chamber.)*

Anna. That's my mother's room.

Isa. We are in luck. My uncle, in his hurry to visit his patient, has left the door of his study open. In, in, directly. *[Exeunt Carlos and Juan into the closet.]* Here comes your father.

Enter THOMASO and STURMWALD.

Tho. Anna! Theresa! Isabella! there are thieves in the house.

Anna. Thieves! bless me, sir, what shall we do?

Stur. Take 'em, to be sure; take 'em, dead or alive. *Enter THERESA.*

The. What's that you say? Thieves in our house?

Tho. The Captain saw them get in: he'll tell you the whole story.

Stur. That I will, with a great deal of pleasure. As I was coming from the tavern, where I had been drinking a glass in moderation, as sober as I am now, I saw two men getting into my father-in-law's house. What's to be done, thought I; for this was enough to stagger me, you may suppose.

Tho. Oh! certainly. *(Aside.)* That you had enough to stagger you, I believe.

The. *(Taking the contract from Anna's pocket.)* Yes, and here is enough to stagger us all. This

paper explains to me, that these thieves are of Cupid's gang; gentlemen who commit sentimental robberies on the hearts of young ladies. There, Thomaso, read that! (*Gives the contract.*)

Tho. What do I see! a contract of marriage between my daughter and Carlos?

Stur. Carlos! What the devil! the enemy surprise us in our own camp! Egad, we'll hold a council of war immediately; I have something in my head. [*to have.*]

Tho. (*Aside.*) Yes, rather more than you ought

The. I am sure young Carlos is in the house.

Stur. Is he? Why, then, we'll break up the council. Bella! horrida bella! is our resolve; and so let us search for the enemy. (*Going to open Theresa's chamber-door.*)

The. Bless me, Captain Sturmwald, do you know that is my chamber?

Stur. Well, my dear mother-in-law, and is not a lady's chamber the most likely place to find a man of gallantry? However, I'll wheel to the right about, if you please. (*Goes to Thomaso's door.*)

Tho. Stop, Captain; no person ever enters that closet but myself; 'tis there where I compose my miraculous drops. [*pocus shop.*]

Stur. Ay, ay, I understand you; 'tis your hocus

Tho. No, sir, 'tis my miracle shop.

Stur. Your magazine for the destructive amunition of physic.

Tho. My laboratory for the arcana of the *materia medica*. 'Tis the Temple of Health; and the rosy goddess herself presides over my pestle and mortar.

Stur. A small room for the Temple of Health, I think, and rather dark. Suppose, instead of confining the poor goddess of Health to her room, you were to let her visit some of your patients?

Tho. You may sneer as you please, Captain Sturmwald; I have the key of that closet in my pocket, and there it shall remain; so let us finish a foolish adventure, by wishing each other a good night.

Tho. I shall take you with me, young ladies, to prevent further accidents. Captain Sturmwald, where will you sleep?

Stur. No where, madam; I suspect the enemy is in ambuscade. I will be the centinel of the night; rest securely, while I guard you. Here I take my post, and shall be on the watch, in case the enemy should make a sally.

Tho. Well, Captain, I have no objection. Here is the key of the house, in case you choose to refresh yourself with a walk in the morning.

QUINTET.—ANNA, ISABELLA, THERESA, STURMWALD, and GUZMAN.

*But see the moon, ascending high,
Reigns the empress of the sky;
And in the zenith of her power,
Presides o'er midnight's solemn hour.*

The. You must bid adieu— (*To Anna.*)
Yes, miss, so must you— (*To Isabella.*)

Anna & Isa. Must we bid adieu?
*Wherefore should we part?
Spare my aching heart.*

Tho. Come, let's go to bed;
Spare my aching head.

Stur. Let him go to bed;
Spare his aching head.

All. Bid adieu! [*Exeunt all but Sturmwald, who places himself on a couch before Thomaso's closet-door.*]

AIR.—STURMWALD.

*Come on, my boys, now I'm commander,
Though you're as brave as Alexander,
Heigho!* (*Yawning.*)

*You lie,
On my guard here am I.*

*I fear no ambush, no entrapping;
No one shall catch old Sturmwald napping.
(Falls asleep.)*

JUAN and CARLOS come out of the closet.

Car. Softly, softly! First let us secure the key of the shop-door, to let ourselves out. (*Takes the key.*)

Juan. That this old remnant of mortality should think of rivalling a young fellow, with his five senses in perfection!

Car. But to our plot, good Juan; our plot. We have no time to lose.

Juan. Faith! that's very true. So in you must go, my old commander. (*They wheel the couch into Thomaso's closet.*)

AIR.—CARLOS.

*Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his power can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.*

*Bacchus should, on Venus waiting,
Hold the cup with bended knee;
None but fools, his worth o'er-rating,
With the servant make too free.*

(*Juan comes out of the closet, and brings with him Sturmwald's cloak, hat, and patch.*)

DUETT.—CARLOS and JUAN.

*Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his power can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Outside of Dr. Bilioso's house.

Enter GUZMAN and PEREZ.

Guz. But pray, Perez, is Doctor Bilioso informed of his son's attachment to my cousin Anna?

Per. Oh, dear, no! My old master hates Signor Thomaso to that degree, that he would rather see his son hanged than married into the family.

Guz. Though unacquainted with poor Carlos, I sympathise with him. Had my Leonora lived—

Per. Ah! but she is gone; and your honour has been doleful and dumpish, as one may say, ever since you came home from sea. Oh! I love to hear you talk of old stories: you make me so melancholy and so happy, that I cry by the hour together.

Guz. Poor fellow!

Per. And pray, good Signor Guzman, when you was voyaging about on the stormy main, and fighting the Algerines, was not you now and then frightened too much to think of your love?

Guz. No, Perez! true love purifies the soul from every base alloy.

AIR.—GUZMAN.

*Let angry Ocean to the sky,
In proud despite, his billows roll;
Let thunders to his threats reply,
Fear is a stranger to my soul.
Within the heart which Love illumines,
And blesses with his sacred rays,
If meaner passion e'er presumes,
It fades before the hallowed blaze.*

*Though War with sullen aspect lower,
And crimson o'er the troubled wave,
And emulate the lightning's power,
The dangers of the fight I brave.*

Within the heart, &c. [Exit.]

Per. Here comes my master, and as cross as usual.

Enter DOCTOR BILIOSO.

Dr. Bil. What a cursed neighbourhood is this for a physician to live in! No such thing as an asthma, or a fit of the gout to be met with from year's end to year's end. All the villagers are such a set of d—d, vulgar, healthy dogs; never have the pleasure of seeing a meagre, bilious, gentleman-like man within ten miles of the place. How com-

fortable it would be to live at Constantinople, where the plague rages all the year! And then people laugh more here than in all Spain besides. Ah! I don't like laughing. Well, Perez, anybody ill this morning?

Per. (*Sighing.*) No, sir; all well.

Dr. Bil. Ay! and will remain so as long as this plaguy fine weather lasts: no chance of another influenza. I, who am the physician, am the only sick man in the parish.

Per. Yes, your worship seems stuck up here by way of a medical scarecrow, to frighten away sickness.

Dr. Bil. Or, rather, like an electrical conductor, I save the neighbourhood from danger, by attracting it to myself. Ah! I lost the only good patient I had, in my friend Alvarez; as fine a corpulent, inactive subject as a physician would wish for. What with repletion, and want of exercise, the good soul was always ailing. I had great expectations from him; but he grew stingy as he grew rich; avarice produced abstinence, and he starved away the only hopes I had left.

Per. There's the traveller who was taken ill at the next inn.

Dr. Bil. Ay! the only person I have at present under my care, and he is a foreigner; no native would have behaved so civilly as to be taken ill. Not got well, I hope?

Per. Yes, so they say; the apothecary, Thomaso, was sent for to him last night.

Dr. Bil. What! send for my enemy, my antagonist, Thomaso, the apothecary? A man of honour would have sooner died under his physician's hands, than have played him such a trick. [*dicine.*]

Per. And he took some of Thomaso's quack medicine.

Dr. Bil. Oh, curse his quack medicine! I hate all violent remedies; they make an end of a business so soon. They either kill or cure; and then, either way, one loses the patient.

Per. And so, Thomaso—

Dr. Bil. Oh, rot him! I'll go to the rascally quack directly; my patients are my property; and shall I tamely suffer my property to be taken from me? I'll trounce the dog. No, no; if a doctor's patients are permitted to slip through his fingers, and get well by stealth, there's an end to all law and justice. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Thomaso's house.

Enter THOMASO.

Tho. Ah, ah! the Captain off already. I didn't expect he had shaken off the effects of last night's dose quite so soon. I can hardly reconcile it to myself to sacrifice poor Anna to such a sot. My conscience revolts against it, and whispers—ay! but then my wife talks so much louder than my conscience; and so there's an end of the matter.

Enter JUAN (behind) disguised as Sturmwald, and CARLOS, disguised as a notary, who listens.

Juan. (*In a hoarse voice.*) Father-in-law, good morning to you.

Tho. Eh! what! bless my soul! son-in-law, how do ye do? There seems to be a wonderful change in your voice.

Juan. All the effects of last night.

Tho. I suppose so: a violent cold, no doubt; my drops are remarkably good for the voice.

Juan. No, no; never mind. I'll tell you a story—

Tho. I'd rather you'd let it alone. Come, now; one spoonfull will be enough. 'Tis a most wonderful remedy. I have it here in this closet.

Juan. Curse your drops! I am sure the lovers of your daughter and niece are now in the house.

Tho. Well, Captain, perhaps you know best; but, upon my soul, I don't believe a word of the matter. Now, let me fetch a bottle of drops.

Juan. My jealousy is alarm'd, sir; and I must

be your son-in-law this morning, or not at all. No reply! I have brought this gentleman with me; he is my notary, and has drawn up a marriage-contract. So call your wife and the bride; let us sign and seal, and then to church immediately.

Tho. Well, but Captain—

Juan. I'm commanding officer to-day; so no more words, father-in-law. [*Exit Thomaso.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, Carlos, how have I imitated the old German captain? [*half as well.*]

Car. To a miracle. I wish I may play my part

Juan. Psha! what difficulty is there in it? The old folks will take you for the notary who has prepared the contract of marriage between Anna and Sturmwald; instead of that, you will substitute the other contract, in which your own name is inserted. But here they come.

Enter THOMASO, THERESA, and ANNA.

Anne. No, nothing shall shake my constancy; every obstacle you raise, serves but to increase my affection.

AIR.—ANNA.

*The summer heats, bestowing
Their influence on the rose,
Perfect its charms when blowing,
And every sweet disclose.*

*Yet summer suns denying
The zephyr and the shower;
Their fervid glow applying,
Destroy their fav'rite flower.*

*The love-sick heart requiring
The sunshine of success;
Continual bliss desiring,
Yet sickens with excess.*

*The fond, the secret tear,
Soft passion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs, bids it thrive.*

Juan. Well, Signor Thomaso, have you looked over the contract?

Tho. I have; and find it perfectly right.

Juan. Very well; but where's Isabella?

The. Oh! I'll call her. Isabella!—but I assure you I would not trust her with anybody else.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. My dear Juan, what means—

Juan. (*Aside to her.*) Hush, my love! ask no questions; persuade Anna to sign that paper, it is a contract of marriage between her and Carlos, who, you see, personates the notary. (*Carlos offers the contract to Anna, who puts it aside.*)

Anna. No, nothing shall induce me to sign this hated paper. Oh! Carlos, why are you not here to snatch me from impending ruin?

Tho. Daughter, do not oblige me to exert my authority. [*much greater.*]

The. Let her beware of my authority, which is

Juan. Psha, psha! persuasion is better than authority. Let her cousin talk to her. (*Isabella whispers Anna.*) These girls know the way to each other's hearts; there, mother-in-law, you see, she hangs out a smile of truce already.

The. My dear daughter, you transport me!

Juan. Come, sign your consent to the marriage.

The. Sign it! ay, that I will! Come, husband. (*Anna and Theresa sign the contract.*)

Tho. Egad! Captain, I don't understand that notary's whispering my daughter; I—

Juan. 'Tis his way: come, sign your name.

Tho. No, sir! (*To Carlos.*) I insist upon knowing what you mean?

Car. What I mean!

Juan. If you put him in a passion, take care of yourself; he is the most choleric fellow—you had better sign at once.

AIR.—CARLOS.

*This marriage article, (To Thomaso.)
In every particle,
Is free from flaw, sir;
I know what's law, sir.*

*Zounds! sir, my character none shall accuse.
Behold this artifice, true love's devising, (To Anna.)
Your Carlos thus to all but you disguising;*

*Witness—Thomaso my skill dares abuse. (To Juan.)
My only chance, I see, is pique pretending; (To Anna.)
On that alone success is now depending.*

*Throughout this nation, (To Thomaso.)
High my reputation,
For law precision is,
And expedition is,*

In bonds, conveyances, d'ye mind?

And instruments of any kind.

*Kind fortune, see, at length, our prayers heeding,
Relenting, gives us promise of succeeding. (To Anna.)*

In this transaction (To Thomaso.)

The law is my friend;

I'll bring my action,

Which you must defend.

(Thomaso, frightened, signs the contract.)

Juan. Come, come, now all's finished, let us away to church.

The. Well, I'll be with you in a moment. [Exit.

Car. (Aside to Juan.) For heaven's sake! Juan, let us be gone. If Sturmwald should wake, we are ruined.

Juan. (Aloud.) I beg your pardon for detaining you, Mr. Notary, conduct these ladies to my house, and I'll follow you immediately.

[Exeunt Anna, Isabella, and Carlos.]

Tho. Stop; stay. What! without my wife's leave? [where am I?

Stur. (In the closet.) Halloo! death and fury!

Tho. Eh! what's that?

Stur. Thieves! thieves!

Tho. I'm lost in amazement.

Juan. Did not I tell you one of the rogues was hid there? I'll run and fetch an alguazil.

Tho. You run! why, you forget you are lame.

Juan. (In his natural voice.) Egad, so I do! but I am so interested in this business.

Tho. And you have recovered your voice too!

Juan. (Resuming his hoarse voice.) No, faith, I think I'm as hoarse as ever.

Stur. Thomaso! Signor Thomaso!

Tho. 'Tis the Captain's voice. Egad, I'll fetch an alguazil myself, and make sure of one of ye. [Exit.

Stur. Signor Thomaso!

Juan. Have a little patience. (Aside.) What's to be done? If I attempt the door, I meet the alguazil. I must e'en try this chamber window. (Pulls off his disguise, throws it down at the closet-door, and then goes into Theresa's chamber.)

Re-enter THOMASO.

Tho. An alguazil will be here presently, and then, Mr. Scoundrel—(Sees the cloak and patch.) Hey-day! what's all this?

Stur. (In the closet.) Will nobody hear me?

Tho. It is Sturmwald! Oh! my mind misgives me. (He hears a noise in the closet, and rushes in.)

Re-enter THOMASO and STURMWALD.

Tho. All my phials of drops broken! Let me tell you, Captain Sturmwald—

Stur. Zounds! sir, you shall tell me nothing but what I desire to know. I say, sir, how did I come in that closet?

Tho. That's the very question I want to ask you: and, if we both ask the same question, how the devil are we to get an answer?

Stur. Why, you dirty scrap of an apothecary, how dare you laugh at me thus?

Tho. I laugh? Look at the bottles you've broken! I believe I shall never laugh again.

Stur. You are all in the plot; 'tis a trick to abuse me; but I'll be revenged. 'Sblood and thunder! to make a jest of me, who have fought in sixteen different battles! Did you know that?

Tho. Yes, you have often told me the names of them all. But, do you hear me, Captain?—

Stur. I'll hear nothing but revenge. To cram me up in a dark closet, among pickled snakes and stuffed alligators! me, who have lived amidst fire and smoke; who have fought for every prince in Europe by turns, and always had the honour to be wounded! Who, to this hour, bear the trophies of war in every limb, and rejoice in the aches, the cramps, and the twinges of glory!

THERESA enters, and Thomaso explains to her, in dumb shew, what has passed.

The. I am sure, Captain, I don't wonder at your being angry at my husband; he's a poor blundering creature, as I often tell him.

Tho. Nay, the Captain knows I never mean to offend him. I have done all I can.

The. Psha! so you always say. Go, get an alguazil, and seek for the rogues that have stolen our two girls, do. [Exit Thomaso.] Come, Captain, suppose you and I follow him? For my sake, be patient. The brave never refuse the requests of the fair.

Stur. Never; and to prove it, I'll tell you a story of what happened when I was in Germany. [Exeunt.]

Enter JUAN, in woman's clothes.

Juan. This confounded window is too closely barred even for a mouse to creep through. However, in this disguise, I shink I shall get off undiscovered; or, if I should be questioned, I'll pass for a patient come to ask Thomaso's advice.

Dr. Bil. (Speaking to a Servant as he comes on.) Don't tell me; I say he is at home, and I will see him.

Juan. Who comes here? Dr. Bilioso himself!

Enter DR. BILIOSO. (Seeing Juan.)

Dr. Bil. But I beg pardon; you want advice, I presume; let me feel your pulse. (Attempting to take Juan's hand.)

Juan. (Struggling.) Zounds! I shall be discovered. (Aside.) Dear sir, pray let me alone; my nerves are so weak, and you agitate me so.

Dr. Bil. Why, really, madam, you have rather agitated me. I think I never yet met with a lady so strong in the arm. Pray, what is your complaint ma'am?

Juan. My complaint is against Thomaso, who has killed a poor friend of mine.

Dr. Bil. Oh, he has done worse than that; he has taken a patient away from me, after I had given him over. So, if he recovers the man, he ruins my reputation. There's an unfeeling scoundrel for you!

Juan. Ah! you and I mean the same person; the poor gentleman at the next inn: but Thomaso's drops have done for him; my poor friend is no more.

Dr. Bil. I'm heartily glad of it; very sorry for it, I mean. I thank you for the news, however. Now I have that rogue Thomaso in my gripe.

Juan. Lose no time, sir, but get an officer immediately, and secure Thomaso.

Dr. Bil. That I will. Ay, ay. (Going.)

Juan. Surely, sir, you will have the gallantry to conduct me safe out of this house, if I should be insulted.

Dr. Bil. Insulted! Lord, ma'am, there's no danger of that. Nature has furnished you with such powers of defence; united the charms of your sex to the strength of our's. You are a glass of nature's choicest cordial, madam; sweet and strong at the same time. [Exit, leading Juan off.]

SCENE III.—A Wood.

Enter ANNA and CARLOS.

Car. Consider, my dear Anna, we have your father's signature to our contract of marriage.

Anna. But will he give his voluntary consent to what has been procured by artifice?

Car. Fear nothing, my dear; trust to me.

AIR.—CARLOS.

*Am I beloved? Can you refuse?
Alas! my heart for pity sues.
That heart whose constancy you've known;
That heart you've fondly call'd your own.
Every moment, as it flies,
Warns us where our danger lies.
Ah! there's ruin in delay;
Lovely Anna, let's away.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Car. Well, Isabella, any news of Juan?

Isa. Alas! none. Every human being that passed at a distance, did my pliant fancy conjure up into a likeness of Juan.

Car. The rising ground, on the left hand, commands a prospect of the road. Let me try whether friendship cannot see more clearly than love.

Anna. Are not we a couple of wild girls, Isabella?

Isa. Not incorrigible, my dear cousin, however; we have pursued a very effectual mode of taming ourselves, by getting married.

Anna. To be sure, we have uttered the fatal yes.

Isa. The fatal yes! Why, my dear, do you think our lovers are such fools, as to think the better or the worse of our affection for them, because we have said yes?

AIR.—ISABELLA.

*How mistaken is the lover,
Who on words builds hopes of bliss!
And fondly thinks we love discover,
If, perchance, we answer "Yes."
Prompted often by discretion
Is the seeming kind expression,
When the tongue, the heart belying,
Dares not venture on denying;
But, in spite of discontent,
Gives the semblance of consent.
How mistaken, &c.*

*Ah! how vain is art's profession,
Though the faltering tongue comply!
What avails the cold confession,
If the averted eyes deny?
Happier far, the experienced swain
Knows he triumph must attain,
When in vain successful trial,
Language gives the faint denial;
While the eyes betray the fiction
In delightful contradiction;
And the cheeks with blushes glow,
And the tongue still falters "No."
How mistaken, &c.*

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Here is Juan. So all we have to do, is to mount our horses, and gallop off.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Hold; you're mistaken. You've something else to do, I assure you. We have certainly been traced from the village. Dr. Bilioso and Signor Thomaso are both coming up the hill different ways, and will most likely meet at this spot. But they are here. (*Anna, Isabella, Carlos, and Juan, retire.*)

Enter DR. BILIOSO and THOMASO, meeting, each with an Alguazil.

Dr. Bil. Oh! you vile quack! Where's my patient?

Tho. Where is my daughter, you old rogue! You have assisted your son to run away with her. Lay hold on him, Alguazil.

Dr. Bil. What! why, I brought an officer to seize you. Here, do your duty. (*To the Alguazil.*)

Juan. (*Coming forward.*) Dear gentlemen, what's the matter?

Dr. Bil. Why, sir, that fellow is a quack, and has killed one of my patients.

Tho. That's impossible; for, though he calls himself a physician, he has no patients to kill.

Dr. Bil. What! do you forget the poor gentleman at the inn? [over.]

Tho. Well, he was fair game. You had given him

Dr. Bil. Zounds, sir! what does that signify? I have given over fifty people in my time, who have recovered afterwards.

Juan. (*Aside.*) My plot has taken, I perceive; they believe him dead yet. (*To Thomaso.*) I faith, this is a serious affair. You had better compound this business.

Tho. He won't agree to it; he hates me so.

Juan. (*Aside to Thomaso.*) Let me talk to him. (*Aside to Bilioso.*) Sir, when I see so valuable a life as your's in danger—

Dr. Bil. My life in danger!

Juan. From that bloody-minded apothecary. I find your son has eloped with his daughter, and he is resolved to be revenged, by assassinating you and your whole family. See, how he looks at you!

Dr. Bil. Ratsbane and arsenic in his countenance!

Juan. (*Aside to Thomaso.*) Did you ever see such a determined dog? He is resolved to hang you.

Tho. I dare say he has the rope in his pocket. Pray, mollify him.

Dr. Bil. (*Aside to Juan.*) I faith, I don't half like him. Tell him, I'll forgive him.

Juan. Dismiss your alguazils. [*Exeunt Alguazils.*] You bind yourselves to stand by my determination?

Dr. Bil. & Tho. We do.

Juan. Then, I believe all parties are satisfied. Appear, appear. (*Anna, Carlos, and Isabella, come forward.*)

Anna. My dear father!

Tho. Zounds, what is all this?

Enter THERESA, STURMWALD, and GUZMAN.

Stur. A general muster of the whole corps, egad! deserters, and all. You are my prisoner, madam. (*To Anna.*)

Car. No, sir; not while I can defend her.

Anna (*To Stur.*) Oh, sir, hear me! the brave are ever generous: do not attempt a life so dear to me.

Stur. Bullets and gunpowder! why, don't you love me, then? I thought you told me, mother-in-law, it was all maiden coyness in her.

The. Stuff and nonsense! Take her, Captain Sturmwald; she is your's. Defend your honour.

Stur. And that my honour may be worth defending, I'll take care it shall not be tarnished by an unjust action. Anna, your mother says you are mine. If so, I dispose of what is mine, thus. (*Giving her hand to Carlos.*) Come, come, we have by mistake opposed the union of hearts on their march to form a junction, and we are defeated. So much the better: who would wish to conquer in a bad cause? You must consent to unite these turtles. (*To Thomaso.*)

Tho. Has my wife any objection?

The. I'll have nothing to do with it; so, act as you please.

Tho. Why, then, give me your hand, Doctor, (*to Dr. Bilioso.*) and here's an end of old quarrels. Take my daughter, young man, (*to Carlos.*) and you take my niece, (*to Juan.*) and you (*to Sturmwald.*) take my wife, if you will. Egad, I am in such a good humour, I could give away anything.

FINALE.

*'Tis joy inspires the vocal lay,
And animates the choral song:
Of love we sing the gentle sway,
May constancy the theme prolong!
Old Time, with joys unceasing,
Shall add to Hymen's store;
Our friendship still increasing,
When youth shall be no more. [*Exeunt.*]*

BARBAROSSA;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN BROWN.



Act IV. Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

ACHMET
BARBAROSSA
OTHTMAN
SADI

ALADIN
YUSEF
HASSAN
OFFICERS

ZAPHIRA
IRENE
SEMIRA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OTHMAN and a Slave.

Oth. A stranger, say'st thou, that enquires of
Othman?

Slave. He does, and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell
His name and quality?

Slave. That he declin'd:
But call'd himself thy friend.

Oth. Where didst thou see him?

Slave. Ev'n now, while twilight clos'd the day,
I spied him

Musing amid the ruins of yon tower
That overhangs the flood.

Oth. What can this mean?

Conduct the stranger to me.

Perhaps some worthy citizen return'd
From voluntary exile to Algiers,
Once known in happier days.

[*Exit Slave.*]

Enter SADI.

Ah, Sadi here!

My honour'd friend!

Sadi. Stand off; pollute me not:
These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.

Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live

The slave of insolence?

O shame! to dwell

With murder, lust, and rapine! did he not
Come from the depths of Barca's solitude,
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance?
Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest? O fatal hour!
Did he not then with hot, adult'rous eye,
Gaze on the Queen Zaphira? yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
And bade him murder, if he would enjoy!
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
Canst wear the murd'rer's badge,

Oth. Mistaken man!

Yet still I love thee:

Still unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal,
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech,
Bethink thee; might I not reproach thy flight
With the foul names of fear and perfidy?
Didst thou not fly when Barbarossa's sword
Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen?
What then did I? Beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow'd queen—

Sadi. In pity?

[*me.*]

Oth. Yes, Sadi; heav'n is witness, pity sway'd
With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of Barbarossa's friends:
In hope that some propitious hour might rise,
When heav'n would dash the murd'rer from his
throne,

And give young Selim to his orphan'd people.

Sadi. Indeed! canst thou be true?

Oth. By heav'n, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus?

Oth. Have I not told thee?

I held it vain, to stem the tyrant's pow'r,
By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.

Sadi. I find thee honest: and with pride
Will join thy counsels.
Can aught, my friend, be done?
Can aught be dar'd?

Oth. We groan beneath the scourge.
This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance
For the foul murder of our honour'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.

Sadi. O my devoted country! [her.
But say, the widow'd queen; my heart bleeds for

Oth. If pain be life, she lives: but in such woe,
As want and slavery might view with pity,
And bless their happier lot.

Hemm'd round by terrors,
Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, thro' seven long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exil'd son,
Her people fall'n: the murd'rer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the Moors,
Tempts her to marriage; but, with noble firmness,
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,
Scorning the horrid union. Meantime, he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son;
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith?
Tamely to witness to such deeds of horror!
Give me thy poignard; lead me to the tyrant.
What tho' surrounding guards—

Oth. Repress thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.
Remember, Othman, (and let vengeance rise)
How in the pangs of death, and in his gore
Welt'ring, we found our prince!
His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple! Oh, remember! and revenge!

Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek
our friends.

Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet uneduc'd by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety, or (what more I dread)
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter.

Sadi. I obey thee.
Near to the western port, thou say'st?

Oth. Ev'n there.
Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
I would not have thee found within these walls.

(*Flourish.*)
And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' ap-
proach
Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.
Begone.

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence
Hang o'er his steps! Farewell. Remember, Oth-
man,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong.

[*Exit Sadi.*]
Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!
Yet for the love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles, and fair deportment.

Enter BARBAROSSA, Guards, &c.

Bar. Valiant Othman,
Are those vile slaves impal'd?

Oth. My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from
them?

Oth. They died obdurate: while the melting
Wept at their groans and anguish. [crowd

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts!
But why sits that sadness on thy brow,
While joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the Moors o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace?

Oth. Mighty warrior!
The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well: Be it so.
To guard Algiers from anarchy's misrule
I sway the regal sceptre.
But 'tis strange
That, when with open arms, I would receive
Young Selim, would restore the crown which death
Reft from his father's head, he scorns my bounty,
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes
Against my power, who sav'd his bleeding country.

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee.
Young Selim is no more.

Oth. Selim no more!

Bar. Why that astonishment?
He was our bitterest foe.

Oth. So perish all thy causeless enemies!

Bar. How died the prince, and where?

Aladin. The rumour tells,
That, flying to Oran, he there begg'd succours
From Ferdinand of Spain, t'invade Algiers.

Bar. From Christian dogs!

Oth. How! league with infidels!

Aladin. And there held council with the haughty
Spaniard,

To conquer and dethrone thee; but in vain:
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy!
Oft have I courted him to meet my kindness,
But still in vain; he shunn'd me like a pestilence:
Nor could I e'er behold him, since the down
Cover'd his manly cheek. How many years
Number'd he?

Oth. I think, scarce thirteen when his father died,
And now some twenty.

Bar. Othman, now for proof
Of undissembled service. Well I know,
Thy long experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
In the queen's confidence:

Othman, she must be won.
Plead thou my cause of love:
Make her but mine,
And such reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall outsoar thy wishes.

Oth. Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. Then haste thee, Othman,
Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease
Hath reach'd her ear;
Tell her, I come, borne on the wings of love!
Haste, fly, I follow thee. [*Exit Othman.*]
Now Aladin,

Now fortune bears us to the wish'd-for port.
This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
Th' attempt was greatly daring?

Aladin. Bold as needful.
What boot'd it to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place?

Bar. True: Algiers is mine
Without a rival.
Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: Omar, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fall'n.
Didst thou not say two slaves encounter'd Selim?
Aladin. Ay, two; 'tis rumour'd so.

Bar. And that one fell?

Aladin. By Selim's hand; while his companion
Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.

Bar. Omar, I fear, is fall'n. From my right
hand

I gave my signet to the trusty slave;
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of Selim's death, if sickness or captivity
Or wayward fate, should thwart his quick return.

Aladin. The rumour yet is young; perhaps
foreruns

The trusty slave's approach.

Bar. We'll wait th' event.
Meantime give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dried her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
By marriage rites; spread wide the flatt'ring tale:
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Pow'r shall compel.

This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the Moor. Hence, Aladin;
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[*Exit Aladin.*]

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish; in Selim's blood
Its root is struck: from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er Afric's continent,
And stretch from shore to shore.

Enter IRENE.

My wayward daughter; still will thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? When pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon
To dwell with sorrow. Why these sullen tears?

Irene. Let not these tears offend my father's eye;
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. What would'st thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Urge not thy command

To see her; her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious
years

Have I endur'd her coyness! Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers
Ere this my pow'r had reach'd what she denies.
But there's a cause which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. Oh, frown not thus!
But look more kindly on me,
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty.
Unhappy queen!

Bar. What means that gushing tear?

Irene. Oh never shall Irene taste of peace,
While poor Zaphira mourns.

Bar. Is this my child?
Perverse and stubborn! as thou lov'st thy peace,
Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general
triumph,

That echoes through Algiers! which now shall
The vaulted heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt' rest foe.

Irene. O generous Selim! (*Weeps.*)

Bar. Ah! there's more in this.
Tell me, Irene, on thy duty tell me,
Why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams?

Irene. Yes, I will tell thee,
For he is gone, and dreads thy hate no more;
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past
Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at Oran,
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime.

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this?

Irene. Oft have I told thee,

How, midst the throng, a youth appear'd: his eye
Bright as the morning star.

Bar. And was it Selim?

Did he redeem thee?

Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom; at his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of Barbarossa;

Yet with recovery mild,
"Go to Algiers," he cried; "protect my mother,
And be to her what Selim is to thee."

Ev'n such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Bar. Amazement chills me!
Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me?
False, faithless child!

Irene. Could gratitude do less?
He said thy wrath pursu'd him; thence conjur'd me
Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid!
To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe!

Irene. Alas! my father,
He never was thy foe.

Bar. What! plead for Selim!
O, coward! trait'ress to thy father's glory!
Thou should'st have liv'd a slave, been sold to shame,
Been banish'd to the depths of howling deserts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A father's honour by a deed so vile.
Hence from my sight! hence, thou unthankful child!
Beware thee; shun the queen: nor taint her ear
With Selim's fate. Yes, she shall crown my love;
Or, by our prophet! she shall dread my pow'r.

[*Exit.*]

Irene. Unhappy queen!
To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd!
She but entreats to die
In her dear father's tent; thither, good queen,
My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
On my defenceless head; yet innocence
Shall yield her firm support, and conscious virtue
Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
Let the storm beat; I'll weep and pray till she,
And heav'n, forget my father e'er was cruel. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Apartment.

ZAPHIRA discovered.

Zaph. When shall I be at peace? O, righteous
heav'n,
Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain would rise
To confidence in thee! but woes on woes
O'erwhelm me! first my husband, now my son!
Both dead! both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
Of Barbarossa! what infernal power
Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
Murder and lust, to wake domestic peace
And every heart-felt joy!

Enter OTHMAN.

O faithful Othman!
Our fears were true;—my Selim is no more!
Oth. Has then the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?
Inhuman tyrant!

Zaph. Strike him, heav'n, with thunder!
Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence. [*high will,*]

Oth. 'Twas what we fear'd. Oppose not heav'n's
Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate
That links thee to thy woes. Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to heaven, my honour'd queen,
The king—

Zaph. Whom styl'st thou king?

Oth. 'Tis Barbarossa.

Zaph. Does he assume the name of king?

Oth. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd! by the blood
Of innocence! by treachery and murder! [him;
May heav'n, incens'd, pour down its vengeance on
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror,
Till phrensy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth! My faithful Oth-

man,
My sole surviving prop! can'st thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape
This hated palace? With undaunted step
I'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear Mutija. Can no means be found
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me?

Oth. That hope is vain; the tyrant knows thy hate.

Hence, day and night, his guards environ thee.
Rouse not then his anger;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.

Zaph. An injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty! and, oh! to whom?
Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son!
O, perish first, Zaphira! yes, I'll die;
For what is life to me? my dear, dear, lord!
My hapless child!—yes, I will follow you.

Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then?

Zaph. I will not, Othman;
Or if I do, with better imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents' tongues
I'll pour my curses on him!

Oth. Will Zaphira
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge?

Zaph. Revenge?—O tell me—
Tell me but how? what can a helpless woman?

Oth. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy father:

Pour thy complaints before him: let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue:
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zaph. Ah! say'st thou, Othman?
Thy words have shot like lightning thro' my frame;
And all my soul's on fire!—Thou faithful friend!
Yes, with more gentle speech I'll soothe his pride;
Regain my freedom; reach my father's tents;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the yallies into honest vengeance:
The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa,
And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Oth. There spoke the queen. But as thou lov'st
thy freedom,
Touch not on Selim's death. Thy soul will kindle,
And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zaph. My murdered son!—Yes, to revenge thy death,
I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.

Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes: Now, in-
jur'd queen,
Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion. [Exit.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! in whom
Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror.

Zaph. O Barbarossa!
No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart! With my departed lord
My love lies bury'd!
Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love with love sincere;
For I have none to give.

Bar. Love ne'er should die:

'Tis the soul's cordial; 'tis the fount of life;
Therefore should spring eternal in the breast:
One object lost, another should succeed,
And all our life be love. [equal hope

Zaph. Urge me no more:—Thou might'st with
Woo the cold marble, weeping o'er a tomb,
To meet thy wishes! But if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere:
Give me safe convoy to the native vales
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.

Bar. Oh, blind to proffer'd bliss! what, fondly quit
This pomp
Of empire, for an Arab's wand'ring tent!
Where the mock chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings!—Far other joys
Here shall attend thy call.
Submissive realms
Shall bow the neck; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far distant Niger and the Nile,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain;
But, ah! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendour, when the mind
Lies desolate within!—Such, such, is mine!
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy:
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents!

Bar. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet,—

Bar. Thou thankless fair!

Thus to repay the labours of my love,
Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,
Ere this, thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin:
I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.
Make thee but mine,
I will descend the throne, and call thy son
From banishment to empire.

Zaph. Oh, my heart!
Can I bear this?—
Inhuman tyrant! Curses on thy head!
May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,
And gender in thy bosom fell despair!
Despair as deep as mine!

Bar. What means Zaphira?
What means this burst of grief?

Zaph. Thou fell destroyer!
Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience
Would flash conviction on thee, and each look,
Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent horrors,
To turn thee into stones!—Relentless man!
Who did the bloody deed? Oh, tremble, guilt,
Where'er thou art!—Look on me; tell me, tyrant!
Who slew my blameless son?

Bar. What envious tongue
Hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
Thy Selim lives: Nay, more, he soon shall reign,
If thou consent to bless me.

Zaph. Never! Oh, never—Sooner would I roam
An unknown exile through the torrid climes
Of Africk, sooner dwell with wolves and tigers,
Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!

Bar. Rash queen, forbear! think on thy captive
state;

Remember, that within these palace walls
I am omnipotent:—Yield thee then:
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my pow'r incens'd. [ear

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine
With that foul menace!—Tyrant! Dread'st thou not
Th' all seeing eye of heav'n, its lifted thunder,
And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine?—Yet know, Zaphira scorns
thee.

Tho' robb'd by thee of every dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the free born soul,
That greatly dares to die. [Exit,

Bar. Where should she learn the tale of Selim's death?
 Could Othman dare to tell it? If he did,
 My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
 To instant death!

Enter ALADIN.

O Aladin!
 Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
 That swells with indignation and despair.
 This stubborn woman—

Aladin. What, unconquer'd still?

Bar. The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her ear.
 Whence could this come?

Aladin. I can resolve the doubt.
 A female slave, attendant on Zaphira,
 O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,
 And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her!
 Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure
 Her haughty soul: Nay, she defies my pow'r;
 And talks of death, as if her female form
 Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Aladin. Let her rage foam.
 I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou?—Speak on. O give me quick relief!

Aladin. The gallant youth is come, who slew her

Bar. Who, Omar?

Aladin. No; unhappy Omar fell
 By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd
 His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
 Reveng'd his death by Selim's.

Bar. Gallant youth!
 Bears he the signet?

Aladin. Ay.

Bar. That speaks him true. Conduct him, Aladin.

[Exit Aladin.]

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
 Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
 While it confirms it done.

Enter SELIM disguised as Achmet, and ALADIN.

Selim. Hail, mighty Barbarossa! As the pledge

[Kneels.]

Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd:—
 That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth;
 But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom.
 Thou art the youth, whom Omar (now no more)
 Join'd his companion in this brave attempt?

Selim. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped. Where found ye
 That insolent?

Selim. We found him at Oran,
 Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.

Selim. As we ought.

While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
 Full at his heart brave Omar aim'd the poignard,
 Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
 Then plung'd it in his breast. I hasted on,
 Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend:
 My thirsty dagger with repeated blows
 Search'd every artery: They fell together,
 Gasping in folds of mortal enmity:
 And thus in frowns expired.

Bar. Well hast thou sped:
 The dagger did its office, faithful Achmet!
 And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
 Be the thought fortunate! Go, seek the queen.
 For know, the rumour of her Selim's death
 Hath reach'd her ear: Hence dark suspicions rise,
 Glancing at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
 Her son expire; that with his dying breath,
 He did conjure her to receive my vows,
 And give her country peace.

Enter OTHMAN.

Most welcome Othman,

Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
 The state good service. Let some high reward
 Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
 Conduct him to the queen; for he hath news,
 Worthy her ear, from her departed son,
 Such as may win her love. Come, Aladin;
 The banquet waits our presence; festal joy
 Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
 Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
 Rivals departed day.

[Exeunt Barbarossa and Aladin.]

Selim. What anxious thought
 Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast?
 Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy
 That riots thro' the palace?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me
 On what dark errand thou art here?

Selim. I dare.
 Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
 Deform my visage? Read'st not in my eye
 Remorseless fury?—I am Selim's murd'rer.

Oth. Selim's murd'rer!

Selim. Start not from me.
 My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood—
 Why this amazement?

Oth. Amazement! No; 'tis well: 'tis as it should
 He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.

Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not so?
 Why dost thou pause: What passion shakes thy
 frame?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dis-
 Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
 Smear'd with my prince's blood! Go, tell the tyrant,
 Othman defies his pow'r; that, tir'd with life,
 He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What, didst thou love this Selim?

Oth. All men lov'd him.
 He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
 That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
 To sully his fair name. Remorseless tyrant!

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou
 lov'st him,

I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
 I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa.
 Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive!

Selim. Nay, more—
 Selim is in Algiers.

Oth. Impossible! *[straight.]*

Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither,
Oth. Not for an empire!

Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
 Into the tiger's den.

Selim. But I'll bring him
 Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
 Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eyes.
 Not even thyself could'st know him.

Oth. Yes, sure: too sure to hazard such an
 awful trial.

Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
 In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
 Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
 As might elude thine eye.

Oth. No time can blot
 The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
 The lustre of his eye! besides, he wears
 A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
 Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
 Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Selim. A scar!

Oth. Ay, on his forehead.

Selim. What, like this? *(Lifting his turban.)*

Oth. Whom do I see? am I awake? my prince
(Kneels.)

My honour'd, honour'd king.

Selim. Rise, faithful Othman:
 Thus let me thank thy truth! *(Embraces him.)*

Oth. O happy hour!

*

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my hand?

And why that ardent gaze? Thou can'st not doubt me?

Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in ev'ry line.

How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand?

Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave back

That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore The tyrant's signet: "Take this ring," he cried, "The sole return my dying hand can make thee For its accurst attempt; this pledge restor'd, Will prove thee slain: Safe may'st thou see Algiers,

Unknown to all." This said, th' assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown?

Selim. Disguis'd as Selim's murderer I come: Th' accomplice of the deed: the ring restor'd, Gain'd credence to my words.

Oth. Yet ere thou cam'st, thy death was rumour'd here. [ther;

Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hi- That babbling rumour, like a lying dream, Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman, And yet I tremble to approach the theme, How fares my mother? does she still retain Her native greatness?

Oth. Still:—in vain the tyrant Tempts her to marriage, tho' with impious threats Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind heav'n Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it! When shall I see her, Othman?

Oth. Yet, my prince, I tremble for thy presence.

Selim. Let not fear Sully thy virtue: 'tis the lot of guilt To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?

Oth. Still my heart Forebodes some dire event: O, quit these walls!

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant Shall tremble when he hears.

Oth. What means my prince?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood, A mother's sufferings, and a people's groans.

Oth. Alas, my prince! thy single arm is weak To combat multitudes.

Selim. Therefore, I come, Clad in this murd'rer's guise—Ere morning shines, This, Othman, this! shall drink the tyrant's blood. (Shews a dagger.)

Oth. Heav'n shield thy life! Let caution rule Thy zeal!

Selim. Nay, think not that I come Blindly impell'd by fury or despair; For I have seen our friends, and parted now From Sadi and Almanzor.

Oth. Say, what hope? My soul is all attention.

Selim. Mark me, then; A chosen band of citizens this night Will storm the palace: while the glutt'd troops Lie drench'd in surfeit, the confed'rate city, Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain By one wide slaughter. I, meantime, have gain'd The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour, To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage Amid the deathful uproar.

Oth. Heav'n protect thee!

Tis dreadful! What's the hour?

Selim. I left our friends In secret council. Ere the dead of night, Brave Sadi will report their last resolves. Now lead me to the queen.

Oth. Brave prince, beware! Her joy's or fear's excess would sure betray thee. Thou shalt not see her till the tyrant perish.

Selim. I must. I feel some secret impulse urge me.

Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview We ever shall obtain?

Oth. Then, on thy life, Do not reveal thyself. Assume the name Of Selim's friend; sent to confirm her virtue, And warn her that he lives.

Selim. It shall be so. I yield me to thy will.

Oth. Thou greatly daring youth! May angels watch,

And guard thy upright purpose! That Algiers May reap the blessings of a virtuous reign, And all thy godlike father shine in thee!

Selim. Oh! thou hast rous'd a thought, on which revenge

Mounts with redoubled fire! Yes, here, even here, Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father Shed round his blessings, till accursed treach'ry Stole on his peaceful hour. O, blessed shade!

(Kneels.)

If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime, Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs! Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast, Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd By peril, pain, or death! that, undismay'd, I may pursue the just intent, and dare Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Can air-drawn visions mock the waking Sure, 'twas his image! [eye?

This way, sure he mov'd.

But, oh! how chang'd! he wears no gentle smiles, But terror in his frown. He comes! 'tis he; For Othman points him thither, and departs. Disguis'd, he seeks the queen; secure, perhaps, And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.

O, generous Selim! can I see thee thus; And not forewarn such virtue of its fate? Forbid it gratitude!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs! Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still. Down, down, fond heart!

Irene. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?

Selim. Oh, ruin! (Shunning her.)

Irene. Bless'd is Irene! blest if Selim lives!

Selim. Am I betray'd?

Irene. Betray'd to whom? to her [thee! Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save

Selim. It was my hope That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth. Am I then known?

Irene. To none, but love and me. To me, who late beheld thee at Oran; Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril, And flew to save the guardian of my honour.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth! thou heav'n of sweetness!

How could I pour forth all my soul before thee, In vows of endless truth! it must not be: This is my destin'd goal! the mansion drear, Where grief and anguish dwell; where bitter tears, And sighs and lamentations choke the voice, And quench the flame of love.

Irene. Yet, virtuous prince, Though love be silent, gratitude may speak. Hear, then, her voice, which warns thee from these walls.

Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen, Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee. O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps.

Selim. Would it were possible!

Irene. What can prevent it?

Selim. Justice; fate, and justice: A murder'd father's wrongs!

Irene. Justice, said'st thou?

That word hath struck me, like a peal of thunder!
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror; thy approach by night,
Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanour,
Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost.
Ah! prince, take heed! I have a father too!
Think, Selim, what Irene must endure,
Should she be guilty of a father's blood!

Selim. Come on, then. Lead me to him. Glut
thine eye
With Selim's blood.

Irene. Was e'er distress like mine?
O, Selim! can I see my father perish?
Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes. Thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction. Generous prince!
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart.

Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go?
Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful pleasure of a parting tear? [walls,

Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these
As soon as morning shines: else, though despair
Drives me to madness; yet, to save a father—
O, Selim! spare my tongue the horrid sentence.
Fly, ere destruction seize thee! [Exit.

Selim. Death and ruin!
Must I then fly? What! coward-like, betray
My father, mother, friends? Vain terrors, hence!
Danger looks big to fear's deluded eye:
But, courage, on the heights and steepes of fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril. Now to the queen.
How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown?
How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
That pants at her approach? Who waits the queen?
Who waits Zaphira?

Enter SEMIRA.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear, departed son;
And bring his last request. [Exit Semira.
O, ill-dissembling heart! my ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror.
Some look, or starting tear,
Will sure betray me. Honest guile, assist
My falt'ring tongue!

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress,
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son?
Did he remember me?

Selim. Most honour'd queen!
Thy son—forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine.

Zaph. I thank thy pity.
'Tis generous thus to feel for others' woe.
What of my son? say, didst thou see him die?

Selim. By Barbarossa's dread command I come,
To tell thee that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.

Zaph. Relentless fate! that I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die!
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul. Oh! tell me all,
All that he said and look'd; deep in my heart,
That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!

Selim. Let not my words offend. What if he said,
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long: then bid her weep no more:
Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms?

Zaph. O basely false!
Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart!
Vile slave, begone! my son betray me thus!
Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,

My griefs for him should end in great disdain.
But he was brave, and scorn'd a thought so vile.
Wretched Zaphira! how art thou become
The sport of slaves!

[woes
Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen! thy
May yet have end.

Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile?
Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. What art thou then? [Selim's

Selim. Oh, my full heart! I am thy friend, and
I come not to insult, but heal thy woes: [thee,
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell
Perhaps, thy son yet lives.

Zaph. Lives! Oh, gracious heaven!
Do I not dream? Say, stranger, didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives? What do I ask?

Wild, wild and fruitless hope! What mortal pow'r
Can e'er reanimate his mangled corse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead?

Selim. O, pow'rful nature! thou wilt sure betray
me! [Aside.)

Thy Selim lives: for since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at Oran.

Zaph. O, generous youth! who art thou?

Selim. A friendless youth, self-banish'd with thy
son;

Long his companion in distress and danger:
One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days,
And more reveres thy virtue in distress.

Zaph. O, gentle stranger! mock not my woes,
But tell me truly, does my Selim live?

Selim. He does, by heav'n! [pay'st

Zaph. O, generous heav'n! thou, at length, o'er-
My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives.
And does he still remember

His father's wrongs, and mine?

Selim. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd
His father's wrongs, and thine: that he but waits
Till awful justice may unsheath her sword.
That, till the arrival of that happy hour,
Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge.

Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!

Selim. Much honour'd queen, farewell!

Zaph. Not yet, not yet; indulge a mother's love.
In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my Selim stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests
Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and pray'rs, and tears,
Are all I have to give. O, bear him these!

Selim. Take comfort then; for, know, thy son,
o'erjoy'd

To rescue thee, would bleed at ev'ry vein.

"Bid her," he said, "yet hope we may be bless'd.

Bid her remember that the ways of heav'n,
Though dark, are just: that oft some guardian pow'r
Attends, unseen, to save the innocent.

But if high heaven decrees our fall, oh! bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke, prepar'd alike
To live or die." And then he wept as I do.

Zaph. O, righteous heaven!

Protect his tender years!

Be thou his guide through dangers and distress;

Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,

And lead him to his throne! [Exit.

Selim. Now, swelling heart,

Indulge the luxury of grief; flow tears;

And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.

Yes, I have sooth'd her woes; have found her noble;

And, to have giv'n this respite to her pangs,

O'erpays all pain and peril. Pow'rful virtue!

How infinite thy joys, when even thy griefs

Are pleasing! thou, superior to the frowns

Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,

And brighten woe to rapture.

Enter OTHMAN and SADI.

Honour'd friends!

How goes the night?

Sadi. 'Tis well nigh midnight.

Oth. What! in tears, my prince?

Selim. But tears of joy: for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast:
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends;
They have but harmoniz'd my soul; and wak'd
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril or death. What tidings from the city?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confed'rate friends
Burn with impatience till the hour arrive.

Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our
meeting:

And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed, ye minutes!

Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm.

Let your zeal hasten on the great event:
The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me here,
And half suspects the cause.

Oth. Too daring prince,
Retire with us; her fears will sure betray thee.

Selim. What! leave my helpless mother here a prey
To cruelty and lust? I'll perish first!
This very night the tyrant threatens violence;
I'll watch his steps; I'll haunt him through the
palace;

And, should he meditate a deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt!

Sadi. Intrepid prince!

Worthy of empire! Yet accept my life,
My worthless life; do thou retire with Othman;
I will protect Zaphira.

Selim. Think'st thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man?
Worthless were he to rule who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more:
Here shall my station be; and if I fall,
O, friends, let me have vengeance! Tell me now,
Where is the tyrant?

Oth. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. 'Tis good. Now tell me how our pow'rs
are destin'd?

Sadi. Near ev'ry port a secret band is posted;
By these the watchful centinels must perish;
The rest is easy; for the glutt'd troops
Lie drown'd in sleep; the dagger's cheapest prey.
Almanzor with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
To conquer or to die,) and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa.

Selim. Oh! how the approach of this great hour
Fires all my soul; but, valiant friends, I charge you,
Reserve the murd'rer to my just revenge;
My poignard claims his blood.

Oth. Forgive me, prince;

Forgive my doubts; think, should the fair Irene—
Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare
the tyrant,

Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet;
Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine,
By heav'n! I'd think my honour'd father's blood
Scarce half reveng'd: my love, indeed, is strong;
But love shall yield to justice.

Sadi. Gallant prince!

Bravely resolv'd.

Selim. But is the city quiet? [streets,

Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty
Nor voice, nor sound; as if the inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds, that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd th' impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too,
That pleases me; a general pause through nature;
The winds are hush'd—

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore;
No star peeps through the firmament of heav'n—

Selim. And, lo! where eastward, o'er the sullen
wave,

The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood; her beam, well nigh extinct
Faintly contends with darkness— (Bell tolls.)
Hark!—what meant

That tolling bell?

Oth. It sounds the midnight watch.

Sadi. This was the signal—

Come, Othman, we are call'd; the passing minutes
Chide our delay; brave Othman, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but
crown'd with glory,

We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember—
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy;
Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood;
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the
sword,

Not to destroy, but save—nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence; or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his bless'd abode,
Would wish that we should spare.

Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us!

Selim. Farewell, friends!

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell!

[Exeunt Othman and Sadi.]

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel
Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
From outward things descend into thyself—
Search deep my heart; bring with thee awful con-
science,

And firm resolve; that, in th' approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids.
Witness, ye pow'rs of heav'n,
That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
I wrap myself in night.—To you I stand
Reveal'd in noon-tide day.—Oh, could I arm
My hand with power! then, like to you, array'd
In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives;
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath
him,

And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
In one prodigious ruin. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the palace.

Enter IRENE and ALADIN.

Irene. But didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
Brook no delay.

Aladin. I did.

Irene. Why comes he not?

Oh, what a dreadful dream!—'tis surely more
Than troubled fancy; never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms. Still he lingers!
Return, return; and tell him, that his daughter
Dies, till she warn him of his threat'ning ruin.

Aladin. Behold, he comes. [Exit.]

Enter BARBAROSSA and Guards.

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys!
Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth.
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.

Irene. Forgive my fear. [thy brain?

Bar. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd

Irene. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this
For terrors lurk unseen. [night;

Bar. What terror? speak.

Say what thou dread'st, and why! I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Irene. Let not my father check, with stern re-
buke,

The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to rest, soon as I clos'd mine eyes,
A horrid vision rose—methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb:
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.
By some mysterious pow'r he rose in air;
When, lo! at his command, this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance.
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast.

Bar. Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick
Get thee to rest. [vision?

Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father.

Bar. Provoke me not.

Irene. Merciful heav'n, instruct me what to do!

Enter ALADIN.

Bar. What means thy looks? why dost thou
gaze so wildly?

Aladin. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,
Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla,
Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
That young Selim is yet alive.

Bar. May plagues consume the tongue
That broach'd the falsehood! 'tis not possible—
What did he tell thee further?

Aladin. More he said not:
Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd
A spirit of revolt.

Irene. O gracious father! [fears

Bar. The rumour's false, and yet, your coward
Infect me—what! shall I be terrified
By midnight visions? I'll not believe it.

Aladin. But this gathering rumour—
Think but on that, my lord.

Bar. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it!—hark thee, Aladin
See that the watch be doubled;
Find out this stranger, Achmet; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me. [Exeunt two Guards.

Irene. O my father!

I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards—
See not this Achmet. [fore me;

Bar. Not see him! Forthwith bring the slave be-
If he prove false, if hated Selim live,
I'll heap such vengeance on him—

Irene. Mercy! mercy!

Bar. Mercy! to whom?

Irene. To me; and to thyself;
To him—to all.—Thou think'st I rave; yet true
My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd
When heaven inspires his tongue. [with dreams

Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave
More wild than thine. Get thee to rest; ere yet
Thy folly wakes my rage. Call Achmet hither.

Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees:—O see him
not,

Selim is dead: indeed the rumour's false,
There is no danger near; Or, if there be,
Achmet is innocent.

Bar. Off, frantic wretch!

This idiot dream hath turn'd her brain to madness.
Hence to thy chamber, till returning morning
Hath calm'd this tempest—on thy duty, hence!

Irene. Yet hear the voice of caution. Cruel fate!
What have I done! heav'n shield my dearest father!
Heaven shield the innocent undone Irene!

Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery. [Exit.

Bar. Her words are wrapt in darkness. Aladin,
Forthwith send Achmet hither. Then with speed,
Double the centinels. [Exit Aladin.

Infernal guilt!

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul. Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible;
Ere they had struck their colours thro' my soul,
As black as night or hell, 'tis now too late.
Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt! oh, banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear.

Enter SELIM and two Guards.

Come hither, slave;

Hear me, and tremble. Art thou what thou seem'st?

Selim. Ha! [founded.

Bar. Dost thou pause? by hell, the slave's con-

Selim. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth.

Bar. Take heed! for by the hov'ring pow'rs of
vengeance,

If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd. Thou com'st beneath the

guise
Of Selim's murderer. Now tell me: is not
That Selim yet alive?

Selim. Selim alive!

Bar. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me?
Answer me quick, or die! (Draws his dagger.)

Selim. Yes, freely strike;
Already hast thou given the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion;
Oh, could my dagger find a tongue to tell
How deep it drank his blood! but since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal, behold my breast, strike
here,

For bold is innocence.

Bar. I scorn the task, (Puts up his dagger.)
Time shall decide thy doom:—guards, mark me
well.

See that ye watch the motions of this slave;
And if he meditates t' escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou
know'st

That Selim lives, or see'st his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence.

Yet, on your lives, await me within call.

[Exeunt Selim and Guards.

Call Zaphira. [Exit a Slave.

If Selim lives, then what is Barbarossa?

My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
Till marriage rites declare Zaphira mine.

I will not brook delay. By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate.

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty fair!

Hath reason yet subdu'd thee? Wilt thou hear
The voice of love?

Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me?
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can aught but phrensy
Rush on perdition?

Zaph. Therefore shall no pow'r
E'er make me thine.

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage:
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come.

Zaph. I have no choice. Think'st thou I e'er
will wed

The murderer of my lord?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen!

Tell me thy last resolve.

Zaph. Then hear me, heav'n!

Hear, all ye pow'rs, that watch o'er innocence!
Angels of light! And thou dear honour'd shade

Of my departed lord: attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve.
If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
May ye, the ministers of heav'n, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene!
May horror blacken all our days and nights!
May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising
fiends in triumph howl
Around th' accursed bed!

Bar. Begone, remorse!

Guards do your office: Drag her to the altar,
Heed not her tears or cries.

(Guards go to seize Zaphira.)

Zaph. O spare me! Heav'n protect me! O
my son,
Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother!
What shall I do? Undone, undone Zaphira!

Enter SELIM, and Guards.

Selim. Who call'd on Achmet? Did not Barba-
rossa

Require me here?

Bar. Officious slave, retire!

I call'd thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors!
Heav'n will reward thy pity!

Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa!

Bar. Rouse not my vengeance, slave!

Selim. O hear me, hear me! *(Kneels.)*

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal!

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

(Lays hold of Barbarossa's garment.)

Bar. Presuming slave, begone! *(Strikes Selim.)*

Selim. Nay, then,—die, tyrant!

*(Rises and aims to stab Barbarossa, who wrests
his dagger from him.)*

Bar. Ah, traitor! have I caught thee?

Hold—forbear. *(To the Slaves, who offer to kill
Selim.)*

Kill him not yet—I will have greater vengeance.
Perfidious wretch, who art thou?—Bring the rack:
Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost! I know,
that death

And torments are my doom. Yet, ere I die,
I'll strike thy soul with horror. Off, vile habit!
If thou dar'st, *[voice]*
Now view me! Hear me, tyrant! while, with
More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,
That he, who aim'd the dagger at thy heart,
Is Selim!

Zaph. O heav'n! my son! my son! *(Faints.)*

Selim. Unhappy mother! *(Runs to embrace her.)*

Bar. Tear them asunder. *(Guards separate them.)*

Selim. Barb'rous, barb'rous ruffians!

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor.

(They offer to seize him.)

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves! I am your king! Re-
tire,

And tremble at my frowns! That is the traitor—
That is the murd'rer—tyrant ravisher! Seize him,
And do your country right.

Bar. Ah, coward dogs!

Start ye at words?—or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger sends you all— *(They seize him.)*

Selim. Dost thou revive, unhappy queen!
Now arm my soul with patience.

Zaph. My dear son!

Do I then live, once more to see my Selim.
But oh—to see thee thus!

Selim. Canst thou behold

Her speechless agonies, and not relent?

Bar. At length revenge is mine! slaves, force
her hence! *[quer'd!]*

Selim. Lo, Barbarossa! thou at length hast con-
Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
(Kneels.)

Prostrate before thy feet! not for myself
I plead. Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast!
Tear, tear me piecemeal! But, oh, spare Zaphira!
Yet—yet relent! force not her matron honour!
Reproach not heav'n.

Bar. Have I then bent thy pride?

Why, this is conquest ev'n beyond my hope!—

Lie there, thou slave! lie till Zaphira's cries

Arouse thee from thy posture! *[wretch!]*

Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs? unmanly

Curse on the fear, that could betray my limbs,
(Rising.)

My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture.

Long have I scorn'd, I now defy, thy pow'r.

Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.

Slaves, bear him to the rack.

Zaph. O spare my son!

Sure filial virtue never was a crime.

Save but my son! I yield me to thy wish.

What do I say? The marriage vow—O horror!

This hour shall make me thine!

Selim. What! doom thyself

The guilty partner of a murd'rer's bed,

Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's
blood!

To be the mother of destructive tyrants—

The curses of mankind! by heav'n, I swear,

The guilty hour, that gives thee to the arms

Of that detested murderer, shall end

This hated life!

Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies! *[greatness;]*

Zaph. The conflict's past. I will resume my
We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd,—with honour!

(Embracing.)

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us.

Now see, despairing guilt, that virtue still

Shall conquer, tho' in ruin.

Bar. Drag them hence:

Her to the altar:—Selim to his fate.

(Guards seize them.)

Selim. One last embrace!

Farewell, farewell for ever!

(Guards struggle with them.)

Zaph. One moment yet!—Pity a mother's pangs!
O Selim!

Selim. O my mother!

[Exeunt Selim, Zaphira, and Guards.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Palace.

Enter BARBAROSSA, ALADIN, and Guards.

Bar. Is the watch doubled? Are the gates secur'd
Against surprise?

Aladin. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy

Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
Affirm, that sleep

Has wrapp'd the city.

Aladin. But while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls.

Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night?

Aladin. The second watch is near.

Bar. 'Tis well: whene'er it rings, the traitor dies;

So hath my will ordain'd. I'll seize the occasion

While I may fairly plead my life's defence.

Yet first the rack shall rend

Each secret from his heart.

Haste, seek out Othman:

Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword

Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance

Plead not his pardon.

[Exit Aladin.]

Stubborn fortitude!

Had he not interposed, success had crown'd

My love, now hopeless. Then let vengeance seize
him.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. O, night of horror! Hear me, honour'd
If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee, [father!
Now hear me!

Bar. Impious! dar'st thou disobey?
Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence?
Get thee to rest; for death is stirring here.

Irene. O fatal words! By ev'ry sacred tie,
Recal the dire decree.

Bar. What would'st thou say?
Whom plead for?

Irene. For a brave unhappy prince,
Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly. But this hour
The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
His dagger at my heart. [fortitude

Irene. Wouldst thou not love the child, whose
Should hazard life for thee? Oh, think on that!
The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe:
His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother.

Bar. Damn'd was his purpose; and accurst art
thou,

Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
Who sought thy father's life. Hence! from my
sight.

Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim!

Bar. Thy Selim? Thine?

Irene. Thou know'st, by gratitude [me,
He's mine. Had not his generous hand redeem'd
What, then, had been Irene? Oh! but spare the
gen'rous youth,
Who sav'd me from dishonour.

Bar. By the pow'rs
Of great revenge, thy fond entreaties seal
His instant death. In him I'll punish thee.
Away! [fears

Irene. O Selim! gen'rous youth! how have my
Betray'd thee to destruction!
Inhuman father! Gen'rous, injur'd prince!
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack,
Hear thy expiring groans: O, horror! horror!
What shall I do to save him? Vain, alas!
Vain are my tears and pray'rs: At least, I'll die.
Death shall unite us yet. [Exit Irene.

Bar. O torment! torment!
Ev'n in the midst of pow'r! the vilest slave
More happy far than I: the very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace. O, false ambition!
Whither hast thou lur'd me?
Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless, with not a friend,
In whom my soul can trust.

Enter ALADIN.

Now, Aladin,
Hast thou seen Othman?
He will not, sure, conspire against my peace.

Aladin. He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurk-
ing ruin.

The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend:
And, as they pass'd, Othman in whisper said,
Now farewell, bloody tyrant!

Bar. Slave, thou liest.
He did not dare to say it; or, if he did,
Why dost thou wound my ear
By the foul repetition?
What's to be done? Some mischief lurks unseen.

Aladin. Prevent it then.

Bar. By Selim's instant death.

Is the rack prepar'd?

Aladin. 'Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains;
The ministers of death stand round, and wait
Thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend
His stubborn soul: Conduct me forthwith to him;
And, if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,
Destruction swallows him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Prison in the palace.

*SELIM discovered in Chains, Executioners, Officers,
&c. and rack.*

Selim. I pray you, friends,
When I am dead, let not indignity
Insult these poor remains; see them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb. I ask no more.

Offi. They shall.

Selim. How goes the night?

Offi. Thy hour of fate,
The second watch, is near.

Selim. Let it come on:
I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. So; raise him from the ground.

(They raise him.)

Perfidious boy! behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery. Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face?

Selim. Then take it, tyrant.

Bar. Didst thou not aim a dagger at my heart?

Selim. I did.

Bar. Yet heav'n defeated thy intent;
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Selim. 'Tis not ours
To question heav'n. Th' intent, and not the deed
Is in our pow'r; and, therefore, who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee.

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd?
He who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira; for the bell
Ev'n now expects the centinel to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death: I scorn its darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant! nor profane my dying hour.

Bar. Then take thy wish, *(Bell tolls.)*
There goes the fatal knell.

Thy fate is seal'd. Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death.

Yet, ere the assassin die,
Let torment wring each secret from his heart.

The traitor, Othman, is fled: conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking treason. [Exit Barbarossa.

Selim. Come on, then. *(They bind him.)*

Begin the work of death. What! bound with cords,
Like a vile criminal? O, valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance?

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Stop! O, stop!
Hold your accursed hands! on me, on me,
Pour all your torments. How shall I approach thee?

Selim. These are thy father's gifts; yet thou art
guiltless:

Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best,
Most amiable of women!

Irene. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue.

Selim. Ah!

Irene. 'Twas I; my fears, my frantic fears, be-
tray'd thee.

Thus, falling at thy feet, may I but hope
For pardon ere I die!

Selim. Hence! to thy father!

Irene. Never! O, never! Crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears;
Tread me to earth: I never will complain;
But my last breath shall bless thee.

Selim. Lov'd Irene!
What hath my fury done?

Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me?

Selim. I do, I do.

Irene. On my knees
Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince!
O, earth and heaven! that such unequall'd worth
Should meet so hard a fate! that I—that I,
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Should be th' accurst destroyer! strike, in pity,
And end this hated life.

Selim. Cease, dear Irene.
Submit to heaven's high will. I charge thee, live;
And, to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless mother.

Irene. With my life
I'll shield her from each wrong. That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe.

Selim. O, my ungovern'd rage! to frown on thee!
Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong, (*Embracing.*)
And mingle rapture with the pains of death.

Offi. No more: prepare the rack.

Irene. Stand off, ye fiends! here will I cling.
No pow'r on earth shall part us,
Till I have sav'd my Selim.

(*A shout. Clashing of swords.*)

Offi. Hark! What noise
Strikes on mine ear! (*Shouts.*)

Selim. Again!

Aladin. (*Without.*) Arm, arm! Treach'ry and
murder! (*Executioners go to seize Selim.*)

Selim. Off, slaves! or I will turn my chains to
And dash you piece-meal. [*arms,*

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Where is the king?
The foe pours in.

Offi. Death and ruin!
Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[*Exeunt Aladin, Officer, and Guards.*

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! Now, thy hour is
come!

Irene. Whom dost thou mean? my father?

Selim. Yes: thy father,
Who murder'd mine.

Irene. Is there no room for mercy?
Must he, then, die?
Let me but see my father ere he perish:
Let me but pay my parting duty to him.

(*Clash of swords.*)

Hark! 'twas the clash of swords: heav'n save my
father!

O, cruel, cruel Selim! [*Exit Irene.*

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me
In pow'rless ignominy; while my sword [*fast*
Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down.

Oth. (*Without.*) Where is the prince?

Selim. Here, Othman, bound to earth:
Set me but free. O, cursed, cursed chain?

Enter OTHMAN and Party, who free Selim.

Oth. O, my brave prince! heav'n favours our
design. (*Embraces him.*)
Take that: I need not bid thee use it nobly.

(*Giving him a sword.*)

Selim. Now, Barbarossa, let my arm meet thine:
'Tis all I ask of heav'n. [*Exit Selim.*

Oth. Guard ye the prince: [*Part go out.*
Pursue his steps. Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant. [*Exeunt Othman, &c.*

SCENE III.—*A Court in the palace.*

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life: yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor? Die! (*They fight. Barb. falls.*)

Enter SELIM and SADI.

Selim. The foe gives way: sure this way went
the storm.

Where is the tiger fled? What do I see?

Sadi. Algiers is free.

Oth. This sabre did the deed.

Selim. I envy thee the blow: yet valour scorns
To wound the fallen. But if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul.
Hoa! Barbarossa! tyrant! murderer!
'Tis Selim, Selim calls thee!

Bar. Off, ye fiends!

Torment me not. O, Selim, art thou there?
Swallow me, earth!

Oh, that I ne'er had wrong'd thee!

Selim. Dost thou, then,
Repent thee of thy crimes? He does, he does!
He grasps my hand: see, the repentant tear
Starts from his eye. Dost thou indeed repent?
Why, then, I do forgive thee: from my soul
I freely do forgive thee: and if crimes,
Abhor'd as thine, dare plead to heav'n for mercy,
May heav'n have mercy on thee.

Bar. Gen'rous Selim!

Too good. I have a daughter: oh, protect her!
Let not my crimes— (*Dies.*)

Oth. There fled the guilty soul! [*ter.*

Selim. Haste to the city; stop the rage of slaugh-
Tell my brave people, that Algiers is free;
And tyranny no more. [*Exeunt Guards.*

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. What mean these horrors? wheresoe'er I
turn

My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore. And dost thou live, my Selim?

Selim. Lo, there he lies!

Zaph. The tyrant slain! O, righteous heaven!

Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the pow'r
Of Barbarossa. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne, and bless thy people.

Zaph. Just are thy ways, O, heav'n! vain ter-
rors, hence!

Once more Zaphira's bless'd: my virtuous son,
How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love?
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away.

Selim. O, happy hope! happy, beyond the flight,
Ev'n of my ardent hour! look down, blest shade,
From the bright realms of bliss! behold thy queen
Unspotted, uneduc'd, unmov'd in virtue.

Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!
And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
Accept this sacrifice.

Zaph. My generous Selim!

Selim. Where is Irene? [*mien,*

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted
She sought her father where the tumult rag'd.
She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
Fled from my sword; and as I cleft him down,
She fainted at the sight.

Oth. But soon recover'd;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care: come, let
Th' afflicted maid. [*us seek*

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
For all her father's guilt! Thy throne be her's:
She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste and find her. O'er her fa-
ther's crimes

Pity shall draw her veil; nay, half absolve them,
When she beholds the virtues of his child.

Now let us thank th' eternal pow'r, convinc'd,
That heaven but tries our virtues by affliction;
That oft the cloud, which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days!

[*Exeunt.*

THE HAUNTED TOWER;

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act III. Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

LORD WILLIAM
BARON OF OAKLAND
DE COURCY

ROBERT
MARTIN
EDWARD

CHARLES
HUGO
LEWIS

LADY ELINOR
ADELA
CICELY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea, Dover Cliffs and Castle.*
Thunder and lightning.

LEWIS and several Attendants of LADY ELINOR appear in a boat; they land; then enter Fishermen and Peasants, male and female, who sing the following

CHORUS.

*To Albion's genius raise the strain,
Whose power has aw'd the angry main,
And gives us shelter on the coast
Of this blest isle, old Ocean's boast.
See, retiring o'er the deep
Distant lightnings harmless sweep;
The storm condemn'd to lose its prey,
In hollow murmurs dies away.*

[*Exeunt Fishermen and Peasants.*]

LADY ELINOR and CICELY appear in a boat, and land.

Cice. Now, madam, give me leave to congratulate you on your safe arrival on the English coast.

Lady E. Ah, Cicely, if the storm that opposed our landing had fulfilled its threats, it would have relieved me from a world of misery.

Cice. Are you, then, resolved to obey your father, and become the victim of his ambition, by marrying the young Baron of Oakland, whom you have never seen?

Lady E. I am; at least, I think I am.

Cice. Oh, madam! how can you determine to forget Sir Palamede? he, who loves you so.

Lady E. Poor Palamede! yet, why was he absent when I left my father's court? why did he not bid me adieu?

Enter LEWIS and MAUD.

Lewis. Madam, most of your attendants are

come ashore, but it's a great way to Oakland Castle, and it's very cold.

Lady E. Where are they?

Lewis. Why, madam, at this good old lady's cottage, where there is a charming fire; and I would advise you, madam, to go there and warm yourself, for I am sure you must be very cold.

[*Exit Lady E. and Maud.*]

Cice. (To Lewis, who offers to follow.) Where are you going, sot? Stay here, and wait for the rest of Lady Elinor's attendants; and do you hear, the next voyage you take, I would advise you to keep yourself sober.

[*Exit.*]

Lewis. Why, that's very pretty, indeed: so, I am to stay here, freezing by way of a direction post; I got tipsey and lost my money in France, and began to come to myself, when I was about half seas over; and now, when I thought I should be comfortable by a good fire, I must remain freezing here, in all the horrors of sobriety. It is the fate of genius to make discoveries by which other people profit. Why, who have we here? Sure, it can't be! yes, it is: what! my dear master, Sir Palamede?

Enter LORD WILLIAM.

Lord W. Is that Lewis?

Lewis. Yes, sir; I was Lewis, till I was froze into an icicle: how did you come over from Normandy?

Lord W. In the same ship with you, though concealed from the knowledge of Lady Elinor.

Lew. I guess the rest. Ah! you are a happy man; you are in love: I wish I was in love or in liquor, then I should have warmth enough in me to brave the weather.

[*gone?*]

Lord W. I saw your lady land, whither is she

Lew. Why, sir, to a cottage hard by, where is

such a delightful fire-side: Oh, I wish, I dared follow her.

Lord W. Go thither, instantly; and say, I intreat permission to fulfil my duty in attending her.

Lew. I'll be there immediately; but, may I say I came by your orders?

Lord W. Yes; begone! [*Exit Lewis.*] To what a wayward fate am I subjected! To love without hope, and to pursue disappointment.

AIR.—LORD WILLIAM.

*From Hope's fond dream tho' reason wake,
In vain she points with warning hand;
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's powerful spells my steps command.*

*The bird, thus fascination binds,
When darting from the serpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and, admiring, dies.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of Maud's Cottage.*

Enter LADY ELINOR, CICELY, and LEWIS.

L. Eli. How, Lewis! Sir Palamede in the same ship with us, and coming here immediately!

Lew. Yes, madam, if he is not frozen by the way.

L. Eli. (*Aside to Cicely.*) Oh, Cicely! assist me to conceal my joy. What can Sir Palamede mean, by surprising me thus agreeably?—oh, heavens! he is here. [*Exit Lewis.*]

Enter LORD WILLIAM.

Lord W. Pardon my intrusion, madam! an humble dependant on the Lord de Courcy may well dread his presumption.

Lady E. Sir, the clandestine manner in which you quitted my father's court, renders it impossible for me to consider you as his friend.

Lord W. Oh! forgive me! long I adored you in secret, and should have fallen a silent sacrifice to my presumptuous love.

Lady E. Was it well done to take advantage of my father's friendship for you, and watch an opportunity to triumph over the weakness of his daughter? not that you ever will triumph over her weakness; but, why did you follow me?

Cice. Ah, sir! why did you follow my lady?

Lord W. Destiny compelled me hither; compelled me to land where my footsteps are forbidden, where my presence is a treason, where my life is proscribed.

Lady E. Good heaven! what have you to fear?

Lord W. Nothing: for I have lost you.

Lady E. I must not trust myself to pity him; yet, how can I avoid it, in seeing him unhappy?

AIR.—LADY ELINOR.

*Tho' pity I cannot deny,
Ah! what will that avail you?
Alas! I dare not hope supply,
For hope too sure would fail you.
Think when the flatterer shall deceive,
In vain you will repent you;
Yet should you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.*

*My hand directed to bestow,
In England here I'm landed;
And daughters always act, you know,
Just as they are commanded.
Then let not flattering hope deceive,
Or else you will repent you,
Yet should you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.*

[*Exit Lady E. and Cicely.*]

Enter MAUD and MARTIN.

Maud. Sir; I beg your honour's pardon for my boldness, but do you accompany the lady, because my grandson, Martin here, will be your guide to the Baron of Oakland's castle.

Lord W. Why, do you know the Baron of Oakland?

Maud. Ay, sir! I knew him before he was a great man.

Mar. Yes, sir, so did I; for all he holds his head so high now, and quite forgets when he was plain Edmund, the ploughman. [*lord?*]

Lord W. What d'ye say? Why, then, who is this

Maud. Ah, sir! it does not become poor folks to speak ill of people behind their backs, for then it might get to their ears again.

Mar. No, sir; as my grandmother says, it don't become poor folks to say—

Lord W. Psha! it becomes every one to speak the truth: torment my curiosity no longer.

Maud. Why, then, sir, you must know that about ten years ago, the old baron, Lord William, was accused of being in a plot, and conspiring against the life of our good King William, the Conqueror, and was banished.

Lord W. I remember it.

Maud. He took with him his only son, a fine youth, about twelve years of age; but, alas, sir! he has not been heard of since.

Lord W. I am all impatience!

Maud. Now, sir, about a year ago, Lord William's wicked accuser died, and declared the good baron

Lord W. Alas! [*innocent.*]

Maud. The king, willing to make reparation for the wrongs he had done him, endeavoured to find him, but all in vain; therefore, his lands and estates have been in possession of a distant relation of the family: then, sir, there is a young baron, the present heir to—

Enter CICELY.

Cice. Ay, and a pretty fellow he is too! you may go in, good woman; we have no further occasion for you, I believe.

Maud. Good woman! Marry, come up, I say! have I lived all these years to be called good woman, by a lady's waiting-maid? Come along, Martin:—a good woman, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Mar. Good woman, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Cice. I have heard the whole story, Palamede.

Lord W. Oh, Cicely!—

Cice. Oh, Cicely!—Ah! you may spare your long speeches. Poor Palamede! you are in a sad dilemma, truly, and haven't wit enough to extricate yourself, but want me to help you; I pity you, to be sure, but I can't help laughing at you.

Lord W. I have now still stronger motives for wishing to accompany Lady Elinor to the castle; motives you cannot guess at.

Cice. Well, well; so you shall; leave the management of the affair to me, and don't you appear till we are setting off.

Lord W. I want words to thank you.

Cice. I am very glad of it, for words would take up too much of our time at present; but, away, and wait till I send for you. [*Exit Lord W.*] Well! I would we were at our journey to Oakland Castle! I wish to see this Baron's son. Dear curiosity, how I long to gratify you!

AIR.—CICELY.

*Nature to woman still so kind,
Amongst her best boons bestowing;
What every female sure must find,
A wondrous desire to be knowing.*

*Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of our discerning;
Describes in us, what he prides in himself,
The wish for whatever's worth learning. [*Exit.*]*

SCENE III.—*A rural prospect. A Cottage.*

Enter ROBERT, and Huntsmen.

AIR.—ROBERT, and Chorus.

*Hark! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
Against the stag the mimic war:*

*While future heroes' hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet sound,
The warlike genius of our isle,
Who on the hunter deigns to smile,
In echoes gives the chase applause,
Which strings the nerve for glory's cause:
Where'er the devious chase may bend,
Still freedom shall our steps attend;
And bid us, as her pleasures rise,
Defend the blessings which we prize.*

[*Exeunt Huntsmen.*]

Edw. (*Without.*) How are ye, my lads? how are ye? [Edward.]

Rob. Oh! here comes our young master, Lord

Enter EDWARD.

Rob. Does your lordship hunt to-day?

Edw. (*Sees Adela at the cottage-window, and makes signs to her.*) No, Robert, not this morning.

Rob. What, sir! do you give up the chase when the game's in view? (*Points to Adela's window.*)

Edw. Hush! that's my dear Adela, whom I told you of; she arrived here yesterday evening, unknown to anybody: if you betray the secret—

Rob. I, sir! no, no; I am your father's butler, the post, of all others, which I love; and while I have the management of the wine-cellar, it is quite indifferent to me how the world wags; so, I shall follow the huntsmen.

Edw. But, harkye, Robert, not a word about the haunted tower, or you will frighten her out of her wits.

Rob. No, no, sir. [Exit.]

Edw. Here comes father, strutting along; ecod! he did not strut so when he followed the plough.

Enter BARON, and Servants.

Bar. Heyday! how dare you appear abroad without your servants with you? Why are you walking alone?

Edw. Why, father, if one must always move in a crowd, one might as well be bell-wether to a flock of sheep.

Bar. Sirrah, sirrah! don't put me in a passion: you have been civil to those rascals, I know you have; why don't you frown at them as I do? How often have I told you, there's nothing supports dignity like ill-humour; but you have no ambition.

Edw. Not much, indeed.

Bar. Why haven't you more pride, eh? If you are not proud, you dog, I'll break your bones.

Edw. Why, I can't help nature, father.

Bar. Nature! why, look at me; do you see anything like nature about me? no, no! yet I, myself, am as vulgarly and naturally pleased as anybody, but I'll not shew it; I'll defy the best friend I have to say I have given him a civil word since I have been Baron of Oakland: an't I the terror of the neighbourhood?

Edw. Yes, that you are; especially since you imprisoned the poor fellow for catching a hare; and it is proved since that he is innocent.

Bar. Innocent? I am very sorry for it; that is, I should be sorry, if I was not a baron. Give him this money; (*Gives Edw. money.*) but don't let him know it comes from me, but tell him I have the power to hang him; for I will have no man dare to think I am in the wrong; justice holds her seat in my breast, and is to all parties equal and indifferent.

Edw. Very indifferent indeed.

Bar. What's that you say? If I desired you to behave ill to other people, I didn't mean you should to me; do you know who I am? that I am the Baron of Oakland, and that all dignity flows from me?

Edw. Yes, it flows from you pretty fast, I think; none seems to stay with you.

Bar. Don't you grumble, sirrah. But, do you

hear? prepare to receive the Lord de Courcy's daughter, whom I intend for your wife. I expect her arrival every day.

Edw. But perhaps I may not like her, father.

Bar. That may be, but you shall marry her for all that; I insist on it; ay, and love her, too.—No, I don't know that I may insist upon that.

Serv. Ha, ha, ha!

Bar. Why, you impudent scoundrels, how dare you laugh so? I'll have no persons to attend upon me that haven't a proper respect for my dignity.—Follow me, you rascals. [Exit with Servants.]

Edw. I hope I shall be too sharp for you, though, father, for I am determined to marry nobody but Adela. (*Knocks at the cottage door.*) Adela! Adela! (*Retires.*)

Enter ADELA from the cottage, looks surprised at not seeing Edward.

AIR.—ADELA.

Whither, my love! ah! whither art thou gone!

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.

Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?

Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave with so much care,

Which treasur'd in my breast I wear;

Still for its master beats alone,

I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

(*Edward appears after the song.*)

Adela. Oh, my dear Edward? I am glad you are here; I have got a thousand questions to ask you; is the Lady Elinor de Courcy arrived yet?

Edw. She is not, so all you have to do is, to dress yourself in the clothes I gave you, and to pass upon father for her.

Adela. Egad, and so I will; I always longed to be a fine lady, but how shall I manage to behave like one?

Edw. Faith, I can't tell you; however, it don't signify, anything will pass upon father.

Adela. But are you sure now, Edward, he has not much dignity; if he has, I shall only be confounded and look foolish; but is he much like a great gentleman?

Edw. Ha, ha, ha! heaven bless you, father is no more like a gentleman than I am.

Adela. I am glad of it, for the presence of our great quality folks always takes my breath away, and though I cough and hem, for an hour, the deuce a word can I get out.

Edw. 'Tis just the same with me, though I am a Baron's son; for my part, I never feel myself so much like a great man, as when I am with the servants; I hate talking to my betters.

Adela. I am pleased to hear you say so; I was afraid you would have forgot poor Adela, for the rich Lady de Courcy.

Ed. What, marry a woman of quality! Oh! I shall be a lost man; I should never be able to make free with her; should she use me ever so ill, I could never venture to scold her.

Adela. But when you marry me—

Ed. Oh! I love you so much, that I could scold you with the greatest satisfaction.

Adela. But won't marriage—

Ed. Never fear, Adela, love has hitherto been our constant attendants; I'll warrant you he'll follow us to church.

Adela. Ay, but they say, he has a sad knack of leaving married couples at the church door.

Ed. Psha! love and marriage are better friends than you think for. [distance.]

Adela. Yes, perhaps they are best friends at a

Ed. No, no, like true friends, love and marriage must meet together, to perfect the happiness of both. Oh! Adela, when I come to the title and estate, and you are my lady,— [long.]

Adela. Oh, we shall be as happy as the day is

Ed. Ay, and the night into the bargain.

Adela. Then such dancing—
Ed. And such tilting and cudgel playing.
Adela. And such fine talking and singing—
Ed. And then such eating and drinking.
Adela. And such fine company, and then—

DUETT.

Adela. Will great lords and ladies,
 Drest up on gay days,
 Come to visit you and I?
Ed. All smiling, bowing,
 Great friendship vowing,
 While we hold our heads so high.
Adela. But should the fine gentry smoke us,
 Lud, how they'll joke us;
 How they'll laugh at silly me.
Ed. Psha! we shall be ever
 Reckon'd vastly clever,
 While our pocket's full, d'ye see.
Adela. Then every day
Ed. New joy shall bring,
Adela. And ever gay,
Ed. We'll dance and sing,
Both. Fall lal de ral,
 How merry shall we be.
Adela. Of great fortune vaunting,
 Low people taunting,
 Dignity we must support.
Ed. 'Mong high barons bouncing,
 Fine ladies flouncing,
 We may chance to go to court,
Adela. Well, 'fegs, I care not,
 Court tho' we share not,
 If at home we happy be.
Ed. Soon I may be bold
 To hope that I shall hold
 A little baron on my knee.
Adela. Then every day
Ed. New joy shall bring,
Adela. And ever gay,
Ed. We'll dance and sing,
Both. Fal lal de ral,
 How merry shall we be. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Field.

Enter DE COURCY and Attendants.

De Cour. Here let us remain, till I gain some intelligence of the object of our search. I am sure my sister and her attendants must have been on board that very ship, which we saw at a distance in the late storm.

Enter CHARLES.

De Cour. Well, Charles; what news of my sister?

Char. My lord, I learn that the Lady de Courcy is on her road to the Baron of Oakland's castle, which is at no great distance.

De Cour. And Sir Palamede?

Char. My lord, I am sorry to say he is with her.

De Cour. Infamy and dishonour! but I will pursue her, and revenge the wrongs of my family; go forward, Charles, and procure every intelligence you can gain; I shall wait for you within a mile of the Baron's castle. [Exit, with Attendants.]

Char. I will, because it is my duty; but would I were in Normandy again; nothing should induce me to quit it, except my regard for so good a master.

AIR.—CHARLES.

*My native land I bade adieu,
 And calmly Friendship's joys resign'd;
 But ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
 When my true love I left behind.*

*Yet should her truth feel no decay,
 Should absence prove my charmer kind,
 Then shall I not lament the day,
 When my true love I left behind.* [Exit.]

SCENE V.—The Inside of Maud's cottage.

Enter LORD WILLIAM, LADY ELINOR, and CICELY

Lady E. Well, Palamede! I will frankly own to you, that the account, I hear of the Baron of Oakland's son, is far from pleasing me; and though I dare not disobey my father, yet I will do every thing in my power to delay the marriage.

Cice. In short, sir, my lady agrees to my scheme of visiting the castle as Lady Elinor's attendant, till she hears further from the Baron, her father.

Lord W. Transporting tidings!

TRIO.—LORD WILLIAM, CICELY, and LADY ELINOR.

*Against the shaft of cruel fate,
 Why cannot virtue prove a charm,
 And of her blind misguided hate,
 Capricious destiny disarm?*

*Yet who, engag'd in Virtue's cause,
 To tread her paths would fear confess,
 And on the road reluctant pause,
 Because it leads not to success.* [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter HUGO and ROBERT.

Hugo. Well, Robert.

Rob. Make yourself perfectly easy, friend Hugo, everything shall be in perfect order to receive Lady Elinor.

Hugo. Ay, I hope so, for the honour of the family. It is near three score years since I was first a servant in Oakland castle, and have seen three possessions of it; I have come down from father to son, with the rest of the old furniture.

Rob. And a fine tough piece of English oak you are.

Hugo. I remember the death of Edmund Ironside, and the restoration of Canute; I remember the Harolds and Hardicanute, and the good king, Edward the Confessor; and I remember the good Baron, who now haunts the old tower.

Rob. Hush! no more of that.

Hugo. Ah, Robert, if you were old enough to remember what I can!

Rob. I am just as well pleased as it is.

Hugo. We shall have music and dancing enough at the wedding, I hope, Robert, for the honour of Lord Edward.

Rob. Yes, yes, when a man is desperate to attack matrimony, the more noise and bustle the better; like trumpets in a battle, it drowns reflection and prevents cowardice.

Hugo. Are all the pikes and javelins burnished up, and the armoury put in order, and the large stag's horns in the hall dusted?

Rob. Horns are most ominous wedding decorations; no, no, friend Hugo, I have ordered the horns to be taken down.

Hugo. Bless my soul! why I remember 'em in the family these fifty years. [to see them.]

Rob. For which reason, the young lady ought not

Hugo. Then is the Lady Elinor very beauteous, Robert? [beauty yet?]

Rob. Why do you ask, Hugo, do you admire

Hugo. Oh yes, Robert; I never could yet behold a beauteous woman without admiration; the setting sun may surely cheer my sight though it cannot warm my heart. [Exit.]

Rob. I hope Adela has got her fine clothes on to pass for Lady Elinor.—O, here she comes.

Enter ADELA.

Adela. Well, here I am at last, ready dressed, to pass for a fine lady; but how long shall I remain so? [cess.]

Rob. Why, you are now in the high road to suc-

Adela. Ay, but there are so many turnings and windings, that one is never sure of being right.

Rob. What, madam! with such a guide as merit.

Adela. Yes, merit is often apt to lead one astray. Oh dear! I do think the old Baron is coming.—Eh! O no! he isn't. O, I wish the meeting was over. [a woman of quality.]

Rob. You have no idea, how much you look like

Adela. Indeed! [lady.]

Rob. Nature certainly intended you for a fine

Adela. Then indeed she was very much mistaken; for I never in all my life could tell a lie, without blushing; so I am sure I shall never do for a fine lady.

Rob. But I hope you have your lesson by heart.

Adela. O ay, let me see; I am come over from Normandy, from my friends, and arrived here to-day, didn't I, sir?

Rob. You did, madam.

Adela. And anxious to pay my respects to the Baron of Oakland, left my servants on the road?

Rob. Yes, madam.

Adela. O, but there's one material circumstance I have forgot, I don't know who my father is.

Rob. That may happen in the best regulated families; however, I'll tell you, your father is the Baron de Courcy of Normandy, a great favourite of our good king, William, and you will remember that the king wrote to your father, recommending this marriage.

Adela. Well, I'll endeavour to recollect if I can, but you know it is not very strange I should forget what never happened.

Rob. Well, madam; I will go and acquaint my lady of your arrival; and pray be careful in what you say.

Adela. You may depend on it, sir, I'll not speak truth if I can possibly help it. [Exit Robert.] These gay trappings hang very much in my way, I shall make a sad fine lady I fear; I wish I could fancy myself in my every-day clothes again. When I think where I am and on what occasion, I wonder at my own confidence. Nothing but love could have inspired it, and to gain my dear Edward, I would attempt a thousand times as much.

AIR.—ADELA.

*Be mine, tender passion, soother of care,
Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
Still may my bosom thy power declare.*

*In vain thy influence fools may revile,
Constancy ever gains thy smile.
And of their destiny can those complain,
Whose falsehood dares thy laws profane?*

*Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger;
Thy sweet rewards, oh, Love! to gain,
Then let me combat not in vain;
But in my triumph share,
Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.*

O, here he comes; ah, it is all over, I shall never be able to get through.

Enter BARON and ROBERT.

Bar. Ah! there she is sure enough; she seems very pretty, what a fine eye she has! [Aside to Robert.]

Adela. My courage fails me, 'twill never do, I find. [Aside.]

Bar. Her coming so suddenly is so cursed unlucky, I don't know what to say to her, I have not got my speech in my pocket; she turns her back upon me; I believe she is very proud. [To Robert.]

Adela. Ay, now he is laughing at my awkwardness; I wish he'd speak first. [Aside.]

Bar. Well, come, if I must speak, here goes;—My lady, the joy—I say, my lady, the joy;—that is, joy, my lady, creates happiness; and is—is—

joy my lady, which joy, I say, my lady, is—I hope your ladyship is pretty well.

Adela. Yes, pure well, I humbly thank your lordship. O lord! I am glad its over, the first word is a great matter. [Aside.]

Bar. She's wondrous condescending, Robert, considering her high blood. [Aside to Robert.] Well my lady, as you have been in such a hurry as to leave your servants on the road, and only to come here on a hop, as a body may say; I hope your ladyship will have the goodness to excuse all faults.

Adela. O yes, my lord, I'll excuse all your faults with a good deal of pleasure.

Bar. All my faults? Ay she has found me out already. [Aside.] Why, to be sure, my lady we all have faults; but if one is of a good family, you know my lady, it doesn't so much signify.

Adela. O, to be sure not, for though some people are a little awkward and bashful before company, yet I don't think they are a bit the worse for that.

Bar. No, no, that's a hit at me. [Aside.]

Adela. For you know, my lord, if one is not used to strange company, one's very apt to look like a fool.

Bar. Ye—e—s, so one is, my lady. Yes, she means me. [Aside.] But come, my lady, let's talk of something else; how does the lord, your father? I respect a man of his great family.

Adela. Ay, my lord, a great family indeed.

Bar. Oh, she's proud enough of her high blood, though. [Aside.] Well, my lady, no offence, but I fancy I may venture to say, my family is equal to his.

Adela. Why, I thought Edward told me, he was his only child. [Aside.] Indeed, my lord!

Bar. Ay, indeed, my lady; now my blood is up, I can talk to her. [Aside.] And give me leave to assure your ladyship, whatever notions you have formed of a great family, you'll not be disappointed.

Adela. Ha, ha, ha!

Bar. Ha, ha, ha! [Mimicks her.] What the devil does she mean? [Aside.]

Adela. I declare your lordship makes me laugh, ha, ha, ha!

Bar. Yes, I see I do; but I think your ladyship need not be so polite as to tell me so.

Adela. Nay, now your lordship looks angry.

Bar. Haven't I reason? What did your ladyship mean by affronting me, in telling me of your father's great family?

Adela. Why so he has, there are eleven of us, boys and girls.

Bar. [Surprised.] Eh! What?

Adela. [Aside.] O what have I said!

Bar. [Aside.] O, I suppose this is some quality joke, and that's the reason I don't understand it.

Enter EDWARD.

Bar. Come here, sirrah; there's the Lady Elinor de Courcy! go and talk to her, bid her welcome; and do you hear, don't be bashful, and dishonour your family; but attack her with your whole stock of impudence.

Edw. I bashful! no I thank you, we people of fashion know what's what. [Dancing up to Adela.] Tol de rol, I am prodigiously happy to see your ladyship; hope you left all friends in Normandy well, all right and tight, had good weather and a good ship, no sea-sickness; even we people of fashion are subject to it sometimes, as well as other people, are't we, father, eh!

Bar. Why, the boy's assurance astonishes me. Oh! he has touched her hand and caught it of her. [Adela whispers to Edward.]

Edw. [Aside to Adela.] Never mind, I'll bring you off with the old fellow. Ha, ha, ha! a monstrous good joke indeed, very well faith, very well, ha, ha, ha!

Adela. Ha, ha, ha!

Bar. (*Surprised, and laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Edw. My dear father, Lady Elinor tells me she has joked a little with you, as we people of fashion do, without meaning anything, ha, ha, ha!

Bar. Ay, we people of fashion do, ha, ha, ha! I beg your ladyship wouldn't think of it.

Edw. Zounds, father, don't be bashful; (*To Adela.*) why don't you bounce a little as I do.

Bar. Well, my lady, I am now going to my great hall, where I'll receive you in form, and I believe I shall trouble your ladyship with a bit of a speech on the occasion. Come, my lady; no, no, you must not go before me; I am a baron you know, consider my dignity! [*Exit.*]

Edw. I say, Robert, I think we shall be too cunning for old dignity, though. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A View near the castle.*

Enter LORD WILLIAM and LADY ELINOR.

Lord W. We are at length arrived at Oakland castle. Continue your disguise, madam, but a little longer.

Lady E. And do you, Palamede, recommend disguise, you, who pretend to be a lover?

AIR.—LADY ELINOR.

Hush, hush; such counsels do not give,

A lover's name prophaning;

And can her heart deceit advise,

Where mighty love is reigning?

Dissimulation's path you've trod

Too oft to go astray,

And whilst to me you point the road,

Your footsteps mark the way.

Enter CICELY.

Cice. Oh! madam, here comes the old Baron; but pray think of something melancholy, or you will certainly laugh; nature and art have made him such a strange animal, that he seems only made to be laughed at; but here he is.

Lord W. And this is the representative of our family, degrading thought! but I must dissemble. (*Aside.*)

Enter the BARON.

Bar. (*To Cicely.*) So you are an attendant on Lady Elinor de Courcy, hey! But who's that, (*Pointing to Lady E.*)

Cice. Oh! that's my lady's own waiting woman, and a very great favourite of my lady's, sir, I assure you.

Bar. She must be a great favourite of every body's, for she's a monstrous pretty girl; and pray who is that gentleman, is he a favourite of your lady? (*Pointing to Lord W.*)

Cice. O no! that is,—that is Sir Palamede, the Baron's jester.

Lord W. A curious character she has assigned me, but I must carry it on. (*Aside.*)

Bar. Why, jesting is a very pleasant employment to be sure, though not a very profitable one, I should think. Hark'ye friend, don't you sometimes get a bone cracked?

Lord W. You are mistaken, my lord, we jesters are privileged people; we anatomize vice and folly.

Bar. Ay, that is you cut up people by way of amusement.

Lord W. Improvement, my lord; satire well applied is the medicine of the mind.

Bar. That may be, but I don't take physic, so you may spare your trouble: and so the baron pays you for jesting, hey? that's one way of enjoying a jest, at his own expense; but I should think now, so good-natured as the world is, that he might contrive to get laughed at, gratis.

Lord W. Your lordship finds it so, I have no doubt. Now as a specimen,—

AIR.—LORD WILLIAM.

*Tho' time has from your lordship's face
Made free to steal each youthful grace,*

Yet why should you despair?

Old busts oft please the connoisseurs,

So folks of taste perhaps like yours,

And that removes your care.

'Tis true that silly girls believe

In joys that youth alone can give,

But why should you despair?

'Tis folly governs youth, you know,

And so far young you soon may grow,

So that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults, in person, mind,

(However gross) you chance to find,

Yet why should you despair?

Of flattery you must buy advice,

You're rich enough to pay the price,

So that removes your care.

Bar. Ah! that's another hit at me, but I dare not resent it. (*Aside.*) Well, but if you are attendants on the Lady Elinor de Courcy, where have you been all this while? [*the road.*]

Cice. Oh! sir, we have left my lady behind on

Bar. Your lady has left you behind, you mean; why she's here in the castle.

Lord W. Indeed!

Bar. Yes, indeed, Mr. Jest-hunter, and, I am going to give her ladyship audience in my great hall, and if we want any body to laugh at, we'll send for you; there I hit him I think. [*Exit.*]

Lady E. What can he mean? Give me your advice, Palamede.

Cice. Ah, madam! you forgot that Sir Palamede is a lover, and consequently advice is a commodity he doesn't deal in: but if you will take my opinion, ma'am?

Lord W. Well?

Cice. It is plain some impostor has assumed your ladyship's name, for what purpose we must endeavour to find out; therefore suppose we continue our disguise, wait on the mock lady Elinor, overturn her with respect and confound her with courtesy.

Lord W. Admirable!

Enter LEWIS, with letters for LORD WILLIAM.

Lew. Sir, the messenger is returned and brought these letters.—Ay, madam, your shadow is here before you, I find.

Lady E. Hush! not a word, I charge you; from whom are those letters? (*Aside to Lewis.*)

Lew. That's what I want to know. I wish you would ask Sir Palamede the question?

Lord W. Lady Elinor, every moment furnishes additional reasons for requesting you will be guided by Cicely's advice. [*Exit, with Lady Elinor.*]

Lew. Ah! Cicely, there they go, a pair of as true turtles as ever billed. Oh! what a fine thing mutual love is, if you would but let us follow their example, and fall in love with me in a strange place, now!—

Cice. Oh! you may spare your rhetoric, I promise you. I prize my liberty too much to be talked out of it.

AIR.—CICELY.

What blest hours, untainted by sorrow,

Does the maiden prove,

Untainted by love,

So merrily she sings thro' the day;

Dull sorrow shall threaten in vain,

The delight of art to restrain,

While from Cupid free,

Blest in liberty,

Not a sigh she blends with the strain."

As she gaily carols along,

Let me join sweet freedom's song,

*O may my heart
Ever bear a part,
In the envied jocund lay,
While merry the happy maid,
So blithely sings through the day.* [Exit.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Where the deuce is Adela? If we can but get married before she is discovered? but, why is she absent, she for whose sake Oakland Castle resounds with jollity, till the old walls crack to their foundations,—

AIR.—EDWARD.

*Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on th' occasion,
Feels her heart in palpitation;
Now a blush, and now a sigh,
Trembling too, she knows not why,
While every lad with expectation
Finds his heart beat high.*

Enter ADELA, hastily.

Adela. Ah! it's all over, there's an end of our scheme.

Edw. How?*Adela.* I knew how it would happen.*Edw.* Did you? I wish then you told me so before.*Adela.* Well, it's all a scheme of your own.*Edw.* Mine! why you know it was your scheme.*Adela.* Why, didn't you first propose it?*Edw.* Yes, because I was sure you first thought of it.*Adela.* Why did I ever leave my spinning wheel for fine clothes? why did I quit my father's cottage!*Edw.* Because I got you a better situation, to be sure; you won't deny that I sent you to a relation's house in Sussex, six months ago, where you lived like a lady, and had nothing to learn, to read all the day long.*Adela.* So much the worse, improving the mind as they call it, only serves to make one lazy; in my father's cottage, industry took up all our time, wealth never came near our door.*Edw.* If he had, you would have been glad to have asked him in. [were our guests.]*Adela.* No sir! there innocence, and happiness*Edw.* 'Twas lucky they didn't take up much room, or the house wouldn't have been big enough to hold them. I fancy all the spare corners were occupied by birds and beasts.*Adela.* Well, I own it; we did all sleep under one roof; the family, the pigs, and poultry, all in harmony, peace and friendship.*Edw.* Except now and then, when you ate some of your company for dinner.*Adela.* (Sobbing.) Oh, oh!*Edw.* Why look'ye there, now that's always your way, if one says anything to you, you fall a crying!*Adela.* You want to break my heart! I see that.*Edw.* No, I don't.*Adela.* Yes, you do.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Why, what signifies quarrelling now, my lord. [rel I think.]*Edw.* Why, I don't know Robert, she will quar-*Adela.* No it, is you.*Rob.* Come be friends, I say, we are all in a pretty hobble to be sure.*Adela.* Yes, and I believe you brought us in it.*Edw.* 'Tis my opinion he did.*Rob.* Me!*Adela.* Yes, I am sure Edward wouldn't have thought of such a thing, if you hadn't put it into his head.*Edw.* No, that I shouldn't.*Rob.* You are both very entertaining, and so I shall leave you to yourselves.*Edw.* Nay, but, Robert, don't desert us.*Rob.* Faith I shall make my peace with your father, by falling on my knees, and asking pardon immediately.*Adela.* Hadn't we better do the same, Edward? for consider we are all in the same boat, and if we pull different ways we shall certainly go to the bottom. [our pilot.]*Edw.* That is very true, so Robert you shall be*Rob.* Well! then we must even meet the old Baron in the hall of audience, at any rate. How wonderfully does common interest beget friendship! [Exit.]*Edw.* Adela—*Adela.* Well.*Edw.* You forget you have been quarrelling: kiss and friends, you know. [Kiss and Exeunt.]

AIR.—EDWARD.

*While swords and shields are clashing,
Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing,
The ale to none denying,
Flaggons far and wide supplying,
With tilters fencing, wrestlers boasting,
Bonfires blazing, oxen roasting:
And all the vassals flock around,
What pleasures now abound!
Now all is preparation,
For the nuptial celebration.*

SCENE IV.—An Antique Hall.

Enter LORD WILLIAM, LADY ELINOR, CICELY, LEWIS, MARTIN and CHARLES.

Cice. Well, Charles, how did you come over from Normandy?*Cha.* Why, Cupid lent me his wings, and I hovered over your ship; come, come, Cicely, you know as well as I, there were more lovers aboard than the captain knew of. [tions.]*Cice.* I believe I had better ask no more ques-*Lord W.* Lewis, come hither, you are sure that not a whisper has escaped you, likely to discover Lady Elinor.*Lew.* Lord, sir! I have done nothing but eat and drink since I have been here, so that I have no time for talking. [to Martin.]*Lord W.* And our honest guide here,—(Pointing*Lew.* Oh, no sir, he has been so taken up between hunger and wonder, that he has not thought of secrets. [to do, Cicely?]*Lady E.* You are certain the servants know what*Cice.* Oh yes, madam, I have given them all their lessons, and you'll see them receive the mock Lady Elinor, as you could wish. But see, she comes!

Enter ADELA, EDWARD, and LADY ELINOR.

Cice. Now, madam, to complete their astonishment!

SESTETTO.

LORD WILLIAM, CICELY, and LADY ELINOR.

*By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see,
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.*

Adela. Whom can they mean? not me.*Edward.* Nor me.*Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for me.**Charles.* What grace! what an air!*Lord W.* A face so fair.*Ci. & Ch.* Born to command the happy pair.

LORD WILLIAM, CICELY, and LADY ELINOR.

*By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see, &c.
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.*

Edward. *Egad, the joke we'll humour;*
 Adela. *With all my heart, say I.*
 Edward. *Who for success can do more,*
Than every chance to try.
 Charles. *Her courage falters, mark her eyes;*
See from her cheek the colour flies.
 Cicely. *Poor girl, I pity her distress,*
Yet mischief says we can't do less.
 Robert. *You tremble! courage: come, go on.*
 Adela. *Ah me! my boasted spirit's gone;*
Alas! why didst thou, hapless maid,
By silly vanity betray'd,
Expose thy peace of mind to gain,
A prize, thou never canst obtain.

Enter BARON, who sits down with great ceremony, then rises, and speaks; his hat in his hand with a speech in it, which he occasionally looks at.

Bar. Hem! my Lady Elinor de Courcy; now some men in my situation would make you a set speech on the occasion; but I shall give your ladyship a touch off hand; as to your great family, my lady, all the world knows that, and as to your beauty, why that speaks for itself, as a body may say; but I say, when I consider, my lady; I say, when I consider how vain it would be to number your numberless qualifications, and when I think of your goodness, in conferring this visit, I want words, (*Edward takes the speech slyly out of his father's hat.*) I say, my Lady Elinor, I want words to— (*Misses the speech.*) Hey! egad, I do want words! I say, madam, my ladyship I, I, I, want words!

Edw. If my father had not wanted words, madam, he would have attempted to express his inexpressible satisfaction, but 'tis just as well as it is, the less that's said, the more there is to guess at.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord! a gentleman wishes to speak with you immediately.

Bar. I come to him, [*Exit Servant.*] I declare, my lady! I am quite ashamed that I—

Adela. O, pray my lord make no apologies! you know you want words, and it is quite time to have done, when one hasn't any more to say.

Bar. Ay, my lady, but I had a great deal more to say, if I hadn't lost my speech. [*Aside and exit.*]

Adela. (*To Edward.*) I can't make out the meaning of all this, I don't understand the jest!

Edw. Nor I, upon my soul, but I'll try to find it out, for my part I think we are in a dream.

Adela. I am sure it is a very pleasant one, I haven't the least desire to be waked from it.

LORD WILLIAM, CICELY, LADY ELINOR, CHARLES and ROBERT.

Alas! behold the silly maid,
By pride, by vanity betray'd:
Expose her peace of mind, to gain
A prize she never can obtain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BARON and DE COURCY.

Bar. This way, my lord, this way; I am glad to see your lordship.

De Cour. Hush, my lord! remember that I am here in disguise; I must depend on your friendship, to conceal me from my sister's attendants, till I am revenged on Sir Palamede.

Bar. And so this Sir Palamede—

De Cour. He has long privately loved my sister, but the mean advantage he has now taken of our confidence in him,—

Bar. O! hang him, an abusive sneering knave, to pass on me for your lordship's jester: I wish I had known this.

De Cour. But we must be cautious. (*Laughing within.*) Hark! what noise is that?

Bar. Only my vassals carousing, in consequence of this marriage of your sister's in our family.

De Cour. The sounds of festivity but ill accord with my feelings; a more retired apartment might suit our purpose better.

Bar. Certainly, my lord, private concerns must give way to public justice. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*The kitchen, tenants and servants discovered at different tables.*

AIR.—ROBERT.

Now mighty roast beef is the Englishman's food,
It ennobles our veins, and enriches our blood,
Our soldiers are brave, and our barons are good,
Oh! the roast beef of Old England, and Oh! the Old
English roast beef.

Our barons, my boys, are robust, stout and strong,
And keep open house with good cheer all day long,
Which make their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Enter LORD WILLIAM, LADY ELINOR and CICELY.

Rob. Come, my lads and lasses, at this feast every one must contribute to the common-stock of merriment, that is the only reckoning we have to pay.

FINALE.—LADY ELINOR and CICELY.

Love's sweet voice to Hymen speaking,
Breathing through the dulcet flute;
List'ning joy the accents speaking,
Bids complaining care be mute.

Chorus. *High above dull sorrow's level,*
Now the tide of joy display;
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

Lord W. *Let the vine's enlivening treasure,*
Rising kiss the goblet's brim,
Till we see exulting pleasure,
On the smiling surface swim.

Chorus. *High above dull sorrow's level,*
Now the generous tide display;
'Tis gay Bacchus bids us revel,
Bids us hail this happy day.

Cicely. *While the merry bells resounding,*
Shall in pleasure's chorus chime,
From the trembling floor rebounding,
Let the varied dance beat time.

Chorus. *High above dull sorrow's level,*
Now the tide of joy display;
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter DE COURCY and CHARLES.

De Cour. You are sure that the soldiers are placed at every avenue to the castle?

Char. My lord, it is impossible Sir Palamede should escape.

De Cour. And you say, you observed him this evening?

Char. I did, my lord; and, notwithstanding he appeared to join the general festivity, yet, at times, he sighed so piteously, that I could not help saying to myself, your honour could never find in your heart to kill so brave a gentleman.

De Cour. Leave me, and be ready at the time appointed. And shall this slave boast a virtue to which I am a stranger; shall his rugged heart feel compassion for wretchedness, whilst I, unmoved, doom to destruction, him, who has been my companion, my friend, my brother! (*Aside.*) Poor Palamede! I will see him and converse with him: perhaps he is not so guilty as he appears; at least, let me remember that he is unfortunate. [*Exit.*]

Char. There spoke the generous feeling of De Courcy.

AIR.—CHARLES.

*Where'er true valour can its power display,
There meek-ey'd pity, anxious still to bless,
With jealous honour holds divided sway,
And from avenging anger shields distress.
Ne'er shall the sword of honour dare invade
The spell-bound spot where pity drops a tear;
For where misfortune casts her sacred shade,
There deepest injury must disappear.*

Enter DE COURCY and BARON.

Bar. Oh, my Lord de Courcy, I am glad I have found you; I have strange news to tell you; only think, my lord, when I thought my vassals had retired fatigued, and gone dutifully drunk to bed, the whole village is up and scouring their old helmets and armour; I am sure there's mischief in the wind when these rascals are so industrious.

De Cour. Compose yourself, my lord; you seem quite alarmed.

Bar. Alarmed, my lord? Why, though I am naturally as brave as a lion, yet, I do not like to be taken thus by surprise; it is that which alarms me; and Sir Palamede, I am sure, is at the bottom of this.

De Cour. Perhaps, then, he has heard of my arrival, and finding himself discovered, means to oppose force by force.

Bar. You are right, my lord; he has been sending and receiving letters and messages all night in a continual ebb and flow of mischief.

De Cour. Sdeath! can he descend so low as to mislead the rabble into revolt? The traitor shall perish: but where is my sister?

Bar. I don't know, my lord, but here comes my son, I dare say he'll tell you.

De Cour. Do not discover me yet, even to him.

Bar. Why, my lord, as he is shortly to be related to your lordship, I can't see that it signifies; but it shall be as you please: harkye, sirrah! come here, where is Lady Elinor?

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. In her own room; I took her a cup of wine just now, but the dear creature preferred ale: she seems prodigiously fond of ale.

De Cour. Who? Lady Elinor, sir?

Edw. Yes, sir; Lady Elinor, my wife that is to be; what have you to say to that, sir?

De Cour. Pardon me, sir, but are you assured of the lady's affections?

Bar. Ay, sirrah! are you sure that she is fond of you? [me!]

Edw. Fond of me? Ha, ha, ha! D—me, look at

De Cour. I believe she was once attached to another, one Sir Palamede.

Edw. I believe not friend; and my reason for thinking so, is that the dear little wench never saw Sir Palamede in all her life.

De Cour. Sir, when you name that lady, you should remember the respect due to her family.

Edw. (*Snaps his finger.*) That for her family! she is a bud of beauty, which I have gathered to wear next my heart, and the devil may take the rest of the family tree for me: here she comes, i'faith!

Enter ADELA.

Ah! my dear Lady Elinor!

De Cour. Astonishment! This must be some plot of Palamede's. (*Aside.*)

Bar. Why, my lord, your sister does not seem to know you: ah! this is another quality joke, now, I'll be sworn.

De Cour. He is deceived too. (*Aside.*)

Bar. Why, my lord, I think there's a very strong family likeness between you.

De Cour. I perceive, my lord, you are imposed on, but you shall soon be avenged. [*Exit.*]

Bar. How imposed on? Oh! he means they

have been joking on me; ay! but he was serious; egad! I believe I should be angry, but, then, if I should be in the wrong—I'll e'en go after him and ask whether I ought to be in a passion or not. [*Exit.*]

Adela. Why, I say, Edward, the Lady Elinor's attendants did call me their lady for the joke's sake; yet it must be soon out that I am myself.

Edw. That's not unlikely.

Adela. And if Lady Elinor should be as handsome as we have heard, and your father should be very pressing—

Edw. Then, you think, I should desert you.

Adela. Your deserting me would then be called by another name, for fine folks have fine names for bad actions, to make them seem like good ones.

Edw. Why, lookye, my dear Adela, I was always a blundering fellow at a fine speech; (ecod! I am like my father for that,) but if I thought my being a nobleman would make me love you a jot the less, deuce take me if I had not rather remain a ploughman all my life! Now do you believe me?

Adela. I do.

AIR.—ADELA.

*Love from the heart, all its danger concealing,
Reason, they say, the fond spell can remove;
But bliss kindly stealing,
Still the delusion so sweet may I prove!*

*For should you betray me, your falsehood perceiving,
Too well do I love you, the peril to shun:
So, if you must cheat me, still further deceiving,
Oh! blinded by hope, to the last leads me on.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Sea and a light-house.

Enter LADY ELINOR.

Lady E. Why did I not insist on Sir Palamede explaining this mystery? (*Retires.*)

Enter LORD WILLIAM.

Lord W. Welcome, thrice welcome, ye scenes which remind me of happier days; every step I take, every object of remembrance, warms me with new incitements to assert my birthright. (*Lady Elinor comes forward.*) How? Lady Elinor!

Lady E. Oh, Palamede! for heaven's sake, why this mystery?

Lord W. Spare me the explanation of what is yet improper for you to know; shew me esteem by confiding in my honour: he who is beloved by you cannot act unworthily.

Lady E. I am uneasy only on your account; therefore, do not flatter me, or keep me longer in suspense.

Lord W. To-night is the crisis of my fate; and to-morrow's sun shall dispel the cloud of mystery in which it is involved.

DUETT.—LORD WILLIAM and LADY ELINOR.

Lady E. *Dangers unknown impending,
Doubt multiplies my fears,*

Lord W. *Laurels my steps attending,
Shall spring from beauty's tears.*

Lady E. *Thus in suspense to leave thee,*

Lord W. *Think'st thou I can deceive thee?*

Lady E. *To leave thee.*

Lord W. *To leave thee.*

Both. *Say, wilt thou still prove true?*

Yes, I will still prove true.

And must we bid adieu? [*Exit Lady E.*]

Lord W. Cruel concealment! yet it must be so; one only have I trusted in this castle, and he is here.

Enter HUGO.

Hugo. Ah! my dear young master, what pleasure does your old servant feel, in seeing you once more in your native land! Heaven help us! what strange events have happened since the good baron, your father quitted England. I long to hear your adventures in France.

Lord W. It is a long story, my friend.

Hugo. So much the better, I like long stories; I often tell long stories myself: remembrance forms the old man's banquet, and let the viands be ever so ordinary, memory cooks them to his liking.

Lord W. Hugo, this is no time for words, I must support my claim to the honors of my ancestors, *Hugo.* What, my lord? [and this hour—

Lord W. Hear me! I have written to an old and allied friend of my father's, a powerful nobleman, and near the king's person; he has assured me of my sovereign's favour, and I expect hourly letters from the king, acknowledging me Baron of Oak-

Hugo. Well, my lord. [land.

Lord W. In the meantime my zealous friend has advised me to surprise the castle without delay, to mar all resistance to the king's commands.

Hugo. Surprise the castle! Why, my lord, I'll fight as long as I can, (*draws his sword*) but here are only two of us.

Lord W. Good old man! I shall not need your assistance: a guard of a hundred chosen troops sent by the good lord Hubert, entered the village in the dusk of the evening; the news of my return is received by the vassals with transport, and they are this moment arming in my cause.

Hugo. Then, why do we stay here? I'll go and get on my armour.

Lord W. It is not yet time; the tolling of the curfew will give me notice when all is ready; but tell me, Hugo, was not my father's armour kept in an apartment in that tower?

Hugo. Yes, my lord, in that very apartment over the wine-cellar. [from thence?

Lord W. And has the armour ever been removed

Hugo. Never, I'll answer for that; the room has been shut up these ten years past to my knowledge. I have still preserved my key to the door which leads to it through the long gallery.

Lord W. Give it me: (*Hugo gives a key*) now let us be gone.

Hugo. Excuse me, my lord; I'll follow you to battle, but not into that apartment.

Lord W. Why not?

Hugo. Ah, my lord! I tremble at the thoughts of it; no living soul has entered that room for these ten years; voices have been heard and lights seen; in short, it is haunted; and though I loved your worthy father when he was alive, I—I—I—

Lord W. By heavens! a light appears through the casement at this moment. [be rash.

Hugo. And so there does: my dear master, don't

Lord W. Hark! I hear a noise from the tower: wait for me here, (*draws*) and beware your fears do not betray you. [Unlocks the door and exit.

Hugo. My lord, my dear lord William, don't leave me alone. He's gone. Oh! that cursed haunted chamber! I can't stay near it; I—I find the only means of preserving my courage is to carry it along with me. [Exit.

Enter BARON.

Bar. Why, sure, that was old Hugo; yes, and with his sword drawn. Oh! he's in the plot. O lord, O lord! there's the spirit playing his illumination tricks in the haunted chamber. Oh! how I long to attack this old rogue, Hugo! because I am sure I could beat him; ay! but then I dare not venture alone: valour with me is of a companionable nature, and don't like solitude; my courage is something like the vine, to produce good fruit it must be well supported. Hey! sure I hear somebody coming out of my wine-cellar! Egad! I'll step aside; I may make some discoveries here. (*Retires.*)

Enter ROBERT and MARTIN from the cellar-door.

Rob. Well, my boy, now I have made you free of our cellar.

Mar. Give me your hand, give me your hand, Master Robert; I'll live and die with you; of all

the inventions that ever were thought of there's none to my mind like good eating and drinking.

Rob. And for that, Martin, I'll match all Kent. I know the privilege of a diligent butler too well to suffer my master to taste wine till I have approved

Bar. (*Aside.*) Oh, the villain! [of it.

Mar. That's right, that's right; give me your hand again. O Master Robert, what a happy dog you are to have the command of such a wine-cellar.

Rob. Ay, Martin! there I sit, absolute monarch of all the prostrate bottles.

Bar. (*Aside.*) Mighty well! but I'll be even with you, rascals. [Exit into the cellar.

Enter Servant.

Rob. Well, can you find friend Lewis in the gar-

Serv. No, Master Robert. [den?

Rob. He has certainly lost his way; let us go in search of him, Martin.

Mar. Ay, Master Robert! do you go one way, and I'll go the other.

Rob. And, to prevent accidents, I'll lock the cellar-door for the present, we'll soon return and finish the evening. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter LADY ELINOR and CICELY.

Lady E. And so the mock Lady Elinor is coming, Cicely? Yet, how can I trifle thus, while Palamede's fate is in suspense?

AIR.—LADY ELINOR.

*Dread parent of despair,
Thou tyrant of my mind,
Who ling'ring seem'st to spare,
To point the worst behind.*

*At once complete my woe
Display thy ills in store,
Ah! quickly strike the blow!
'Tis all that I implore.*

Cice. Ah, madam! it must be a sad thing to be of a good family. Thank heaven, I, who have no noble blood in my veins, have the dearest of all privileges, that of chusing a husband for myself.

AIR.—CICELY.

*From high birth and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove;
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.*

*Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth can ne'er procure;
My rich mistress fain would be,
Just as poor as Cicely.
From high birth, &c.*

Enter ADELA and ROBERT.

Adela. These waiting maids pester me to death with questions: here they are again.

Cice. (*Aside to Lady Elinor.*) Now, madam, to throw her off her guard, endeavour to provoke her, and gratify your curiosity.

Lady E. Why, I should like it, but she looks as if she could beat me; pray, madam, would your ladyship please to go to bed?

Adela. No, my ladyship does not please to go to bed. [bed.

Rob. No, her ladyship does not please to go to

Lady E. It is my duty to wait on your ladyship.

Adela. Well, wait in another room then.

Lady E. Pray my lady forgive me.

Adela. No, I will not forgive you! I can't bear it. (*Aside.*) Begone, I discharge you my service.

DUETT.—ELINOR and ADELA.

Adela. Begone; I discharge you! away from my sight!

In my presence appear never after this night.

Lady E. Your ladyship's orders with grief I obey;
Yet ere I depart a few words may I say?

Adela. I'll try to keep my passion under,
And treat the flirt with silent scorn.

Lady E. You're too poor to move my rage.

Adela. Prithce now this wrath assuage.

Lady E. How the saucy creature stares!

Adela. Tell me, madam, why these airs.

Both. Tho' pride and folly should intrude,
They can't good breeding pain;
Their silly jests so bold and rude,
Raise laughter and disdain.

Of rank and education,
What wretched imitation;
Contempt must sure befall you,
You vain—what shall I call you?
Tho' at scolding so alert,
I fancy now she's really hurt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Chamber in the Tower.

Enter LORD WILLIAM.

Lord Wil. Now to the object of my search.
(Opens the doors and discovers his father's armour.)
Kind fortune, I thank thee! sacred to the defence
of a just cause, the shield of the father shall protect
his son, fighting for the rights of an illustrious family.

AIR.—LORD WILLIAM.

Spirit of my sainted sire,
With success my soul inspire,
Deeds of glory done by thee
In mem'ry's mirror now I see.
Let the great examples raise
Valour's purest brightest blaze,
Till the prowess of my arm
The eye of fickle conquest charm.
And fame shall, when the battle's won,
Declare that I am all thy son.
Spirit of my sainted sire,
With success my soul inspire.
The inspiration now I feel,
The ardent glow of patriot zeal,
Brighter prospects now arise,
The voice of conquest rend the skies. [Exit.]

Enter ROBERT and LEWIS.

Rob. Well, Lewis; since we have met with you
at last, I'll give you a specimen of English hos-
pitality: we have plenty of liquor in the cellar un-
derneath, and, egad, we'll make a night of it.

Lew. That's right, Master Robert, and I love
good eating and drinking, so I'll drink with you if
it is only to shew you I like your company.

Mar. But you have not told me yet about this
haunted tower.

Lew. Well, I declare I'm glad of it for your
sake, for I am sure you must be dry after telling
such a long story.

Rob. Come, my boys, lend me a hand. (They
bring in a table with wine and ale.)

Lew. What have we got here?

Rob. Some of the best wine in Christendom, my
lad; ay, and some of the best ale too, which to
me, is the best of all liquors; the scurvy old
knave, my master, who I dare say is a-bed and
asleep, little thinks the honour we are doing to his
cellar.

Lew. and Mar. Ha, ha, ha!

Rob. Now for it, my boys; here's to ye.

CATCH.—ROBERT, &c. &c.

As now we're met, a jolly set,
A fig for sack or sherry;
Our ale we'll drink,
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wond'rous merry.

Merry, my hearts—merry, my boys,
We'll sing with a hey down derry,
The baron himself knows no such joys,
We are so wond'rous merry.

Rob. Come, drink about, (sings.) "And we'll
be wond'rous merry."

Lord W. (Behind.) "And we'll be wond'rous
merry."

Rob. Hey day! what's that?

Lew. That? oh! that's an echo, I suppose.

Rob. An echo! I never observed one here, I—

Mar. O Master Robert, isn't this the chamber
you said was haunted?

Lew. Egad then, it is haunted by a jolly spirit;
so here's to the ghost! (sings) "And we'll be
wond'rous merry."

Lord W. (Behind.) "And we'll be wond'rous
merry." (A noise underneath.)

Rob. What think you now?

Lew. Why I think there's a damned noise in the
cellar. (The trap door that Robert had pointed to is
thrown open and knocks down the table, which they
had placed on it, and the Baron appears coming
through it.)

Bar. Gentlemen, your most obedient; pray
don't let me disturb you; pray go on; my butler
here, sets you a good example; so pray make
free with my property: upon my life, this is a very
pretty chamber to be haunted; the ghost has an
excellent choice, but I never knew that your
troubled spirits were such consumers of ale and
wine before. (A knocking at the door.) Pray who
is that? Is it any friend of your's, gentlemen?

Mar. Yes, please your worshipful honour, it is
only Hubert with the supper.

Bar. O! Hubert with the supper, is it? desire
him to walk in. (The Baron opens the door. Enter
Hubert with some beef and bread.) Come in, Hu-
bert, here are none but friends. O never mind
me, come, put the supper on the table. (Hubert
puts it on the table, and exit.) And now, gentlemen,
sit down and eat heartily.

Lew. I am much obliged to your honour, but I
am not hungry now.

Rob. If but your honour would but hear me.

Baron. O! with a great deal of pleasure, honest
Robert. I was but ill situated in the cellar to
hear that catch you sung just now. Rogues! ras-
cals! robbers! whose only sign of fear is, you
can't bear your own consciences, so you are afraid
of spirits; where's the echo you conjur'd up just
now?

Rob. Indeed, my lord, we heard an echo.

Bar. Did you? well, sing again then, and let
me hear it. I'll shew you a pattern of resolution,
you rascallions.

Rob. Now mark, my lord. (Sings.) "And we'll
be wond'rous merry."

Lord W. (Behind in Robert's voice.) "And we'll
be wond'rous merry."

Bar. (Alarmed.) Egad, but it's an odd sort of
an echo.

Lew. Suppose your honour was to speak to it,
perhaps it would answer you civilly.

Bar. O! I dare say it will have a proper res-
pect for my dignity; what are you, ghost or spirit?

Lord W. (In the Baron's voice.) "Ghost or
spirit."

Bar. (Very much frightened.) O lord! O lord!
why, why, don't some of you speak to me? what
—what—are you afraid of? Robert, what makes
you look so pale? For my part—I—I—I don't
believe in apparitions: do you, friend? (To Lew.)

Hugo. (Behind.) Lord William, my dear mas-
ter, Lord William!

Rob. Hark, my lord; there's a voice.

Bar. Oh! I am a lost man; but—why do you
all tremble so? (A bell tolls.) Oh lord! there's
the curfew going at this hour.

(*Lord William throws open the doors, and walks with great solemnity in his father's armour, and exit.*)

Bar. O, dear me, it is the old Baron's ghost! I have seen him wear that shield and helmet a thousand times.

Lew. (*Looking after Lord W.*) O, my lord; here's more miracles! the spirit has met some armed men, and they are all fighting: that's right, that's right; well done, my boys; d— they have kill'd the ghost, huzza.

All. Huzza! huzza!

Bar. Egad, that's rare news; come, let's go and see what it's all about. I'll lead the way, do you follow me—hey—no, Robert, you shall go first; no, no, stop, come back; we'll all go together, and then we can take care of one another.

[*Exeunt, alarmed.*]

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter EDWARD and ADELA.

Adela. O Edward! I am frightened to death! it was an unlucky day for us when I turned fine lady, and nothing but unlucky days have we had ever since.

Edw. Lucky or unlucky, I fancy there's an end of them now. Bad as the days were, I wish they were to come over again.

Enter BARON.

Bar. O dear, O dear, they are all at it.

Edw. What! what are they at?

Bar. Why fighting. O my lady Elinor, why don't you order your soldiers to fall on? O how I hate a man that will not fight.

Adela. What, is anybody killed, my lord?

Bar. Killed, why we shall all be killed, men, women and children.

Enter LADY ELINOR.

Lady E. For shame, my lord; why do you stand idle here? your soldiers call on you to head them; where's my brother?

Bar. Your brother, why what signifies your brother: why they are thirty thousand strong.

Lady E. I mean the lord de Courcy. [*Exit.*]

Bar. The lord de Courcy? why an't you—

Adela. O, no, indeed, my lord, I am not; I am quite sick of passing for a fine lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord, you must come immediately, they are forcing the castle gates! [*Exit.*]

Bar. Forcing the castle gates! O lord, I shall die of a fright! and never live to to be kill'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Hall.*

Enter EDWARD and ADELA,

Edw. They have gained the citadel, and we shall be put to the sword.

Enter DE COURCY, LORD WILLIAM, and Knights.

De Cour. Once more, my noble friend, I congratulate you on your success.

Enter LADY ELINOR, CICELY, and CHARLES.

Lady E. My brother!

De Cour. My father contracted you in marriage to the young Baron of Oakland; I present him to

you, I deemed him my enemy till I knew him: it is now my pride to call him my friend.

Lord W. This is a more valuable present, my lord, than the life you gave me, when overpowered by your soldiers in the garden you still thought me your enemy.

Enter the BARON, between two armed men.

Bar. O dear, spare my life, and I'll agree to any terms.

Adela. (*To Lord William.*) Then, sir, begging your pardon for my boldness, I suppose you are the ghost we heard of?

Bar. Yes, and you, I suppose are the sham lady Elinor we have heard of; egad, now I find how things are, I have reason to be in a passion.

Lord W. You, sir, (*to the Baron,*) have a right to an explanation; I scorn to owe my title to force. I am confirmed by my sovereign in the dignity and estates of my father: be assured, however, that I shall be ambitious to prove myself your friend.

Bar. And that's an ambition I shall be very glad to gratify you in.

Lord W. (*To Edw. and Adela.*) As for this young couple, I hope I shall have the satisfaction of adding to their store of Hymen's comforts.

Edw. Thank you, my lord; I begin to be much less inclined to nobility after the bustle I have seen to-night, and I'm fain to comfort myself with the old remark, "that a title cannot bestow happiness."

Adela. Yes, but I can though; there is a title for which I'd give up all others, it is the wife of my Edward.

Lady E. My fluttering heart cannot express the joy it feels at your triumph. (*To Lord William.*)

Lord W. A triumph crowned by the possession of that heart which now approves it.

FINALE.

*The banished ills of heretofore
At happy distance viewing;
Of the past we'll think no more,
While future bliss pursuing.*

*When engaged in pleasure's chase,
Never look behind you;
Back if you should turn your face,
Misfortune's dust may blind you.*

LORD WILLIAM and LADY ELINOR.

*Here let the titled wedded pair,
A lesson take from humble life;
Nor in the lady and the lord,
Forget the husband, and the wife.
Ne'er shall th' example us reprove,
Whose proudest boast shall be our love.*

SESTETTO.

*The present hour is ever ready,
To assume a smiling face;
If to wisdom's counsels steady,
Pleasure's precepts you embrace.*

Edward. Tho' no more I am a lord,
Give my love but this reward,
Rank and title I forego.

Adela. No, my Edward, say not so.

CHORUS.

The banished ills, &c.

OROONOKO;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS SOUTHERN.



Act V.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
CAPTAIN DRIVER
OROONOKO
BLANDFORD
ABOAN

HOTMAN
STANMORE
JACK STANMORE
DANIEL
PLANTERS

WIDOW LACKITT
CHARLOTTE WELDON
LUCY WELDON
IMOINDA
SLAVES

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARLOTTE WELDON, in man's clothes, following LUCY.

Lucy. What will this come to? what can it end in? You have persuaded me to leave dear England, and dearer London, the place of the world most worthy living in, to follow you, a husband-hunting, into America: I thought husbands grew in these plantations.

Char. Why, so they do, as thick as oranges ripening one under another. Week after week they drop into some woman's mouth. 'Tis but a little patience, spreading your apron in expectation, and one of them will fall into your lap at last.

Lucy. Ay, say you so, indeed?

Char. But you have left dear London, you say; pray, what have you left in London that was very dear to you, that had not left you before?

Lucy. Speak for yourself, sister.

Char. Nay, I'll keep you in countenance. The young fellows, you know, the dearest part of the town, and without whom London had been a wilderness to you and me, had forsaken us a great while.

Lucy. Forsaken us! I don't know that ever they

Char. Forsaken us the worst way, child; that is, did not think us worth having: they neglected us, no longer designed upon us, they were tired of us. Women in London are like the rich silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out.

Lucy. The devil take the fashion, I say.

Char. You may tumble them over and over at their first coming up, and never disparage their price; but they fall upon wearing immediately, lower and lower in their value, till they come to the

broker at last. To prevent which, with what youth and beauty were left, some experience, and the small remainder of fifteen hundred pounds a piece, which amounted to bare two hundred between us both, I persuaded you to bring your person for a venture to the Indies. Everything has succeeded in our voyage: I pass for your brother; one of the richest planters here happening to die just as we landed, I have claimed kindred with him; so without making his will, he has left us the credit of his relation to trade upon: we pass for his cousins, coming here to Surinam chiefly upon his invitation: we live in reputation; have the best acquaintance in the place; and we shall see our account in't, I warrant you.

Lucy. I must rely upon you.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT.

Widow L. Mr. Weldon, your servant. Your servant, Mrs. Lucy: I am an ill visitor, but 'tis not too late, I hope, to bid you welcome to this side of the world. (*Salutes Lucy.*)

Char. 'Gadso! I beg your pardon, widow, I should have done the civilities of my house before; but, as you say, 'tis not too late, I hope. (*Going to kiss her.*)

Widow L. What, you think now this was a civil way of begging a kiss; and by my troth, if it were, I see no harm in't: 'tis a pitiful favour indeed that is not worth asking for; though I have known a woman speak plainer before now, and not understood neither.

Char. Not under my roof. Have at you widow.

Widow L. Why, that's well said; spoke like a younger brother, that deserves to have a widow. (*Char. kisses her.*) You're a younger brother, I know by your kissing.

Char. How so, pray?

Widow L. Why, you kiss as if you expected to be paid for't. You stick so close, there's no getting rid of you.

Char. I am akin to a younger brother.

Widow L. So much the better: we widows are commonly the better for younger brothers.

Lucy. Better or worse, most of you. But you won't be much the better for him, I can tell you. (*Aside.*)

Char. I was a younger brother; but an uncle of my mother's has maliciously left me an estate, and I'm afraid, spoiled my fortune.

Widow L. No, no; an estate will never spoil your fortune; I have a good estate myself, thank heaven and a kind husband that left it behind him.

Char. Thank heaven that took him away from it, widow, and left you behind him.

Widow L. Nay, heaven's will must be done; he's in a better place.

Char. A better place for you, no doubt on't. Now you may look about you; choose for yourself, Mrs. Lackitt, that's your business; for I know you design to marry again.

Widow L. Nay, I'll do nothing rashly; I'll resolve against nothing. The devil, they say, is very busy upon these occasions, especially with the widows. But, if I am to be tempted, it must be with a young man, I promise you. Mrs. Lucy, your brother is a very pleasant gentleman; I came about business to him, but he turns everything into merriment.

Char. Business, Mrs. Lackitt? Then I know you would have me to yourself. Pray, leave us together, sister. [*Exit Lucy.*] What am I drawing upon myself here? (*Aside.*)

Widow L. You have taken a very pretty house here; everything so neat about you already. I hear you are laying out for a plantation.

Char. Why, yes, truly, I like the country, and would buy a plantation, if I could reasonably.

Widow L. Oh! by all means, reasonably.

Char. If I could have one to my mind, I would think of settling among you.

Widow L. Oh! you can't do better. Indeed, we can't pretend to have so good company for you as you had in England; but we shall make very much of you. For my own part, I assure you, I shall think myself very happy to be more particularly known to you.

Char. Dear Mrs. Lackitt, you do me too much honour.

Widow L. Then as to a plantation, Mr. Weldon, you know I have several to dispose of. Mr. Lackitt, I thank him, has left, though I say it, the richest widow upon the place; therefore, I may afford to use you better than other people can. You shall have one upon any reasonable terms, Mr. Weldon. Well, I like that name of your's exceedingly, Mr. Weldon.

Char. My name?

Widow L. Oh, exceedingly! If anything could persuade me to alter my own name, I verily believe nothing in the world would do it so soon as to be called Mrs. Weldon.

Char. I'm glad you like my name.

Widow L. Of all things. But then there's the misfortune, one cannot change one's name without changing one's condition.

Char. You hardly think it worth that, I believe.

Widow L. Think it worth what, sir? changing my condition? indeed, sir, I think it worth everything. But, alas! Mr. Weldon, I have buried my poor dear husband but six weeks; poor dear creature! I loved him sincerely: 'tis too soon to think of changing one's condition yet; indeed it is: pray don't desire it of me; not but that you may persuade me to anything sooner than any person in the world—

Char. Who, I, Mrs. Lackitt?

Widow L. Indeed you may, Mr. Weldon, sooner than any man living. Lord! there's a great deal in

saving a decency; I never minded it before. Well, I am glad you spoke first, to excuse my modesty. Now I will own to you (but I won't confess neither,) I have had a great respect for you a great while. I beg your pardon, sir; and I must declare to you, indeed I must, if you desire to dispose of all I have in the world, in an honourable way, my fortune and person, (if you won't understand me without telling you so,) are both at your service. 'Gadso! another time—

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Mrs. Lackitt, your widowhood's weaning apace; I see which way 'tis going. Weldon, you're a happy man. The women and their favours come home to you.

Widow L. A fiddle of favour, Mr. Stanmore; I am a lone woman, you know it, left in a great deal of business, and business must be followed or lost. I have several stocks and plantations upon my hands, and other things to dispose of, which Mr. Weldon may have occasion for.

Char. We were just upon the brink of a bargain as you came in.

Stan. Let me drive it on for you.

Char. So you must, I believe, you or somebody for me.

Stan. I'll stand by you: I understand more of this business than you can pretend to.

Char. I don't pretend to it; 'tis quite out of my way, indeed.

Stan. If the widow gets you to herself, she will certainly be too hard for you: I know her of old; she has no conscience in a corner; a very Jew in a bargain.

Char. Is this true, widow?

Widow L. Speak as you find, Mr. Weldon; I have offered you very fair; think upon't, and let me hear of you; the sooner the better, Mr. Weldon.

[*Exit.*]

Stan. I assure you, my friend, she'll cheat you if she can.

Char. I don't know that, but I can cheat her if I will.

Stan. Cheat her! How?

Char. I can marry her; and then I am sure I have it in my power to cheat her.

Stan. Can you marry her?

Char. Yes, faith! so she says: her pretty person and fortune (which, one with the other, you know, are not contemptible,) are both at my service.

Stan. Contemptible! very considerable, egad! very desirable; why, she's worth twenty thousand pounds, man; a clear estate; no charge upon't, but a boobily son. He, indeed, was to have half; but his father begot him, and she breeds him up not to know or have more than she has a mind to.

Char. There's a great deal to be made of this. (*Musing.*)

Stan. A handsome fortune may be made on't; and I advise you to't by all means.

Char. To marry her! an old wanton witch! I hate her.

Stan. No matter for that; let her go to the devil for you. She'll cheat her son of a good estate for you: that's a perquisite of a widow's portion always.

Char. I have a design, and will follow her at least, till I have a pennyworth of the plantation.

Stan. I speak as a friend when I advise you to marry her, for 'tis directly against the interest of my own family. My cousin Jack has belaboured her a good while that way.

Char. What! honest Jack? I'll not hinder him. I'll give over the thoughts of her.

Stan. He'll make nothing on't; she does not care for him. I'm glad you have her in your power.

Char. I may be able to serve him.

Stan. Here's a ship come into the river; I was in hopes it had been from England.

Char. From England?

Stan. No; I was disappointed; I long to see this

handsome cousin of your's: the picture you gave me of her has charmed me.

Char. You'll see whether it has flattered her or no, in a little time. If she be recovered of that illness that was the reason of her staying behind us, I know she will come with the first opportunity. We shall see her, or hear of her death.

Stan. We'll hope the best. The ships from England are expected every day.

Char. What ship is this?

Stan. A rover, a buccaneer, a trader in slaves: that's the commodity we deal in, you know. If you have a curiosity to see our manner of marketing, I'll wait upon you.

Char. We'll take my sister with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An open Place.*

Enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR and BLANDFORD.

Lieut. There's no resisting your fortune, Blandford; you draw all the prizes.

Bland. I draw for our lord governor; you know his fortune favours me.

Lieut. I grudge him nothing this time; but if fortune had favoured me in the last sale, the fair slave had been mine; Clemene had been mine.

Bland. Are you still in love with her?

Lieut. Every day more in love with her.

Enter CAPTAIN DRIVER, teased and pulled about by WIDOW LACKITT and several Planters, at one door; at another, CHARLOTTE WELDON, dressed in man's clothes, LUCY, STANMORE, and JACK STANMORE.

Widow L. Here have I six slaves in my lot, and not a man among them; all women and children; what can I do with 'em, Captain?

1 Plan. I have all men in mine. Pray, Captain, let the men and women be mingled together, for the good of the plantation.

2 Plan. Ay, ay; a man and a woman, Captain, for the good of the plantation.

Capt. D. Let them mingle together, and be d—d; what care I. Would you have me a pimp for the good of the plantation?

1 Plan. I am a constant customer, Captain.

Widow L. I am always ready money to you, Captain.

1 Plan. For that matter, mistress, my money is as ready as your's.

Widow L. Pray hear me, Captain.

Capt. D. Look you, I have done my part by you; I have brought the number of slaves I bargained for; if your lots have not pleased you, you must draw again among yourselves.

3 Plan. I am contented with my lot.

4 Plan. I am very well satisfied.

3 Plan. We'll have no drawing again.

Widow L. Ay, but—

Capt. D. Do you hear, mistress? you may hold your tongue; for my part, I expect my money.

Widow L. Captain, nobody questions or scruples the payment; but I won't hold my tongue; 'tis too much to pray and pay too; one may speak for one's own, I hope.

Capt. D. Well, what would you say?

Widow L. I say no more than I can make out.

Capt. D. Out with it then.

Widow L. I say things have not been so fair carried as they might have been. How do I know but you have juggled together in my absence? You drew the lots before I came, I'm sure.

Capt. D. That's your own fault, mistress; you might have come sooner.

Widow L. Then here's a prince, as they say, among the slaves, and you set him down to go as a common man.

Capt. D. I'll warrant you.

Widow L. Sir, you're a scurvy fellow, to talk at this rate to me. If my husband were alive, gads-bodikins! you would not use me so. Marry come

up here, who are you, I trow? You begin to think yourself a captain, forsooth, because we call you so. You forget yourself as fast as you can; but I remember you; I know you for a pitiful, paltry fellow as you are, an upstart to prosperity; one that is but just come acquainted with cleanliness, and that never saw five shillings of your own without deserving to be hanged for them.

Lieut. She has given you a broadside, Captain; you'll stand up to her.

Capt. D. Hang her! I'll come no nearer.

Widow L. By this good light, it would make a woman do a thing she never designed; marry again, though she were sure to repent it, and be revenged of such a—

[*serve you?*]

Jack S. What's the matter, Mrs. Lackitt? can I

Widow L. No, no; you can't serve me: you are for serving yourself, I'm sure. Pray go about your business. Lord! how can you be so troublesome; nay, so unconscionable, to think that every rich widow must throw herself away upon a young fellow that has nothing?

Stan. Jack, you are answered, I suppose.

Jack S. I'll have another pluck at her.

Widow L. Mr. Weldon, I am a little disconcerted; but pray bring your sister to dine with me. 'Gad's my life! I'm out of all patience with that pitiful fellow. My flesh rises at him; I can't stay in the place where he is. [*Exit.*]

Bland. Captain, you have used the widow very familiarly.

Capt. D. This is my way; I have no design, and therefore am not over civil. If she had ever a handsome daughter to wheedle her out of, or if I could make anything of her booby son—

Char. I may improve that hint, and make something of him. (*Aside.*)

Lieut. She's very rich.

Capt. D. I'm rich myself. She has nothing that I want; I have no leaks to stop. Old women are fortune-menders. I have made a good voyage, and would reap the fruits of my labour. We plough the deep, my masters; but our harvest is on shore. I am for a young woman.

Stan. Look about, Captain; there's one ripe, and ready for the sickle.

Capt. D. A woman, indeed: I will be acquainted with her. Who is she?

Char. My sister, sir.

Capt. D. Would I were akin to her: if she were my sister, she should never go out of the family. What say you, mistress? You expect I should marry you, I suppose?

Lucy. I sha'n't be disappointed, if you don't. (*Turns away.*)

Char. She won't break her heart, sir.

Capt. D. But I mean—(*Follows Lucy.*)

Char. And I mean—(*goes between Capt. D. and Lucy*) that you must not think of her without marrying.

Capt. D. I mean so, too.

Char. Why, then, your meaning's out.

Capt. D. You're very short.

Char. I will grow, and be taller for you.

Capt. D. I shall grow angry and swear.

Char. You'll catch no fish, then.

Capt. D. I don't well know whether he designs to affront me or no.

Stan. No, no; he's a little familiar; 'tis his way.

Capt. D. Say you so? I can be as familiar as he, if that be it. Well, sir, look upon me full. How do you like me for a brother-in-law?

Char. Why yes, you'll do my business, (*turning him about*) if we can agree about my sister's.

Capt. D. I don't know whether your sister will like me or not: I can't say much to her; but I have money enough; and if you are her brother, as you seem to be akin to her, I know that will recommend me to you.

Char. This is your market for slaves; my sister

is a free woman, and must not be disposed of in public. You shall be welcome to my house, if you please; and, upon better acquaintance, if my sister likes you, and I like your offers—

Capt. D. Very well, sir, I'll come and see her.

Lieut. Where are the slaves, Captain? they are long a-coming.

Bland. And who is this prince that's fallen to my lot for the lord-governor? Let me know something of him, that I may treat him accordingly.—Who is he?

Capt. D. He's the devil of a fellow, I can tell you; a prince every inch of him: you have paid dear enough for him for all the good he'll do you: I was forced to clap him in irons, and did not think the ship safe neither. You are in hostility with the Indians, they say; they threaten you daily: you had best have an eye upon him.

Bland. But who is he?

Lieut. And how do you know him to be a prince?

Capt. D. He is son and heir to the great king of Angola, a mischievous monarch in those parts; who, by his good will, would never let any of his neighbours be in quiet. This son was his general, a plaguy fighting fellow. I have formerly had dealings with him for slaves, which he took prisoners, and have got pretty roundly by him. But the wars being at an end, and nothing more to be got by the trade of that country, I made bold to bring the prince along with me.

Lieut. How could you do that?

Bland. What! steal a prince out of his own country? Impossible!

Capt. D. 'Twas hard indeed; but I did it. You must know this Oroonoko—

Bland. Is that his name?

Capt. D. Ay, Oroonoko.

Lieut. Oroonoko.

Capt. D. Is naturally inquisitive about the men and manners of the white nations. Because I could give him some account of the other parts of the world, I grew very much into his favour: in return of so great an honour, you know, I could do no less, upon my coming away, than invite him on board me. Never having been in a ship, he appointed his time, and I prepared my entertainment. He came the next evening, as private as he could, with about some twenty along with him. The punch went round; and as many of his attendants as would be dangerous, I sent dead drunk on shore; the rest we secured; and so you have the Prince Oroonoko.

Bland. Unheard of villany!

Stan. Barbarous treachery!

Lieut. But, Captain, methinks you have taken a great deal of pains for this Prince Oroonoko; why did you part with him at the common rate of slaves?

Capt. D. Why, Lieutenant-Governor, I'll tell you: I did design to carry him to England, to have shewed him there; but I found him troublesome upon my hands, and I'm glad I'm rid of him. Oh, oh! hark! they come.

Enter black Slaves, Men, Women, and Children; ABOAN and others of Oroonoko's attendants, and OROONOKO in chains.

Lucy. Are all these wretches slaves?

Stan. All sold, they and their posterity, all slaves.

Lucy. O miserable fortune!

Bland. Most of them know no better; they were born so, and only change their masters. But a prince, born only to command, betrayed and sold, my heart drops blood for him.

Capt. D. Now, governor, here he comes; pray observe him.

Oroo. So, sir, you have kept your word with me. *(To Capt. D.)*

Capt. D. I am a better Christian, I thank you, than to keep it with a heathen.

Oroo. You are a Christian; be a Christian still. If you have any god that teaches you

To break your word, I need not curse you more:

Let him cheat you, as you are false to me.

You faithful followers of my better fortune,

We have been fellow-soldiers in the field;

(Embracing his Friends.)

Now we are fellow-slaves. This last farewell.

Be sure of one thing that will comfort us,

Whatever world we are next thrown upon

Cannot be worse than this.

[All the Slaves go off but Oroonoko.]

Capt. D. You see what a horrible Pagan he is, governor: but I took care that none of his followers should be in the same lot with him, for fear they should undertake some desperate action, to the danger of the colony.

Oroo. Live still in fear; it is the villain's curse, And will revenge my chains; fear even me,

Who have no power to hurt thee. Nature abhors,

And drives thee out from the society

And commerce of mankind, for breach of faith.

Men live and prosper but in mutual trust,

A confidence of one another's truth;

That thou hast violated. I have done;

I know my fortune, and submit to it.

Lieut. Sir, I am sorry for your fortune, and would help it if I could.

Bland. Take off his chains. You know your condition; but you are fallen into honourable hands: you are the lord-governor's slave, who will use you nobly; in his absence, it shall be my care to serve you. *(Blandford applying to him.)*

Oroo. I hear you, but I can believe no more.

Lieut. Captain, I'm afraid the world won't speak so honourably of this action of your's, as you would have them.

Capt. D. I have the money; let the world speak and be d—d; I care not.

Oroo. I would forget myself. Be satisfied.

(To Bland.)

I am above the rank of common slaves:

Let that content you. The Christian here that knows me,

For his own sake will not discover more.

Capt. D. I have other matters to mind. You have him, and much good may do you with your prince. *[Exit.]*

(The Planters pulling and staring at Oroonoko.)

Bland. What would you have there? You stare as if you never saw a man before. Stand further off. *(Turns them away.)*

Oroo. Let them stare on.

I am unfortunate, but not ashamed

Of being so. No, let the guilty blush:

The white man that betray'd me. Honest black

Disdains to change its colour. I am ready;

Where must I go? Dispose me as you please.

I am not well acquainted with my fortune,

But must learn to know it better: so, I know, you say,

Degrees make all things easy.

Bland. All things shall be easy.

Oroo. Tear off this pomp, and let me know myself;

The slavish habit best becomes me now.

Hard fate, and whips, and chains may overpower

The frailer flesh, and bow my body down:

But there's another, nobler part of me,

Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

Bland. You shall find nothing of this wretchedness

You apprehend. We are not monsters all.

You seem unwilling to disclose yourself;

Therefore, for fear the mentioning your name

Should give you new disquiets, I presume

To call you Cæsar.

Oroo. I am myself; but call me what you please.

Stan. A very good name Cæsar.

Lieut. And very fit for his character.

Oroo. Was Cæsar then a slave?

Lieut. I think he was; to pirates too. He was a great conqueror, but unfortunate in his friends—

Oroo. His friends were Christians?

Bland. No.

Oroo. No! that's strange.

Lieut. And murder'd by them.

Oroo. I would be Cæsar then. Yet I will live.

Bland. Live to be happier.

Oroo. Do what you will with me.

Bland. I will wait upon you, attend, and serve you. *[Exit with Oroonoko.]*

Lucy. Well, if the Captain had brought this prince's country along with him, and would make me queen of it, I would not have him, after doing so base a thing.

Char. He's a man to thrive in the world, sister; he'll make you the better jointure.

Lucy. Hang him, nothing can prosper with him.

Stan. Inquire into the great estates, and you'll find most of them depend upon the same title of honesty: the men who raise them first are much of the Captain's principles.

Char. Ay, ay, as you say, let him be damned for the good of his family. Come, sister, we are invited to dinner.

Lieut. Stanmore, you dine with me. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Widow Lackitt's House.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT, and CHARLOTTE WELDON, in man's clothes.

Char. This is so great a favour, I don't know how to receive it.

Widow L. O, dear sir! you know how to receive and how to return a favour as well as anybody, I don't doubt it; 'tis not the first you have had from our sex, I suppose.

Char. But this is so unexpected.

Widow L. Lord, how can you say so, Mr. Weldon? I won't believe you. Don't I know you handsome gentlemen expect everything a woman can do for you? and by my troth, you're in the right on't. I think one can't do too much for a handsome gentleman; and so you shall find it.

Char. I shall never have such an offer again, that's certain. What shall I do? I am mightily divided. *(Pretending a concern.)*

Widow L. Divided! O dear, I hope not so, sir. If I marry, truly, I expect to have you to myself.

Char. There's no danger of that, Mrs. Lackitt: I am divided in my thoughts; my father upon his death-bed obliged me to see my sister disposed of, before I married myself. 'Tis that sticks upon me.

Widow L. Is that all?

Char. All in all to me. The commands of a dying father, you know, ought to be obeyed.

Widow L. And so they may.

Char. Impossible, to do me any good.

Widow L. They sha'n't be your hindrance. You would have a husband for your sister, you say: he must be very well to pass too in the world, I suppose.

Char. I would not throw her away.

Widow L. Then marry her out of hand to the sea-captain you were speaking of.

Char. I was thinking of him, but 'tis to no purpose; she hates him.

Widow L. Does she hate him? nay, 'tis no matter, an impudent rascal as he is; I would not advise her to marry him.

Char. Can you think of nobody else?

Widow L. Let me see. Well, if I thought you would like of it, I have a husband for her. What do you think of my son?

Char. You don't think of it yourself.

Widow L. I protest but I do: I am in earnest, if you are: he shall marry her within this half hour, if you'll give your consent to it.

Char. I give my consent! I'll answer for my sister, she shall have him; you may be sure I shall be glad to get over the difficulty.

Widow L. No more to be said then, that difficulty is over; but I vow and swear you frightened me, Mr. Weldon. If I had not had a son now for your sister, what must I have done, do you think? Were not you an ill-natured thing to boggle at a promise? I could break twenty for you.

Char. I am the more obliged to you; but this son will save all.

Widow L. He's in the house; I'll go and bring him myself. *(Going.)* You would do well to break the business to your sister. She's within, I'll send her to you. *(Going, returns.)*

Char. Pray do.

Widow L. But, d'you hear? perhaps she may stand upon her maidenly behaviour, and blush, and play the fool, and delay; but don't be answered so. What! she is not a girl at these years. Shew your authority, and tell her roundly, she must be married immediately. I'll manage my son, I warrant you. *[Exit hastily.]*

Char. The widow's in haste, I see; I thought I had laid a rub in the road, about my sister; but she has stepp'd over that. She's making way for herself as fast as she can; but little thinks where she is going. I could tell her she is going to play the fool; but people don't love to hear of their faults; besides that is not my business at present.

Enter LUCY.

So, sister, I have a husband for you.

Lucy. With all my heart. I don't know what confinement marriage may be to the men, but I'm sure the women have no liberty without it. I'm for anything that will deliver me from the care of a reputation, which I begin to find impossible to preserve.

Char. I'll ease you of that care. You must be married immediately.

Lucy. The sooner the better; for I'm quite tired of setting up for a husband. The widow's foolish son is the man, I suppose?

Char. I considered your constitution, sister; and, finding you would have occasion for a fool, I have provided accordingly.

Lucy. I don't know what occasion I may have for a fool when I'm married; but I find none but fools have occasion to marry.

Char. Since he is to be a fool, then, I thought it better for you to have one of his mother's making than your own; 'twill save you the trouble.

Lucy. I thank you; you take a great deal of pains for me; but pray tell me what you are doing for yourself all this while?

Char. You are never true to your own secrets, and therefore I won't trust you with mine. Only remember this, I am your eldest sister, and consequently, laying my breeches aside, have as much occasion for a husband as you can have. I have a man in my eye, be satisfied.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT, with her Son DANIEL.

Widow L. Come, Daniel, hold up thy head, child; look like a man; you must not take it as you have done. 'Gads my life! there's nothing to be done with twirling your hat, man.

Dan. Why, mother, what's to be done then?

Widow L. Why, look me in the face, and mind what I say to you.

Dan. Marry, who's the fool then? What shall I get by minding what you say to me?

Widow L. Mrs. Lucy, the boy is bashful, don't discourage him: pray come a little forward, and let him salute you. *(Going between Lucy and Daniel.)*

Lucy. A fine husband I am to have, truly. *(To Char.)*

Widow L. Come, Daniel, you must be acquainted with this gentlewoman.

Dan. Nay, I'm not proud, that is not my fault: I am presently acquainted when I know the company; but this gentlewoman is a stranger to me.

Widow L. She is your mistress: I have spoke a good word for you; make her a bow, and go and kiss her.

Dan. Kiss her! have a care what you say; I warrant she scorns your words. Such fine folks are not used to be slopped and kissed. Do you think I don't know that, mother?

Widow L. Try her, try her, man. (*Daniel bows, she thrusts him forward.*) Why that's well done; go nearer to her.

Dan. Is the devil in the woman? Why, so I can go nearer her, if you would let a body alone. (*To his Mother.*) Cry your mercy, forsooth; my mother is always shaming one before company; she would have me as unmannerly as herself, and offer to kiss you. (*To Lucy.*)

Char. Why won't you kiss her?

Dan. Why, pray may I?

Char. Kiss her, kiss her, man.

Dan. Marry, and I will. (*Kisses her.*) Gad-zooks, she kisses rarely! An' please you, mistress, and seeing my mother will have it so, I don't much care if I kiss you again, forsooth. (*Kisses her again.*)

Lucy. Well, how do you like me now?

Dan. Like you? marry, I don't know; you have bewitched me, I think: I was never so in my born days before.

Widow L. You must marry this fine woman, Daniel.

Dan. Heyday! marry her! I was never married in all my life. What must I do with her then, mother!

Widow L. You must live with her, eat and drink with her, and sleep with her.

Dan. Nay marry, I shall never sleep, that's certain; she'll break of my rest, quite and clean, I tell you before-hand. As for eating and drinking with her, why I have a good stomach, and can play my part in any company. But how do you think I can go to bed to a woman I don't know?

Char. You shall know her better.

Dan. Say you so, sir?

Char. Kiss her again. (*Kisses her again.*)

Dan. Nay, kissing I find will make us presently acquainted. We'll steal into a corner to practice a little, and then I shall be able to do anything.

Char. The young man mends apace.

Dan. Mother, mother, if you'll stay in the room by me, and promise not to leave me, I don't care for once if I venture to go to bed with her.

Widow L. There's a good child, go in and put on thy best clothes; pluck up a spirit; I'll stay in the room by thee. She won't hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Dan. Nay, as to that matter, I am not afraid of her. I'll give her as good as she brings. I have a Rowland for her Oliver, and so thou may tell her. [*Exit.*]

Widow L. Mrs. Lucy, we sha'n't stay for you; you are in readiness I suppose?

Char. She is always ready to do what I would have her, I must say that for my sister.

Widow L. 'Twill be her own another day, Mr. Weldon; we'll marry 'em out of hand, and then—

Char. And then, Mrs. Lackitt, look to yourself. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OROONOKO and BLANDFORD.

Oroo. You know my story, and you say you are a friend to my misfortunes: that's a name Will teach you what you owe yourself and me.

Bland. I'll study to deserve to be your friend. When once our noble governor arrives, With him you will not need my interest: He is too generous not to feel your wrongs. But be assur'd I will employ my pow'r, And find the means to send you home again.

Oroo. I thank you, sir. My honest, wretched friends! (*Sighing.*)

Their chains are heavy; they have hardly found So kind a master. May I ask you, sir, What is become of them? Perhaps I should not. You will forgive a stranger.

Bland. I'll inquire; And use my best endeavours, where they are, To have 'em gently us'd.

Oroo. Once more I thank you. You offer every cordial that can keep My hopes alive, to wait a better day. What friendly care can do, you have apply'd: But oh! I have a grief admits no cure.

Bland. You do not know, sir—

Oroo. Can you raise the dead? Pursue and overtake the wings of time? And bring about again the hours, the days, The years that made me happy?

Bland. That is not to be done

Oroo. No, there is nothing to be done for me. (*Kneels and kisses the earth.*)

Thou God ador'd! thou ever-glorious sun! If she be yet on earth, send me a beam Of thy all-seeing pow'r to light me to her: Or, if thy sister goddess has preferr'd Her beauty to the skies, to be a star, O, tell me where she shines, that I may stand Whole nights, and gaze upon her.

Bland. I am rude, and interrupt you.

Oroo. I am troublesome: But pray give me your pardon. My swoln heart Bursts out its passage, and I must complain, (O! can you think of nothing dearer to me; Dearer than liberty, my country, friends, Much dearer than my life?) that I have lost The tend'rest, best belov'd, and loving wife.

Bland. Alas! I pity you.

Oroo. Do pity me: Pity's akin to love; and every thought, Of that soft kind, is welcome to my soul. I would be pity'd here.

Bland. I dare not ask More than you please to tell me: but if you Think it convenient to let me know Your story, I dare promise you to bear A part in your distress, if not assist you.

Oroo. Thou honest-hearted man! I wanted such, Just such a friend as thou art, that would sit, Still as the night, and let me talk whole days Of my Imoinda. O! I'll tell thee all, From first to last; and pray observe me well.

Bland. I will most heedfully.

Oroo. There was a stranger in my father's court, Valu'd and honour'd much: he was a white, The first I ever saw of your complexion. He chang'd his god for ours, and so grew great; Of many virtues, and so fam'd in arms, He still commanded all my father's wars: I was bred under him. One fatal day, The armies joining, he before me stepp'd, Receiving in his breast a poison'd dart Levell'd at me: he dy'd within my arms. I've tir'd you already.

Bland. Pray go on.

Oroo. He left an only daughter, whom he brought An infant to Angola. When I came Back to the court, a happy conqueror, Humanity oblig'd me to condole With this sad virgin for a father's loss, Lost for my safety. I presented her With all the slaves of battle, to atone Her father's ghost. But, when I saw her face, And heard her speak, I offer'd up myself To be the sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd; I wonder'd and ador'd. The sacred pow'r, That hath subdu'd me, then inspir'd my tongue, Inclined her heart, and all our talk was love.

Bland. Then you were happy.

Oroo. Oh! I was too happy.

I marry'd her: and, though my country's custom
Indulg'd the privilege of many wives,
I swore myself never to know but her.
O, my Imoinda! But it could not last.
Her fatal beauty reach'd my father's ears:
He sent for her to court, where, cursed court!
No woman comes but for his amorous use.
He raging to possess her, she was forc'd
To own herself my wife. The furious king
Started at incest; but, grown desperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he desir'd,
In mad revenge (which I could never learn)
He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to see her more.

Bland. Most barbarous of fathers! the sad tale
Has struck me dumb with wonder.

Oroo. I have done.
I'll trouble you no further: now and then,
A sigh will have its way: that shall be all.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. Blandford, the Lieutenant-governor is gone
to your plantation. He desires you would bring
the royal slave with you. The sight of his fair mis-
tress, he says, is an entertainment for a prince. He
would have his opinion of her.

Oroo. Is he a lover?

Bland. So he says himself. He flatters a beau-
tiful slave that I have, and calls her mistress.

Oroo. Must he then flatter her to call her mis-
tress?

I pity the proud man, who thinks himself
Above being in love. What, though she be a slave,
She may deserve him.

Bland. You shall judge of that when you see
her, sir.

Oroo. I go with you. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Plantation.

*Enter IMOINDA, followed by the LIEUTENANT-
GOVERNOR.*

Lieut. I have disturb'd you. I confess my faults,
My fair Clemene; but begin again,
And I will listen to your mournful song,
Sweet as the soft complaining nightingale's.
Sing, sing again,
And let me wonder at the many ways
You have to ravish me.

Imo. Oh! I can weep

Enough for you and me, if that will please you.

Lieut. You must not weep: I come to dry your
tears,

And raise you from your sorrow. I may take
This pretty hand: I know your modesty
Would draw it back; but you would take it ill
If I should let it go.

*(She struggles, and gets her hand from him;
then he offers to kiss her.)*

Nay, if you struggle with me, I must take—

Imo. You may my life, that I can part with freely. *[Exit.]*

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, and OROONOKO.

Bland. So, governor, we don't disturb you, I
hope?

Your mistress has left you. You were making love:
She's thankful for the honour, I suppose.

Lieut. Quite insensible to all I say and do.

When I speak to her, she sighs, or weeps,
But never answers me as I would have her.

Stan. There's something nearer than her slavery,
that touches her.

Bland. What do her fellow-slaves say of her?
Can't they find out the cause?

Lieut. Some of them, who pretend to be wiser
than the rest, and hate her, I suppose, for being
used better than they are, will needs have it that
she is with child.

Bland. Poor wretch! if it be so, I pity her.

She has lost a husband, that perhaps was dear
To her, and then you cannot blame her.

Oroo. If it be so, indeed you cannot blame her.
(Sighing.)

Lieut. No, no; it is not so. If it be so,
I must still love her; and, desiring still,
I must enjoy her.

Bland. Try what you can do with fair means, and
welcome.

Lieut. I'll give you ten slaves for her.

Bland. You know she is our lord governor's:
but, if I could dispose of her, I would not now,
especially to you.

Lieut. Why not to me?

Bland. I mean against her will. You are in love
with her;

And we all know what your desires would have.
Love stops at nothing but possession.

Where she within your power, you do not know
How soon you would be tempted to forget
The nature of the deed; and, may be, act
A violence you after would repent.

Oroo. 'Tis godlike in you to protect the weak.

Lieut. Fie, fie! I would not force her. Though
she be

A slave, her mind is free, and should consent.

Oroo. Such honour will engage her to consent:
And then, if you're in love, she's worth the having.
Shall we not see the wonder?

Lieut. Have a care;
You have a heart, and she has conqu'ring eyes.

Oroo. I have a heart; but, if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my breast,
And throw the traitor from me. O, Imoinda!
Living or dead, I can be only thine. *[Exit.]*

Bland. Imoinda was his wife: she's either dead,
Or living, dead to him; forc'd from his arms
By an inhuman father. Another time
I'll tell you all. *[To Lieut. and Stan. Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Slaves, Men, Women, and Children,
discovered upon the ground; some rise and dance.

During the entertainment, enter the LIEUTENANT-
GOVERNOR, BLANDFORD, STANMORE, and
ORONOKO, as spectators; that ended, enter
CAPTAIN DRIVER, JACK STANMORE, and several
Planters, with their swords drawn. Drum beats.

Capt. D. Where are you, governor? Make what
haste you can

To save yourself and the whole colony.

I bid 'em ring the bell.

Lieut. What's the matter?

Jack S. The Indians are come down upon us;
they have plundered some of the plantations already,
and are marching this way as fast as they can.

Lieut. What can we do against them?

Bland. We shall be able to make a stand till
more planters come in to us.

Jack S. There are a great many more without,
if you would shew yourself, and put us in order.

Lieut. There's no danger of the white slaves,
they'll not stir. Blandford and Stanmore, come
you along with me. Some of you stay here to look
after the black slaves.

*[All go out but the Captain and six Planters,
who all at once seize Oroonoko.]*

1 Plan. Ay, ay, let us alone.

Capt. D. In the first place, we secure you, sir,
as an enemy to the government.

Oroo. Are you there, sir? You are my constant
friend.

1 Plan. You will be able to do a great deal of
mischief.

Capt. D. But we shall prevent you: bring the
irons hither. He has the malice of a slave in him,
and would be glad to be cutting his masters' throats.
I know him. Chain his hands and feet, that he may
not run over to 'em. If they have him, they'll carry
him on their backs, that I can tell 'em.

As they are chaining him, re-enter BLANDFORD, who runs to them.

Bland. What are you doing there?

Capt. D. Securing the main chance: this is a bosom enemy.

Bland. Away, you brutes! I'll answer with my life for his behaviour; so tell the governor.

Capt. D. & Plan. Well, sir, so we will.

[Exeunt Capt. D. and Planters.]

Oroo. Give me a sword, and I'll deserve your trust.

A party of Indians enter, hurrying IMOINDA among the slaves; another party of Indians sustains them retreating, followed at a distance by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, with the Planters: Blandford and Oroonoko join them.

Bland. Hell and the devil! they drive away our slaves before our faces. Governor, can you stand tamely by, and suffer this? Clemene, sir, your mistress, is among 'em.

Lieut. We throw ourselves away in the attempt to rescue them.

Oroo. A lover cannot fall more glorious, Than in the cause of love. He that deserves His mistress' favour, wo' not stay behind: I'll lead you on; be bold, and follow me.

[Oroonoko at the head of the Planters, falls upon the Indians with a great shout, and beats them off.]

Enter IMOINDA.

Imo. I'm tost about by my tempestuous fate,
And no where must have rest. Indians or English:
Whoever has me, I am still a slave.
No matter whose I am, since I'm no more
My royal master's; since I'm his no more.
O, I was happy! nay, I will be happy
In the dear thought that I am still his wife,
Though far divided from him. *(Retires.)*

Re-enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, OROONOKO, BLANDFORD, STANMORE, and Planters.

Lieut. Thou glorious man! thou something greater sure

Than Cæsar ever was! that single arm
Has sav'd us all: accept our gen'ral thanks.

(All bow to Oroonoko.)

And what we can do more to recompense
Such noble services, you shall command.
Clemene, too, shall thank you—she is safe—
Look up, and bless your brave deliverer.

(Brings Imoinda forward, looking downwards.)

Oroo. Bless me indeed!

Bland. You start!

Oroo. O, all you gods,
Who govern this great world, and bring about
Things strange and unexpected! Can it be?

Lieut. What is't you stare at so?

Oroo. Answer me some of you, you who have
pow'r,
And have your senses free: or are you all
Struck through with wonder too?

(Looking still fixedly on Imoinda.)

Bland. What would you know?

Oroo. My soul steals from my body through my
eyes;
All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.

Lieut. This is strange!

Oroo. If you but mock me with her image
here:

If she be not Imoinda—

*(She looks upon him and falls into a swoon;
he runs to her.)*

Ha! She faints!

Nay, then, it must be she: it is Imoinda!
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here.

(Kisses her.)

Imoinda! Oh! thy Oroonoko calls.

Imo. (Recovering.) My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't believe

What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceiv'd, there's something in that name,
That voice, that face— *(Stares at him.)*
Oh! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.
(Embraces him.)

Oroo. Never here:

You cannot be mistaken: I am your's,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have,
Your tender, loving husband.

Imo. All, indeed,

That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true;
But I believe all that you say to me:
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.

Oroo. Take, take me all: inquire into my heart,
(You know the way to ev'ry secret there,)
My heart, the sacred treasury of love:
And if, in absence, I have misemploy'd
A mite from the rich store; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you;
May I be curs'd to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.

Imo. Oh! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wish'd to see
The light of any other heav'n but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.

Oroo. Imoinda! Oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad: but let me bless you all,
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found!
And ev'ry thing that I would have in her.

(Embraces her.)

Stan. Where's your mistress now, governor?

Lieut. Why, where most men's mistresses are
forced to be sometimes—with her husband, it seems.
But I won't lose her so. *(Aside.)*

Stan. He has fought lustily for her, and deserves
her; I'll say that for him.

Bland. Sir, we congratulate your happiness; I
do most heartily.

Lieut. And all of us: but how it comes to
pass—

Oroo. That will require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or pow'r to tell you. Captain, you,
Ev'n you, who most have wrong'd me, I forgive.
I wo'not say you have betray'd me now:
I'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my lov'd Imoinda here.

Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be
worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.

Oroo. Let the fools

Who follow fortune, live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is plac'd in love,
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon,
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to pow'r unknown;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ABOAN, with several Slaves, and HOTMAN.

Hot. What! to be slaves to cowards! slaves to rogues, who can't defend themselves!

Aboan. Who is this fellow? He talks as if he were acquainted with our design: is he one of us? *(Aside to his own gang.)*

I Slave. Not yet; but he will be glad to make one, I believe.

Aboan. He makes a mighty noise.

Hot. Go, sneak in corners, whisper out your griefs,

For fear your masters hear you; cringe and crouch Under the bloody whip, like beaten curs, That lick their wounds, and know no other cure.

All, wretches all! you feel their cruelty, As much as I can feel, but dare not groan. For my part, while I have a life and tongue, I'll curse the authors of my slavery.

Aboan. Have you been long a slave?

Hot. Yes, many years.

Aboan. And do you only curse?

Hot. Curse! only curse! I cannot conjure, To raise the spirits up of other men: I am but one. Oh! for a soul of fire, To warm and animate our common cause, And make a body of us; then I would Do something more than curse.

Aboan. That body set on foot, you would be one, A limb, to lend it motion?

Hot. I would be The heart of it; the head, the hand, the heart: Would I could see the day!

Aboan. You will do all yourself.

Hot. I would do more Than I shall speak; but I may find a time—

Aboan. The time may come to you; be ready for't. Methinks he talks too much; I'll know him more Before I trust him further. *(Aside.)*

I Slave. If he dares Half what he says, he'll be of use to us.

Enter BLANDFORD.

Bland. If there be any one among you here That did belong to Oroonoko, speak; I come to him.

Aboan. I did belong to him; Aboan my name.

Bland. You are the man I want; pray come with me. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter OROONOKO and IMOINDA.

Oroo. I do not blame my father for his love; But when I think on his barbarity, That could expose you to so many wrongs; Driving you out to wretched slavery, Only for being mine; then I confess, I wish I could forget the name of son, That I might curse the tyrant.

Imo. I will bless him, For I have found you here: heaven only knows What is reserv'd for us; but if we guess The future by the past, our fortune must Be wonderful; it must be in extremes; Extremely happy, or extremely wretched.

Oroo. 'Tis in our power to make it happy now.

Imo. But not to keep it so.

Re-enter BLANDFORD with ABOAN.

Bland. My royal lord, I have a present for you.

Oroo. Aboan!

Aboan. Your lowest slave.

Oroo. My tried and valued friend! *(To Bland.)* This worthy man always prevents my wants: I only wish'd, and he has brought thee to me. Thou art surpris'd; carry thy duty there, *(Aboan goes to Imoinda, and falls at her feet.)* While I acknowledge mine. How shall I thank you? *(To Blandford.)*

Bland. Believe me honest to your interest, And I am more than paid. I have secur'd That all your foll'wers shall be gently us'd, Shall wait upon your person, while you stay Among us.

Oroo. I owe everything to you.

Bland. You must not think you are in slavery.

Oroo. I do not find I am.

Bland. Kind heaven has miraculously sent Those comforts, that may teach you to expect Its further care, in your deliverance.

Oroo. I sometimes think myself heav'n is concern'd For my deliverance.

Bland. It will be soon; You may expect it. Pray, in the mean time, Appear as cheerful as you can among us. You have some enemies, that represent You dangerous, and would be glad to find A reason, in your discontent, to fear. They watch your looks. But there are honest men Who are your friends; you are secur'd in them.

Oroo. I thank you for your caution.

Bland. I will leave you; And be assur'd, I wish your liberty. *[Exit.]*

Aboan. He speaks you very fair.

Oroo. He means me fair.

Aboan. If he should not, my lord?

Oroo. If he should not? I'll not suspect his truth; but if I did, What shall I get by doubting?

Aboan. You secure Not to be disappointed: but, besides, There's this advantage in suspecting him: When you put off the hopes of other men, You will rely upon your godlike self; And then you may be sure of liberty.

Oroo. Be sure of liberty? what dost thou mean, Advising to rely upon myself? I think I may be sure on't: we must wait; 'Tis worth a little patience. *(Turning to Imoinda.)*

Aboan. Oh, my lord!

Oroo. What dost thou drive at?

Aboan. Sir, another time You would have found it sooner; but I see Love has your heart, and takes up all your thoughts.

Oroo. And canst thou blame me?

Aboan. Sir, I must not blame you. But, as our fortune stands, there is a passion *(Your pardon, royal mistress, I must speak)* That would become you better than your love: A brave resentment; which, inspir'd by you, Might kindle and diffuse a gen'rous rage Among the slaves, to rouse and shake our chains, And struggle to be free.

Oroo. How can we help ourselves?

Aboan. I knew you when you would have found a way.

How help ourselves? the very Indians teach us. We need but to attempt our liberty, And we carry it. We have hands sufficient, Double the number of our masters' force, Ready to be employ'd. We want but you, To head our enterprise, and bid us strike.

Oroo. What would you do?

Aboan. Cut our oppressors' throats.

Oroo. And you would have me join in your design Of murder?

Aboan. It deserves a better name: But be it what it will, 'tis justify'd By self-defence, and natural liberty.

Oroo. I'll hear no more on't.

Aboan. I'm sorry for't.

Oroo. Nor shall you think of it.

Aboan. Not think of it?

Oroo. No, I command you not.

Aboan. Remember, sir, You are a slave yourself, and to command Is now another's right. Not think of it? Since the first moment they put on my chains,

I've thought of nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off. Can your's sit easy?

Oroo. I have a sense of my condition,
As painful and as quick as your's can be.
I feel for my Imoinda and myself;
Imoinda! much the tend'rest part of me.
But though I languish for my liberty,
I would not buy it at the Christian price
Of black ingratitude; they sha' not say
That we deserv'd our fortune by our crimes.
Murder the innocent!

Aboan. The innocent!

Oroo. These men are so, whom you would rise
against.

If we are slaves, they did not make us slaves;
But bought us in an honest way of trade;
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
They paid our price for us, and we are now
Their property, a part of their estate,
To manage as they please. Mistake me not,
I do not tamely say that we should bear
All they could lay upon us; but we find
The load so light, so little to be felt
(Considering they have us in their pow'r,
And may inflict what grievances they please,)
We ought not to complain.

Aboan. My royal lord,
You do not know the heavy grievances,
The toils, the labours, weary drudgeries,
Which they impose; burdens more fit for beasts,
For senseless beasts to bear, than thinking men.
Then if you saw the bloody cruelties
They execute on ev'ry slight offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting sport,
How worse than dogs they lash their fellow crea-
tures, [know
Your heart would bleed for 'em. Oh! could you
How many wretches lift their hands and eyes
To you for their relief!

Oroo. I pity 'em,
And wish I could with honesty do more.

Aboan. You must do more, and may, with honesty.
O, royal sir, remember who you are,
A prince, born for the good of other men;
Whose godlike office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind:
And this I'm sure you think oppression now.
What though you have not felt these miseries,
Never believe you are oblig'd to them;
They have their selfish reasons, may be, now,
For using of you well; but there will come
A time, when you must have your share of 'em.

Oroo. You see how little cause I have to think so:
Favour'd in my own person, in my friends;
Indulg'd in all that can concern my care,
In my Imoinda's soft society. (Embraces her.)

Aboan. And, therefore, would you lie contented
down

In the forgetfulness and arms of love,
To get young princes for 'em?

Oroo. Say'st thou? ha!

Aboan. Princes, the heirs of empire, and the last
Of your illustrious lineage, to be born
To pamper up their pride, and be their slaves?

Oroo. Imoinda! save me, save me from that
thought.

Aboan. I know you are persuaded to believe
The governor's arrival will prevent
These mischiefs, and bestow your liberty;
But who is sure of that? I rather fear
More mischiefs from his coming. He is young,
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous.
Such a complexion, and made bold by pow'r,
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no bounds, no law against his lusts.
If, in a fit of his intemperance,
With a strong hand he shall resolve to seize,
And force my royal mistress from your arms,
How can you help yourself?

Oroo. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.
I find the danger now. My spirits start
At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To man my heart, the citadel of love.
Is there a pow'r on earth to force you from me,
And shall I not resist it, nor strike first,
To keep, to save you, to prevent that curse?
This is your cause; and shall it not prevail?
Oh! you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashion'd to thy purpose; speak,
What combination, what conspiracy,
Wouldst thou engage me in? I'll undertake
All thou wouldst have me now for liberty,
For the great cause of love and liberty.

Aboan. Now, my great master, you appear your-
self;

And, since we have you join'd in our design,
It cannot fail us. I have muster'd up
The choicest slaves, men who are sensible
Of their condition, and seem most resolv'd:
They have their several parties.

Oroo. Summon 'em,
Assemble 'em; I will come forth and shew
Myself among 'em: if they are resolv'd,
I'll lead their foremost resolutions.

Aboan. I have provided those will follow you.

Oroo. With this reserve in our proceedings still,
The means that lead us to our liberty
Must not be bloody.

Aboan. You command in all.

We shall expect you, sir.

Oroo. You sha' not long.

[Exeunt Oroonoko, Imoinda, and Aboan.]

Enter CHARLOTTE WELDON, dressed in man's
clothes, followed by WIDOW LACKITT.

Widow L. These unmannerly Indians were some-
thing unreasonable to disturb us just in the nick,
Mr. Weldon; but I have the parson within call still,
to do us the good turn.

Char. We had best stay a little, I think, to see
things settled again, had not we? Marriage is a
serious thing, you know.

Widow L. What do you talk of a serious thing,
Mr. Weldon? I think you have found me sufficiently
serious: I have married my son to your sister, to
pleasure you; and now I come to claim your pro-
mise to me, you tell me marriage is a serious thing.

Char. Why, is it not?

Widow L. Fiddle faddle, I know what it is: 'tis
not the first time I have been married, I hope; but
I shall begin to think you don't design to do fairly
by me, so I shall.

Char. Why, indeed, Mrs. Lackitt, I'm afraid I
can't do so fairly as I would by you. 'Tis what
you must know first or last; and I should be the
worst man in the world to conceal it any longer;
therefore I must own to you that I am married
already.

Widow L. Married! You don't say so, I hope?
How have you the conscience to tell me such a
thing to my face? I would have you to know I
understand better things than to ruin my son with-
out a valuable consideration. If I can't have you,
I can keep my money. Your sister sha'n't have the
catch of him she expected: I won't part with a
shilling to 'em.

Char. You made the match yourself, you know;
you can't blame me.

Widow L. Yes, yes, I can, and do blame you:
you might have told me before, you were married.

Char. I would not have told you now, but you
followed me so close, I was forced to it: indeed, I
am married in England; but 'tis as if I were not;
for I have been parted from my wife a great while;
and, to do reason on both sides, we hate one ano-
ther heartily. Now I did design, and will marry
you still, if you'll have a little patience.

Widow L. A likely business, truly.

Char. I have a friend in England that I will write to, to poison my wife, and then I can marry you with a good conscience.

Widow L. And will he do it, do you think?

Char. At the first word, or he is not the man I take him to be.

Widow L. Well, you are a dear devil, Mr. Weldon: and would you poison your wife for me?

Char. I would do anything for you.

Widow L. Well, I am mightily obliged to you. But 'twill be a great while before you can have an answer of your letter.

Char. 'Twill be a great while, indeed.

Widow L. In the meantime, Mr. Weldon—

Char. Why, in the meantime—here's company. We'll settle that within; I'll follow you.

[*Exit Widow Lackitt.*]

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, sir, you carry on your business swimmingly: you have stolen a wedding, I hear.

Char. Ay, my sister is married; and I am very near being run away with myself.

Stan. The widow will have you then?

Char. You come very seasonably to my rescue. Jack Stanmore is to be had, I hope?

Stan. At half an hour's warning.

Char. I must advise with you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT, and CHARLOTTE WELDON, dressed in man's clothes.

Char. Now, Mrs. Lackitt.

Widow L. Well, well; Lackitt, or what you will now; now I am married to you; I am very well pleased with what I have done, I assure you. Mr. Weldon, what must I call you? I must have some pretty fond name or other for you; it looks negligent, and is the fashion, you know.

Char. To be negligent of their husbands, it is indeed.

Widow L. Nay, then, I won't be in the fashion; for I can never be negligent of dear Mr. Weldon; and, to convince you, here's something to encourage you not to be negligent of me. (*Gives a purse and a little casket.*) Five hundred pounds in gold in this; and jewels to the value of five hundred pounds more in this.

Char. (*Opens the casket.*) Ay, marry, this will encourage me, indeed.

Widow L. There are comforts in marrying an elderly woman, Mr. Weldon. Now a young woman would have fancied she had paid you with her person, or had done you the favour.

Char. What do you talk of young women? you are as young as any of 'em, in everything but their folly and ignorance.

Widow L. And do you think me so? But I have reason to suspect you. Was not I seen at your house this morning, do you think?

Char. You may venture again: you'll come at night, I suppose?

Widow L. O dear! at night? so soon?

Char. Nay, if you think it too soon—

Widow L. Oh, no! 'tis not for that, Mr. Weldon; but—I will come to please you.

Char. To please yourself; own it.

Widow L. Well, well, to please myself, then. You're the strangest man in the world, nothing can escape you.

Enter DANIEL, followed by LUCY.

Dan. What would you have? What do you follow me for?

Lucy. Why, mayn't I follow you? I must follow you now all the world over.

Dan. Hold you, hold you, there; not so far by a mile or two; I have enough of your company already, by'r lady, and something to spare: you

may go home to your brother, an' you will; I have no further to do with you.

Widow L. Why, Daniel, child, thou art not out of thy wits, sure, art thou?

Dan. Nay, marry, I don't know; but I am very near, I believe: I am altered for the worse mightily since you saw me; and she has been the cause of it there.

Widow L. How so, child?

Dan. I told you before what would come on't of putting me to bed to a strange woman; but you would not be said nay.

Widow L. She is your wife now, child; you must love her.

Dan. Why, so I did at first.

Widow L. But you must love her always.

Dan. Always! I loved her as I could, mother, and as long as loving was good, I believe; for I find now I don't care a fig for her.

Lucy. Why, you lubberly, slovenly blockhead—I see all good nature is thrown away upon you—

Widow L. It was so with his father before him. He takes after him.

Lucy. And therefore I will use you as you deserve, you tony.

Widow L. Indeed he deserves bad enough; but don't call him out of his name: his name is Daniel, you know.

Dan. Let her call me what she pleases, mother, 'tis not her tongue that I'm afraid of.

Lucy. I will make such a beast of thee!

Widow L. O, pray no, I hope; do nothing rashly, Mrs. Lucy.

Dan. I had rather be a beast than what you would make of me in a week, I'm sure; I have no more manhood left in me already, than there is in one of my mother's old under-petticoats.

Widow L. Sirrah, sirrah, meddle with your wife's petticoats, and let your mother's alone, you ungracious bird, you. (*Beats him.*)

Dan. Why, is the devil in the woman? What have I said now? Do you know if you were ask'd, I trow? But you are all of a bundle; e'en hang together: he that unties you, makes a rod for himself; and so he will find it that has anything to do with you.

Widow L. Ay, rogue enough, you shall find it; I have a rod for you still.

Dan. No wife, and I care not.

Widow L. I'll swinge you into better manners, you booby. [*Beats him off, and exit.*]

Char. You have consummated our project upon him.

Lucy. Nay, if I have a limb of the fortune, I care not who has the whole body of the fool.

Char. That you shall, and a large one, I promise you.

Lucy. Have you heard the news? They talk of an English ship in the river.

Char. I have heard on't, and am preparing to receive it as fast as I can.

Lucy. There's something the matter too with the slaves, some disturbance or other; I don't know what it is.

Char. So much the better still; we fish in troubled waters; we shall have fewer eyes upon us. Pray go you home, and be ready to assist me in your part of the design.

Lucy. I can't fail in mine. [*Exit.*]

Char. The widow has furnish'd me, I thank her, to carry it on. Now I have got a wife, 'tis high time to think of getting a husband. I carry my fortune about me—a thousand pounds in gold and jewels. Let me see, 'twill be a considerable trust; and I think I shall lay it out to advantage.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Weldon, Jack has told me his success; and his hopes of marrying the widow by your means.

Char. I have strained a point, Stanmore, upon your account, to be serviceable to your family.

Stan. I take it upon my account; and am very much obliged to you. But here we are all in an uproar.

Char. So they say. What's the matter?

Stan. A mutiny among the slaves. Oroonoko is at the head of 'em. Our governor is gone out with his rascally militia against them. What it may come to nobody knows.

Char. For my part, I shall do as well as the rest; but I'm concerned for my sister and cousin, whom I expect in the ship from England.

Stan. There's no danger of them.

Char. I have a thousand pounds here, in gold and jewels, for my cousin's use, that I would more particularly take care of; 'tis too great a sum to venture at home; and I would not have her wrong'd of it; therefore, to secure it, I think my best way will be to put it into your own keeping.

Stan. You have a very good opinion of my honesty. *(Takes the purse and casket.)*

Char. I have indeed. If anything should happen to me in this bustle, as nobody is secure of accidents, I know you will take my cousin into your protection and care. Pray see her married as soon as you can.

Stan. If she be as handsome as her picture, I can promise her a husband.

Char. If you like her when you see her, I wish nothing so much as to have you marry her yourself; for I always thought you worth making a friend.

Stan. You sha'n't find your good opinion thrown away upon me: I am in your debt, and shall think so as long as I live. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Country.*

Enter OROONOKO, ABOAN, and Slaves; IMOINDA with a bow and quiver; the Women, some leading, others carrying their Children upon their backs.

Oroo. The women with their children fall behind. Imoinda, you must not expose yourself.

Retire, my love; I almost fear for you.

Imo. I fear no danger; life or death I will enjoy with you.

Oroo. My person is your guard.

Aboan. Now, sir, blame yourself; if you had not prevented my cutting his throat, that coward there had not discovered us. He comes now to upbraid you.

Enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, talking to HOTMAN, with his Rabble.

Lieut. This is the very thing I would have wish'd. Your honest service to the government

(To Hotman.)

Shall be rewarded with your liberty.

Aboan. His honest service! call it what it is, His villany, the service of his fear.

If he pretends to honest services, Let him stand out, and meet me like a man.

(Advances.)

Oroo. Hold, you! and you who come against us, hold!

I charge you in a general good to all;
And wish I could command you, to prevent
The bloody havoc of the murd'ring sword.
I would not urge destruction uncompell'd:
But if you follow fate, you find it here.
The bounds are set, the limits of our lives;
Between us lies the gaping gulf of death,
To swallow all. Who first advances dies.

Enter CAPTAIN DRIVER, with his Crew.

Capt. D. Here, here, here they are, governor. What, seize upon my ship!

Come, boys, fall on—

(Advancing first, Oroonoko kills him.)

Oroo. Thou art fall'n indeed;
Thy own blood be upon thee.

Lieut. Rest it there;

He did deserve his death. Take him away.

(The body is removed.)

You see, sir, you and those mistaken men
Must be our witnesses, we do not come
As enemies, and thirsting for your blood.
If we desir'd your ruin, the revenge
Of our companion's death had push'd it on.
But that we overlook, in a regard
To common safety and the public good.

Oroo. Regard that public good; draw off your men,

And leave us to our fortune;—we're resolv'd.

Lieut. Resolv'd! on what? your resolutions
Are broken, overturn'd, prevented, lost:
You see our numbers could with ease compel
What we request; and what do we request?
Only to save yourselves.

(The Women with their Children gather about the Men.)

Oroo. I'll hear no more.

Lieut. To those poor wretches, who have been seduc'd

And led away; to all, and ev'ry one,

We offer a full pardon—

Oroo. Then fall on. *(Preparing to engage.)*

Lieut. Lay hold upon't, before it be too late:
Pardon and mercy.

(The Women clinging about the Men, they leave Oroonoko, and fall upon their faces, crying out for pardon.)

Slaves. Pardon, mercy, pardon.

Oroo. Let them go all. Now, governor, I see,
I own the folly of my enterprise,
The rashness of this action, and must blush,
Quite through this veil of night, a whitely shame,
To think I could design to make those free,
Who were by nature slaves; wretches design'd
To be their masters' dogs, and lick their feet.
I would not live on the same earth with creatures,
That only have the faces of their kind.

Why should they look like men, who are not so,
When they put off their noble natures, for
The grov'ling qualities of downcast beasts?
We were too few before for victory;
We're still enow to die. *(To Imoinda and Aboan.)*

Enter BLANDFORD.

Lieut. Live, royal sir:

Live, and be happy long on your own terms;

Only consent to yield, and you shall have

What terms you can propose for you and your's.

Oroo. Consent to yield! shall I betray myself?
(Blandford comes forward.)

Bland. I'm glad you have proceeded by fair means. *(To Lieutenant-Governor.)*

I came to be a mediator.

Lieut. Try what you can to work upon him.

Oroo. Are you come against me too?

Bland. Is this to come against you?

(Offering his sword to Oroonoko.)

Unarm'd to put myself into your hands?

I come, I hope, to serve you.

Oroo. You have serv'd me;

I thank you for't; and I am pleas'd to think

You were my friend while I had need of one:

But now 'tis past; this farewell, and be gone.

(Embraces him.)

Bland. It is not past, and I must serve you still.

Oroo. I know what I have done, and I should be
A child to think they ever can forgive.

Forgive! were there but that, I would not live

To be forgiven: is there a power on earth,

That I can ever need forgiveness from?

Bland. You sha' not need it.

Oroo. No, I wo' not need it.

Bland. You see he offers you your own conditions,

For you and your's.

Oroo. Must I capitulate?

Precariously compound, on stinted terms,
To save my life?

Bland. Sir, he imposes none.

You make 'em for your own security.

Lieut. He will rely on what you say to him.

(*To Bland.*)

Offer him what you can; I will confirm
And make all good. Be you my pledge of trust.

Bland. I'll answer with my life for all he says.

Lieut. Ay, do, and pay the forfeit if you please.

(*Aside.*)

Bland. Consider, sir, can you consent to throw
That blessing from you, you so hardly found,
And so much valued once?

Oroo. Imoinda! oh!

'Tis she that holds me on this argument
Of tedious life! I could resolve it soon,
Were this curs'd being only in debate.
But my Imoinda struggles in my soul;
She makes a coward of me, I confess;
I am afraid to part with her in death;
And more afraid of life to lose her here.

Bland. This way you must lose her. Think upon
The weakness of her sex, made yet more weak
With her condition, requiring rest,
And soft indulging ease, to nurse your hope,
And make you a glad father.

Oroo. There I feel

A father's fondness, and a husband's love.
They seize upon my heart, strain all its strings,
To pull me to 'em from my stern resolve.
Husband and father! all the melting art
Of eloquence lives in those soft'ning names.
Methinks I see the babe, with infant hands,
Pleading for life, and begging to be born.
Shall I forbid its birth, deny him light,
The heav'nly comforts of all-cheering light,
And make the womb the dungeon of his death,
His bleeding mother his sad monument?
These are the calls of nature, that call loud;
They will be heard, and conquer in their cause:
He must not be a man who can resist 'em.
No, my Imoinda! I will venture all
To save thee and that little innocent.
The world may be a better friend to him
Than I have found it. Now I yield myself:

(*Gives up his sword.*)

The conflict's past, and we are in your hands.

(*Several Men get about Oroonoko and Aboan,
and seize them.*)

Lieut. So you shall find you are. Dispose of
them as I commanded you.

Bland. Good heav'n forbid! you cannot mean—

Lieut. This is not your concern.

(*To Blandford, who goes to Oroonoko.*)

I must take care of you.

(*To Imoinda.*)

Imo. I'm at the end

Of all my care: here will I die with him.

(*Holding Oroonoko.*)

Oroo. You shall not force her from me.

(*Holds her.*)

Lieut. Then I must (*They force her from him.*)
Try other means, and conquer force by force:
Break, cut off his hold, bring her away.

Imo. I do not ask to live, kill me but here.

Oroo. O, bloody dogs! inhuman murderers!

[*Imoinda is forced out at one door by the Lieutenant-Governor and others; Oroonoko and Aboan
hurried out another. Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Enter STANMORE, CHARLOTTE WELDON, and
LUCY.*

Char. If I should consent to the fine things you
can say to me, how would you look at last, to find
them thrown away on an old acquaintance?

Stan. An old acquaintance!

Char. Lord, how easily are you men to be im-
posed upon! I am no cousin newly arrived from
England, not I; but the very Weldon you wot of.

Stan. Weldon!

Char. Not murdered, nor made away, as my
sister would have you believe; but am, in very
good health, your old friend in breeches that was,
and now your humble servant in petticoats.

Stan. I am glad we have you again. But what
service can you do me in petticoats, pray?

Char. Can't you tell what?

Stan. Not I, by my troth. I have found my
mistress, it seems; which I did not expect from
your petticoats.

Char. Come, come, you have had a friend of
your mistress long enough; 'tis high time now to
have a mistress of your friend.

Stan. What do you say?

Char. I am a woman, sir.

Stan. A woman?

Char. As arrant a woman as you would have had
me but now, I assure you.

Stan. And at my service?

Char. If you have any for me in petticoats.

Stan. Yes, yes, I shall find you employment.

Char. I need not tell you I made that little plot,
and carried it on only for this opportunity. I was
resolved to see whether you liked me as a woman,
or not; if I had found you indifferent, I would
have endeavoured to have been so too; but you
say you like me, and therefore I have ventured to
discover the truth.

Stan. Like you! I like you so well, that I am
afraid you won't think marriage a proof on't: shall
I give you any other?

Char. No, no, I'm inclined to believe you, and
that shall convince me. At more leisure, I'll sa-
tisfy you how I came to be in man's clothes; for
no ill, I assure you, though I have happened to
play the rogue in them. They have assisted me in
marrying my sister, and have gone a great way in
befriending your cousin Jack with the widow. Can
you forgive me for pimping for your family?

Enter JACK STANMORE.

Stan. So, Jack, what news with you?

Jack S. I am the forepart of the widow you
know; she's coming after with the body of the
family, the young squire in her hand, my son-in-
law that is to be, with the help of Mr. Weldon.

Char. Say you so, sir? (*To Jack S.*)

Enter WIDOW LACKITT and her Son DANIEL.

Widow L. So, Mrs. Lucy, I have brought him
about again; I have chastised him. Will you
ever rebel again? will you, sirrah? But come,
come, down on your marrow-bones, and ask her
forgiveness. (*Daniel kneels.*) Say after me, Pray
forsooth, wife.

Dan. Pray forsooth, wife.

Lucy. Well, well, this is a day of good nature,
and so I take you into favour; but first take the
oath of allegiance. (*He kisses her hand, and rises.*)
If ever you do so again— [on't.

Dan. Nay, marry if I do, I shall have the worst

Lucy. Here's a stranger, forsooth, would be glad
to be known to you, a sister of mine; pray salute
her. (*Starts at Charlotte.*)

Widow L. Your sister, Mrs. Lucy! What do
you mean? This is your brother, Mr. Weldon.
Do you think I do not know Mr. Weldon?

Lucy. Have a care what you say; this gentle-
man's about marrying her: you may spoil all.

Widow L. Fiddle-faddle; what! you would put
a trick upon me.

Char. No, faith, widow, the trick is over; it
has taken sufficiently; and now I will teach you
the trick, to prevent your being cheated another
time.

Widow L. How! cheated, Mr. Weldon?

Char. Why ay, you will always take things by
the wrong handle; I see you will have me Mr.
Weldon; I grant you I was Mr. Weldon a little
while, to please you or so; but Mr. Stanmore
here has persuaded me into a woman again.

Widow L. A woman! pray let me speak with you. (*Draws her aside.*) You are not in earnest, I hope, a woman?

Char. Really a woman.

Widow L. 'Gads my life! I could not be cheated in everything. I know a man from a woman at these years, or the devil is in't. Pray did not you marry me?

Char. You would have it so.

Widow L. And did not I give you a thousand pounds this morning?

Char. Yes, indeed, 'twas more than I deserved; but you had your pennyworth for your penny, I suppose; you seemed to be pleased with your bargain.

Widow L. A rare bargain I have made on't, truly. I have laid out my money to a fine purpose upon a woman.

Char. You would have a husband, and I provided for you as well as I could.

Widow L. Yes, yes, you have provided for me.

Char. And you have paid me very well for't; I thank you.

Widow L. 'Tis very well: I may be with child too, for aught I know, and may go look for the father.

Char. Nay, if you think so, 'tis time to look about you, indeed. For my part, Mrs. Lackitt, your thousand pounds will engage me not to laugh at you. Then my sister is married to your son; he is to have half your estate, I know; and indeed they may live upon it very comfortably to themselves, and very creditably to you.

Widow L. Nay, I can blame nobody but myself.

Char. You have enough for a husband still, and that you may bestow upon honest Jack Stanmore.

Widow L. Is he the man, then?

Char. He is the man you are obliged to.

Jack S. Yes, faith, widow, I am the man.

Widow L. Well, well, I see you will have me; even marry me, and make an end of the business.

Stan. Why, that's well said; now we are all agreed, and all well provided for.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (To Stanmore.) Sir, Mr. Blandford desires you to come to him, and bring as many of your friends as you can with you.

Stan. I come to him. You shall all go along with me. Come, young gentleman, marriage is the fashion, you see; you must like it now.

Dan. If I dont, how shall I help myself?

Lucy. Nay, you may hang yourself in the noose, if you please, but you'll never get out on't with struggling.

Dan. Come, then, let's e'en jog on in the old road.

Cuckold, or worse, I must now be contented; I'm not the first has married and repented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, BLANDFORD, and Planters.

Bland. Have you no reverence for future fame? No awe upon your actions, from the tongues, The cens'ring tongues of men, that will be free?

Re-enter STANMORE, JACK STANMORE, CHARLOTTE WELDON, LUCY, WIDOW LACKITT, and DANIEL.

So, Stanmore, you, I know, the women too, Will join with me: 'tis Oroonoko's cause, A lover's cause, a wretched woman's cause, That will become your intercession.

(*To the Women.*)

Stan. So far from further wrong, that 'tis a shame

He should be where he is. Good governor, Order his liberty; he yielded up Himself, his all, at your discretion.

Bland. Discretion! no; he yielded on your word; And I am made the cautionary pledge,

The gage and hostage of your keeping it.

Remember, sir, he yielded on your word; Your word; which honest men will think should be The last resort of truth and trust on earth: There's no appeal beyond it but to heaven.

Stan. He's out of all power of doing any harm, now, if he were disposed to it.

Char. But he is not disposed to it. [soon]

Bland. To keep him where he is, will make him Find out some desp'rate way to liberty: He'll hang himself, or dash out his mad brains.

Char. Pray try him by gentle means; we'll all be sureties for him.

Omnes. All, all.

Lucy. We will all answer for him now.

Lieut. Well, you will have it so; do what you please, just what you will with him; I give you leave. [*Exit.*]

Bland. We thank you, sir; this way, pray come with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Discovers OROONOKO upon his back, his legs and arms stretched out, and chained to the ground.*

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, &c.

Bland. O miserable sight! help, ev'ry one, Assist me all to free him from his chains.

(*They help him up, and bring him forward.*)

Most injured prince! how shall we clear ourselves?

Oroo. If you would have me think you are not Confederates, all accessory to [all]

The base injustice of your governor;

If you would have me live, as you appear

Concern'd for me; if you would have me live

To thank and bless you, there is yet a way

To tie me ever to your honest love;

Bring my Imoinda to me; give me her,

To charm my sorrows, and, if possible,

I'll sit down with my wrongs, never to rise

Against my fate, or think of vengeance more.

Bland. Be satisfy'd, you may depend on us;

We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.

Char. We will not leave you in so good a work.

Widow L. No, no, we'll go with you.

Bland. In the meantime, Endeavour to forget, sir, and forgive; And hope a better fortune.

[*Exeunt all but Oroonoko.*]

Oroo. Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget When I forgive; but while I am a man, In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame, The print of his dishonourable chains, My memory still rousing up my wrongs, I never can forgive this governor, This villain; the disgrace of trust and place, And just contempt of delegated pow'r. What shall I do? If I declare myself, I know him, he will sneak behind his guard Of followers, and brave me in his fears; Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage, I would rush on him, fasten on his throat, Tear a wide passage to his treach'rous heart, And that way lay him open to the world. (*Pauses.*) If I should turn his Christian arts on him, Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep With fawning steps, to get within his faith, I could betray him then, as he has me. But am I sure by that to right myself? Lying's a certain mark of cowardice: And, when the tongue forgets its honesty, The heart and hand may drop their functions too, And nothing worthy be resolv'd or done. Let me but find out

An honest remedy, I have the hand, A minist'ring hand, that will apply it home. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Lieutenant-Governor's House.*

Enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

Lieut. I would not have her tell me she consents; In favour of the sex's modesty—

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, JACK STANMORE,
DANIEL, CHARLOTTE WELDON, and LUCY.

What's the matter?

Char. Nay, nothing extraordinary. But one good action draws on another. You have given the prince his freedom: now we come a begging for his wife: you won't refuse us.

Lieut. Refuse you? No, no, what have I to do to refuse you? I send her to him! You do very well; 'tis kindly done of you; even carry her to him, with all my heart.

Lucy. You must tell us where she is.

Lieut. I tell you! why, don't you know?

Bland. Your servant says she's in the house.

Lieut. No, no; I brought her home at first indeed; but I thought it would not look well to keep her here; I removed her in the hurry only to take care of her. What! she belongs to you; I have nothing to do with her.

Char. But where is she now, sir?

Lieut. Why, faith, I can't say, certainly; you'll hear of her at Parham-house, I suppose; there or thereabouts; I think I sent her there.

Bland. I'll have an eye on him. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt all but Lieutenant-Governor.*]

Lieut. I have lied myself into a little time, And must employ it; they'll be here again; But I must be before 'em.

(*Going out, he meets IMOINDA, and seizes her.*)

Are you come?

I'll court no longer for a happiness

That is in my own keeping; you may still

Refuse to grant, so I have power to take.

The man that asks deserves to be deny'd.

(*She disengages one hand, and draws his sword from his side upon him; Governor starts and retires. BLANDFORD enters behind him.*)

Imo. He does indeed, that asks unworthily.

Bland. You hear her, sir—that asks unworthily.

Lieut. You are no judge.

Bland. I am of my own slave.

Lieut. Be gone, and leave us.

Bland. When you let her go.

Lieut. To fasten upon you.

Bland. I must defend myself.

(*Imoinda retreats towards the door, favoured by Blandford; when they are closed, she throws down the sword and runs out. Governor takes up his sword, they fight, close, and fall. Servants enter and part them.*)

Lieut. She sha'n't escape me so; I've gone too far,

Not to go further. Curse on my delay;

But yet she is, and shall be in my power.

Bland. Nay, then it is the war of honesty; I know you, and will save you from yourself.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter OROONOKO.

Oroo. To honour bound! and yet a slave to love! I am distracted by their rival powers, And both will be obey'd. O great revenge! Thou raiser and restorer of fall'n fame! Let me not be unworthy of thy aid, For stopping in thy course. I still am thine; But can't forget I am Imoinda's too. She calls me from my wrongs to rescue her. No man condemn me, who has never felt A woman's power, or try'd the force of love; To run his glorious race of light anew, And carry on the world. Love, love will be My first ambition, and my fame the next.

Enter ABOAN, bleeding.

My eyes are turn'd against me, and combine With my sworn enemies, to represent This spectacle of horror. Aboan!

Aboan. I have no name That can distinguish me from the vile earth, To which I'm going: a poor abject worm,

That crawl'd awhile upon the bustling world, And now am trampled to my dust again.

Oroo. I see thee gash'd and mangled!

Aboan. Spare my shame,

To tell how they have us'd me; but believe The hangman's hand would have been merciful. Do not you scorn me, sir, to think I can Intend to live under this infamy?

I do not come for pity, to complain.

I've spent an honourable life with you;

The earliest servant of your rising fame,

And would attend it with my latest care:

My life was your's, and so shall be my death.

You must not live,

Bending and sinking; I have dragg'd my steps

Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live:

To warn you of those ignominious wrongs,

Whips, rods, and all the instruments of death

Which I have felt, and are prepared for you.

This was the duty that I had to pay.

'Tis done, and now I beg to be discharg'd.

Oroo. What shall I do for thee?

Aboan. My body tires,

And wo' not bear me off to liberty:

I shall again be taken, made a slave,

A sword, a dagger, yet would rescue me.

I have not strength to go and find out death,

You must direct him to me.

Oroo. Here he is, (*Gives him a dagger.*)

The only present I can make thee now:

And, next the honourable means of life,

I would bestow the honest means of death.

Aboan. I cannot stay to thank you. If there is

A being after this, I shall be your's

In the next world, your faithful slave again.

This is to try. (*Stabs himself.*) I had a living sense

Of all your royal favours, but this last

Strikes through my heart. I wo' not say farewell,

For you must follow me. (*Dies.*)

Oroo. In life and death,

The guardian of my honour. Follow thee!

I should have gone before thee: then, perhaps,

Thy fate had been prevented. All his care

Was to preserve me from the barbarous rage

That worry'd him, only for being mine.

Why, why, ye gods! why am I so accurs'd,

That it must be a reason of your wrath,

A guilt, a crime sufficient to the fate

Of any one, but to belong to me?

My friend has found it out, and my wife will soon:

My wife! the very fear's too much for life.

I can't support it. Where's Imoinda! Oh!

(*Going out, he meets IMOINDA, who runs into his arms.*)

Thou bosom softness! Down of all my cares!

I could recline my thoughts upon this breast

To a forgetfulness of all my griefs,

And yet be happy; but it wo' not be.

Thou art disorder'd, pale, and out of breath!

If fate pursues thee, find a shelter here.

What is it thou wouldst tell me?

Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him villain.

Oroo. Call him governor; is it not so?

Imo. There's not another, sure.

Oroo. Villain's the common name of mankind here,

But his most properly. What? what of him?

I fear to be resolv'd, and must inquire.

He had thee in his power.

Imo. I blush to think it.

Oroo. Blush! to think what?

Imo. That I was in his power.

Oroo. He could not use it?

Imo. What can't such men do?

Oroo. But did he? durst he?

Imo. What he could he dar'd.

Oroo. His own gods damn him, then! For ours have none,

No punishment for such unheard of crime.

Imo. This monster, cunning in his flatteries,

When he had weary'd all his useless arts,
Leap'd out, fierce as a beast of prey, to seize me.
I trembled, fear'd.

Oroo. I fear and tremble now.

What could preserve thee? What deliver thee?

Imo. That worthy man, you us'd to call your friend—

Oroo. Blandford?

Imo. Came in, and sav'd me from his rage.

Oroo. He was a friend, indeed, to rescue thee!
And, for his sake, I'll think it possible
A Christian may be yet an honest man.

Imo. O did you know what I have struggled through,
To save me your's, sure you would promise me
Never to see me forc'd from you again.

Oroo. To promise thee! O! do I need to promise?

But there is now no further use of words.

Death is security for all our fears.

(*Shews Aboan's body on the floor.*)

And yet I cannot trust him.

Imo. Aboan!

Oroo. Mangled and torn, resolv'd to give me time
To fit myself out for what I must expect,
Groan'd out a warning to me, and expir'd.

Imo. For what you must expect?

Oroo. Would that were all!

Imo. What, to be butcher'd thus—

Oroo. Just as thou seest.

Imo. By barb'rous hands, to fall at last their prey?

Oroo. I have run the race with honour, shall I now

Lag, and be overtaken at the goal?

Imo. No.

Oroo. I must look back to thee. (*Tenderly.*)

Imo. You sha' not need.

I am always present to your purpose; say,

Which way would you dispose me?

This dagger will instruct you. (*Gives it him.*)

Oroo. Ha! this dagger!

Like fate, it points me to the horrid deed.

Imo. Strike, strike it home, and bravely save us both.

There is no other safety.

Oroo. It must be—

But first a dying kiss—

This last embrace— (*Kisses her.*)

And now—

Imo. I'm ready.

Oroo. O, where shall I strike?

Is there the smallest grain of that lov'd body
That is not dearer to me than my eyes,
My bosom'd heart, and all the life blood there?
Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,
Dig out these eyes, though I would keep them last
To gaze upon thee; but to murder thee!
The joy, and charm of ev'ry ravish'd sense,
My wife! forbid it, nature.

Imo. 'Tis your wife,

Who on her knees conjures you. O! in time,
Prevent those mischiefs that are falling on us.
You may be hurry'd to a shameful death,
And I too dragg'd to the vile governor;
Then I may cry aloud. When you are gone,
Where shall I find a friend again to save me?

Oroo. It will be so. Thou unexampled virtue!
Thy resolution has recover'd mine:
And now prepare thee.

Imo. Thus, with open arms,
I welcome you and death.

(*He drops the dagger as he looks on her, and throws himself on the ground.*)

Oroo. I cannot bear it.

O let me dash against the rock of fate,
Dig up this earth, and tear her bowels out,
To make a grave, deep as the centre down,
To swallow wide and bury us together!
It wo't be. O! then some pitying god
(If there be one a friend to innocence)

Find yet a way to lay her beauties down
Gently in death, and save me from her blood.

Imo. O rise, 'tis more than death to see you thus.

I'll ease your love, and do the deed myself—

(*She takes up the dagger, he rises in haste to take it from her.*)

Oroo. O! hold, I charge thee, hold!

Imo. Though I must own

It would be nobler for us both from you.

Oroo. O! for a whirlwind's wing to hurry us
To yonder cliff, which frowns upon the flood;
That in embraces lock'd we might plunge in,
And perish thus in one another's arms. (*Shouts.*)

Imo. Alas! what shout is that?

Oroo. I see 'em coming.

They shall not overtake us. This last kiss,
And now farewell.

Imo. Farewell, farewell for ever.

Oroo. I'll turn my face away, and do it so.

Now, are you ready?

Imo. Now. But do not grudge me
The pleasure, in my death, of a last look;
Pray look upon me.—Now I'm satisfied.

Oroo. So fate must be by this.

(*Going to stab her, he stops short; she lays her hand on his, in order to give the blow.*)

Imo. Nay, then, I must assist you.

And, since it is the common cause of both,
'Tis just that both should be employ'd in it.

Thus, thus 'tis finish'd, and I bless my fate,
(*Stabs herself.*)

That, where I liv'd, I die in these lov'd arms. (*Dies.*)

Oroo. She's gone. And now all's at an end with me.

Soft, lay her down: O we will part no more.

(*Throws himself by her.*)

But let me pay the tribute of my grief,

A few sad tears to thy lov'd memory,

And then I follow— (*Weeps over her. Shouts.*)

But I stay too long. (*A noise again.*)

The noise comes nearer. Hold! before I go,
There's something would be done. It shall be so,
And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee. (*Rises.*)

Enter BLANDFORD and his party, and the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR and his party. Swords drawn.

Lieut. You strive in vain to save him, he shall die. [*lives.*]

Bland. Not while we can defend him with our sword.

Lieut. Where is he?

Oroo. Here is the wretch whom you would have.
Put up your swords, and let not civil broils
Engage you in the cursed cause of one
Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.
This object will convince you.

Bland. 'Tis his wife. (*They gather about the body.*)
Alas! there was no other remedy.

Lieut. Who did the bloody deed?

Oroo. The deed was mine:

Bloody I know it is, and I expect
Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice—But I hold the sword
For you—and for myself.

(*Stabs the Governor and himself, then throws himself by Imoinda's body.*)

'Tis as it should be now, I have sent his ghost
To be a witness of that happiness
In the next world, which he deny'd us here. (*Dies.*)

Bland. I hope there is a place of happiness
In the next world for such exalted virtue.
Pagan or unbeliever, yet he liv'd
To all he knew: and, if he went astray,
There's mercy still above to set him right.
But Christians, guided by the heav'nly ray,
Have no excuse if they mistake their way. [*Exeunt.*]

FORTUNE'S FROLIC;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY J. T. ALLINGHAM.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD
SNACKS
FRANK

RATTLE
CLOWN
VILLAGERS

NANCY
MARGERY
DOLLY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the castle.

Enter MR. FRANK.

Frank. To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here an humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

Enter SNACKS.

Snacks. A letter for me by express! What can it be about? Something of great consequence from my lord, I suppose. Frank here! What the devil can he want?—Come a begging, though, I dare say. (*Aside.*)

Frank. Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.

Snacks. (*Coldly.*) Good morning.

Frank. I'm come, sir, to—I say, sir, I'm come to—

Snacks. Well, sir, I see you are come; and what then? What are you come for, sir?

Frank. The termination of the law-suit which you have so long carried on against me, owing to my entire inability to prosecute it any further, has

thrown me into difficulties which I cannot surmount without your kind assistance.

Snacks. Very pretty, indeed! You are a very modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent your last shilling in quarrelling with me, and now you want me to help you.

Frank. The farm called Hundred Acres is at present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

Snacks. You wish to rent it, do you? And pray, sir, where's your money? And what do you know about farming?

Frank. I have studied agriculture; and, with care, have no doubt of being able to pay my rent regularly.

Snacks. But I have a great doubt about it. No, no, sir; do you think I'm so unmindful of his lordship's interest as to let his land to a poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. Frank; I can't think of it.—Good day, friend; good day. (*Shewing him the door.*)

Frank. My necessities, sir—

Snacks. I have nothing to do with your necessities, sir; I have other business. Good day. There's the door.

Frank. Unfeeling wretch!

Snacks. What!

Frank. But what could I expect? I think not,

thou sordid man, 'tis for myself I sue—my wife, my children—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stooped so low! my honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possessed your wealth, and load it with the crimes entailed upon it. [Exit.]

Snacks. A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine, blustering fellow: I'll have you laid by the heels before night for this. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a gaol, and bring down your spirit a little. But come, let me see what my letter says. What a deal of time I've lost with that beggar. (*Reads.*) "*Sir,—This is to inform you that my Lord Lackwit died—an heir to his estate—his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife—son called Robin Roughhead—Robin is the legal heir to the estate—to put him in immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament.*"

Your's to command,

"KIT CODICIL, *Attorney at Law.*"

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughhead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well; he's devilish cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of that? he hasn't got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once; it will make him mad—and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before! He has no great reason to like me; I never gave him anything but hard words. (*Rattle sings without.*) Confound it, here's that fellow Rattle coming.

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ah, my old daddy! how are you? What! have you got the mumps? can't you speak?

Snacks. I wish you had the mumps, and could not speak. What do you old daddy me for?

Rat. Why, father-in-law! curse me, but you are most conceitedly crusty to-day; what's the matter with you? why you are as melancholy as a lame duck.

Snacks. The matter is—that I am sick.

Rat. What's your disorder?

Snacks. A surfeit: I've had too much of you.

Rat. Oh! you'll soon get the better of that; for when I've married your daughter, curse me if I shall trouble you much with my company.

Snacks. But you hav'n't married her yet.

Rat. Oh! but I shall soon; I have got your promise, you know.

Snacks. Can't remember any such thing.

Rat. No? Your memory's very short, then.

Snacks. A short memory's very convenient, sometimes.

Rat. And so is a short stick; and I've a great mind to try the utility of it now. I tell you what, Snacks, I always thought you was a d—d old rascal, but now I'm sure of it. It's no matter, though: I'll marry your daughter, notwithstanding.

Snacks. You will, will you?

Rat. Yes, Snacks, I will; for I love her. I wonder how the devil such a pretty girl ever came to have such a queer, little, shrivelled, old mop-stick as you for a father. Snacks, your wife must certainly have made a cuckold of you; it could not be else.

Snacks. Impudent rascal!

Rat. But it signifies not who her father is; Miss Nancy is lovely, and I'll marry her. Let me see;

five thousand pounds you promised; yes, you shall give her that on the wedding-day. You have been steward a long time; that sum must be a mere flea-bite to you.

Snacks. I rather think I shall never give her a farthing if she marries such a paltry fellow as you.

Rat. Why lookye; I'm a lively spark, with a good deal of fire in me, and it is not a little matter that will put me out: where others sink, I rise: and this opposition of your's will only serve to blow me into a blaze that will burn you up to a cinder. I'm up to your gossip; I'm not to be had.

Snacks. No, nor my daughter's not to be had, Mr. Banker's Clerk; so I sha'n't waste any more time with you: go, and take in the flats in Lombard-street; it won't do here. [Exit.]

Rat. Oh! what, he has mizzled, has he? I fancy you'll find me the most troublesome blade you ever settled an account with, old Raise-rent. I'll astonish you, somehow or other. I wonder what has changed him so!

Enter MISS NANCY.

Ah, my sweet, little, rural angel! How fares it with you? You smile like a May morning.

Nan. The pleasure of seeing you always makes me.

Rat. Indeed! give me a kiss, then. I love you well enough to marry you without a farthing; but I think I may as well have the five thousand pounds, if it's only to tease old Long-purse.

Nan. Oh! you know you have his promise for that.

Rat. Yes, but he says he has forgot all about that, though it was no longer ago than yesterday; and he says I sha'n't have you.

Nan. Does he, indeed?

Rat. Yes; but never mind that.

Nan. I thought you said you loved me?

Rat. And so I do, better than all the gold in Lombard-street.

Nan. Then, why are you not sorry that my father won't give his consent?

Rat. His consent! I have got your's and my own, and I'll soon manage him. Don't you remember how I frightened him one night, when I came to visit you by stealth, dressed like a ghost, which he thinks haunts the castle? Oh! I'll turn that to account. I know he's very superstitious, and easily frightened into anything. Come, let's take a walk, and plot how I, your knight-errant, shall deliver you from this haunted castle.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Corn-field.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD discovered, binding up a sheaf.

Rob. Ah! work, work, work, all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest; for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the look out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump. (*Comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holyday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'un, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers

turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

Enter SNACKS, bowing very obsequiously; Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.

Rob. I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopped to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Excuse it? I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! He, he, he! Ecod! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh! you mean the lord Harry, I suppose. No, no; must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very devil with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is: you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Lord! how your eyes roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog: I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship—Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of them is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks; let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here. My name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I sha'n't answer you, that's flat. I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which, he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate. The woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife. She has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead: now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have, therefore, sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Your's to command, KIT CODICIL, Attorney at Law."

Rob. What, what, all mine? the houses, the

trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—What! are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me it is so! Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is your's.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza! (*Catches off Snacks's hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; make every body drunk; if there's a sober man to be found any where to-day, he shall be put in the stocks. Go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower the rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favour to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord! He'll be a savoury bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. D—n your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious—Zounds! what a peer of the realm.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! What work I will make in the village. Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work, it shall be all play. Where shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—No, I'll not go there; I'll go to—D—n it, I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here, nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

Enter Villagers, shouting.

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads? Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

Vil. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! Long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You sha'n't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*Women shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter, that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

Enter SNACKS.

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money. He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. (*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your bellies for you.

[*Villagers carry him off, shouting; Snacks follows.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of a neat Cottage; table spread for dinner.*

Enter MARGERY and DOLLY.

Dolly. There now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin would come. Do you think that I may take up the dumplings, mother?

Mar. Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here; he's always in pudding-time.

Dol. And well he may, for I'm sure you keep him sharp-set enough.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you baggage! He pays me but five shillings a week for board, lodging, and washing: I suppose he's not to be kept like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how you'll keep him when you get married, as you talk of?

Dol. Oh! we shall contrive to make both ends meet, and we shall do very well, I dare say; for Robin loves me, and I love Robin dearly.

Mar. Yes; but all your love won't keep the pot boiling, and Robin's as poor as Job.

Dol. La, mother, now don't be so cross! Oh dear! the dinner will get cold, and the dumplings will be quite spoiled; I wish Robin would come. (*Robin sings without.*) Oh! here he comes, in one of his merry humours.

Enter ROBIN, he cools himself with his hat, then sings and dances.

Why, Robin, what's the matter with you?

Rob. What! you haven't heard, then? Oh, I'm glad of that; for I shall have the fun of telling you.

Dol. Well, sit down then, and eat your dinner; I have made you some nice hard dumplings.

Rob. Dumplings! D—n dumplings.

Dol. D—n dumplings. La! mother, he d—ns dumplings. Oh! what a shame. Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

Rob. Never talk to me of dumplings.

Mar. But I'll talk of dumplings though, indeed. I shouldn't have thought of such behaviour: dumplings are very wholesome food; quite good enough for you, I'm sure. (*Very angry.*)

Rob. Are they, mother Margery? (*Upsets the table, and dances on the plates, &c. and sings.*) Tol de rol lol.

Mar. Oh dear! the boy's mad; there's all my crockery gone! (*Picking up the pieces.*)

Dol. (*Crying.*) I did not think you could have used us so; I'm quite ashamed of you, Robin!

Rob. Now doantye cry now, Dolly; doantye cry.

Dol. I will cry, for you behave very ill.

Rob. No, doantye, Dolly, doantye, now. (*Shews a purse.*)

Dol. How did you come by that, Robin?

Mar. What, a purse of gold? Let me see.—(*Snatches the purse, and sits down to count the money.*)

Dol. What have you been about, Robin?

Rob. No, I have not been about robbing; I have been about being made a lord of, that's all.

Dol. What are you talking about? Your head's turned, I'm sure.

Rob. Well, I know it's turned; it's turned from a clown's head to a lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top of the hill yonder?

Dol. Oh! I should like it very much, Robin; it is a nice cottage.

Rob. Doant talk to me of cottages, I mean the castle!

Dol. Why, what is your head running upon?

Mar. Every one golden guineas, as I'm a virtuous woman. Where did you get them, Robin?

Rob. Why, where there's more to be had.

Mar. Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad. I'll go and put these by. [*Exit.*]

Dol. Now, do tell me what you've been about. Where did you find all that money?

Rob. Dolly, Dolly, gee'us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it.

Dol. Twenty, an' you pleasen, Robin.

Rob. First, then, you must know that I am the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

Dol. Well, I know'd that afore.

Rob. But I'll tell you how it is; it's because I am the richest fellow in all these parts; and if I haven't it here, I have it here. (*Pointing to his head and his pocket.*) That castle's mine, and all these fields up to the very sky.

Dol. No, no; come, Robin, that won't do.

Rob. Won't it? I think it will do very well.

Dol. No, no; you are running your rigs; I know you are, Robin.

Rob. It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.

Dol. What! are you in right down arnest?

Rob. Yes, I am: his lordship's dead, and he has left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

Dol. What?

Rob. Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my lady.

Dol. No? Shall I?

Rob. Yes, you shall.

Dol. Ecod, that will be fine fun. My Lady—

Rob. Now, what do you think on't?

Dol. My Lady—Lady Roughhead—

Rob. Why, Dolly!

Dol. Lady Roughhead? How it sounds! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs immoderately.*)

Rob. Egad, I believe she's going into a high strike. Dolly! Dolly! (*Slapping her hands.*)

Dol. Ha, ha, ha!

Rob. Doantye laugh so; I don't half like it. (*Shakes her.*) Dolly!

Dol. Oh! my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of Lady Roughhead.

Rob. The wench will go beside herself to a sar-tainty.

Dol. But now is it true in arnest?

Rob. Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? where shall we go? Oh! we'll go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she's very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. Lord, lord! I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Road to the castle.*

Enter MR. FRANK.

Frank. Well, then, to the house of woe I must return again. And can I take no comfort with me? nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

Enter ROBIN, unobserved by Frank.

Rob. Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want where I am, that's for certain.

Frank. My own distress I could bear well, very well; but to see my helpless innocents enduring all the woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

Rob. And more than I can bear, too. (*Throws his hat upon the ground, and takes money out of his pocket, which he throws into it.*)

Frank. To-day, I almost fear, they have not tasted food.

Rob. And I ha' been stuffing my d—d guts enough to make 'em burst. (*Drops more money into his hat.*)

Frank. How happy once my state! Where'er I turned my eyes, good fortune smiled upon me; then did the poor ever tell a tale of woe without relief? Were not my doors open to the unfortunate?

Rob. How glad I be as I be a lord.

Frank. No hand stretched out to my relief.

Rob. Eh! what? Yes it is, Mr. Frank! Lord, sir! I am very glad as I met with you.

Frank. Why so, my friend?

Rob. Because you be mortal poor, and I be mortal rich, and I'll share my last farthing with you.

Frank. Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

Rob. What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

Frank. I can't remember.

Rob. But that's no reason as I should forget it; it's a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark here, (*pointing to his head,*) that time won't rub it out. It's now fourteen years since poor mother died; she was very ill one day when you happened to come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubbering at the door: I was then about this high. You took me by the hand; and I shall never forget the look you gave me when you axed me what was the matter with me; and when I told you, you called me a good lad, and went in and talked to mother. From that time you came to see her every day, and gave her all the help as you could; and when she died, poor soul! you buried her: and if ever I forget such kindness, I hope good luck will for ever forget me.

Frank. Tell me your name: it will remind me.

Rob. Robin Roughhead, your honour. To-day I be come to be lord of all this estate; and the first good I find of it is, that I am able to make you happy. (*Stuffing the money into Frank's pockets.*) Come up to the castle, and I'll give you as much money as you can carry away in a sack.

Frank. What sympathy is in that honest bosom! But how has this good fortune come to you?

Rob. Why, that poor woman as you buried was wife to his lordship: he has owned it on his death-bed, and left word as I'm his son.

Frank. How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

Rob. Now, sir, I am but a simple lad, as a body may say; and if you will be so good as to help me with your advice, I shall take it very kind of you, sir.

Frank. I thank you for the good opinion you have of me; and, as far as my poor abilities go, they shall be at your service.

Rob. Thankye, sir, thankye! But, pray, what bad luck made you so devilish poor?

Frank. It would take a long time to tell you the story of my misfortunes; but I owe them to the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the steward.

Rob. Snacks! Oh, d—n 'un! I'll do for him soon. He's rotten here, Master Frank: I do think as how he's a d—d old rogue.

Frank. Judge not too harshly.

Rob. Come, sir, will you go up to the castle?

Frank. Excuse me; the relief which you have so generously given me, enables me to return to my family.

Rob. Well, but you'll come back?

Frank. To-morrow.

Rob. No, to-night. Do'e favour me; I want to speak to you.

Frank. I have a long way to walk, and it will be very late before I can return; but I will refuse you nothing.

Rob. Thankye, sir; you're very kind: I shall stay till you come, if it's all night.

Frank. Proud wealth, look here for an example! My generous heart, how shall I thank you?

Rob. Lord, lord! doant think of thanking a man for paying his debts. Besides, if you only knowed how I feel all over me—it's a kind of a—I could cry for joy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Well, everything is prepared for my attack on the castle to-night; and I don't much fear but I shall find means to terrify the enemy, and make him surrender at discretion. Yes, yes, Master Snacks, I shall soon be with you. (*Shouting, music, and ringing of bells.*) What a d—d racket here is in the village to-day! I wonder what it's all about?

Re-enter ROBIN.

Holloa, there! Stop, my fine fellow. Pray, can you tell me what all this uproar is about in the village?

Rob. Why, you be Master Rattle from Lunnun.

Rat. Well, I don't want to be told that.

Rob. Gee us your hand, Rattle, thou be'st a d—d honest fellow, and I like thee; I do indeed.

Rat. Very familiar, upon my word.

Rob. I liked you ever since you let old Toppin have the three pounds to pay his rent with; and now, whilst I think on't, here 'tis again; take it, for I won't let anybody give away money here but myself.

Rat. Why, what in the name of wonder is all this? What are you at? I think I'll open a shop here for the sale of bad debts.

Rob. Here, take the money.

Rat. Put it up, my fine fellow! you'll want it, perhaps.

Rob. Me want money! Shall I lend you an odd thousand, and set you up in a shop?

Rat. Why, who the devil are you?

Rob. Why, doant you know? I be Robin.

Rat. Robin, are you? Egad! I think you sing like a goldfinch.

Rob. Very well, Rattle; that's a good joke.

Rat. Why, curse me! if I am up to you, Master Robin; you are queering me, I believe.

Rob. Well, I shall be glad to see thee at the castle, Rattle. You see, I'm not ashamed of my old acquaintance, as some folks are.

Rat. Not ashamed of his old acquaintance! Why, what do you mean?

Rob. I can't stop to talk to you any longer.

Good b'ye, Rattle; thou be'st an honest fellow, and I shall be glad to see thee at the castle. [Exit.]

Rat. I declare I'm quite dumbfounded. And have I lived all my days in Lombard-street for this—to be hummed by a clown? (*Laughing, music, ringing of bells, &c.*) I believe the people are all mad to-day; I can't think what they are at.

Enter Clown, in a hurry.

Here, here, Hob! I want to speak with you.

Clown. You mun meak heast, then; for I be going to dine wi' my lord, and I shall be too late.

Rat. Wheugh! What, are you drunk?

Clown. Noa, noa; but I soon shall be, I take it, for there's plenty o' yeale to be gotten.

Rat. Plenty o' yeale to be gotten, is there?

Clown. Ees, I shall have a rare swig at it.

Rat. Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me what the bells are ringing for?

Clown. Ees, to be sure I con.

Rat. Well, what is it?

Clown. Why, it's bekeas they do pull the ropes, I tell thee. Dinner will all get yeaten up whilst I stond here talking wi' you. (*Runs off; Rattle runs after him and brings him back.*)

Rat. You are a very communicative young fellow, indeed; I have learnt one thing from you, however, that there's plenty of eating and drinking going on; so I'll try if I can't be in at the death. Now, start fair, and the devil take the hindmost.

[*They run off.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the castle, leading to an inner apartment.*

Enter SNACKS.

Snacks. Tell her to come this way. A young woman wanting Robin! This must be his sweet-heart Dolly, that he talks so much about; they must not come together; if they do it will knock up all my plan. What shall I do with her? if I could but get her into this room, she'd be safe enough—Here she is.

Enter DOLLY and MARGERY.

Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his lordship?

Dol. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And, pray, what might you want with him?

Mar. She wants to settle some matters of her own with him.

Dol. Yes, that's all, sir.

Snacks. I dare say, but I must know what these things are. (*Margery feels herself of great importance, and is particularly noisy through the whole of this scene. Snacks is alarmed lest Robin should hear her.*)

Mar. Such matters as consarn nobody but themselves, and you must not meddle with them.

Snacks. (*Aside.*) Curse that old devil, what a tongue she has! I shall never be able to manage her. (*To Dolly.*) You can't see his lordship, he's engaged.

Dol. Yes, I know his lordship's engaged, for he promised me a long while ago.

Snacks. Oh! then you are the poor unfortunate young woman that—

Mar. (*Very angry.*) No, sir; she is the lucky young woman that is to be my lady; and I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

Snacks. Ah, poor soul! I pity her; I do, indeed, from the bottom of my heart.

Mar. But she is not to be pitied; I shouldn't have thought of that! Pity, indeed!

Snacks. Poor dear creature! it's a sad job, but it can't be helped: his lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

Dol. What?

Snacks. It's true, indeed; I am very sorry.

Mar. And she is not to be my lady, after all?

Snacks. No, poor girl!

Dol. And Robin has quite forgot me! (*Crying.*) Oh dear, oh dear! I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a lord. And has he quite forgot me?

Snacks. Yes; he told me to tell you that he has done with you.

Mar. (*Very noisy.*) But I have not done with him, though. Pretty work, indeed! But I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses, I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill. He's a rogue, a rascal, a scapegallows, a vagabond; I'll find him out; I'll—

Snacks. (*Trying to appease her.*) Hush, hush!

Mar. I'll raise the dead, I will.

Snacks. Be cool, be cool! Robin will certainly hear this old bell-wether, and I shall be blown. (*Aside.*)

Mar. I'll make him down on his knees, I will; I'd have him to know, that though he is a lord, he shall remember his promise: I'll play the very devil with him, if I can find him. I'm in such a passion, I could tear his eyes out. Oh! if I can but see him—(*Going, Snacks stops her.*)

Snacks. Here, here! stop, stop! I'll go and bring him to you. Curse her old throat! (*Aside.*) Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself; I will, indeed; perhaps I shall bring him round, my dear.

Dol. Thankye, sir; tell him I'll hang myself if he doesn't marry me. [*Goes in.*]

Mar. And tell him I'll kill him if he doesn't marry her. [*Goes in; Snacks locks the door.*]

Snacks. Well, they are safe for the present; I wish they were out of the house, though. If I can but bring this marriage to bear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old lord's money, and I should like to take care of a little of the young lord's money. If I can but marry the girl and him, I'll soon double the twenty-six thousand pounds I have in the five per cents. sacked from my old master.

Rat. (*Without, in a hollow voice.*) Villanous robber!

Snacks. O lord! what's that? (*Pauses.*) It has put me in such a fright: that ghost's abroad again. What else could it be? I am afraid to open my eyes, for fear he should stare me in the face. I confess I've been a rogue, but it's never too late to mend. Say no more, and I'll make amends; indeed, I will. Upon my soul, I will; upon the word of an honest man, I will. [*Exit.*]

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ha, ha, ha! I think I gave his conscience a kick there. Twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents! let me remember that. I'm up to your tricks, Mr. Snacks; but you sha'n't carry on your scheme much longer, if I have any skill. If I don't quicken your memory a little, I'll give over conjuring and set up a chandler's-shop. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A handsome Apartment in the castle. A table with wines, &c.*

ROBIN and SNACKS discovered.

Rob. (*Rather tipsy.*) Well, Snacks, this is very

good stuff; I don't know as ever I drank any before: what do you call this, Snacks?

Snacks. Red-port wine, an't please your lordship.

Rob. Yes, red-port wine pleases his lordship. I wonder where this comes from. Oh! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

Snacks. No, my lord; there's plenty of spirits there, but not wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full; only one; because, you know, now I'm a lord, I must not make a beast of myself; that's not like a nobleman, you know.

Snacks. Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I? then give us t'other sup.

Snacks. I think his lordship is getting rather forward. I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently. (*Aside.*)

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, Master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk; and he hopes you'll let him have the pony, to-morrow, to ride by the waggon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he? Lame, is he?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time? Tell him he must walk; it's my will.

Rob. (*Aside to Serv.*) You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you? [*Exit Servant.*] That's right, Snacks; d—n the fellow, what business has he to be lame?

Snacks. Oh! please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh! they are sad dogs. Not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful! If I were behind him, I'd make him walk.

Enter a Servant with a whip, which he gives to Robin.

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What?

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe! I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense; I know you can dance; why you was made for dancing. There's a leg and foot. Come, begin!

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Isn't there? then I'll soon make some. Lookye, here's my fiddlestick; how d'ye like it? Come, Snacks, you must dance; it's my will.

Snacks. Indeed, I'm not able.

Rob. Not able! Oh, shameful, shameful! Come, come, you must dance; it's my will. (*Whips him.*)

Snacks. Must I? Then here goes. (*Hops about.*)

Rob. What, d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord? Come, quicker, quicker. (*Whips Snacks, who roars out.*) There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the pony, will you?

Snacks. What a cunning dog it is! He's up to me now; but I think I shall be down upon him, by-and-by. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! how he hopped about and halloed. But I'll work him a little more yet.

Re-enter SNACKS.

Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing-master?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No; your lordship has taken care that I sha'n't forget it for some time.

Rob. I can't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me.

Snacks. My daughter's very beautiful.

Rob. Dang it! you talk a great deal—and I'll have a peep at her. I wish Dolly would come.

Snacks. Oh! don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her! Why, pray?

Snacks. Oh! she's a—

Rob. A what? Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

Snacks. I only mean to say, that she's too low for your lordship.

Rob. Too low! why, what was I just now? If I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all! I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with a picture hanging over a closet-door.*

Enter RATTLE and MISS NANCY.

Rat. Well, you see I've gained admission, notwithstanding your father's order to the contrary.

Nan. Yes; but how do you mean to get his consent to—

Rat. Why, as to his consent, I don't value it a button; but then five thousand pounds is a sum not to be sneezed at. I have given the old boy a bit of a hint to-night that he didn't much relish.

Nan. I expect my father here every minute, with his new-made lordship.

Rat. Indeed! then only hide me in this room, and the business is done.

Nan. That I will, where nobody can find you, I'm sure: I have a closet behind this picture of the old lord, made, I believe, to hide the family plate and jewels in; but it's quite forgotten now. (*Opens the closet-door.*)

Rat. Oh! it was made on purpose for me: I'll put a jewel into it presently. Here, (*gives a paper*) let this lie carelessly on the table; it's worth five thousand pounds.

Snacks. (*Without.*) This way, this way, my lord.

Rat. Oh, d—n it! here they come; tell him you've been frightened by a ghost; and if he signs the paper, give a loud cough.

[*Puts the paper on the table, and exit into the closet.*]

Enter SNACKS and ROBIN.

Snacks. There she is. Isn't she a beauty? What do you say now?

Rob. Why, I say she is not fit to hold a candle to my Dolly.

Nan. Pretty courtship, indeed. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Ah! you'll alter your mind soon; I know you will. Come, let's sit down and talk of it. (*They sit.*)

Nan. (*To Snacks.*) Oh! my dear sir, I've been so frightened. Do you know, I think I've seen the very ghost that alarmed you so once.

Snacks. A what? a ghost? O Lord! I hope not. I hate the very sight of them. It's very odd; but—(*starting*)—Didn't I hear a noise?

Nan. Oh! sir, that's a very common thing in this part of the castle; I have been most terribly frightened lately.

Rob. Why, what frightened you? We are all good people here; they won't hurt us, will they Snacks?

Snacks. No, no; they—that is—(*Alarmed.*)

Rat. (*From behind.*) Hear!

Rob. What?

Rat. Hear!

Snacks. Lord have mercy upon me! (*Kneels.*)

Rat. Offspring of mine, listen not to the advice of that wretch!

Rob. I doant intend it.

Rat. He'll betray you: your intended bride he has imprisoned in the yellow chamber: go, set her at liberty.

Rob. What! my Dolly? Has he imprisoned her in the yellow chamber? Oh, dang your old head!

[*Knocks Snacks down, and exit.*]

Rat. Wretch! restore your ill-gotten wealth; twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.

Snacks. I'll do anything that you command.

Rat. Sign the paper before you. (*Snacks signs the paper. Nancy coughs.*)

RATTLE jumps out of the closet, and takes the paper.

Rat. How do you do? how are you?

Snacks. Give me that paper.

Rat. Not a word: twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents. Now, dear Nancy, you are mine, and five thousand pounds.

Snacks. (*To Nancy.*) You to rebel against me, too, you baggage.

Mar. (*Without.*) Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him; an old, abominable—

Enter MARGERY.

Oh! you are there, are you? You wicked wretch! let me get at him. (*Runs after Snacks, and beats him.*) A pretty pack of lies you have told, you old ragamuffin, you.

Enter ROBIN and DOLLY.

Rob. What! are you there, Rattle?

Rat. Yes, I'm the ghost—Hear!

Rob. Why, you frightened old Honesty a little.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, Master Snacks, the bailiffs ha' gotten Master Frank, and are bringing him here.

Rob. What! the bailiffs got him? Oh, you old rascal! (*To Snacks.*) Let him come here in a moment! [*Exit Servant.*] Oh! Snacks, I'm sorry for you; for I'm sure you can't be happy: a man as does so much harm, and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure.

Enter MR. FRANK.

I be very sorry as they used you so, Mr. Frank, but I couldn't—

Frank. I know your heart too well to think you could.

Rob. I have a greater favour to ask of you, Mr. Frank: you see we've rather found Snacks out; now, will you—dang it, will you take care of me, and come and live in the castle with us, and give me your advice? You know how I mean; teach me a bit, you know.

Frank. You are too generous: but I accept your proffered kindness; and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

Rob. Now, then, I am happy; with such a friend as Mr. Frank, Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbours; and I'll take care that poor folks shall bless the day as made me a lord. [*Exeunt.*]

CROSS PURPOSES;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY MR. O'BRIEN.



Act II—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

GRUB
CONSOL
FRANCIS BEVIL
HARRY BEVIL

GEORGE BEVIL
CHAPEAU
ROBIN
SERVANTS

MRS. GRUB
EMILY
JENNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in George Bevil's house.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Heyday! Here's a house with a witness! Two o'clock, and not a soul stirring yet. What a charming thing it is to be quality! for, then, one need never do any one thing like the rest of the world: lie a-bed all day, sit up all night, spend an estate without ever having one, run in debt to everybody, pay nobody, laugh at everybody, despise everybody, and cuckold everybody. Oh, what a delightful thing it is to be quality! But I wonder Mr. Chapeau is not up yet, he did not use to be so late. A sweet fellow! has more of the man of fashion about him, than any servant in town. I wish I was like him; I strive all I can, but I cannot get his manner.

JENNY crosses the stage.

Harkye! my dear, is Captain Bevil at home?

Jenny. Who, sir?

Robin. What! is there nobody up yet?

Jenny. Up yet! no, sir; I believe they are not long gone to bed. Why, sure, you must be as great a stranger here as I am, to think of finding any one stirring at this time of the day.

Robin. A stranger! what, then, you are a new comer: I don't remember having had the pleasure of seeing you before, my dear.

Jenny. No, sir; I have been here but a week; and I don't know yet who it is I live with: Mrs. Suds, the washerwoman, recommended me; mayhap, you may know her.

Robin. I am acquainted with the family, but I have not the honour of knowing her. (*Takes snuff.*)

Jenny. And here I am, but I have never seen the face of my master since here I've been. I never hears anything of him, but when he raps at the door in the morning; and he is always going to bed just as I begin to think of getting up. What, perhaps, you want to speak to Mr. Chapeau?

Robin. Yes, I wish I could see him. You must know I live with your master's elder brother.

Jenny. Oh! what in the square?

Robin. No, no; that's the eldest, the great 'Squire Bevil: there are three of them. He that lives in St. James's-square, is, as I told you, the eldest, and has a great fortune; my master studies the law in the Temple, and your master, my dear, is the youngest, and studies nothing at all in the army: he's an officer in the foot-guards. I want to know if he's upon duty, can you tell me?

Jenny. Indeed, I can't, sir; but I know that he never comes home all night long. I wonder, for my part, what the quality can find to do up so, always, night after night, night after night.

Chap. (Within.) William! William!

Jenny. Oh, Lord! I vow there is Mr. Chapeau up, I must run and wash the steps: your servant, sir. *[Exit.]*

Robin. Your servant, my dear. A good fine girl that; I must see if she is not to be had. Oh! here he comes, here he comes.

Enter CHAPEAU.

Ah, Monsieur Chapeau! How do you do?

Chap. Ah, Master Robin! are you there? How goes it, my little dapper Robin?

Robin. You have slept it out, with a witness, my dear sir; it is almost two o'clock. *(Looking at his watch.)*

Chap. Is it, indeed! Why, we were up very late at Almack's last night, and lost all our money. Come, sit down. A d—d run against us all night long. But, however, no matter, the worse luck now, the better another time, eh! my little smiling Robin?

Robin. Ay, it is to be hoped so, Mr. Chapeau: I think they say that your master has lost considerably of late, has not he?

Chap. Oh! we have had the cursedest run of ill-luck that ever people had. And how to raise money upon earth we don't know; there's not an usurer, not a thief, between this and the Monument, but we have brought to a stand-still; not a penny will they lend us. I believe—though it is the devil to think of that too—but I believe we must marry somebody; we can't keep our heads above water much longer if we do not.

Robin. I should suppose, Mr. Chapeau, that your master had well nigh spent all his fortune by this time.

Chap. Spent his fortune! why we did not begin to make a figure, or be at all known in the world, till we had lost all we had.

Robin. Why, you don't tell me so!

Chap. You may stare, but it is very true. We did not begin to have credit, till we had not a farthing left in the world. Ah! Robin, London is the place for credit; pluck up but a good resolution, and you may run in debt as much as you please. Why the tradesmen are all playing as deep a game as our masters. William, bring chocolate.

Enter a Servant.

Or would you rather have tea, Robin?

Robin. No, thank you, Mr. Chapeau, chocolate if you please; I have left off tea some time.

Chap. Why, then, bring chocolate. *[Exit Servant.]*

Robin. As one don't drink so confoundedly hard as one used to do, I think there's less occasion for tea in a morning. But, pray, what might your master have lost last night?

Chap. 'Faith I can't justly say. Bob told me, (for you must know we had a little party with him last night,) that, at one in the morning, he was out nine hundred, and kept calling for rouleaus till past five, and every one quite worn out; so you may guess. *(Chocolate brought in.)* How much do you think I lost last night?

Robin. Upon my soul, I have no guess. Perhaps a guinea or two.

Chap. Fifty, or may I never rattle a box again. You must know that young Flimsy, Sir Harry Blackball, and some others, were all ballotted in last night, and we had devilish deep play.

Robin. What a genteel manner he has! *(Aside.)* Fifty guineas, Mr. Chapeau; why, that will make a horrid hole in your strong box, won't it?

Chap. A monstrous one, I can't say but it will. *(Sipping chocolate.)* But you must know (don't take any notice of it, though) I have been in keep-

ing some time. A certain married woman, that shall be nameless, whose husband is monstrous rich, and keeps a shop in a certain street, that shall be nameless. You have seen her, my little Robin; a monstrous fine girl! She danced with me at the last masquerade; we were both monstrously well-dressed; after which, we went to a certain house, that shall be nameless. The husband is d—d jealous, though; and, between you and I, I am afraid he wants to get rid of her; so that, of late, we are grown more circumspect: for though I should like the *éclat* of a divorce; yet the money at present, the money, my little Robin, you know, is convenient.

Robin. O yes, d—e! the money to be sure. *(Sipping.)*

Chap. Robin, don't you remember meeting me in the Park, about ten days since, with a lady dressed in chintz, eh?

Robin. O lord, ay, very well! She was dressed in a muff too: I remember her. Why, that you told me, the next day, was a wax-chandler's lady in—

Chap. Hush! you confounded blab you; not a syllable for your life! *(Clapping his hand to his mouth.)*

Robin. Ha, ha! Have I smoaked you. Ha, ha, ha! *(Bell rings.)*

Chap. Ha! my master's bell; he is awake, then, I find. *Toute à l'heure, monsieur; toute à l'heure.* But what brought you here to-day so early, Robin; have you any message?

Robin. Yes, my master was not sure but his brother might be on guard, so bid me call and ask. He is at his brother's in the square: I fancy he intends coming down here presently. Some family business in hand, I have a notion.

Chap. Ay, they want to raise the devil, cash, I suppose. I fancy it is confounded low with both of them. That cursed place, White's, is so full of blacks, the poor lads can't keep a farthing for them. I suppose they want the eldest to lend.

Robin. Not my master, I warrant you; he's a good manager, sticks close to the law. Why, he's to be called to the bar next term. Devilish clever he is, an't he?

Chap. O devilish clever: a monstrous genius, Robin.

Robin. Very true, Mr. Chapeau, he is very monstrous.

JENNY re-crosses the stage.

Chap. Oh, Jenny! do you know has anybody called upon me or my master to-day?

Jenny. Yes, sir, there have been two ladies and an old cloaths'-man to you, and two thin ugly men asked for my master; I believe they be Jews.

Chap. Jews! Gadso, they must not be neglected. Did they say they would call again?

Jenny. Yes; one, I think, did say he would call again, and another of them left a paper parcel; I put it on the drawing-room table. *[Exit.]*

Chap. It's very well, Jenny. *(Bell rings.)* Well, Robin, you may tell your master that mine is just awake. If he has any business, this is the time to see him. Now or never. Adieu, *au revoir.*

Robin. Well, my dear Mr. Chapeau, adieu.—Adieu, as the French have it. *(Going.)*

Chap. But Robin, d—e, not a word of the little Chandler.

Robin. Oh! upon honour, I'll be close as wax.

Chap. Bravo! my little dapper Robin, you improve.

Robin. Yes, yes, thanks to you, I shall be something at last, with a little of your assistance. A charming, genteel fellow. *[Exit.]*

Chap. A foolish, awkward toad. *(Bell rings.)* I hear you, sir. What a d—d situation, after all, a

servant's is; (*taking snuff*) never at ease, always attending other people's motions: I begin to be monstrous sick of it. As my master is pretty nearly ruined, I take it he will soon either hang or marry himself; I shall then beg leave to retire and enjoy the fruits of my industry, purchase some genteel sinecure, take a snug box in the country, and kill my own mutton. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIL *in his night-gown, and CHAPEAU.*

G. Bev. My brother Harry's man here, do you say?

Chap. Yes, sir, he came from Mr. Bevil's in the square, to know if you were upon duty or not.

G. Bev. My brother, I suppose, then, will call here. I am glad of it. I shall have an opportunity of letting him into my situation. (*Aside.*) Anybody else?

Chap. Jenny says, sir, two Jews were here before I was up; they said they would call again, and one of them left this parcel.

G. Bev. Oh! very well; the writings, I suppose: ay, 'tis so. Lay them down. If they come again I must see them; and if anybody is with me, shew them into my dressing-room. There's no living without these Israelites. I am an absolute bankrupt with every Christian creature, and if my luck does not change shortly, they will find me out at Duke's-place too.

Enter HARRY BEVIL.

H. Bev. So, George, you are just up, I see; you are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever: St. James's dial does not better shew the hour of the day than you do the life of a modern fine gentleman.

G. Bev. St. James's dial, sir, is not as constant to the sun, as I am to my course of life. But how comes it that you are dressed so soon; are you going to dine with any of your patronising attorneys in Chancery-lane?

H. Bev. No; I dine at this end of the town; but I have business on my hands—business which, perhaps, may occasion business for my patronising attorneys, as you are pleased to call them. In short, George, I am upon the brink of matrimony.

G. Bev. Indeed! Why that's the very business I was wanting to open to you. I have thoughts of marrying, too. In short, Harry, such is my situation at present, that, formidable as it may be, I must marry; I must find out a wife, whose fortune may set me afloat again; for faith, as matters go, I am sinking very fast.

H. Bev. But the question is, where will you find one that can answer your purpose; I am sure, she must be handsome, or you will never like her; and her fortune must be very handsome, I am sure, or it will be of no use to you.

G. Bev. In both these points, Harry, I have been lucky enough to succeed. During the course of my sauntering duty in the Park, with the nursery-maids, I met with a very fine girl, who has a considerable fortune in her own power, but may expect a much greater if she marries with the consent of the old folks: of them I know nothing. The young thing is entirely mine, and I am foolish enough to be in love with her.

H. Bev. Simple indeed! And her name is—

G. Bev. There you must excuse me; I must be surer of carrying my point, before I open myself farther, even to you. But what, pray, is your situation?

H. Bev. Why, faith, odd enough, you will say. You have always laughed at me for sticking so close to the old ladies; but, at last, I am reward-

ed for it. One I have often seen at Lady Matchem's assemblies, has taken, it seems, so violent an inclination to me, that she has made me an offer of her daughter. 'Tis true, I am not acquainted with the girl, I have only seen her at a distance; but she is reckoned handsome; and as I am sure her fortune has numberless charms, I have made up my mind and am resolved.

G. Bev. And her name is—

H. Bev. There you must excuse me. As you said, I must be surer of my point, before I open myself, even to you. Lady Matchem has given me the characters of the family, which stand thus: the girl amiable and handsome, with a considerable fortune in her own power; but, as you said of your's, if papa and mamma consent, may have a much greater. The father is a man who has all his money in the stocks; and though he lives on this side Temple-bar, is as ignorant of good company as if he had never removed from Thames-street: all his time is taken up in listening to news, picking up intelligence, and buying in and selling out accordingly. The mother's only joy is cards and governing her family, which she does with as much authority, as her husband's obstinacy will let her. She has undertaken to open the matter to him; and this afternoon, I am, perhaps, to have the honour of an introduction to him. More I'll tell you when I know more.

G. Bev. Have you opened this business yet to my brother Frank?

H. Bev. Not yet. Does he know your plan of operations?

G. Bev. No; I went to him, the other day, with an intention of telling him all, and begging his advice and assistance; but, unluckily, the conversation turning first upon my losses at play, put us both so heartily out of humour, that company coming in, I took the first opportunity of retreating, and have not seen him since. It will be time enough to tell him, when I am a little surer of success. The day wears though, and I have a great deal of business upon my hands, besides dressing. I am laying some of my burdens upon the tribe of Issachar.

H. Bev. Who will take care to exonerate themselves, I warrant. How many Jews may your honour have in hand now?

G. Bev. Humph! why, faith, I believe about a round dozen; but if I marry, I will discard them all, and play a more Christian kind of game for the future.

H. Bev. Well, success attend you. Perhaps I may look in upon you at Almack's about eleven.

[*Exit.*]

G. Bev. Chapeau, get my things ready to dress. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Grub's House.*

Enter GRUB.

Grub. What a miserable man I am! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the stocks. I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them; any one of them is enough to make any reasonable man mad; but all three to be attended to at once, is too much. Ah! Jonathan Grub, Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wish, and now thou hast them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come? Let's see, (*looking at his watch*) 'tis time he was come back. Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and, if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. (*A knocking at the door.*) There's Mr. Consol, I am sure. Who's there? Does nobody hear? Open the door, somebody! Oh, what infernal servants I have! Open the door for Mr. Consol! I believe

there never was anybody so ill-served as I am. Nobody to—Oh! Mr. Consol, have they let you in?

Enter CONSOL.

Well, what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? What says the ambassador's porter?

Consol. Why, he says—have you heard nothing since?

Grub. No, not a syllable; what does he say?

Consol. Why, he says—Lord how I am fatigued! Ah! 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he say? what did he say?

Consol. Why, he said that his excellency was at home all last night.

Grub. Indeed! at home all night. Ay, reading the despatches: a war as sure as can be. Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow. I shall lose all I have in the world. Why did I not take Whisper's advice and sell out yesterday: I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug; but now—

Consol. Why, but you are so hasty, Mr. Grub, you are so hasty; you won't hear me out; you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. Oh, d—n your wife! Hear you out; what more have you to say, tell me?

Consol. Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

Grub. Well, zounds! man, you said so before; why do you repeat it? You grow the errantest old fool that I ever saw. But what of his being at home, tell me that.

Consol. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out. Was at home all night—"All night" says I. "Yes, sir," says he—

Grub. Oh! if you are got at your says I's and says he's—

Consol. Nay, pray, Mr. Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but in the meantime, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow. Oh! this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this. I was sure at the time of the peace that we should have a Spanish war one time or other. But, pr'ythee, man, do cut your story short.

Consol. Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—

Grub. What, what?

Consol. That the ambassador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening.

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle! what to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe. It must be a joke. Why, zounds! man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent. An old fool!

Consol. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub. Have you? Well, what is it? None of your says I's and says he's now, I charge you.

Consol. Why, who should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen, coming hot foot to you from the India-house.

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

Consol. Why, he says there's great news; India stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by 'Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Consol, (*embracing him*.) I thank you: that revives me. Then hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news, indeed.

Egad! the newspapers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

Consol. Yes, sir; to be sure they do keep a sad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. D—n it, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me so. Why, now of a morning at breakfast—in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets; then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary; when I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again, another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my stomach. However, this is substantial; so, my dear Consol, lose no time. This revives me. Thank you, my dear Consol: you are a very sensible man; and if you could but learn to leave out your says I's and says he's, and says they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in. Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand—the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I would go into the city with you myself.

Consol. Ah! what you have made up your matters, then, with Lord Thoughtless.

Grub. No, no, Consol; not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promise you. I'll have none of your lords for my son-in-law, that I can tell you.

Consol. Ay, ay; very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

Grub. But away, away, dear Consol; and be sure let me hear, before bed-time, what you have done. I'll be in the city by seven to-morrow morning.

Consol. Very well, Mr. Grub; I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going*.) Oh! but Mr. Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch-rabbit with me some of these days, as you promised me. I have finished my room: the bay-window is finished.

Grub. Is it, indeed!

Consol. Yes, and charming pleasant it is. I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Consol. Yes; and not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

Grub. Ay! why that is pleasant! Why you have a knack at these things, Consol; you are always improving: you have a knack at these things.

Consol. Yes, I thank heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit and then a bit, as I tell my wife.

Grub. Yes, yes; depend upon't I'll come. But, dear Consol, make haste now, if you love me. [*Exit Consol.*] Well! now this goes as I would have it; this goes as I would have it! If India stock rises six per cent. to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it. But now for this other affair; now for the marriage of my daughter. I am glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman; a fine fortune, in parliament, and an economist; three things very much to my mind. If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but she's the devil to deal with. It was lucky I happened to meet with this man; for the women are so agog, now-a-days, that you can't provide too soon for them; and a fine young girl with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object in this town, that the sooner you can get her married and safe out of your hands the better. Ah!—Now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife—(*sighs*)—But there is no such thing as real happiness on this side of the grave!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Grub's House.**Enter GRUB.*

Grub. Now for this wife of mine: I suppose I shall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match; nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, she, for that reason only, will set herself against the business. But here she comes. Hum! I must break it to her by degrees; bring it coolly and cunningly about, by degrees—

Enter MRS. GRUB.

Oh! Mrs. Grub, my dear, how d'ye do? What's the news?

Mrs. G. News! Heavens, Mr. Grub! will you never leave off that filthy, vulgar, city custom of your's, of asking everybody you see for news, news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle, or the Public Ledger. Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany Tar-barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased; but he would never do as I have, leave the city, and all his old friends, and begin the world, as it were, over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-lane.

Mrs. G. Oh, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them? But, no; I must do everything for the honour and credit of our name; and if I did not go about to the watering-places in the summer, with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in the winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate. Mrs. Deputy this and Mrs. Deputy t'other, and Alderman Goose, and Alderman Gander; pretty creatures to introduce to a young lady, with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you say; you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain: but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead? poor Alderman Marrowfat!

Mrs. G. Oh, the filthy wretch! I'm mighty glad on't; he ought to have died twenty years ago. What was the matter with him?

Grub. Apoplexy! Eat as hearty a dinner at Girdler's-hall, as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow church and state; stiff before the second toast could go round! Ah! the new paving of the streets killed him. Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all! But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley, India stock is mounting every minute.

Mrs. G. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes, I thought you would be glad to hear it; I have just sent Consol to the Alley, to see how matters go: I should have gone myself; but—I—wanted to—open an affair of some importance to you.

Mrs. G. Ay, ay; you have always some affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one: I have been thinking, my dear, that it was high time we had fixed our daughter; it is high time that Emily was married.

Mrs. G. You think so, do you? I have thought so any time these three years, and so has Emily too, I fancy. I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

Grub. You did! well I declare that's pat enough. He, he, he! I vow and protest I'm pleased at this: why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

Mrs. G. Jump, quotha! no, on my conscience, I should wonder they did. And how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers, as usual; or, perhaps, advertising, as you used to do; but I expect to hear no more of those tricks now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear; this is no such matter; the gentleman I intend—

Mrs. G. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs. G. You intend! What, do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent? Look you, Mr. Grub, as I have always said, mind your money matters; look to your bulls, and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make you waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is; but leave to me the management of my child. What! things are come to a fine pass, indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to some of your city cronies, your factors, supercargoes, packers, and dry-salters; but, thank my stars! I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr. Grub; no, I'll have none of them. It never shall be said, that after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

Grub. Why, zounds! are you mad, Mrs. Grub?

Mrs. G. No; you shall find I am not mad, Mr. Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr. Grub. What, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

Grub. Why, the devil is in you, certainly! If you will but hear me, you shall be consulted: have I not always consulted you? was I not inclined, to please you, to marry my daughter to a lord; and has she not been hawked about till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter? Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality only marry, now-a-days, for a winter or so?

Mrs. G. Very well; we did so. And who, pray, is the proper person to find out a match for her? who, but her mother, Mr. Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr. Grub? who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr. Grub? Yes, Mr. Grub, I know mankind as well as any woman on earth, Mr. Grub.

Grub. That I believe from my soul, Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. G. Who, then, but me should have the disposal of her? And very well I have disposed of her: I have got her a husband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a husband!

Mrs. G. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs. Grub; that will never do. What the vengeance! have I been toiling upwards of fifty years, up early, down late, shop-keeper and house-keeper; made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy; and now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child is in agitation, shall I not speak, shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

Mrs. G. Heyday! You are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What! did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening? Did I not, to please you, take this house here? Nay, did I not make the d—est fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane? Did I not put on a sword, too, at your desire; and had I not like to have broken my neck down stairs by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical Lady

there never was anybody so ill-served as I am. Nobody to—Oh! Mr. Consol, have they let you in?

Enter CONSOL.

Well, what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? What says the ambassador's porter?

Consol. Why, he says—have you heard nothing since?

Grub. No, not a syllable; what does he say?

Consol. Why, he says—Lord how I am fatigued! Ah! 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he say? what did he say?

Consol. Why, he said that his excellency was at home all last night.

Grub. Indeed! at home all night. Ay, reading the despatches: a war as sure as can be. Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow. I shall lose all I have in the world. Why did I not take Whisper's advice and sell out yesterday: I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug; but now—

Consol. Why, but you are so hasty, Mr. Grub, you are so hasty; you won't hear me out; you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. Oh, d—n your wife! Hear you out; what more have you to say, tell me?

Consol. Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

Grub. Well, zounds! man, you said so before; why do you repeat it? You grow the errantest old fool that I ever saw. But what of his being at home, tell me that.

Consol. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out. Was at home all night—"All night" says I. "Yes, sir," says he—

Grub. Oh! if you are got at your says I's and says he's—

Consol. Nay, pray, Mr. Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but in the meantime, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow. Oh! this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this. I was sure at the time of the peace that we should have a Spanish war one time or other. But, pr'ythee, man, do cut your story short.

Consol. Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—

Grub. What, what?

Consol. That the ambassador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening.

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle! what to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe. It must be a joke. Why, zounds! man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent. An old fool!

Consol. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub. Have you? Well, what is it? None of your says I's and says he's now, I charge you.

Consol. Why, who should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen, coming hot foot to you from the India-house.

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

Consol. Why, he says there's great news; India stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by 'Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Consol, (*embracing him*,) I thank you: that revives me. Then hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news, indeed.

Egad! the newspapers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

Consol. Yes, sir; to be sure they do keep a sad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. D—n it, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me so. Why, now of a morning at breakfast—in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets; then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary; when I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again, another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my stomach. However, this is substantial; so, my dear Consol, lose no time. This revives me. Thank you, my dear Consol: you are a very sensible man; and if you could but learn to leave out your says I's and says he's, and says they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in. Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand—the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I would go into the city with you myself.

Consol. Ah! what you have made up your matters, then, with Lord Thoughtless.

Grub. No, no, Consol; not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promise you. I'll have none of your lords for my son-in-law, that I can tell you.

Consol. Ay, ay; very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

Grub. But away, away, dear Consol; and be sure let me hear, before bed-time, what you have done. I'll be in the city by seven to-morrow morning.

Consol. Very well, Mr. Grub; I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going*.) Oh! but Mr. Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch-rabbit with me some of these days, as you promised me. I have finished my room: the bay-window is finished.

Grub. Is it, indeed!

Consol. Yes, and charming pleasant it is. I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Consol. Yes; and not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

Grub. Ay! why that is pleasant! Why you have a knack at these things, Consol; you are always improving: you have a knack at these things.

Consol. Yes, I thank heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit and then a bit, as I tell my wife.

Grub. Yes, yes; depend upon't I'll come. But, dear Consol, make haste now, if you love me. [*Exit Consol.*] Well! now this goes as I would have it; this goes as I would have it! If India stock rises six per cent. to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it. But now for this other affair; now for the marriage of my daughter. I am glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman; a fine fortune, in parliament, and an economist; three things very much to my mind. If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but she's the devil to deal with. It was lucky I happened to meet with this man; for the women are so agog, now-a-days, that you can't provide too soon for them; and a fine young girl with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object in this town, that the sooner you can get her married and safe out of your hands the better. Ah!—Now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife—(*sighs*)—But there is no such thing as real happiness on this side of the grave!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Grub's House.**Enter GRUB.*

Grub. Now for this wife of mine: I suppose I shall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match; nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, she, for that reason only, will set herself against the business. But here she comes. Hum! I must break it to her by degrees; bring it coolly and cunningly about, by degrees—

Enter MRS. GRUB.

Oh! Mrs. Grub, my dear, how d'ye do? What's the news?

Mrs. G. News! Heavens, Mr. Grub! will you never leave off that filthy, vulgar, city custom of your's, of asking everybody you see for news, news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle, or the Public Ledger. Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany Tar-barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased; but he would never do as I have, leave the city, and all his old friends, and begin the world, as it were, over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-lane.

Mrs. G. Oh, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them? But, no; I must do everything for the honour and credit of our name; and if I did not go about to the watering-places in the summer, with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in the winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate. Mrs. Deputy this and Mrs. Deputy t'other, and Alderman Goose, and Alderman Gander; pretty creatures to introduce to a young lady, with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you say; you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain: but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead? poor Alderman Marrowfat!

Mrs. G. Oh, the filthy wretch! I'm mighty glad on't; he ought to have died twenty years ago. What was the matter with him?

Grub. Apoplexy! Eat as hearty a dinner at Girdler's-hall, as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow church and state; stiff before the second toast could go round! Ah! the new paving of the streets killed him. Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all! But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley, India stock is mounting every minute.

Mrs. G. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes, I thought you would be glad to hear it; I have just sent Consol to the Alley, to see how matters go: I should have gone myself; but—I—wanted to—open an affair of some importance to you.

Mrs. G. Ay, ay; you have always some affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one: I have been thinking, my dear, that it was high time we had fixed our daughter; it is high time that Emily was married.

Mrs. G. You think so, do you? I have thought so any time these three years, and so has Emily too, I fancy. I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

Grub. You did! well I declare that's pat enough. He, he, he! I vow and protest I'm pleased at this: why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

Mrs. G. Jump, quotha! no, on my conscience, I should wonder they did. And how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers, as usual; or, perhaps, advertising, as you used to do; but I expect to hear no more of those tricks now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear; this is no such matter; the gentleman I intend—

Mrs. G. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs. G. You intend! What, do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent? Look you, Mr. Grub, as I have always said, mind your money matters; look to your bulls, and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make you waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is; but leave to me the management of my child. What! things are come to a fine pass, indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to some of your city cronies, your factors, supercargoes, packers, and dry-salters; but, thank my stars! I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr. Grub; no, I'll have none of them. It never shall be said, that after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

Grub. Why, zounds! are you mad, Mrs. Grub?

Mrs. G. No; you shall find I am not mad, Mr. Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr. Grub. What, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

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Grub. That I believe from my soul, Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. G. Who, then, but me should have the disposal of her? And very well I have disposed of her: I have got her a husband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a husband!

Mrs. G. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs. Grub; that will never do. What the vengeance! have I been toiling upwards of fifty years, up early, down late, shop-keeper and house-keeper; made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy; and now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child is in agitation, shall I not speak, shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

Mrs. G. Heyday! You are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What! did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening? Did I not, to please you, take this house here? Nay, did I not make the d—est fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane? Did I not put on a sword, too, at your desire; and had I not like to have broken my neck down stairs by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical Lady

What-d'ye-call-'em's route? and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me?

Mrs. G. And well they might, truly. An obstinate old fool!

Grub. Ay, ay; that may be; but I will have my own way; I'll give my daughter to the man I like. I'll have no sir this, nor lord t'other; I'll have no fellow with a waist down to his knees, and a skirt like a monkey's jacket; with a hat not so big as its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a queue thicker than his leg.

Mrs. G. Why, Mr. Grub, you are raving, distracted, surely. No, the man I propose—

Grub. And the man I propose—

Mrs. G. Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connexions.

Grub. And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue—

Mrs. G. And his name is—

Grub. And his name is Bevil.

Mrs. G. Ah!

Grub. And his name is Bevil, I say.

Mrs. G. Bevil?

Grub. Bevil! a very pretty name, too.

Mrs. G. What, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Yes; Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire.

Mrs. G. Oh! my dear Mr. Grub, you delight me; Mr. Bevil is the very man I meant.

Grub. Is it possible! Why, where have you met with him?

Mrs. G. Oh! at several places; but particularly at Lady Matchem's assemblies.

Grub. Indeed! my dear Mrs. Grub, let me have one kiss.

Mrs. G. Take twenty, my dear Mr. Grub. (*They embrace.*)

Grub. Was ever anything so fortunate! Did not I tell you that our inclinations jumped. He, he, he! But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you.

Mrs. G. Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you: but I see he is a prudent man, he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?

Grub. Why, he bought some stock of me, and so we became acquainted. But I am so overjoyed, adod! I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs. Grub, let's send for the child, and open the business at once to her. I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it? Let's send for Emily. Poor, dear little soul! she little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

Mrs. G. I'll go fetch her. (*Calling.*) Oh, Betty! bid Miss Grub come down to her papa. Yes, poor soul! she will be overjoyed and surprised; so let us, my dear Mr. Grub, be gentle, and calmly drop it to her. Your only fault always was and will be hastiness: don't be hasty with her.

Grub. I won't, Mrs. Grub; I won't. But I am so overjoyed—

Mrs. G. Oh! pray, now don't be a fool. Here comes the poor child. Compose yourself, my dear: consider the poor child.

Enter EMILY.

Emily, my dear, come hither, child. Your papa and I—

Grub. Yes, my dear, your mother and I—

Mrs. G. Mr. Grub, will you hold your tongue? or I—

Grub. My dear, I say no more, I say no more; but, harkye—

Emily. So, the usual scene, I find. Something interesting is on foot, I am sure; I suppose a new match has been thought of for me. (*Aside.*) I heard you wanted me, papa.

Grub. Yes, my dear; but your mother will—

Mrs. G. Yes, my dear, I will, if you will but get out of my way. Yes, my sweet child, I want you; I am going to ask you a few questions—

Emily. Heavens! I hope they have not discovered me. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. G. Which I hope you will answer me ingenuously: come, now, don't be disturbed or alarmed. Ah! that enchanting modesty; how she puts me in mind of myself when I was of her age! But, my dear, your papa and I wish to know the state of your affections; how is your heart inclined towards the reception of a tender passion?

Grub. Ay, my dear; your mother means to ask you, how you are inclined to matrimony? What do you think of a husband, Emily?

Mrs. G. Mr. Grub, for heaven's sake! don't be so gross to the poor child. Come, my dear, you know your papa and I mean only to make you happy; indulgence was the plan upon which we brought you up.

Emily. My dear mamma, I should be the most undutiful of daughters, did I not shew a constant and grateful sense of it.

Mrs. G. Ay, very true. Now, child, we were always resolved to leave you to yourself in the choice of a husband: I remember my own case—Mr. Grub, my dear, do you remember, I could not abide the sight of you?

Grub. Yes, my dear, it's very true; I shall never forget it.

Mrs. G. I believe we were married nigh six weeks before you could get a syllable out of my mouth.

Grub. Yes; but you have made it up to me since, with a vengeance! But as to love, that always comes, as the old saying is—

Mrs. G. Oh! pr'ythee, none of your filthy old sayings now. Speak, Emily.

Emily. I hope, my dear mamma, I shall ever behave as you would wish me. Your kind declarations to me now, as well as the assurances you and my papa have always given me of an entire liberty in the choice I might hereafter make, call for my warmest acknowledgments, and I should be the most ungrateful of creatures, if, as far as in my power lies, I did not comply—

Grub. My dear child, my dear wife, I am the happiest man in the world; the happiest man in the world.

Mrs. G. My dear Mr. Grub, compose yourself, and don't go raving mad. Nay, I knew my sweet soul would be all compliance, and rewarded you shall be for it; we have found you a husband, that—

Emily. Ah!

Grub. Ay, we have got you such a husband, my dear—

Mrs. G. Ha! Why, methinks you change colour at the news, Emily! I beg, my sweet soul, you won't be alarmed.

Emily. Your pardon, my dearest mother; I must be alarmed, and own to you my reasons for it. Your very humane declarations, that you will never force me in an object of such importance, gives me spirits and confidence to tell you that I have already disposed of my heart.

Mrs. G. How!

Grub. What!

Mrs. G. Am I awake?

Grub. No, surely; we are in a dream.

Emily. Oh, heavens, sir! dearest mamma, don't terrify me with those looks.

Mrs. G. Disposed of your heart!

Grub. Disposed of your heart, with a vengeance!

Mrs. G. When?

Grub. Where?

Mrs. G. To whom?

Grub. Ay, to whom, I say?

Mrs. G. Where, and when was it? Who is he? Tell me all about it this instant.

Grub. Was there ever such an artful baggage! Oh! I am the most miserable man in the world! the most miserable man in the world!

Mrs. G. After all my pains! After all the money I have spent in going to Tunbridge and Bath, to Margate and Harrowgate, fresh water and salt water.

Grub. Oh, Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub! this is the blessed effects of your jauntings and journeys! With as snug a box upon Clapham-common, which, I think, by far the finest part of England, and everything handsome about you, you could not be contented; and, because there's not a foolish body of quality, now-a-days, lives a summer in their own houses, as they ought to do, you must be driving away to all the watering-places, too; and slap-dash, all on a sudden, when I least think on't, away I am hied the devil knows where. Ha! then, such plungings and pumpings, such divings and dippings, as if you had been bit by all the mad dogs in the kingdom!

Emily. My dearest father, hear me! Chance brought me acquainted with a gentleman, who is, I am certain, if you did but know him, the man in the world you would wish me to have; a man, amiable in the highest degree.

Mrs. G. Yes, yes; very likely, truly.

Grub. Ay, ay, a very pretty fellow, to be sure.

Emily. Yes, I must own, he has insinuated himself into my heart, and made on it the most indelible impression.

Mrs. G. Very fine, truly! I say impression, indeed! After all our indulgence—

Grub. Ay, after all our indulgence! Who was ever better dressed at my lord-mayor's balls? But who, in the devil's name, is he?

Mrs. G. Ay, who is he? Speak, who is he? What's his name, urchin?

Emily. His name is Bevil.

Mrs. G. Ha!

Grub. What!

Emily. I said, his name is Bevil. (*In a fright.*)

Mrs. G. Bevil! What, Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Ay, Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Emily. Yes, I think I have heard him talk of going into Lincolnshire.

Grub. Tol lol de rol! My dear child, my dear wife!

Mrs. G. My dear daughter, my sweet Mr. Grub!

Grub. I am the happiest man in the world, the happiest man in the world! Who could have thought it?

Emily. What can all this mean? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. G. Ah! my dear child, you have surely inherited all the penetration of your mother, with that strong likeness of my poor dear brother. Why, my dear, that Mr. Bevil is the very identical person we had in view for you.

Emily. Oh! my dear mamma, is it possible?

Grub. Ay, by the lord is it! so say no more, but kiss your own dear papa, you sweet little cherubim!

Mrs. G. But, my dear, it is very odd he should be acquainted with the child, and never once hint it to us.

Grub. Oh! not at all. I see through it, I see through it. He is a notable one, I see; he wants to have all our consents separately, that he may be the more certain of our affections.

Mrs. G. Nay, it must be so. And did he never say that he had met with your papa or me?

Emily. Never; I am very much surprised at it; but I am so happy in your concurrence with my wishes, that it almost overcomes me. This, sure,

is the oddest event that ever happened. (*Aside, and retiring.*)

Mrs. G. Now, my dear, I think we may say, that we are completely happy.

Grub. Yes, my dear, we are, indeed. Such a dear, good child, and such a respectable son-in-law! The baggage knows how to choose herself a husband. He, he, he! He's as handsome a black man, I think, as ever I saw.

Mrs. G. Black, Mr. Grub? why, surely, your eyes begin to fail you! he's as handsome a fair man, indeed, as ever I saw.

Grub. Fair! No, no, no; I know complexions better than that comes to. He's black, I tell you.

Mrs. G. But he is fair, I tell you.

Grub. And I say, he is black.

Mrs. G. Black!

Grub. As a dot of ink.

Mrs. G. Why, child, Emily, my dear, what do you say, is he a black or a fair man?

Emily. (*Coming forward.*) In my opinion, he is neither one nor the other.

Mrs. G. Well, it does not signify disputing; as he will be here presently, we shall see which of us is right.

Grub. Here! How do you know that?

Mrs. G. I appointed him to call on me this evening, and the hour draws nigh.

Grub. Why, I appointed him to be here between six and seven, too! He, he, he! Our inclinations have jumped most marvellously to-day.

Emily. I received a note from him, about two hours since, telling me that he would be here about seven. I must own, thinking you would be out of the way, I permitted him to come here, for the first time.

Grub. And he never said a syllable to either of us, and pretended not to know us. Ha, ha, ha! that's very good! (*Looks at his watch.*) But it's time he was come; though, perhaps, the business of the house may detain him. I don't believe they are up yet.

Mrs. G. The house! what house?

Grub. The House of Commons: you know he is a member of parliament, I suppose, child.

Mrs. G. Not I, indeed; I know no such thing; I know he's not in parliament.

Grub. But I tell you he is.

Mrs. G. That's a very pretty story, indeed. Emily, child, do speak to your father, and don't let him expose his ignorance and obstinacy so unmercifully. Is not he studying the law in the Temple, my dear?

Grub. Don't he live in St. James's-square, my sweet?

Emily. No, indeed, papa; he is an officer in the guards, and lives in Pall-mall.

Mrs. G. The girl is distracted, sure; and will distract us too, I believe.

Grub. I never heard such confounded nonsense! you are both mad, I believe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below desires to speak to my master.

Grub. Oh! he's come, I suppose. Now we shall see who's a fool, who's obstinate, and who's ignorant. Where is he?

Serv. I shewed him into the parlour, sir. [*Exit.*]

Grub. Oh! very well; I'll go down and shew him up. Now we shall see, now we shall know who he is, and what he is. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (*To Mrs. G.*) Madam, the gentleman you expected is come, and in your dressing-room waiting for you.

Mrs. G. Yes, yes; I know he is come; but he is below stairs, your master is just gone down to him.

Serv. No, madam, that is somebody come in just now; the gentleman you mean, ma'am, has been here this half-hour. As you and my master seemed to be at high words, I did not choose to come in. [Exit.]

Mrs. G. Oh! then it seems your papa has got somebody else upon business with him. I'll go to Mr. Bevil, and make my apologies to him for detaining him so long. [Exit.]

Emily. This is, surely, the strangest affair that ever happened. What can they mean? I have no idea of it. I think Mr. Bevil would never enter privately into engagements with them, and not mention it to me. But I am glad it's come to this crisis; the sooner it's over the better: I am heartily tired of these violent disputes and wrangles every minute.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (To Emily) Madam, the gentleman's come; he is in the blue room, and nobody has seen him.

Emily. Good heavens! What can all this mean? I'll go this instant to him, perhaps he may be able to explain it to me. [Exit.]

Enter GRUB.

Grub. Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub! Mr. Bevil is come, my dear.

Enter MRS. GRUB.

Mrs. G. Yes, my dear, I know he is come; he is in my dressing-room here.

Grub. In your dressing-room! Why, does the devil possess you still? why, he is on the stairs, coming up with me; he only stopped to speak to his chairman.

Mrs. G. That's very pleasant, truly; you are obstinate to the last, I see, you strange wretch you! But I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is up here with me. (*Goes to a door.*)

Grub. And I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is down here with me. (*Goes to the room-door.*) Oh! Mr. Bevil; pray, sir, walk in. Take care, the stairs are rather of the darkest.

Mrs. G. Mr. Bevil, sir, pray walk into this room.

Enter FRANK and HARRY BEVIL, meeting.

F. Bev. (Aside.) My brother Harry here! this is very odd!

H. Bev. (Aside.) My brother Frank! this is very strange!

Grub. (To Mrs. G.) Here's Mr. Bevil, my dear.

Mrs. G. No, my dear; this is Mr. Bevil.

Grub. That! who the devil is that?

Mrs. G. Mr. Bevil, I tell you. Who is that with you?

Grub. Why, who should it be but Mr. Bevil?

Mrs. G. Heyday! What can all this mean? Why, where is Emily? where is the child?

Grub. Ay, where is the child? where is Emily?

Enter EMILY.

Mrs. G. Here, Milly, my dear, here is Mr. Bevil come to see you.

Grub. No, no, child; here is Mr. Bevil.

Emily. Where, sir?

Grub. Here; this is he.

Mrs. G. No, no, no; this is he. (*Turning her.*)

Grub. No, no, no; this is he. (*Turning her.*)

Emily. No, indeed, papa, that's not the gentleman; I never had the pleasure of seeing him before.

Grub. No! Why, zounds—

Mrs. G. No, no, no; I knew he was mistaken; I saw he did not know what he was doing. But you are an obstinate brute! I knew that my Mr. Bevil here—

Emily. Who, madam? that gentleman.

Mrs. G. Yes, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

Emily. No, indeed, mamma, that's not he.

Mrs. G. Ha! what, not he! Who is he, then?

Grub. Ay, speak; who is he, then?

Emily. Indeed I don't know who the gentleman is.

Grub. But who is your Mr. Bevil, then? Where is he, to fill up this concert?

Enter GEORGE BEVIL.

G. Bev. Here I am, at your service, sir.

F. Bev. (Aside.) George here! nay, then, the mystery's out.

H. Bev. (Aside.) This is very ridiculous, faith.

Grub. The most impudent fellow I ever saw! Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you, who, in the devil's name, are you?

G. Bev. Sir, I have the honour to call myself Bevil.

Mrs. G. Pray, sir, do you know either of these gentlemen?

G. Bev. Oh! impostors, madam, impostors! I am the only Bevil breathing. Ha, ha, ha!

F. Bev. Come, sir, I'll explain this mystery: we are brothers; we have all been so close in this business, that we have unavoidably ran counter to one another; and, as George seems to have planned his operations with more propriety than we did, and made sure of the lady's affections, with pleasure I shall quit the field, and bow to his superior merit.

H. Bev. My dear George, you know me too well to doubt of my being in the same sentiments.

Grub. My dear, what do you think of this business?

Mrs. G. Why, I think, my dear, that as we can't help ourselves, we may as well make the best on't. What's done can't be undone, and it's well it's no worse, as was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany.

Grub. Egad! I believe he was right; and I may as well make the best on't; for if I don't give her away, she'll throw herself away. But I hope you won't follow the example of the great; there is such work among them!

G. Bev. Dear sir, don't nourish such strange prejudices. The great have their follies, 'tis true, but they have also their virtues, as well as the rest of mankind; and there are among them many shining objects of imitation: we should consider, sir, that the greatest couple in the nation is the best and happiest in it. [Exeunt.]

WHICH IS THE MAN?

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY MRS. COWLEY.



Act IV.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

LORD SPARKLE
FITZHERBERT
BEAUCHAMP
BELVILLE

PENDRAGON
LADY BELL BLOOMER
MRS. JOHNSON
JULIA

SOPHY PENDRAGON
CLARINDA
KITTY
TIFFANY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Drawing-room.

Enter MRS. JOHNSON, crossing the stage, a Boy following.

Mrs. J. Here, Betty, Dick! where are ye? Don't you see my Lord Sparkle's carriage? I shall have my lodgers disturbed with their thundering. What, in the name of wonder, can bring him here at this time in the morning? Here he comes, looking like a rake as he is.

Enter LORD SPARKLE, yawning.

Lord S. Bid 'em turn; I sha'n't stay a moment. So, Mrs. Johnson, I pulled the string just to see how your sylvans go on.

Mrs. J. As usual, my lord: but, bless me! how early your lordship is.

Lord S. How late, you mean. I have not been in bed since yesterday at one. I am going home now to rest for an hour or two, and then to the drawing-room. But what are the two rustics about? I have not been plagued with them these three or four days.

Mrs. J. They are now out.

Lord S. I supposed that, or I should not have called. But, pr'ythee, do they talk of returning to their native woods again?

Mrs. J. Oh no, sir! the young gentleman seems to have very different ideas: miss too has great spirits, though she seems, now and then, at a loss what to do with herself.

Lord S. Do with herself! Why don't you persuade her to go back to Cornwall? You should tell 'em what a vile place London is, full of snares, and debaucheries, and witchcrafts. You don't preach to 'em, Johnson.

Mrs. J. Indeed I do, my lord; and their constant answer is, "Oh! Lord Sparkle is our friend. Lord Sparkle would take it amiss if we should go; 'twould look like distrusting his lordship."

Lord S. Was ever man so hampered? Two fools! to mistake common forms and civilities for attachments.

Mrs. J. I fear, my lord, towards the young lady something more than forms—

Lord S. Never, upon my honour! I kissed her; so I did all the women in the parish; the septennial ceremony. The brother I used to drink vile port with, listen to his village stories, call his vulgarity wit, and his impudence spirit; was not that fatigue and mortification enough, but I must be bored with 'em here in town?

Mrs. J. But miss, sir, talks of pressing invitations and letters, and—

Lord S. Things of course; they had influence, and got me the borough: I, in return, said she was the most charming girl in the world; that I adored her; and some few things that every body says on such occasions, and nobody thinks of.

Mrs. J. But it appears that miss did think—

Lord S. Yes, faith; and on my writing a civil note that I should be happy to see them in town, *et cætera*, they took me at my word; and before I

thought the letter had reached 'em, they were in my house, all joy and congratulation, I didn't choose to be encumbered with 'em, so placed 'em with you. The boy was at first amusing; but our circles have had him, and I must be rid of him.

Mrs. J. I must say, I wish I were quit of them at present; for my constant lodger, Mr. Belville, came to town last night, and he wants this drawing-room to himself; he's obliged to share it now with Mr. Pendragon and his sister.

Lord S. Eh! Belville? 'Gad, that's lucky! there is not a fellow in town better received by the women. Throw the girl in his way, and get quit of her at once.

Mrs. J. If you mean dishonestly, my lord, you have mistaken your person: I did not live so many years with your mother to be capable of such a thing. Ah! my lord, if my lady were living—

Lord S. She would scold to little purpose; and you may spare yourself the trouble. I tell you I care nothing about the girl; I merely want to get rid of her, and you must assist me. (*Mrs. Johnson turns from him with disgust.*) Heyday! the nicety of your ladyship's honour is piqued! Ha, ha, ha! the mistress of a lodging-house! *Bien drole*; ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Mrs. Johnson.*] But who is this hobbling up stairs? Ha! old Cato the censor, my honourable cousin! What the devil shall I do? No avoiding him, however.

Enter FITZHERBERT.

I wish I had been out of the house, Fitzherbert, before you appeared; I know I shall not escape without some abuse.

Fitz. I never throw away reproof, where there are no hopes of amendment—your lordship is safe.

Lord S. Am I to take that for wit?

Fitz. No; for then I fear you would not understand it.

Lord S. I want you to teach me some of that happy ease which you possess in your rudeness; 'twould be to me an acquisition. I am eternally getting into the most horrid scrapes, merely by politeness and good breeding. Here are two persons now in this house, for instance—

Fitz. Who do not know that the language of what you call politeness, differs from that of truth and honour. You see I know those to whom you allude. But we only lose time. Good day, my lord.

Lord S. Lose time! ha, ha, ha! Why, of what value can time be to you? the greatest enemy you have; adding every day to your wrinkles and ill-humour. I'll prove to you now, that I have employed the last twelve hours to better purpose than you have. Nine of them you slept away; the last three you have been running about town, snarling, and making people uneasy with themselves; whilst I have been sitting peaceably at Weltjie's, where I have won—guess what?

Fitz. Half as much as you lost yesterday; a thousand or two guineas, perhaps.

Lord S. Guineas! Pho, you are jesting! Guineas are as scarce with us as in the coffers of the congress. Like them we stake with counters, and play for solid earth.

Fitz. Well! (*Impatiently.*)

Lord S. Bullion is a mercantile kind of wealth, passing through the hands of dry-salters, vinegar-merchants, and lord-mayors. Our goddess holds a cornucopia instead of a purse, from which she pours corn-fields, fruitful valleys, and rich herds. This morning she popped into my dice-box a snug villa, five hundred acres, arable and pasture, with the next presentation to the living of Guzzleton.

Fitz. A church-living in a dice-box! Well, well, I suppose it will be bestowed as worthily as

it was gained! Good day, my lord, good day! (*Turns from him.*)

Lord S. Good night, Crabtree, good night!

Enter a Servant.

Tell Belville I called to congratulate his escape from the stupid country. (*Going.*)

Fitz. My lord!

Lord S. Sir!

Fitz. I am going this morning to visit Lady Bell Bloomer. I give you this intimation, that we may not risk another rencontre.

Lord S. Civilly designed; and for the same polite reason I inform you, that I shall be there in the evening. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. Your master in bed yet; what time was he in town yesterday?

Serv. Late, sir. We should have been earlier, but we met with Sir Harry Hairbrain on the road, with his new fox-hounds; fell in with the hunt at Bagshot, broke cover, run the first burst across the heath towards Datchet; she then took right an end for Egham, sunk the wind upon us as far as Staines, where Reynard took the road to Oxford, and we the route to town, sir. (*Bows.*)

Fitz. Very geographical, indeed, sir. Now, pray inform your master—Oh, here we come!

Enter BELVILLE, in a robe de chambre.

Just risen from your pillow! Are you not ashamed of this? A fox-hunter, and in bed at eleven!

Bel. My dear, morose, charming, quarrelsome, old friend, I am ever in character! In the country, I defy fatigue and hardship. Up before the lazy slut, Aurora, has put on her pink-coloured gown to captivate the plough-boys; scamper over hedge and ditch; dead with hunger, alight at a cottage, drink milk from the hands of a brown wench, and eat from a wooden platter. In town, I am a fine gentleman; have my clothes *au dernier goût*; dine on made dishes; drink burgundy; and, in a word, am everywhere the *ton*.

Fitz. So much the worse, so much the worse, young man! to be the *ton* where vice and folly are the ruling deities, prove that you must be sometimes a fool, at others a—

Bel. Psha! you satirists, like moles, shut your eyes to the light, and grope about for the dark side of the human character: there is a great deal of good sense and good meaning in the world. As for its follies, I think folly a mighty pleasant thing; at least to play the fool gracefully, requires more talents than would set up a dozen cynics.

Fitz. Then half the people I know must have wonderful talents, for they have been playing the fool from sixteen to sixty. Apropos! I found my precious kinsman, Lord Sparkle, here.

Bel. Ay, there's an instance of the happy effects of total indifference to the sage maxims you recommend.

Fitz. Happy effects do you call them?

Bel. Most triumphant! Who so much admired? Who so much the fashion? The general favourite of the ladies, and the common object of imitation with the men! Is not Lord Sparkle the happy man who is to carry the rich and charming widow, Lady Bell Bloomer, from so many rivals? And will not you, after quarrelling with him half your life, leave him a fine estate at the end of it?

Fitz. No, no!—I tell you, no! (*With warmth.*)

Bel. Nay, his success with the widow is certain. He boasts his triumph everywhere; and as she is such a favourite of your's, everything else will follow.

Fitz. No; for if she marries Sparkle, she will be no longer a favourite; yet she receives him with

a degree of distinction that sometimes makes me fear it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Beauchamp.

[*Exit.*

Fitz. Oh! I expected him to call on you this morning. You must obtain his confidence; it will assist me in my designs. When I found myself disappointed in my hopes of his lordship, I selected Beauchamp from the younger branches of my family; but of this he knows nothing, and thinks himself under high obligations to the patronage of the peer; an error in which I wish him to continue, as it will give me an opportunity of proving them both. But here he comes! This way I can avoid him.

[*Exit.*

Enter BEAUCHAMP.

Bel. Beauchamp! and in regimentals!—Why, pr'ythee, George, what spirit has seized thee now? When I saw thee last, thou wert devoted to the grave profession of the law, or the church; and I expected to have seen thee enveloped in a wig, wrangling at the bar; or seated in a fat benefice, receiving tythe-pigs and poultry.

Beau. Those, Belville, were my school designs; but the fire of youth gave me ardours of a different sort. The heroes of the Areopagus and the forum have yielded to those of Marathon; and I feel that whilst my country is struggling amidst surrounding foes, I ought not to devote a life to learned indolence, that might be gloriously hazarded in her defence.

Bel. I dare swear this heroic spirit springs from the whim of some fine lady, who fancied you would be a smarter fellow in a cockade and gorget, than in a stiff band and periwig.

Beau. If your insinuation means that my heart has not been insensible of the charms of some fair lady, you are right; but my transformation is owing to no whim of her's; for oh! Charles, she never yet condescended to make me the object of her thoughts.

Bel. Modest too! Ay, you were right to give up the law.—But who, pray, may this exalted fair one be who never condescended?

Beau. I never suffer my lips to wanton with the charming sounds that form her name. The lady has beauty, wit, and spirit; but, above all, a mind. Is it possible, Charles, to love a woman without a mind?

Bel. Has she a mind for you? that is the most important question.

Beau. I dare not feed my passion with so presumptuous a hope; yet I would not extinguish it if I could; for it is not a love that tempts me into corners to wear out my days in complaints; it prompts me to use them for the most important purposes: the ardours it gives me shall be felt in the land of our enemies; they shall know how well I love.

Bel. Pho! pho! this is the gallantry of one thousand one hundred and one; the kind of passion that animated our fathers in the fields of Cressy and Poitiers. Why, no beauty of our age, man, will be won in this style.—Now, suppose yourself at the opera. (*Looks through his hand.*) 'Gad, that's a fine girl!—Twenty thousand, you say? I think I'll have her.—Yes, she'll do. I—I must have her. I'll call on her to-morrow, and tell her so. Have you spirit and courage enough for that, my Achilles?

Beau. No, truly.

Bel. Then give up all thoughts of being received.

Beau. I have no thoughts of hazarding a reception. The pride of birth, and a few hundreds for my education, were the sole patrimony the imprudence of a father left me. My relation, Lord Sparkle, has procured for me a commission. Ge-

nerously to offer that, and a knapsack to a lady of five thousand a year, would be properly answered by a contemptuous dismissal.

Bel. But suppose she should take a fancy to your knapsack?

Beau. That would reduce me to the necessity of depriving myself of a happiness I would die to obtain; for never can I submit to be quartered on a wife's fortune, whilst I have a sword to carve subsistence for myself.

Bel. That may be in the great style, but 'tis scarcely in the polite. Will you take chocolate in my dressing-room?

Beau. No, I am going to take orders at my colonel's. Where shall we meet in the evening?

Bel. Faith, 'tis impossible to tell. I commit myself to chance for the remainder of the day, and shall finish it as she directs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Clarinda's.*

Enter CLARINDA, reading a catalogue, followed by TIFFANY.

Cla. Poor Lady Squander! So Christie has her jewels and furniture at last!—I must go to the sale. Mark that Dresden service, and the pearls. (*Gives the catalogue to Tiffany.*) It must be a great comfort to her to see her jewels worn by her friends. Who were here last night? (*Sits down, and takes some cards from the table.*) I came home so late, I forgot to inquire. Mrs. Jessamy—Lady Racket—Miss Belvoir—Lord Sparkle—(*Starts up.*)—Lord Sparkle here! Oh, heavens and earth! what possessed me to go to Lady Price's? I wish she, and her concert of three fiddles and a flute, had been playing to her kids on the Welsh mountains!—Why did you persuade me to go out last night?

Tif. Dear ma'am, you seemed so low-spirited, that I thought—

Cla. I missed him everywhere! At four places he was just gone as I came in. But what does it signify? 'Twas Lady Bell Bloomer he was seeking, I dare swear: his attachment to the relict is everywhere the subject. Hang those widows! I really believe there's something cabalistical in their names. No less than fourteen fine young fellows of fortune have been drawn into the matrimonial noose by them since last February. 'Tis well they were threatened with imprisonment, or we should not have had an unmarried infant above seventeen, between Charing-cross and Portman-square.

Tif. Well, I am sure I wish Lady Bell was married; she's always putting you out of temper.

Cla. Have I not cause? Till she broke upon the town, I was at the top of fashion; you know I was. My dress, my equipage, my furniture, and myself, were the criterions of taste; but a new French chambermaid enabled her ladyship, at one stroke, to turn the tide against me.

Tif. Ay, I don't know what good these maidemoiselles—

Cla. But, Tiffany, she is to be at court to-day, out of mourning for the first time. I am resolved to be there.—No, I won't go neither, now I think on't; if she should really outshine me, her triumph will be increased by my being witness to it. I won't go to St. James's; but I'll go to her rout this evening; and, if 'tis possible, prevent Lord Sparkle's being particular to her. Perhaps that will put her in an ill-humour, and then the advantage will be on my side. [*Exit.*

Tif. Mercy on us! To be a chambermaid to a miss on the brink of thirty, requires as good politics as being prime minister! Now, if she should not rise from her toilette quite in looks to-day, or if the desertion of a lover or the victory of a rival should happen, ten to one but I shall be forced to resign, without even a pension to retire on. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Apartment at Lady Bell Bloomer's.*

Enter JULIA, with papers in her hand.

Julia. What an invaluable treasure! Those dear papers, that have lain within the frigid walls of a convent, insensible and uninteresting to every one around them, contain for me a world of happiness. He is in England! How little he suspects that I too am here!

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Mr. Fitzherbert will be here immediately, madam.

Julia. Mr. Fitzherbert? Very well. Has Lady Bell finished dressing yet?

Kitty. (*Speaks extremely fast.*) No, ma'am. Mr. Crape, the hair-dresser, has been with her these three hours, and her maid is running here and there, and Mr. John flying about to milliners and perfumers, and the new vis-a-vis at the door to carry her ladyship to court.—Everything black banished, and the liveries come home shining with silver; and the moment she's gone out, everybody will be in such a delightful hurry about the rout that her ladyship is to give this evening, that they say all the world—

Julia. Ha, ha, ha! Pr'ythee, stop. I can't wonder if Lady Bell should be transported at dropping her weeds, for it seems to have turned the heads of the whole family.

Kitty. Oh! dearee, ma'am, to be sure; for now we shall be so gay! Lady Bell has such fine spirits!—And 'tis well she has; for the servants tell me, their old master would have broke his heart else. They all adore her. I wish you were a little gayer, ma'am. Somehow we are so dull. 'Tis a wonder so young and so pretty a lady—

Julia. Don't run into impertinence. I have neither the taste nor talents for public life that Lady Bell Bloomer has.

Kitty. Laws, ma'am, 'tis all use! You are always at home; but Lady Bell knows that wit and a fine person are not given for a fire-side at home. (*Drawls.*) She shines every evening in half the houses of half-a-dozen parishes; and the next morning we have stanzas in the Bevy of Beauties, and sonnets, and billet-doux, and all the fine things that fine ladies are so fond of.

Julia. I can bear your freedoms no longer. Carry these flowers, with my compliments, and tell her ladyship I sent to Richmond for them, as I know her fondness for natural bouquets; and bid Harry deny me to everybody this morning, except Mr. Fitzherbert. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Enter FITZHERBERT.

Fitz. Happily excepted, my dear ward! but I suppose you heard my step, and threw in my name for a douceur. I can hardly believe, that when you shut your doors on youth and flattery, you would open them to a cross old man, who seldom entertains you with anything but your faults.

Julia. How you mistake, sir! You are the greatest flatterer I have; your whole conduct flatters me with esteem and love; and as you do not squander these things—(*Smiles.*)

Fitz. There I must correct you. I do squander them on few objects indeed; and they are proportionably warmer. I feel attachments fifty times as strong as your good-humoured, smiling people, who are every one's humble servant, and everybody's friend. Where is Lady Bell?

Julia. Yet at her toilette, I believe. My dear sir, I am every hour more grateful to you for having given me so charming a friend.

Fitz. So I would have you. When you came from France, I prevailed on her ladyship to allow you her society, that you might add to the polish of elegant manners, the graces of an elegant mind.—Here she comes; her tongue and her heels keeping time.

Enter LADY BELL BLOOMER.

Ay, ay, if all the women in the world were prating young widows, love and gallantry would die away, and our men grow reasonable and discreet.

Lady B. Oh, you monster! But I am in such divine spirits, that nothing you can say can destroy them. My sweet Julia, what a bouquet! Lady Myrtle will expire. She was so enveloped in flowers and evergreens last night, that she looked like the picture of Fair Rosamond in her bower.—My dear Fitz, do you know we dined yesterday in Hill-street, and had the fortitude to stay till eleven.

Julia. I was tired to death with the fatiguing visit.

Lady B. Now I, on the contrary, came away with fresh relish for society. The persevering civility of Sir Andrew, and the mawkish insipidity of his tall daughter, act like olives: you can't endure them on your palate, but they heighten the gusto of your tokay.

Fitz. Then I advise your ladyship to serve up Sir Andrew and his daughter at your next entertainment.

Lady B. So I would, only one can't remove 'em with the dessert. But how do you like me? Don't you think I shall make a thousand conquests to-day?

Fitz. Doubtless, if you meet with so many fools. But, pray, which of those you have already made will be the most flattered by all these gay insignia of your liberty?

Lady B. Probably he whom it least concerns.

Julia. Pray tell us which is that?

Lady B. Oh, heavens! to answer that requires more reflection than I have ever given the subject.

Julia. Should you build a temple to your lovers, I fancy we should find Lord Sparkle's name on the altar.

Lady B. Oh! Lord Sparkle! Who can resist the gay, the elegant, the all-conquering Lord Sparkle? the most distinguished feather in the plume of fashion; without that barbarous strength of mind which gives importance to virtues or to vices. Fashionable, because he's well-dressed; brilliant, because he's of the first clubs, and uses his borrowed wit like his borrowed gold—as though it were his own.

Fitz. Why, now, this man, whom you understand so well, you receive, as though his tinsel were pure gold.

Lady B. Ay, to be sure! tinsel is just as well for shew.

Fitz. But in the midst of all this sunshine for Lord Sparkle, will you not throw a ray on the spirited, modest Beauchamp?

Lady B. Were I so inclined, to make it welcome, I must change my fan for a spear, my feathers for a helmet, and stand forth a Thalestris. You know his mistress is war. (*Sighs.*) But why do I trifle thus?—The hour of triumph is at hand.

Fitz. Of what?

Lady B. The moment of triumph!—Anglice, the moment when, having shewn myself at half the houses in St. George's, I am set down at St. James's, my fellows standing on each hand, as I descend—the whisper flying through the crowd, "Who is she? who is that sweet creature? One of the four heiresses?" "No, she's a foreign ambassadress." I ascend the stairs—move slowly

through the rooms—drop my fan—incommode my bouquet—stay to adjust it, that the little gentry may have time to fix their admiration; again move on—enter the drawing-room—throw a flying glance round the circle, and see nothing but spite in the eyes of the women, and a thousand nameless things in those of the men.

Julia. The very soul of giddiness.

Lady B. The very soul of happiness! Can I be less? Think of a widow just emerged from her weeds for a husband to whom her father, not her heart, united her, my jointure elegant, my figure charming—deny it if you dare! Pleasure, fortune, youth, health, all opening their stores before me; whilst innocence and conscious honour shall be my handmaids, and guide me in safety through the dangerous ordeal.

Fitz. To your innocence and conscious honour add, if you have time, (*archly*), a little prudence, or your sentinels may be surprised asleep, and you reduced to a disgraceful capitulation.

Lady B. Oh! I'm mistress of my whole situation, and cannot be surprised. But, heavens! I am losing a conquest every moment I stay! The loves and pleasures have prepared their rosy garlands, my triumphal car is waiting, and my proud steeds neighing to be gone!—Away to victory!

[*Exit.*]

Fitz. A charming woman, Julia! She conceals a fine understanding under apparent giddiness; and a most sensible heart beneath an air of indifference.

Julia. Yes, I believe her ladyship's heart is more sensible than she allows to herself. I rally her on Lord Sparkle, but it is Mr. Beauchamp; whose name is never mentioned but her cheeks tell such blushing truths, as she would never forgive me for observing.

Fitz. Upon my word, you seem well acquainted with your friend's heart! Will you be equally frank as to your own?

Julia. Sir!—my heart? (*In confusion.*)

Fitz. Yes, will you assist me in reading it?

Julia. To be sure, sir.

Fitz. Then tell me, if amongst the painted, powdered, gilded moths whom your beauty or fortune have allured, is there one whom you would honour with your hand? Ay, take time; I would not have you precipitate.

Julia. No, sir; not one. (*Hesitating.*)

Fitz. I depend on your truth, and on that assurance inform you, that a friend of mine is arrived in town, whom I mean this morning to present to you.

Julia. As a—

Fitz. As a lover, who has my warmest wishes that he may become your husband.

Julia. Do I know the person for whom you are thus interested, sir?

Fitz. You do not; but I have had long intimacy with him, and 'tis the dearest wish of my heart to see him and Julia Manners united.

Julia. I trust, sir, you will allow—

Fitz. Be under no apprehensions. Much as I'm interested in this union, your inclinations shall be attended to. I am now going to your lover, and shall introduce him to you this morning. Come, don't look so distressed, child, at the approach of that period which will give you dignity and character in society. The marriage state is that in which your sex evinces its importance; and where, in the interesting circle of domestic duties, a woman has room to exercise every virtue that constitutes the great and the amiable. [*Exit.*]

Julia. The moment I so much dreaded is arrived! How shall I reveal to my guardian, and to Lady Bell, that I am married? that I have already dared to take on me those important duties?

I must not reveal it; my solemn promise to my husband—But where is he? Oh! I must write to him this moment, that I may not be left defenceless to brave the storm of offended authority and love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Belville's Lodgings.*

Enter BELVILLE, dressed.

Bel. Let my trunks be ready, and the chaise at the door to-morrow morning by six, for I shall dine in Dover. (*To a Servant without.*)

Enter FITZHERBERT.

Fitz. Ha! just in time, I see! You are ready plumed for flight.

Bel. True; but my flight would have been to you. Impatient to know the cause of your summoning me from the Dryads and Hamadryads of Berkshire, your letter reached me at the very instant I were setting out for Dover in my way to Paris.

Fitz. Paris!

Bel. Yes.

Fitz. Pho, pho! stay where you are, stay where you are! The great turnpike between Dover and Calais, is a road destructive to this kingdom; and I wish there were toll-gates erected on its confines, to restrain with a heavy tax the number of its travellers.

Bel. I fear the tax would be more generally felt than the benefit; for it would restrain not only the folly-mongers and the fashion-mongers, but the rational inquirer and the travelling connoisseur.

Fitz. So much the better! so much the better! Our travelling philosophers have done more towards destroying the nerves of their country, than all the politics of France. Heyday! who's this? Oh! the Cornish lad, I suppose, whom Lord Sparkle placed here.

Bel. (*Laughing.*) Yes, an odd being! He was designed by nature for a clodpole; but the notice of a peer overset the little understanding he had, and so he commenced fine gentleman. He has a sister with him, who ran wild upon the commons till her father's death; but she fancies herself a wit, and satirizes Bruin. Here he comes.

Enter PENDRAGON.

Pen. My dear fellow-lodger, I'm come to—Oh! your servant, sir! (*To Fitzherbert.*) Is this gentleman a friend of your's?

Bel. He is.

Pen. Your hand, sir! (*Passes Bel. and stands between them.*) If you are Mr. Belville's friend, you are my friend, and we are all friends: I soon make acquaintance.

Fitz. A great happiness!

Pen. Yes, so it is, and very polite too. I have been in the great world almost six weeks, and can see no difference between the great world and the little world, only that they've no ceremony; and so as that's the mark of good breeding, I tries to hit it off.

Fitz. With success.

Pen. To convince you of that, I'll tell you a devilish good thing. You must know—

Fitz. Excuse me now, but I am convinced you will amuse me, and desire your company at dinner: they'll give you my address below. Mr. Belville, I have business of importance. [*Exit, with Belville.*]

Pen. 'Gad, I'm glad he asked me to visit him! He must be a lord by his want of ceremony. "Mr. Belville, I have business of importance," (*imitates*) and off they go. Now, in Cornwall, we should have thought that d—d rude; but 'tis easy. "Mr. Belville, I have business of importance." (*Going.*) Easy, easy, easy!

Enter SOPHY PENDRAGON.

Sophy. Brother Bobby, brother Bobby!

Pen. (Returns.) I desire, Miss Pendragon, you won't brother me at this rate; making one look as if one didn't know life. How often shall I tell you, that it is the most ungenteel thing in the world for relations to brother, father, and cousin, one another, and all that sort of thing. I did not get the better of my shame for three days, when you bawled out to Mrs Dobson, at Launceston concert, "Aunt, aunt! here's room between brother and I, if cousin Dick will sit closer to father!"

Sophy. And where's the harm? What d'ye think one has relations given one for? To be ashamed of 'em?

Pen. I don't know what they were given us for; but I know no young man of fashion cares for his relations.

Sophy. More shame for your young men of fashion; but I assure you, brother Bobby, I shall never give in to any such unnatural, new-fangled ways. As for you, since Lord Sparkle took notice of you, you are quite another thing. You used to creep into the parlour when father had company, hanging your head like a dead partridge; steal all round the room behind their backs to get at a chair; then sit down in one corner of it, tying knots in your handkerchief; and if anybody drunk your health, rise up, and scrape your foot so—"Thank you kindly, sir!"

Pen. By goles, if you—(*Shakes his fist.*)

Sophy. But now, when you enter the room, your hat is tossed carelessly on a table; you pass the company with a half bend of your body; fling yourself into one chair, and throw your legs on another. "Pray, my dear sir, do me the favour to ring."—"John, bring lemonade."—"Mrs. Plume has been driving me all the morning in Hyde-park against the wind, and the dust has made my throat mere plaster of Paris."

Pen. Hang me, if I don't like myself at second-hand better than I thought I should. Why, if I do it as well as you, Sophy, I shall soon be quite the thing. And now I'll give you a bit of advice: as 'tis very certain Lord Sparkle means to introduce you to high life, 'tis fitting you should know how to behave; and as I have been amongst 'em, I can tell you.

Sophy. Well!

Pen. Why, first of all, if you should come into a drawing-room, and find twenty or thirty people in the circle, you are not to take the least notice of any one.

Sophy. No!

Pen. No! the servant will, perhaps, get you a chair; if not, slide into the nearest. The conversation will not be interrupted by your entrance; for they'll take as little notice of you as you of them.

Sophy. Psha!

Pen. Then, be sure to be equally indifferent to the coming in of others. I saw poor Lady Carmine one night dying with confusion, for the vulgarity and ill-breeding of her friend, who actually rose from her chair, at the entrance of the Duchess of Dulcet and Lady Betty Blowze.

Sophy. Be quiet, Bobby!

Pen. True, as I am a young man of fashion! Then you must never let your discourse go beyond one word. If anybody should happen to take the trouble to entertain the company, you may throw in—"Charming! Odious! Capital!" Never mount to a phrase, unless to that dear delightful one, of "all that sort of thing."—The use made of that is wonderful! "All that sort of thing," is an apology for want of wit; it is a substitute for argument; it will serve for the point of a story, or the fate of a battle.

Sophy. Well, then, upon going away?

Pen. Oh, you go away as you came in! If one has a mind to give the lady of the house a nod, (*nodding*) one may; but 'tis still higher breeding to leave her with as little ceremony as I do you.

[*Exit, without looking at her.*]

Sophy. I wish I could be sure it were the fashion not to mind forms, I'd go directly and visit Lord Sparkle. I could tear my eyes out to think I was abroad to-day when he called on Mrs. Johnson! In all the books I have read, I never met with a lover so careless as he is. Sometimes I have a mind to treat him with disdain, and then I recollect all I have read about ladies' behaviour that break their lovers' hearts; but he won't come near me. Now I have been three days in a complying humour; but 'tis all one, still he keeps away. I'll be hang'd, if I don't know what he's about soon! He sha'n't think to bring me from the Land's-end to make a fool of me. Sophy Pendragon has more spirit than he thinks for. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter BELVILLE and FITZHERBERT.

Bel. A wife! heaven's last, best gift! But—a—no—I sha'n't marry yet. I have a hundred little follies to act before I do so rash a thing.

Fitz. But, I say, you shall marry. I have studied you from eighteen, and know your character; I have picked you out from all the blockheads and fools about you, to take a fine girl off my hands, with twenty thousand pounds.

Bel. But what is the lady? coquette, prude, or vixen?

Fitz. Treat her with confidence, tenderness, and respect, and she'll be an angel; be morose, suspicious, and neglectful, and she'll be—a woman. The wife's character and conduct is a comment on that of the husband.

Bel. Anything more? (*Gaily.*)

Fitz. Yes, she is my ward, and the daughter of the friend of my youth. I entertain parental affection for her, and give you the highest proof of my esteem in transferring to you the care of her happiness. Refuse it if you dare.

Bel. Dare! My dear friend, I must refuse the honour you offer me.

Fitz. How?

Bel. To be serious, it is not in my power to wed the lady.

Fitz. I understand you. I am disappointed! I should have mentioned this subject to you before I had suffered it to make so strong a feature in my picture of happiness.

Bel. Would you had, that I might have informed you at once—that I am—married.

Fitz. Married! Where, when, how, with whom?

Bel. Where? In France. When? About eight months since. How? By an English clergyman. With whom? Ah, with such an one! her beauty is of the Greek kind, which pleases the mind more than the eye; yet to the eye nothing can be more lovely: to this charming creature add the name of Julia Manners, and you know my wife.

Fitz. Julia Manners! Julia Manners, did you say?

Bel. Yes, Julia Manners! I first knew her at the house of a friend in Paris, whose daughters were in the same convent with herself. I often visited her at the grate; at length, by the assistance of Mademoiselle St. Val, prevailed upon her to give me her hand, but was immediately torn from her by a summons from my uncle at Florence; whence I was despatched to England on a ministerial affair.

Fitz. So, so, so! very fine! (*Aside.*) I suppose you had the prudence to make yourself acquainted with the lady's family, before you married her?

Bel. Yes; her family and fortune are elegant.

She has a guardian, whose address the sweet obstinate refused to give me, that she might herself reveal the marriage; which I had reasons, however, to request her not to do, till we both arrived in England.

Fitz. Then you have not seen your bride in England?

Bel. Oh, no! my Julia is yet in her convent. I have been preparing for her reception in Berkshire, and have written to inform her, that I would meet her at Calais; but I fear my letters have missed her; and shall, therefore, set out for Paris, to conduct to England the woman who must give the point to all my felicities.

Fitz. And has Julia been capable of this? Ungrateful girl! is it thus she rewards my cares? (*Aside.*)

Bel. Your silence and your resentment, my dear friend, whilst they flatter, distress me.

Fitz. I'm indeed offended at your marriage, but not with you; on you I had no claims. (*Going.*)

Bel. If you will leave me, adieu! I am going to run over the town. My mind, impatient for the moment which carries me to my sweet bride, feels all the intermediate time a void, which any adventure may fill up. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. Spite of my displeasure, I can hardly conceal from him his happiness! Yet I will. Julia must be punished. I have not deserved this want of confidence, and must correct it. If I don't mistake, Pendragon is a fit instrument; I'll take him home with me. Yes, yes, my young lady! you shall have a lover. Oh, these headstrong girls! [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lord Sparkle's House.*

LORD SPARKLE and BEAUCHAMP discovered at a table, on which are pens, paper, &c. Lord Sparkle superbly dressed.

Lord S. Poor George! and so thou wilt really be, in a few days, in the bosom of the Atlantic?

*Farewell to green fields and sweet groves,
Where Chloe engag'd my fond heart.*

(*Rises, and comes forward.*)

Hey for counterscarps, wounds, and victory.

Beau. I accept your last words for my omen; and now, in the true spirit of Homer's heroes, should take my *congé*, and depart with its influence upon me.

Lord S. First take an office which I know must charm you. You admire Lady Bell Bloomer?

Beau. Admire her! Yes, by heaven—

Lord S. No heroics, dear George, no heroics! they are totally out now; totally out both in love and war.

Beau. How, my lord?

Lord S. Indifference! that's the rule. We love, hate, quarrel, and even fight, without suffering our tranquillity to be incommoded: nothing disturbs.

Beau. Disgustful apathy! What becomes of the energies of the heart in this wretched system? Does it annihilate your feelings?

Lord S. Oh, no! I feel, for instance, that I must have Lady Bell Bloomer; and I feel curiosity to know her sentiments of me, of which, however, I have very little doubt. But all my art can't make her serious; she fences admirably, and keeps me at the length of her foil. To you she will be less on her guard.

Beau. Me! you surprise me, my lord. How can I be of use in developing her ladyship's sentiments?

Lord S. By sifting them. When you talk of me, see if she blushes: mention some woman as one whom I admire, and observe if she does not make some spiteful remark on her shape, complexion, or

conduct; provoke her to abuse me with violence, or to speak of me with confusion: in either case I have her.

Beau. Your instructions are ample, my lord; but I do not feel myself equal to the embassy.

Lord S. Your pardon, sir. You refuse, then, to oblige me? (*Piqued.*)

Beau. I cannot refuse you; my obligations to your lordship make it impossible: but, of all mankind, I, perhaps, am the last you should have chosen for the purpose.

Lord S. Nay, pr'ythee, don't be ridiculous! it is the last service you can do me; and you are the only man whom I could entrust with so delicate a business.

Beau. I accept it as a proof of your lordship's confidence, and will discharge the commission faithfully. It will, at least, give me an occasion to converse with Lady Bell, and to converse with her on love. Oh! my heart, how wilt thou contain thy ardours in the trying moment. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lord S. Ha, ha, ha! I am confirmed in my suspicions, that the fellow has had the vanity to indulge a passion for Lady Bell himself. Well, so much the better! the commission I have given him will sufficiently punish him for his presumption.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Kitty is below, my lord, Miss Manners' woman.

Lord S. Ha! send her up, send her up. [*Exit Servant.*] I had begun to give up that affair; but I think I won't neither. It will be rather a brilliant thing to have Lady Bell for a wife, and her friend for a mistress. Yes, it will be a point: I think I'll have the *éclat* of the thing.

Enter KITTY.

Well, Kitty, what says the little frost-piece, Julia?

Kitty. Oh! nothing new, my lord: she's as insensible as ever. I makes orations all day long of your lordship's merit, and goodness, and fondness, and—

Lord S. (*Staring.*) Merit, and goodness, and fondness! And don't you give a parenthesis to my sobriety and my neatness, too? Ha, ha, ha! you foolish little devil, I thought you knew better. Tell her of my fashion, my extravagance; that I play deepest at Weltjie's, am the best dressed at the opera, and half ruined myself by granting annuities to pretty girls.

Kitty. What! my lord, is spreading out your faults the way to win a fair lady?

Lord S. Faults! Have I not told thee, that the governing passion of the female mind is the rage of being envied? The most generous of them would like to break the hearts of half-a-dozen of their friends, by the preference given to themselves. Go home, good Kitty, and con your lesson afresh: if you can pick up any stories of extravagance and gallantry, affix my name to them, and repeat them to your mistress.

Kitty. Then she'll tell them to Lady Bell, perhaps, for a warning.

Lord S. For a warning, quotha! My devoirs to Lady Bell are of a different kind, and we understand each other. I address her for a wife, because she's the fashion; and I address Julia for a mistress, because 'tis the fashion to have mistresses from higher orders than sempstresses and mantua-makers.

Kitty. And is that your only reason, my lord, for bribing me so high?

Lord S. Not absolutely. I have a pique against her guardian; who, though he has the honour to be related to me, will not suffer me to draw on his banker for a single guinea.

Kitty. Oh, gemini! I am glad to hear that. I'd do anything to plague Mr. Fitzherbert, and can go on now with a safe conscience. He had like to have lost me my place once, because I was flighty; but I'll be up with him, now.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Belville. [Exit.]
Lord S. Go, Kitty, into that room; I'll speak to you presently. [Exit Kitty.]

Enter BELVILLE.

My dear Belville! welcome once more to the region of business and pleasure.

Bel. I thank you. But pray, my lord, don't dismiss the lady.

Lord S. The lady! Ha, ha, ha! That lady, sir, is a lady's gentlewoman, an't please ye. I suppose you have heard that I am going to marry Lady Bell Bloomer: we are the two most fashionable people in town; and, in course, must come together.

Bel. A clear deduction.

Lord S. Now she has a friend, whom I mean, at the same time, to take for a mistress: won't that do, eh?

Bel. Decidedly. Everything with you, my lord, is a hit.

Lord S. True, true! Men of sense have one way of getting through life, men of genius another.

Bel. Doubtless; and the advantage lies with the men of genius, for to their genius are all their faults imputed; nay, their faults are considered as the graceful meanderings of a mind too ethereal to be confined to the rules of common sense and decorum: a mighty easy way of building reputation. Ha, ha, ha! You are dressed with infinite malice to-day, my lord.

Lord S. Malice! Not at all: I am dressed for court. I were going to Westminster; but I hear there is to be a presentation of misses to-day, and I would not for the world lose the dear creatures' blushes on their first appearance; for, 'faith, most of them will never blush again. Will you go?

Bel. 'Tis too late to dress; besides, I have devoted this day to adventure. I am rambling thro' the town, discovering what new stars have appeared in the galaxy of beauty, during my absence; and a dangerous progress it is: the rays of a pair of black eyes from a chariot in Pall-mall would have annihilated me, had not, at the same instant, two beautiful blue ones from a window given a fillip to my sinking spirits. A fine turned ancle, whose polish shone through its neat silk stocking, encountered me in St. James's-street; but I was luckily relieved by a little rosy mouth, that betrayed, with a deceitful smile, teeth most murderously white. A Galatea darted by me on the right, whilst a Helen swam along on the left. In short, from such sweet besiegers nothing could have preserved me but the sweeter charms of a beloved, though absent fair one. *(Sighs.)*

Lord S. Now, I never trouble my head about absentees. I love beauty as well as any man; but it must be all in the present tense. Shall I set you down any where? I must go.

Bel. No: but I see your writing things are here; if you'll permit me, I'll pen a short note to Beauchamp on business I had forgot this morning, and despatch it by a chairman.

Lord S. To be sure. I penned a note ten minutes since to my steward, to raise the poor devils' rents. Upon my soul, I pity them! But how can it be otherwise, when times are so confounded hard? [Exit, singing.]

Bel. *(Writes.)* Good morning. My compliments to the ladies' blushes.

Re-enter KITTY, passing Belville.

Kitty. So, so, his lordship has forgot me; I must go after him.

Bel. *(Comes forward.)* Ha! that's the confidante. *(Aside.)* So, pretty one, whose chattels are you?

Kitty. My mistress's, sir.

Bel. And who is your mistress?

Kitty. A lady, sir.

Bel. And her name?

Kitty. That of her father, I take it.

Bel. Upon my word, your lady has a very brilliant servant: is she as clever as you are?

Kitty. Why, not quite, I think, or she would not keep me to eclipse her.

Bel. Bravo! I wish I knew her. Will you tell me her name?

Kitty. Can you spell?

Bel. Yes.

Kitty. Why, then, you'll find it in the four-and-twenty letters. *(Going.)*

Bel. *(Catches her.)* Nay, by heaven! you have raised my curiosity.

Kitty. Pho! what signifies asking me? You know well enough who she is: I heard you and Lord Sparkle talking about her. Let me go; for I am going to carry a message to Mr. Fitzherbert.

Bel. Mr. Fitzherbert!

Kitty. Ay, her guardian.

Bel. Her guardian! What, Fitzherbert of Cambridgeshire?

Kitty. Yes; and if you want to know more, he's the crossdest old wretch that ever breathed. You'll find him out by that description; and so, your servant. [Exit.]

Bel. Fitzherbert's ward! and this creature her servant! and Lord Sparkle plotting to get her for a mistress! I am astonished! the very lady he this morning offered for my bride. Well, I must find Fitzherbert immediately. Lord Sparkle will, perhaps, think me guilty of a breach of honour; the imputation I must incur, that I may not be really guilty of a breach of humanity, and of gratitude. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Lady Bell Bloomer's House.*

Enter FITZHERBERT, followed by a Servant.

Fitz. Tell Miss Manners I am here. [Exit Serv.] I cannot be seriously angry with Julia; but I must take some revenge on her disobedience, before I acquaint her with the felicity that attends her. Come in, young Cornish, pray.

Enter PENDRAGON:

Pen. What, does the lady live in this fine house?

Fitz. Yes; but pray observe, that I don't engage she shall be smitten with you: I can go no further than to introduce you; the rest must depend on the brilliancy of your manners.

Pen. Oh! leave me alone for that. I knew how 'twould be if I once shewed myself in London. If she has a long purse, I'll whisk her down to Cornwall, jocky Lord Sparkle, and have the borough myself.

Fitz. A man of spirit, I see!

Pen. Oh! as to my spirit, that nobody ever doubted. I have beat our exciseman, gone to law with the parson; and, to shew you that I did not leave my spirit in the country, since I came to London, I have fined a hackney-coachman for abuse.

Fitz. Very commendable. But here comes the lady.

Enter JULIA.

Mr. Pendragon, this is my ward; who, I am sure,

will give your addresses all the encouragement I wish them.

Pen. Servant, madam. She looks plaguy glum. (*Aside.*)

Julia. I can scarcely support myself. (*Aside.*)

Fitz. Pray, my dear, speak to Mr. Pendragon. You seem greatly confused.

Pen. Oh! sir, young ladies will look confused and embarrassed, and all that sort of thing, on these occasions; but we men of the world are up to all that.

Julia. Heavens! is it to such a being I should have been sacrificed? (*Aside.*)

Pen. I see your ward is one of the most diffident ones. I am surprised at that; bred in high life.

Fitz. Oh! now and then, you find a person of that cast in the best company; but they soon get over it.

Pen. Yes, formerly, I used to blush, and be modest; but if any one ever catches me modest again, I'll give them my estate for a pilchard.

Julia. Then it seems impossible, (pardon me, sir,) (*to Fitzherbert*) that an union can take place between you and me; for I place modesty among the elegancies of manners, and think it absolutely necessary to the character of a gentleman.

Fitz. Well done, Julia! (*Aside.*) Fie upon you to treat my friend with such asperity.

Pen. Oh! leave her to me, sir; she's ignorant, but I shall teach her. There are three things, miss, only necessary to the character of a gentleman: a good air, good assurance, and good teeth. (*Grins.*)

Julia. Doesn't his list want good manners, sir? (*To Fitzherbert.*)

Pen. Oh, no, ma'am! if you had said good taste, it would have been nearer the thing; but even that is unnecessary. A gentleman's friends can furnish his house, and choose his books, and his pictures; and he can learn to criticise them by heart. Nothing is so easy as to criticise; people do it continually.

Fitz. You see, Mr. Pendragon has information, Julia. I'll leave you a few moments, that he may unfold himself to advantage: and, remember, if you refuse the man I design for your husband, you lose me. Keep it up with spirit; I'll wait for you below. (*Apart to Pendragon.*) Now shall impertinence and disobedience correct each other. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Pen. Now to strike her with my superior ease. (*Aside.*) So, miss, your guardian, I think, has a mind that we shall, in the vulgar speech, marry.

Julia. Well, sir! do you know what belongs to the character of a husband?

Pen. Ay! Do you know what belongs to being a wife?

Julia. I guess that to your wife will belong ill-humour with you at home; shame with you abroad; in her face forced smiles; in her heart hidden thorns.

Pen. The devil! What, you have found your tongue, ma'am! Oh, oh! I shall have a fine time on't, I guess, when our connexion begins.

Julia. Our connexion! Pray, sir, drop the idea. I protest to you, that were it possible for me to become your wife, I should be the most wretched of women.

Pen. Oh, no! you wouldn't; I hardly know a wife who is not wretched.

Julia. Unfeeling man! Would you presume to enter into a state, to the happiness of which, union of soul, delicacy of sentiment, and all the elegant attention of polished manners are necessary and indispensable?

Pen. What's all that? Union of soul! sentiment! attentions! That's not life, I'm sure.

Julia. I am not able to conceive by what witchcraft Mr. Fitzherbert has been blinded to the weakness of your head, and the turpitude of your heart. Tell him, sir, there is not a fate I would not prefer to that of being united to a man whose vice is the

effect of folly, and whose folly is as hateful even as his vice. [*Exit.*]

Pen. Yes, yes; I'll tell, depend on't. Egad! she's a spirit. So much the better; more pleasure in taming her. A meek wife cheats a man of his rights, and deprives him of the pleasure of exacting her obedience. Let me see: vice—folly—impudence—ignorance. Ignorance, too! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter JULIA.

Julia. What have I done? I dare not see my guardian; his displeasure will kill me. Oh, Belville! where art thou? Come and shield thy unhappy bride! What steps can I take?

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Dear ma'am, I'm so grieved to see you so unhappy! If I'd such a cross old guardian, I'd run away from him.

Julia. The very thought which that instant presented itself to my mind. Have you not told me that some relation of your's has lodgings?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am; the most elegantest in London.

Julia. I don't want elegant apartments; but I wish, for a short time, to be concealed in some family of reputation.

Kitty. To be sure, ma'am; 'tis the most prudent thing you can do.

Julia. And yet, my heart fails me.

Kitty. Oh, ma'am! don't hesitate; I'll go and pack up a few things, and call a coach, and be off, before Lady Bell comes from court.

Julia. I fear 'tis a wrong step; and yet, what other can I take? I dare not reveal my marriage, without the permission of my husband; and, till his arrival, I must avoid both a guardian's anger, and the addresses of a lover. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Kitty. I know not what she means; but there is some mystery, I find. So there should be. If ladies had not mysteries, a chambermaid's place would be hardly worth keeping. I have mysteries, too, and she shall have their explanation from Lord Sparkle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Clarinda's House.*

Enter LADY BELL BLOOMER, meeting CLARINDA.

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! my dear creature, what an embarras! Driving swiftly through the streets, Lady Whipcord dashed upon us in her flaming phaeton and six, gave a monstrous big Newmarket word to my poor fellows, and, with infinite dexterity, entangled the traces. It happened near your door; so I have taken shelter with you, and left her ladyship to settle the dispute with my coachman; ha, ha, ha! But why were you not at court to-day?

Cla. I had a teasing headache; but, pray, tell me what happened there. Deuce take her! she looks as well as ever. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. Oh! the ladies, as usual, brilliant; nothing so flat as the men. The horrid English custom ruins them for conversation. They make themselves members of clubs in the way of business, and members of parliament in the way of amusement: all their passions are reserved for the first, and all their wit for the last.

Cla. 'Tis better in Paris.

Lady B. Oh, 'tis quite another thing! Devoted to elegance, they catch their opinions, their wit, and their *bon mots*, from the mouths of the ladies. 'Tis in the drawing-room of madame, the duchess, the marquis learns his politics; whilst the sprightly countess dispenses taste and philosophy to a circle of bishops, general, and abbés.

Cla. Yet I am mistaken if you have not found one Englishman to reconcile you to the manners of the rest. Lord Sparkle, for instance; your ladyship thinks, I'm sure, that he has wit at will.

Lady B. Oh, yes! quite at will. His wit, like his essence-bottle, is a collection of all that is poignant in a thousand flowers; and, like that, is most useful, when he himself is most insipidly vacant.

Cla. With such sentiments I wonder you can suffer his addresses.

Lady B. What can I do? The man is so much the fashion, and I shall be so much envied. Why, you know, my dear, for instance, you'd be inclined to stick a poisoned nosegay in my bosom, if I should take him.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous! Believe me, madam, I shall neither prepare a bouquet, nor invoke a fiery shower to grace your nuptials.

Lady B. No; your showers would be tears, I fancy. (*Aside.*) Here he comes!

Cla. Ha! Lord Sparkle! Your ladyship's accident was fortunate. (*Sneering.*)

Enter LORD SPARKLE.

Lord S. Heavens! Lady Bell, your horses fly like the doves of Venus. I followed you from St. James's; but my poor earth-born cattle wouldn't keep pace with your's.

Cla. Oh! don't complain; if her ladyship won the race, you see she stopped for you at the goal.

Lord S. Charming Miss Belmour, what an enlivening intimation! Where was your ladyship on Thursday? You would have found excellent food for your satire at Mrs. Olio's; we had all the law ladies from Lincoln's Inn, a dozen good velvets from Bishopsgate, with the wives and daughters of half the M. D.'s and LL. D.'s in town.

Lady B. Oh! my entertainment was quite as good as your's. We were in Brook-street, at Lady Laurel's, and found her surrounded by her literati of all denominations. We had masters of art, and misses of science. On one hand an essayist, on the other a moralist; there a poetaster, here a translator; in that corner a philosopher, in the other a compiler of magazines. Tropes, epigrams, and syllogisms, flew like sky-rockets, in every direction; till the ambition of pre-eminence lighted the flame of controversy, when they gave each other the lie literally with infinite spirit and decorum.

Lord S. Excellent! I'll repeat every word in a place where it will be remembered, and the satire enjoyed.

Cla. In that hope your lordship may safely knock at every door in the street; satire is welcome everywhere.

Lady B. Yes, if it will bear a laugh; that's the grand art of conversation. They pretend we are fond of slander; but rob scandal of its laugh, and 'twould soon be banished to the second table for the amusement of butlers and chambermaids.

Lord S. Indeed! Then I believe half our acquaintance would go down to the second table, too. [*Enter a Servant, gives Lord Sparkle a letter, and exit. Reads it aside.*] Julia! astonishing! So sudden in your movements, Mrs. Kitty! (*Aside. Turns to the Ladies.*) This vulgar thing, called business, is the greatest evil in life; it destroys our most brilliant hours; and is fit only for younger brothers and humble cousins. Miss Belmour, I must tear myself away. Shall I attend your ladyship to your carriage? (*To Lady B.*)

Lady B. If you please. Miss Belmour, "I must tear myself away;" but you'll shine upon us at night.

[*Exeunt Lord S. and Lady B.*]

Cla. Shine upon you at night! That, I know, you are insolent enough to believe impossible. What can I think of her sentiments for Lord Sparkle? Sometimes I believe 'tis a mere attachment of vanity on both sides. That reserved creature, Beauchamp, is in his confidence; but he leaves town this very day, and I shall have no opportunity of conversing

with him. (*Muses.*) There is but one chance—going to visit him: but how can I possibly do that? If he had a library, one might go to look at his books. Well, I don't care, go I will; and if I can't invent an excuse, I'll put a good face upon the matter, and go without one. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Lady Bell Bloomer's.*

Enter LADY BELL BLOOMER, followed by her Maid.

Lady B. Miss Manners gone out in a hackney-coach, and no message left!

Maid. No, madam.

Lady B. Very strange!

Maid. Mr. Beauchamp has been waiting almost an hour for your ladyship's return.

Lady B. Mr. Beauchamp! Here, go and put some otto of roses in that handkerchief. [*Exit Maid.*] Now, shall I admit him or not? I suppose he has, at length, vanquished his modesty, and is come to tell me that—that—Well, I vow I won't hear him. Yes, I will. I long to know the style in which these reserved men make love. To what imprudence would my heart betray me? Yet I may surely indulge myself in hearing him speak of love; in hearing, probably, for the first time, its genuine language.

Re-enter Maid, and presents the handkerchief.

Tell Mr. Beauchamp I am here. [*Exit Maid.*] Now, how shall I receive him? (*Takes her fan from her pocket, and walks about, humming a tune.*)

Enter BEAUCHAMP.

Oh! Mr. Beauchamp, this is the luckiest thing! I have had ten disputes to-day about the figures on my fan; and you shall decide them. Is that beautiful nymph a flying Daphne, or an Atalanta?

Beau. (*Looking at her fan.*) From the terror of the eye, madam, and the swiftness of her step, it must be a Daphne. I think Atalanta's head would be more at variance with her feet; and, while she flies, her eye would be invitingly turned on her pursuers.

Lady B. I think you are right. Yes; there does want the kind, inviting glance, to be sure.

Beau. I know one to whom your ladyship appears the disdainful Daphne. How happy would he be could he behold in your eye the encouragement of Atalanta's.

Lady B. Mercy! for so bashful a man, that's pretty plain. (*Aside.*)

Beau. This is, probably, the last visit I can make you before I leave England: will your ladyship permit me, before I leave it, to acquaint you that there is a man whose happiness depends on your favour? (*Agitated.*)

Lady B. A man whose happiness depends on me, Mr. Beauchamp? (*Looking on her fan.*)

Beau. Yes, madam; and—and—I cannot go on! Why did I accept a commission in which success would destroy me? (*Aside.*)

Lady B. The man seems to have chosen a very diffident advocate in you, sir.

Beau. 'Tis more than diffidence, madam; my task is painful.

Lady B. Ay, I thought so! You have taken a brief in a cause you don't like; I could plead it better myself.

Beau. I feel the reproach.

Lady B. 'Tis difficult for you, perhaps, to speak in the third person: try it in the first. Suppose, now, ha, ha! only suppose, I say, for the jest's sake, that you yourself have a passion for me, and then try how you can plead it.

Beau. (*Kneels.*) Thus—thus would I plead it, and swear, that thou art dear to my heart as fame

and honour! To look at thee is rapture; to love thee, though without hope, felicity!

Lady B. Oh! I thought I should bring him to the point at last. (*Aside.*)

Beau. (*Rises.*) To what dishonesty have I been betrayed! (*Aside.*) Thus, madam, speaks my friend through my lips; 'tis thus he pleads his passion.

Lady B. Provoking! (*Aside.*) What friend is this, sir, who is weak enough to use the language of another to explain his heart?

Beau. Lord Sparkle.

Lady B. Lord Sparkle! Was it for him you knelt? (*He bows to her.*) Then, sir, I must inform you, that the liberty you have taken—Heavens! how do I betray myself. (*Aside.*) Tell me, sir, on your honour, do you wish to succeed in pleading the passion of Lord Sparkle?

Beau. (*Hesitating.*) My obligations to his lordship—our relationship—the confidence he has reposed in me—

Lady B. Stop, sir! I, too, will repose confidence in you, and confess that there is a man whom I sometimes suspect not to be indifferent to me; but 'tis not Lord Sparkle. Tell him so; and tell him that—that—tell him what you will.

Beau. Heavens! what doth she mean? What language is this her eye speaks? (*Aside.*)

Lady B. Do you visit me this evening. Here will be many of my friends, and you shall then see me in the presence of the man my heart prefers. [*Beauchamp bows, and goes to the door; then returns, advances towards Lady Bell, makes an effort to speak; finds it impossible, then bows, and exits.*] Heavens! what necessity have lovers for words? What persuasion in that bashful irresolution! Now, shall I let him quit England or not? What! give up a coronet and Lord Sparkle for a cockade and Beauchamp? Preposterous! says vanity. But what says love? I don't exactly know; but I'll examine their separate claims, and settle them with all the casuistry of four-and-twenty. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Lord Sparkle's House.*

Enter JULIA and KITTY.

Julia. I am so agitated with this rash step, that I can hardly breathe. (*Throws herself into a chair.*) Why did you confirm me in my imprudent resolution?

Kitty. Imprudent! I'm sure, ma'am, 'tis very prudent, and very right, that a young lady like you should not be snubbed, and have her inclinations thwarted by an ill-natured, positive old guardian.

Julia. (*Looking round.*) What apartments! and the hall we came through had an air much beyond a lodging-house.

Kitty. Oh, dear ma'am! you may be as private here as you please. (*A rapping at the door.*) There's my cousin come home, I dare say; I'll send her to you, and then you may settle terms. [*Exit.*]

Julia. I feel I have done wrong, and yet I am so distracted, I know not how I could have done otherwise.

Enter LORD SPARKLE.

Heavens! Lord Sparkle here!

Lord S. Yes, my lovely Julia, here I am; and, upon my soul, if you knew the engagements I have broke for the happiness, you would be gratified.

Julia. Gratified! I am astonished! equally astonished at your being here, and at your strange address.

Lord S. Astonished at my being here! Why, to be sure, it is not usual to find a man of fashion in his own house; but when I heard that you were in my house, how could I do less than fly home?

Julia. Home! Your own house! What can all this mean?

Lord S. Mean! Love, gallantry, joy, and ever new delights!

Julia. Oh! I am betrayed! Where is my wicked servant?

Lord S. Pho! never think of her! Why all this flutter, my sweet girl? You have only changed guardians; and you shall find, that being ward to a young man of fashion and spirit, is a very different thing from—

Julia. Oh, heavens! what will become of me?

Lord S. Nay, this is quite ridiculous, after having fled to my protection. I feel myself highly honoured by your confidence, and will take care to deserve it.

Julia. Why do I remain here an instant? (*Goes towards the door.*)

Lord S. (*Holds her.*) This is downright rudeness! But, be assured, after having chosen my house for your asylum, I shall not be so impolite as to suffer you to seek another.

Julia. You know, sir, that your house and you I would have fled from, to the furthest corner of—

Enter BEAUCHAMP.

Oh! Mr. Beauchamp, save me. I have been basely betrayed.

Beau. Betrayed, Miss Manners! Yes, madam, I will protect you at every hazard.

Lord S. Come, none of your antique virtues, George, pray. This is a piece of *badinage* of the eighteenth century, and you can't possibly understand it. Miss Manners chose to pay me a visit, and I desire you'll leave us.

Julia. My lord, how dare you thus trifle with a woman's honour?

Beau. Be not alarmed, madam, I will defend you.

Lord S. (*Takes him aside.*) Pho! pr'ythee, George, be discreet. This is all female artifice. You popped upon us, and this is a salvo for her reputation.

Beau. Pardon me, my lord; in believing you, in opposition to the evidence of this young lady's terrors, I may be guilty of an irremediable error.

Lord S. Nay, if you are serious, sir, how dare you break in upon my privacy?

Beau. This is not a time to answer you, my lord. The business that brought me here I am indebted to; I should not else have prevented your base designs.

Lord S. Base designs, Mr. Beauchamp!

Beau. Yes, Lord Sparkle! Shall I attend you home, madam?

Julia. Oh, sir! I dare not go there. I fled from Lady Bell's when I was betrayed into this inhuman man's power. Convey me to some place where I may have leisure to reflect.

Lord S. And do you think, Mr. Beauchamp, I shall put up with this? Remember, sir—

Beau. Yes, my lord, that as a man, it is my duty to protect endangered innocence; that, as a soldier, it is part of the essence of my character; and whilst I am grateful to you for the commission I have the honour to bear, I will not disgrace it, in suffering myself to be intimidated by your frowns.

[*Exit Beau. leading Julia.*]

Lord S. So, so, so! an ancient hero in the house of a modern man of fashion! Alexander in the tent of Darius! Scipio and the fair Parthenia! The fellow has not an idea of any morals but those in use during the Olympiads.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Pendragon and his sister, my lord.

Lord S. Who? (*With an air of disgust.*)

Serv. Mr. and Miss Pendragon.

Lord S. Then carry them to the housekeeper's room; give them jellies and plum-cake, and tell them—

Enter PENDRAGON, leading in SOPHY.

Oh! my dear Miss Pendragon, you honour me. But I am the most unlucky man on earth! I am obliged, upon business of infinite importance, to be at Whitehall within five minutes.

Pen. But first, my lord, you must settle a little business here with Miss Pendragon.

Sophy. I tell you, Bobby, I'll speak myself; and as few words are best, pray, my lord, what do you mean by treating me in this manner?

Lord S. I shall be miserable beyond bearing, if any treatment of mine has incurred your displeasure.

Sophy. Well, now you talk of being miserable, you have softened my heart at once. But, pray, my lord, is it fashionable for people on the terms you and I are, to keep asunder?

Lord S. What the devil can the girl mean? (*Aside.*)

Sophy. Never even write! no billets! no bribing the maid to slip notes into my hand! Why, you don't even complain, though 'tis five days since you saw me.

Lord S. Complain! I am sure, I have been exceedingly wretched.

Sophy. Then why did not you tell me so? Why, that's the very thing I wanted. If I had known you had been wretched, I should have been happy.

Pen. Well, I see I shall lose an opportunity here. I came to challenge you, my lord.

Lord S. Challenge me!

Pen. Yes. Miss Pendragon told me she was dissatisfied; "then," says I, "I'll demand satisfaction;" and I didn't care if things had gone a little further; for to call out a lord would be a feather in my cap as long as I live. However, you are agreed.

Sophy. Do be quiet, Bobby! We are not agreed. I have heard nothing of settlements, nothing of jewels.

Lord S. My dear ma'am, you are pleased to amuse yourself.

Sophy. Why, my lord, those things must be all settled beforehand, you know.

Lord S. Before what?

Sophy. What? Before our marriage, my lord.

Lord S. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha!

Sophy. Heyday! Will you pretend that you did not intend to marry me, when I can prove that you have courted me from twenty instances?

Lord S. Indeed.

Pen. Ay, that she can. Come, Miss Pendragon, your proofs; I'll support 'em.

Sophy. Why, in the first place, my lord, you once placed a nosegay in my bosom, and said, "Oh! I wish I were these happy roses!"—the very speech that Sir Harry Hargrave made to Miss Woodville. Another time you said, "I was a most bewitching and adorable girl!"—exactly what Colonel Finch said to Lady Lucy Lustre. Another time you said, "How would a coronet become those shining tresses!"—the very speech of Lord Rosehill to Miss Danvers: and these couples were every one married.

Lord S. Married! I never heard of them. Who are they? Where the devil do they live?

Pen. Live? Why, in our country, to be sure. (*Struts up to him.*)

Sophy. No, no, Bobby; in *The Reclaimed Rake*, and *The Constant Lovers*, and Sir Charles Grandison, and Roderick Random, and—

Pen. Yes, sir, they live at Random, with Sir Charles Grandison. Now d'ye know 'em?

Lord S. Ha, ha, ha! you are a charming little lawyer, (*to Sophy*) and might, perhaps, establish your proofs for precedents, if Sir Charles Grandison were on the bench: yet, I never heard of his being made chief-justice, though I never thought him fit for anything else.

Pen. What the devil's this? What, did not you bring all those fine proofs from fashionable life? And are you such a fool as not to understand what we call common-place?

Sophy. Common-place!

Pen. Yes, we persons of elegant life use the figure, hyperbole.

Sophy. Hyperbole! What's that?

Pen. Why, that's as much as to say, a stretch.

Sophy. A stretch! What, then, you have been mocking me, my lord?

Lord S. Not in the least; I shall be the happiest man existing to, to—Egad! I must take care of my phrases. (*Aside.*) I mean that I shall be always, and upon all occasions, your most devoted *très humblement serviteur*. Were there ever two such bumpkins? (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Sophy. What's he gone? Oh! villain, monster! I am forsaken! Oh! I am rejected! All Cornwall will know it. (*Cries.*)

Pen. Tin-mines and all. But don't ye cry, Miss Pendragon, don't ye cry. (*Sobs.*)

Sophy. Oh! I am rejected!

Pen. I am glad on't, with all my heart. I'll challenge him yet; and they won't know in Cornwall exactly how it was. They'll hear that a lord fought about ye, and all that sort of thing; and whether for ye or against ye, 'twill be much the same.

Sophy. But will you challenge him really, Bobby?

Pen. Upon honour! I admire the claw of the thing. Egad, Sophy! I'm glad he's forsaken thee. Now my character will be finished. A man can't shew his face in company till he has stood shot, and fired his pistol in the air.

Sophy. In the air? If you don't fire it through him—

Pen. Oh, never fear! I'll do all that sort of thing. Come along; I'll go home directly, and practise at the hen-coop in the yard. I'll fire through one end, and you shall hold your calash against the other; and if I don't hit it, say I'm no marksman.

[*Exeunt Pendragon, with Sophy under his arm.*]

SCENE III.—Beauchamp's Lodgings.

Enter BEAUCHAMP and JULIA.

Beau. I entreat your pardon for conducting you to my own lodgings; but here, madam, you will be safe till you determine how to act. What are your commands for me?

Julia. Oh! Mr. Beauchamp, I have no commands; I have no designs! I have been very imprudent; I am still more unhappy.

Beau. Shall I acquaint Mr. Fitzherbert?

Julia. It was to avoid him that I left Lady Bell. I have reasons that make it impossible to see Mr. Fitzherbert now.

Beau. Is there no other friend?

Julia. Oh, yes! I have one friend. Were he here, all my difficulties would vanish. It may seem strange, Mr. Beauchamp, but I expect that you believe—heavens! here's company! (*Looks out.*) 'Tis Miss Belmour; the last woman on earth whom I would trust. Where can I go?

Beau. Miss Belmour! very odd! But, pray, be not uneasy. That room, madam, if you will condescend—(*Julia rushes through the door.*)

Enter CLARINDA, laughing.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! I expect your gravity to be amazingly discomposed at so hardy a visit; but I took it very ill that you did not design to call upon me before your departure; and so, as I was passing your door, I stopped, in mere frolic, to inquire the cause.

Beau. You do me infinite honour, madam. I am thankful that I failed in my attention, since it has procured me so distinguished a favour.

Cla. Oh! your most obedient. You are going to leave England for a long while; you'll find us all in different situations, probably, on your return. Your friend, Lord Sparkle, for instance: I am informed that he is really to marry Lady Bell Bloomer; but I don't believe it. Do you?

Beau. 'Tis impossible, madam, for me—

Cla. Pho, pho! impossible! Such friends as you are, I suppose, keep nothing from one another. We women can't exist without a confidante, and, I dare say, you men are fully as communicative. Not that it is anything to me; but as I have a prodigious regard for Lady Bell—

Bel. (*Without.*) Beauchamp, Beauchamp!

Cla. Heaven and earth, how unlucky! Here's some man. I am the nicest creature breathing in my reputation. What will he think? I'll run into this room. (*Runs towards the door.*)

Beau. Pardon me, madam, you cannot enter there. (*Prevents her.*)

Cla. I must. (*Pushes at the door.*) O, ho! the door is held, sir.

Beau. My dear madam, I am infinitely sorry for the accident; but suppose—suppose, I say, ma'am, that a friend of mine has been in a duel, and concealed in that room?

Cla. Ridiculous! I saw the corner of a white satin petticoat. Is that the dress of your duelling friends? I will go in. (*Struggles.*) So, 'tis too late. (*Flings away spitefully.*)

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. So, so so! I beg your pardon. How could you be so indiscreet, Beauchamp? Though a young soldier, I thought you knew enough of generalship to be prepared for a surprise.

Cla. Oh! so he was; but not for two surprises.

Beau. Believe me, Belville—I am infinitely concerned—(*To Clarinda.*)

Cla. Oh! I detest your impertinent concern. Keep it for the lady in the other room.

Bel. A lady in the other room, too! Heyday, Beauchamp! who would have suspected—

Beau. 'Tis all a mistake. The lady in the next room—But, pr'ythee, go.

Bel. Only tell me if you have seen Fitzherbert. I have been seeking him this hour, on a business of the utmost consequence.

Beau. I have not; but about this time you'll find him at home.

Bel. Enough! Miss Belmour, pray, suffer no concern; depend on my honour. Beauchamp, (*takes him aside*) who is the lady in the other room?

Beau. Had I meant you to have known, that room would have been unnecessary. (*Belville seems still inquisitive; Beauchamp draws him aside.*)

Cla. Now do I die to know who it can be. Indeed, 'tis necessary for my own sake. Whilst she has been hid, I have been exposed; and who knows what the creature may say? I'll try once more. She has my secret, and I'll have her's. (*Aside. Forces open the door.*)

Re-enter JULIA from the room.

Julia. Belville! (*Runs towards him.*)

Bel. Julia! (*Starts back.*)

Cla. Miss Manners! Ha, ha, ha!

Julia. Oh, Belville! throw me not from you.

Bel. Astonishing!

Cla. Oh, charming! the modest Julia and the reserved Beauchamp! Ha, ha, ha! But, Mr. Belville, how came you of this sober party? Ha, ha, ha!

Julia. Speak to me.

Cla. Now, Mr. Beauchamp, you know the purport of my visit. I had heard that Miss Manners has been seen to visit you; and not being willing to trust to such a report, was resolved, if possible, to discover the truth.

Bel. Wretched woman! (*To Julia.*)

Julia. Barbarous creature! (*To Clarinda.*) Oh! hear me, I conjure you! (*To Belville.*)

Bel. Hear you! No, madam. And, if my contempt, my hatred, my—oh!—You, sir, I must speak to in another place; yet, perhaps, you were not acquainted that—what would I say? The word which I have pronounced with rapture, chokes me. From this moment, farewell! (*To Julia.*) [*Exit.*]

Beau. What can I think of all this?

Julia. Oh, sir!

Beau. Permit me, madam, to ask if you have long known Mr. Belville?

Julia. Yes, too long.

Cla. Oh, oh! too long! Ay, young ladies should be cautious how they form acquaintance. For my part—But you look ill, child. (*Takes her by the hand.*) Well, I have no hard heart; I can pity your weakness, miss; I won't upbraid you now. My coach waits. Shall I conduct you home?

Julia. Yes, to Lady Bell—to Lady Bell. I am very ill.

Cla. Adieu, Mr. Beauchamp. This has been an unlucky frolic. 'Tis amazing you grave people can be so careless. [*Exeunt Clarinda and Julia.*]

Beau. An unlucky frolic, indeed. I always considered Miss Manners as a pattern of delicacy and virtue; nor dare I now, spite of circumstances, think otherwise.

Enter LORD SPARKLE.

Lord S. So, so, Seignior Quixotte! What, so soon lost your prize? Ay, you see, quarrelling for these virtuous women is as unprofitable as the assault of the windmills. Have you seen Lady Bell in my behalf?

Beau. Lady Bell, my lord? Why, sure, 'tis impossible, after your attempt on Miss Manners—

Lord S. Psha! Women like to receive the devoirs of those whom others of their sex have found so dangerous. What did you discover of Lady Bell's sentiments towards me?

Beau. I meant to have given the intelligence softened, but the agitations of my mind make it impracticable; I must, therefore, inform you, in one word, Lady Bell Bloomer's choice is made, and that choice has not fallen upon your lordship.

Lord S. Then I must inform you, in two words, that I am convinced you are mistaken. But your reasons, sir, your reasons?

Beau. Her ladyship furnished me with a decisive one: she acknowledged a pre-engagement; and added, if I visited her this evening, I should see her in the presence of the man her heart prefers.

Lord S. (*Laughs violently.*) Excellent! charming ingenuity! Ha, ha, ha! The kindest, softest message that ever woman framed. And you, like the sheep laden with the golden fleece, bore it insensible of its value. Ha, ha, ha! You can't see through the pretty artifice?

Beau. No really.

Lord S. Why, 'tis I who am to be there; there by particular invitation. You'll see her in my presence; and this was her pretty, mysterious way of informing me that I am the object of her choice.

Beau. Indeed!

Lord S. Without a doubt. But you deep people are the dullest fellows at a hint. But I am satisfied, and shall go to her rout in brilliant spirits. You shall come, and see my triumph confirmed. Come, you rogue, and see the lovely widow in the presence of the man her heart prefers. Poor George! you must have been cursedly stupid not to have conceived that I was the person. [*Exit.*]

Beau. Yes, I will come. Oh, vanity! I had dared to explain—yes, I construed the sweet confusion! Oh! I blush at my own arrogance. Lord Sparkle must be right. Well, this night decides it. Nar—

rowly will I watch each tone and look, to discover—oh! ever blest—he whom her heart prefers!

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Lady Bell Bloomer's.*

Enter LADY BELL BLOOMER and Servant.

Lady B. Are the tables placed in the outer room?

Serv. Yes, ma'am, all but the pharoah table.

Lady B. Then carry that there too. I positively will not have a table in the drawing-room. [Exit *Serv.*] Those who play don't visit me, but the card-tables; and where they find them is very immaterial. Let me see: for whist, Sir James Jennet, Lady Ponto, Mrs. Lurchem, and Lady Carmine; for pharoah, Mrs. Evergreen, Lord Dangle, Sir Harry—Heyday!

Enter CLARINDA and JULIA.

Cla. Come, child, don't faint. You had more cause for terror, half an hour ago.

Lady B. Heavens! Julia, where have you been?

Cla. Ay, that's a circumstance you would not have known, but for an accident; and I am very sorry it fell to my lot to make the discovery.

Lady B. (Takes *Julia's* hand.) Speak, my love!

Julia. Miss Belmour will tell you all she knows; I am too wretched.

Cla. Nay, as to what I know, I know very little: I can tell what I saw, indeed. Having received intimations not quite consonant to one's notions of decorum, I pretended a frolic, and called on Mr. Beauchamp, and there I found this lady concealed.

Lady B. Heavens! Julia! 'tis impossible.

Cla. Nay, she can't attempt to deny what I myself saw. Other discoveries had liked to have been made, too; but Miss Manners may explain them herself, for I see your rooms begin to fill. I shall report that your ladyship is a little indisposed, as an excuse for your not immediately appearing.

[Exit.]

Lady B. (With a countenance of terror.) Julia! you at Mr. Beauchamp's?

Julia. Lady Bell, though I have acted rashly, and was, indeed, found there, I am not the guilty creature you imagine. I am married! I will no longer conceal it. (Bursts into tears.)

Lady B. Married! Oh, heavens! (Throws herself in a chair, with her back to *Julia*.)

Julia. I dared not reveal it to my guardian; and for that reason, fled from your house.

Lady B. Oh, Julia! and you are married? What a serpent have I nourished! But, forgive me. You knew not—alas! I knew not myself, till this moment, how much—

Julia. My dearest madam, do not add to my afflictions; for, indeed, they are severe.

Lady B. Ungenerous girl! why did you conceal from me your situation?

Julia. Good heavens! is it destined that one imprudent step is to lose me every blessing? In the agonies of my heart I flew to your friendship, and you kill me with reproaches.

Lady B. And you have killed me by your want of confidence. Oh, Julia! had you revealed to me—

Julia. I dared not; for when Mr. Belville prevailed on me to give him my hand—

Lady B. Mr. Belville! Mr. Belville, say you? (Eagerly.)

Julia. Yes; it was in Paris we were married.

Lady B. So, so, so! what a pretty mistake I made; but it was a mistake! (Aside.) And so, my sweet Julia is married! married in Paris! Sly thing! But how came you at Mr. Beauchamp's, my love?

Julia. In my rash flight this morning, my wicked maid betrayed me into Lord Sparkle's house. There Mr. Beauchamp snatched me from ruin, and gave me a momentary asylum in his lodgings.

Lady B. Did Beauchamp? But what is his worth and his gallantry to me? Can't he do a right thing but my heart must triumph? (Aside.)

Julia. At Mr. Beauchamp's my husband found me; and found me hid with so suspicious a secrecy! Ha! here comes Mr. Fitzherbert! How can I see him?

Enter FITZHERBERT.

Fitz. My Julia! my dear Julia!

Julia. Oh, sir!—

Fitz. Come, I know all; and to relieve one cause of your distress, will tell you, that the lover I shocked you with to-day, was only my agent in the little revenge I had resolved to take for your having married, without my consent, the very man for whom all my cares designed you.

Julia. Is it possible?

Fitz. At the moment he left Paris for Florence, you received my directions to return home; thus Belville's letters missed you, and he remained ignorant that you were in London.

Julia. Oh, sir! had you revealed this to me this morning, what evils should I have escaped!

Fitz. My dear girl, I decreed you a little punishment; but your own rashness has occasioned you a severer portion than you deserved.

Lady B. But where is the bridegroom?

Fitz. He is without, satisfied from the mouth of Beauchamp of your conduct, (to *Julia*) and impatient to fold his Julia to his heart.

Julia. Oh, sir! lead me to him. To find my husband, and to be forgiven by you, are felicities too great.

[Exit, led by *Fitz*.]

Lady B. What a discovery has Julia's marriage made to me of my own heart! I have persuaded myself it knew no passion but the desire of conquest; but the pangs of jealousy proved to me, in one moment, that all its sense is love. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment lighted up; card parties seen; Servants carrying refreshments.*

Enter PENDRAGON, meeting CLARINDA and two Ladies, who come forward.

Pen. Bobs! Miss Belmour, how d'ye do? I didn't think to see you. Mr. Fitzherbert brought me here, and I have been examining every face, to see if I knew anybody; but fine ladies are so alike, that one must have long intimacy to know one's acquaintance. Red cheeks, white necks, and smiling lips, crowd every room.

1 Lady. Heyday! a natural curiosity. Pray, sir, how long have you been in the world?

Pen. How long? Just twenty years last Lammas.

1 Lady. Pho! I don't inquire into your age: how long is it since you left your native woods? Were you ever at a rout before?

Pen. Ay, that I was, last week: it beat this all to nothing. 'Twas at our neighbour's, the wine merchant's, at his country-house at Kentish-town.

Cla. Oh, lud! I wish I had been of your party; I should have enjoyed a Kentish-town rout.

Pen. Oh! you must have been pleased; for the rooms were so little, and the company so large, that every thing was done with one consent. We were packed so close, that if one party moved, all the rest were obliged to obey the motion.

1 Lady. Delightful! Well, sir—

Pen. We had all the fat widows, notable misses, and managing wives of the parish; so there was no scandal, for they were all there. At length the assembly broke up: such clattering, and squeedging down the gangway staircase; whilst the little footboy bawl'd from the passage, "Miss Bobbin's bonnet is ready!" "Mrs. Sugarplum's lantern waits!" "Mrs. Peppercorn's pattens stop the way!" (Imitating.)

Cla. Oh! you creature, come with me; I must exhibit him in the next room.

1 Lady. Oh! stay; take my card: I shall have company next Wednesday, and I insist on your's. [*Exit Clarinda and Pendragon.*] He is really amusing.

Enter LORD SPARKLE with two Gentlemen.

But hide your diminished heads, ye beaux and witlings! for here comes Lord Sparkle.

Lord S. (*Speaks as he comes forward*) I hope the belles won't hide theirs; for in an age where the head is so large a part of the lady, one should look about for the sex.

1 Gent. Well, my lord, you see I have obeyed your summons: I should not have been here, notwithstanding Lady Bell's invitation, had you not pressed it.

2 Gent. Nor I. I promised to meet a certain lady in the gallery at the opera to-night; and I regret that I did not, for I see her husband is here. Why did you press us so earnestly to come?

Lord S. Why, faith, to have as many witnesses as I could to my glory. This night is given by Lady Bell to me. I am the hero of the fête, and expect your congratulations. Here the dear creature comes.

Enter LADY BELL BLOOMER, who addresses the Company.

Lady B. How do you do? How do you do? (*On each side.*) You wicked creature, why did you disappoint me last night? Lady Harriot, I have not seen you this age. Oh! Lord Sparkle, I have been detained from my company by Mr. Fitzherbert, planning a scheme for your amusement.

Lord S. Indeed! I did not expect that attention from him; though I acknowledge my obligations to your ladyship's politeness.

Lady B. That air of self-possession, I fancy, would be incommoded, if you guessed at the entertainment. (*Aside.*) Have you seen Mr. Beauchamp?

Lord S. For a moment. But, charming Lady Bell, (*takes her hand*) I shall make you expire with laughing. I really believe the poor fellow explained your message in his own favour; ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ridiculous! ha, ha, ha!

Enter BEAUCHAMP.

Beau. Ha! 'tis true! There they are, retired from the crowd, and enjoying the privacy of lovers. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. See, there he is: I long to have a little badinage on the subject. Let us tease him. (*Apart to Lord Sparkle.*)

Lord S. Oh! nothing can be more delightful. (*Apart.*) Hither, sighing shepherd, come! Come, Beauchamp, take one last, one lingering look: sha'n't he, Lady Bell?

Lady B. Doubtless, if he has your lordship's leave.

Lord S. He seems astonished; ha, ha, ha! Nay, it is cruel! If the poor youth has the misfortune to be stricken, you know he can't resist fate. Ixion sighed for Juno.

Lady B. Yes, and he was punished too. What punishment, Mr. Beauchamp, shall we decree for you?

Beau. I am astonished! Was it for this your ladyship commanded me to attend you?

Lady B. How did I command you? Do you remember the words?

Beau. I do, madam. You bid me come this evening, that I might behold you in the presence of the man your heart prefers.

Lady B. Well, sir, and now, now you see me.

Lord S. Oh! the sweet confusion of the sweet confession! (*Kisses her hand.*)

Beau. This ostentation of felicity, madam, is ungenerous, since you know my heart; 'tis unworthy you. I thank you for it; I have a pang the less. (*Going.*)

Lady B. Hold, sir! are you going?

Beau. This instant, madam. I came in obedience to your commands; but my chaise is at your door; and before your gay assembly breaks up, I shall be far from London; and, in a day or two, from England. I probably now see your ladyship for the last time. Adieu!

Lady B. Stay, Mr. Beauchamp! (*Agitated.*)

Lord S. Ay, pr'ythee, stay; I believe Lady Bell has a mind to make you her conjugal father at the wedding.

Beau. I forgive you, my lord: excess of happiness frequently overflows into insolence; and it is the privilege of felicity to be unfeeling. But how, madam, has the humble passion which has so long consumed my life, rendered me so hateful to you, as to prompt you to this barbarity? I have not insulted you with my love; I have scarcely dared to whisper it to myself; how then have I deserved—

Lady B. O, mercy, don't be so grave; I am not insensible to your merit; nor have I beheld your passion with disdain. But what can I do? Lord Sparkle has so much fashion, so much elegance, so much—

Lord S. My dearest Lady Bell, you justify my ideas of your discernment; and thus I thank you for the distinguished honour. (*Kneels to kiss her hand.*)

Enter SOPHY.

Sophy. Oh, you false-hearted man! (*Cries.*)

Lord S. Heyday! (*Starting up.*)

Sophy. Don't believe a word he says, for all you are so fine a lady. He'll tell you of happiness and misery, and this, and that, and the other; but 'tis all common-place and hyperbole, and all that sort of thing.

Lady B. Indeed! What, has this young lady claims on your lordship?

Lord S. Claims! ha, ha, ha! Is it my fault that a little rustic does not know the language of the day? Compliments are the ready coin of conversation, and it is every one's business to understand their value.

Re-enter PENDRAGON.

Pen. (*Clapping him on the shoulder.*) True, my lord, true! And, pray, instruct me what was the value of the compliment, when you told me I should make a figure in the guards, and that you would speak to your great friends to make me a colonel?

Lord S. Value! why, of just as much as it would bring. You thought it so valuable, then, that you got me a hundred extra votes on the strength of it; and you are now a little ungrateful wretch to pretend 'twas worth nothing.

Enter FITZHERBERT, leading in JULIA.

Fitz. But here, Lord Sparkle, is a lady who claims a right on a different foundation. She had no election interest to provoke your flatteries, yet you have not scrupled to profess love to her, whilst under the roof of her friend, whose hand you were soliciting in marriage.

Julia. Yes, I entreat your ladyship not to fancy that you are to break the hearts of half our sex by binding Lord Sparkle in the adamantine chains of marriage. I boast an equal right with you, and don't flatter yourself I shall resign him.

Lord S. Mere malice, Lady Bell! Fitzherbert's malice! I never had a serious thought of Miss Manners in my life.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. What! and have you dared to talk of love to that lady, my lord, without a serious thought?

Lord S. Heyday! what right have you—

Bel. Oh! very trifling; only the right of a husband. The lady so honoured by your love-making in jest is my wife: in course, all obligations to her devolve on me.

Lord S. Your wife! my dear Belville, I give you joy with all my soul. You see 'tis always dangerous to keep secrets from your friends. But is anybody else coming? Have I any new crimes to be accused of? Any more witnesses coming to the bar?

Bel. No; but I am a witness in a new cause, and accuse you of loading the mind of my friend Beauchamp with a sense of obligation you had neither spirit or justice to confer.

Lady B. A commission, my lord, which was sent Mr. Beauchamp under a blank cover, by one who could not bear to see his noble spirit dependant on your caprices.

Bel. And when his sentiments pointed out your lordship as his benefactor, you accepted the honour, and have laid heavy taxes on his gratitude.

Lord S. Well, and what is there in all that? Beauchamp did not know to whom he was obliged; and wouldn't it have been a most unchristian thing to let a good action run about the world belonging to nobody? I found it a stray orphan, and so fathered it. But you, Fitzherbert, I see are the lawful owner of the brat; so, pr'ythee, take it back; and thank me for the honour of my patronage.

Fitz. Your affected pleasantry, Lord Sparkle, may shield you from resentment, but it will not from contempt. Your effrontery—

Lord S. Effrontery! Pr'ythee, make distinctions. What in certain lines would be effrontery, in me is only the ease of fashion; that delightful thing which enables me at this moment to stand serene amidst your meditated storm. Come, my dear Lady Bell, let us leave these good gentry, and love ourselves amidst the delights of fashion, and the charms of *bon ton*.

Lady B. Pardon me, my lord! As caprice is absolutely necessary to the character of a fine lady, you will not be surprised if I give an instance of it now; and, spite of your elegance, your fashion, and your wit, present my hand to this poor soldier, who boasts only worth, spirit, honour, and love.

Beau. Have a care, madam! Feelings like mine are not to be trifled with. Once already the hopes you have inspired—

Lady B. The hour of trifling is past; and surely it cannot appear extraordinary, that I prefer the internal worth of an uncorrupted heart, to the outward polish of a mind too feeble to support itself against vice, in the seductive forms of fashionable dissipation.

Lord S. Heyday! what is your ladyship in the plot?

Fitz. The plot has been deeper laid than you, my lord, have been able to conceive. As I have the misfortune to be related to you, I thought it my duty to watch over your conduct. I have seen your plans, and many of them have been defeated, though you knew not by what means. But what fate does your lordship design for these young people, decoyed by you from their native ignorance and home?

Lord S. Let them return to their native ignorance and home as fast as they can.

Pen. No, no! hang me, if I do that. I know life now, and life I'll have: Hyde-park, plays, operas, and all that sort of thing. But, old gentleman, as you promised to do something for me, what think ye of a commission? The captain there can't want his now; suppose you turn it over to me.

Fitz. No, young man, you shall be taken care of; but the requisites of a soldier are not those of pertness and assurance. Intrepid spirit, nice honour, generosity, and understanding, all unite to form him. It is these which make a British soldier the first character in Europe: it is such soldiers who make England invincible, and her glittering arms triumphant in every quarter of the globe.

Sophy. Well, Bobby may do as he will; I'll go back to Cornwall directly, and warn all my neighbours to take special care how they trust to a lord's promises at an election again.

Lord S. Well, great attempts and great failings mark the life of a man of spirit. There is *éclat* even in my disappointment to-night; and I am ready for a fresh set of adventures to-morrow.

Fitz. Incorrigible man! but I have done with you. Beauchamp has answered all my hopes, and the discernment of this charming woman, in rewarding him, merits the happiness that awaits her; and that I may give the fullest sanction to her choice, I declare him heir to my estate. This, I know, is a stroke your lordship did not expect.

Beau. And was it, then, to you, sir—The tumults of my gratitude—

Fitz. Your conduct has completely rewarded me; and in adopting you—

Lady B. Oh! I protest against that. Our union would then appear a prudent, sober business; and I shall lose the credit of having done a mad thing for the sake of the man my heart prefers.

Fitz. To you I resign him with pleasure; his fate is in your hands.

Lady B. Then he shall continue a soldier; one of those whom love and his country detain to guard her dearest, last possessions.

Beau. Love and my country! Yes, ye shall divide my heart. Animated by such passions, our forefathers were invincible; and if we'd preserve the freedom and independence they obtained for us, we must imitate their virtues. [Exeunt.]

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM;

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GEORGE LILLO.



Act IV.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

LORD CHEYNEY
MAYOR OF FEVERSHAM
ARDEN
FRANKLIN
MICHAEL

GREEN
MOSBY
BRADSHAW
BLACK WILL
SHAKEBAG

ADAM FOWL
OFFICERS
SERVANT
ALICIA
MARIA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Arden's door.*

MOSBY *discovered.*

Mosby. The morning's dark and horrid as my purpose.
Thrice have my snares been laid for Arden's life,
And thrice hath he escap'd. I am not safe:
The living may revenge. Oh! could I win
Alicia to conspire her husband's fall,
Then might I say, security, thou'rt mine,
And laugh at all to come. For other instruments,
There's Green: he bears him hard about this suit
For th' abbey-lands, to which the hot youth pleads
Some fancied right. Michael, the trencher fav'rite;
A bastard, bred of Arden's charity;
He has been privy to our secret joys,
And, on that trust presuming, loves my sister;
Winks at adultery, and may at murder.
Maria is his price. I've plac'd her here,
Companion of my sweet Alicia's hours,
To spread her charms for ever in his eye:
To her are all my visits. But Alicia—
She must, she shall comply: when to my arms
Her honour she resign'd, her fond reluctance
 whisper'd
She could deny me nothing. This to try.
 [Exit into Arden's house.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

ARDEN *in his night-gown.*

Arden. Unhappy Arden, whither canst thou
 wander
To lay thy heavy load of sorrows down?
Will change of place relieve th' afflicted mind,
Or does all nature yield a balm to cure
The pangs of slighted love and broken faith?
Ungrateful, false Alicia! false with Mosby,
The vile dependant of my foe profess'd;
Lord Clifford's full-fed flatt'rer! Oh! damn'd—
Come, Franklin, come: Arden, thy friend, invites
 thee;
And let me pour my griefs into thy bosom,
And find in friendship what I've lost in love.

Enter ALICIA.

Alicia. Why, Arden, do you leave your bed thus
 early?
Have cold and darkness greater charms than I?
There was a time when winter-nights were short,
And Arden chid the morn that call'd him from me.
Arden. This deep dissembling, this hypocrisy,
(The last worst state of a degenerate mind,)
Speaks her in vice determin'd and mature.

(*Aside.*)
Alicia. What maid, that knows man's variable
 nature,

Would sell her free estate for marriage bonds?
From vows and oaths, and every servile tie,
The tyrant man at pleasure is set free:
The holy nuptial bond leaves him at large;
Yet vests him with a power that makes us slaves.
'Tis heavenly this—

Arden. To stop my just reproach,
Art thou the first to tax the marriage state?

Alicia. Are you not jealous? Do you not give ear

To vain surmises and malicious tongues,
That hourly wound my yet untainted fame?

Arden. And would'st thou make me author of the shame

Thy guilt has brought on us? I'll bear no longer.
The traitor, Mosby, curs'd, detested Mosby,
Shall render an account for both your crimes.

Alicia. What do I hear? *(Aside.)*

Arden. That base mechanic slave
Shall answer with his blood.

Alicia. Oh! hear me speak.

Arden. No, I am deaf; as thou hast ever been
To fame, to virtue, and my just complaints.

Alicia. Thus, on my knees—

Arden. Adult'ress! dost thou kneel
And weep, and pray, and bend thy stubborn heart

(Stubborn to me) to sue for him? Away!

Away this instant, lest I kill thee, too.
(Recovering himself.)

No; not the hell thou'st kindled in this bosom
Shall make me shed thy blood.

Alicia. I do not hope it.

Arden. For me be as immortal as thy shame.

Alicia. I see your cruel purpose: I must live,
To see your hand and honour stain'd with blood;
Your ample fortune seiz'd on by the state;
Your life a forfeit to the cruel laws.

Oh! Arden, blend compassion with your rage,
And kindly kill me first.

Arden. Not for my sake
Are all thy tears; then had you felt them sooner:
Plead not the ruin you have made; but say
Why have you driven me to these extremes?
Why sacrificed my peace, and your own fame,
By corresponding with a menial slave?

Alicia. Thou canst not think that I have wrong'd
thy bed?

Arden. Would I could not!

Alicia. By heaven!—

Arden. No perjuries.

But now, as you lay slumb'ring by my side,
I still awake, anxious and full of thought,
(For thou hast banish'd sleep from these sad eyes,)

With gentle accents thrilling with desire,
You call'd on Mosby; love made me doubt my ears,

And question if the dark and silent night
Conspir'd not with my fancy to deceive me:

But soon I lost the painful, pleasing hope;
Again you call'd upon your minion Mosby.
Confirm'd, I strove to fly your tainted bed,
But, wanting strength, sunk lifeless on my pillow.
You threw your eager arms about my neck,
You press'd my bloodless cheeks with your warm lips,

Which glow'd, adult'ress, with infernal heat!
And call'd a third time on the villain Mosby.

Alicia. A dream, indeed, if I e'er call'd on him.

Arden. Thy guilty dreams betray thy waking thoughts.

Alicia. I know I'm simple, thoughtless, and unguarded;

And what is carelessness, you construe guilt.
Yet were I weak as those fantastic visions,
Sure, I could ne'er have condemn'd you, Arden,
On circumstances and an idle dream.

Arden. But such a dream!

Alicia. Yet were it but a dream,
Which, tho' I not remember, I abhor;
And mourn with tears, because it gives you pain.
Arden, you do not wish me innocent,
Or on suspicions could you doom me guilty?

Arden. Not wish thee innocent! Do sinking mariners,

When struggling with the raging seas for life,
Wish the assistance of some friendly plank?

'Tis that, and that alone, can bring me comfort.

Alicia. Oh! jealousy, thou fierce, remorseless fiend,

Degen'rate, most unnatural child of love;
How shall I chase thee from my Arden's bosom?

Arden. There is a way, an easy way, Alicia.

Alicia. Oh! name it—speak.

Arden. What's past may be forgotten.

Your future conduct—

Alicia. You distract me, Arden.

Say, how shall I convince you of my truth?

Arden. I ask but this: never see Mosby more.
By heaven, she's dumb! *(He starts.)*

Alicia. Oh! how shall I conceal
My own confusion, and elude his rage? *(Aside.)*

Arden. Thou'rt lost, Alicia! lost to me and heav'n.

Alicia. Indeed I'm lost, if you unkindly doubt me.

Arden. Wilt thou, then, ne'er converse with Mosby more.

Alicia. If e'er I do, may heav'n and you forsake me!

Arden. You'll keep your word, Alicia? Pr'ythee, say.

Alicia. You'll break my heart.

Arden. I'd rather break my own.

Then thou art innocent, and lov'st me still.

Alicia. And ever will.

Arden. Give me thy hand—thy heart,
Oh! give me that.

Alicia. That always was your own.

Arden. Thou flatterer! then whence this cruel strife?

Still art thou cold: nor warm as thy embraces,
Nor sparkle in thine eyes the fires of love:
Cold, cold, and comfortless.

Alicia. Indeed you fright me.

Arden. 'Tis possible—

Alicia. What?

Arden. That thou may'st yet deceive me.

Alicia. Oh! I am wretched.

Arden. Both, perhaps, are so.

But if thou ever lov'd, thou'lt not despise me,
And wilt forgive me, if, indeed, I've wrong'd thee,

As I've forgiven thee. Pity, I'm sure, I need.

[Exit.]

Alicia. Thou hast it, Arden, ev'n from her that wrongs thee.

All, all, shall pity thee, and curse Alicia.

Can I feel this, and further tempt the stream
Of guilty love? Oh! whither am I fallen?

Enter MARIA.

Maria. A happy day, Alicia; and may each morn

Of coming life be usher'd with like joy.

Franklin, from court return'd, has brought the grant

Of the abbey-lands, confirm'd by the young king,
To Arden for his life: nor will deliver

But to himself the deed.

Alicia. A worthy friend!

The grant is not more welcome to my husband,
Than Franklin's company.

Maria. He's flown to meet him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (To Maria.) Madam, your brother Mosby—

Alicia. Where is Mosby?

Serv. He waits below.

Alicia. Oh! haste, and lead me to him.

Serv. Madam, he but desires to see his sister.

Alicia. His sister! What, did he not ask for me?

Maria. Perhaps—

Alicia. Pray, give me leave—looks he in health?

Serv. He seems in health.

Alicia. Here, and not ask for me!

Seems he or angry, then, or melancholy?

Answer me, stock, stone!

Serv. Truly, I can't say.

Alicia. Thou canst say nothing. Get thee from my sight.

Yet, stay—no matter. I'll myself go seek him.

[*Exeunt Alicia and Serv.*]

Maria. Where reason is, can passion thus prevail? [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Parlour in Arden's house.*

Enter ALICIA meeting MOSBY.

Alicia. Mosby, that brow befits our wayward fate.

The evil hour, long fear'd, is fall'n upon us,
And we shall sink beneath it. Do not frown;
If you're unkind, to whom shall I complain?

Mosby. Madam, it was my sister I expected—

Alicia. Am I forgotten, then? Ungrateful man!
This only could have added to my woes.
Did you but know what I have borne for you,
You would not thus, unmov'd, behold my tears.

Mosby. Madam, you make me vain.

Alicia. Insult not, Mosby.

You were the first dear object of my love,
And could my heart have made a second choice,
I had not been the object of your scorn:
But duty, gratitude, the love of fame,
And pride of virtue, were too weak t' erase
The deep impression of your early vows.

Mosby. Therefore, you kindly chose to wed another.

Alicia. Reproach me not with what I deem'd my duty.

Oh! had I thought I could assume the name,
And never know th' affection of a wife,
I would have died ere giv'n my hand to Arden.

Mosby. You gave him all.

Alicia. No, no; I gave him nothing:
Words without truth; a hand without a heart.
But he has found the fraud; the slumb'ring lion,
At length, hath rous'd himself—

Mosby. And I must fall
The victim—

Alicia. No, he knows not yet his wrongs.

Mosby. But quickly will.

Alicia. That, that's my greatest fear.

Mosby. Then, branded with a strumpet's hated name,

The cause abhorr'd of shame, of blood, and ruin,
Thou'lt be expos'd and hooted thro' the world.

Alicia. Oh! hide the dreadful image from my view.

Chaste matrons, modest maids, and virtuous wives,
Scorning a weakness, which they never knew,
Shall blush with indignation at my name.

Mosby. My death—but that, tho' certain—

Alicia. Labour not

To drive me to despair. Fain would I hope—

Mosby. You may—and be deceiv'd. For me, I know

My fate's resolv'd: and thee the instrument;
The willing instrument of Mosby's ruin.
Inconstant, false Alicia!

Alicia. False indeed;

But not to thee, cruel, injurious Mosby.

Mosby. Injurious! false one, might not all these dangers

That threaten to involve us both in ruin,
Ere this have been prevented?

Alicia. Ha! Say on.

Mosby. And not preventing, art not thou the cause?

Alicia. Ah! whither, Mosby, whither would'st thou drive me?

Mosby. Nay, didst thou love, or would'st secure thy fame,

Preserve my life, and bind me your's for ever,
'Tis yet within your power.

Alicia. By Arden's death!

Mean'st thou not so? speak out, and be a devil.

Mosby. Yes, 'tis for thee I am so. But your looks

Declare, my death would please you better, madam.

Alicia. Exaggerating fiend! be dumb for ever.
His death! I must not cast a glance that way.

Mosby. Is there another way? Oh! think, Alicia.

Alicia. I will, for that will make me mad: and madness

Were some excuse. Come, kind distraction! come,

And Arden dies: my husband dies for Mosby.

(*Shrieks and runs to Mosby.*)

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

He's here! Oh, save me! tell me, did he hear?

Arden. (Starting.) Franklin, support your friend.

I shake with horror.

Frank. What moves you thus?

Arden. See, Mosby with my wife!

Mosby. But, madam, I shall spare your farther trouble:

In happy time behold my neighbour here.

(*As taking leave of Alicia.*)

Alicia. Mischief and wild confusion have begun,
And desolation waits to close the scene. [Exit.]

Mosby. Sir, I would gladly know, whether your grant

Of the rich abbey-lands of Feversham

Be yet confirm'd or not?

Arden. What, if I tear

Her faithless heart, ev'n in the traitor's sight,

Who taught it falsehood?

(*Aside.*)

Frank. He is lost in thought.

But I can answer that: it is confirm'd.

I brought the deed, with the great seal annex'd,

Sign'd by our pious Edward and his council.

Mosby. I'm satisfied.

Arden. So am not I. By hell,

There's justice in the thought. I'm strangely tempted.

(*Aside.*)

Mosby. My friend seems wrapt in thought: I came to advise him,

That Green, by virtue of a former grant

His father long enjoy'd—

Arden. For my estate,

The law and this good seal is my security;

To them I leave Green and his groundless claim.

But my just right to false Alicia's heart,

(So dearly purchas'd with a husband's name,

And sacred honour of a gentleman,)

I shall assert myself, and thus secure

From further violation.

(*Draws.*)

Mosby. Her known virtue

Renders the injury your fancy forms,

A thing of air.

Frank. Impossible to thought.

Whence, Arden, comes this sudden madness on thee,

That your Alicia, ever dear esteem'd,
And deeply lov'd—

Arden. Out on the vile adult'ress!
But thou demure, insinuating slave, (*To Mosby.*)
Shalt taste my vengeance first. Defend thyself.

Mosby. I scorn to take advantage of your rage.

Arden. A coward, too. Oh! my consummate shame.

Mosby. This I can bear from you.

Arden. Or any man.

Why hangs that useless weapon by your side,
Thou shame to manhood? Draw. Will nothing
move thee? (*Strikes Mosby.*)

Frank. Hold! Whither would your mad re-
venge transport you?

Arden. Shall shameful cowardice protect a vil-
lain!

Mosby. You choose a proper place to shew your
courage.

Arden. Go on. I'll follow to the ocean's brink,
Or to the edge of some dread precipice,
Where terror and despair shall stop thy flight,
And force thy trembling hand to guard thy life.

Mosby. What I endure to save a lady's honour!
(*To Franklin.*)

Frank. Your longer stay will but incense him
more:

Pray, quit the house.

Mosby. Sir, I shall take your counsel. [*Exit.*

Arden. He hath escap'd me, then. But, for my
wife—

Frank. What has she done?

Arden. Done! Must I tell my shame?

Away, begone; lest, from my prey withheld,
I turn, and tear th' officious hand that holds me.
Soft! art thou Franklin? Pardon me, sweet
friend:

My spirits fail—I shake—I must retire.

Frank. To your Alicia?

Arden. To my lonely couch;

For I must learn to live without her, Franklin.

Frank. Pray heaven forbid!

Arden. To hate her, to forget her, if I can:

No easy task for one who doats like me.

From what a height I'm fallen! Once smiling
love

Of all its horrors robb'd the blackest night,

And gilt with gladness ev'ry ray of light,

Now tyrant-like his conquest he maintains,

And o'er his groaning slave with rods of iron
reigns. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter GREEN and MOSBY.

Green. You pity me, and know not my estate.
I'm ruin'd, Mosby, thoughtless and ill-advis'd;
My riotous youth will leave my age a beggar.
These abbey-lands were all the hopes I'd left:
My whole support.

Mosby. Base and ungen'rous Arden!
To force a man, born equal to himself,
To beg or starve.

Green. By heaven! I will do neither:
I'll let the proud oppressor know—

Mosby. How blind is rage!
Who threatens his enemy, lends him a sword
To guard himself.

Green. Robb'd of the means of life,
What's life itself? an useless load, a curse:
Which yet I'll dearly sell to my revenge.

Mosby. You mean to kill him, then?

Green. I do, by heaven!

Mosby. Suppose you fail.

Green. I can but lose my life.

Mosby. Then where is your revenge, when he,
secure,

Riots unbounded in his ill-got wealth?

Green. What can I do?

Mosby. 'Tis plain you wish him dead.

Green. Each moment of his life is to my soul
A tedious age of pain; for while he lives,
Contempt, and all the ills a lazar knows,
Must be my wretched lot, and lengthen out
The miserable hours. What grovelling wretch
Would wish to hold his life on such conditions?

Mosby. But change the scene: suppose but
Arden dead,

Your land restor'd, and fortune in your pow'r;
Honour, respect, and all the dear delights
That wait on wealth, shall wing the joyful hours,
And life contracted seem one happy day.

I hate this Arden, and have stronger motives
Than any you can urge to wish his death;
He has accus'd, insulted, struck me;

Nay, his fair, virtuous wife, on my account—

Green. If fame speaks true, you're to be envied
there.

Mosby. The world will talk—But be that as it
may,

I want not cause, nor will, nor means, nor friends.

Green. Nor opportunity shall long be wanting.

Mosby. Enough: his fate is fix'd. See, Brad-
shaw's here.

Enter BRADSHAW.

Brad. Save, save you, gentlemen.

Mosby. We thank you, neighbour.
But whither in such haste?

Brad. To the isle of Sheppey,
To wait on good Lord Cheyney. As he holds
In high esteem our worthy townsman Arden,
I shall first call on him. 'Tis well I met you,
For yonder two were but bad road-companions.

Green. They seem of desp'rate fortunes.

Mosby. Have they names?

Brad. One I know not; but judge him from his
comrade.

The foremost of the two I knew at Boulogne,
Where, in the late king's reign, I serv'd myself.
He was a corporal then, but such a villain!
Beneath a soldier's name: a common cut-throat,
That preys on all mankind, and knows no party.

Mosby. A horrid character you give him, Brad-
shaw.

Brad. No worse than he deserves.

Mosby. (*Aside.*) An useful hint:
He shall not want employment. What's his
name?

Brad. Black Will. His family-name I never
heard.

Mosby. (*To Green.*) A word—write you a letter
to Alicia:
Disguise your hand. This honest fool may bear
it.

Hint at these men. In case her courage fail,
She will be glad to shift the deed on them.

Green. I am instructed.

Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

B. Will. What, comrade Bradshaw. How fare
you, man? 'Sblood! dost not remember honest
Black Will. Why, thou'rt grown purse-proud,
sure.

Brad. Why, you are not easily forgotten,
Will. But, pr'ythee, what brings thee to Fever-
sham?

B. Will. A soldier, you know, is at home, where-
ever he comes. *Omne solum forti patri.* There's
Latin. Give's a tester.

Brad. In time of peace we should apply to some

honest, creditable business, and not turn the name of soldier into vagabond.

B. Will. Yes, as you have done. I'm told, you keep a goldsmith's shop here in Feversham; and, like a mechanical rogue, live by cheating. I have more honour.

Brad. Would thou hadst honesty!

B. Will. Where do our honesties differ? I take a purse behind a hedge, and you behind a counter.

Brad. Insolent slave!

B. Will. You cent. per cent. rascal! I may find a time to teach you better manners.

Brad. Go, mend thy own.

B. Will. Thou wert always a sneaking fellow, Bradshaw, and could'st never swear, nor get drunk. Come, shall I and my comrade Shakebag taste your ale?

Brad. My house entertains no such guests. Farewell, gentlemen.

Mosby. Along with Bradshaw,
And leave the management of these to me.

(*Aside to Green.*)

Green. It shall be done. Bradshaw, a word with thee.

Brad. Your pardon, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Green and Brad.*]

B. Will. He was a cadet in the last French war, like other soldiers, then; but now he has got a nest and feathered it a little, he pretends to reputation. 'Sblood! had this been a fit place, he had not escap'd me so. You have surveyed us well. (*To Mosby.*) How do you like us?

Mosby. Methinks I read truth, prudence, secrecy,
And courage, writ upon your manly brows.

B. Will. What hellish villany has this fellow in hand, that makes him fawn upon us? (*Aside.*)

Mosby. I fear the world's a stranger to your merit.

If this may recommend me to your friendship—
(*Gives a purse.*)

B. Will. Of what damn'd deed is this to be the wages?

Shake. Hast ever an elder brother's throat to cut?

B. Will. Or an old peevish father to be buried?

Mosby. Neither of these.

Shake. A rival then, mayhap.

Mosby. There you come nearer to me.

Shake. Then speak out.

We're honest, sir.

B. Will. Trusty, and very poor.

Mosby. Metal too fit for me. (*Aside.*) Then, hear me, sir.

But you must both, ere I disclose my purpose, Promise, and bind that promise by your oaths, Never—(*They both laugh.*)—Why this unseasonable mirth?

B. Will. You'd have us swear?

Mosby. Else why did I propose it?

B. Will. There's the jest. Are men who act in despite of all law, honour, and conscience; who live by blood; (as it is plain you think we do;) are we free-thinkers, like silly wenches and canting priests, to be confined by oaths?

Shake. Would you bind us, let the price equal the purchase, and we'll go to hell for you with pleasure.

Mosby. Horrid! they shock ev'n me who would employ 'em. (*Aside.*)

I apprehend: the business, then, is this:
In Feversham, there lives a man, call'd Arden,
In general esteem, and ample means;
And has a wife the very pride of nature.
I have been happy long in her affections;
And, he once dead, might with her share his fortunes.

He's jealous, too, of late, and threatens me.
Love, int'rest, self-defence, all ask his death.

B. Will. This man you'd have despatch'd?

Mosby. I would.

B. Will. Rich, you say?

Mosby. Immensely so.

B. Will. And much belov'd?

Mosby. By all degrees of men.

B. Will. George, this will be a dangerous piece of work.

Shake. D—n'd dangerous. A man so known; and of reputation, too.

B. Will. And then, the power and number of his friends must be considered.

Mosby. What, does your courage shrink already, sirs?

Shake. No.

B. Will. This is ever the curse of your men of true valour; to be the tools of crafty, cowardly knaves, who have not the heart to execute what their heads have projected. It is a d—d, ungrateful world. What money have you more about you?

Mosby. Ten pieces.

B. Will. I've had as much for stealing a dog.

Mosby. I give you that as a retaining fee:
When the deed's done, each shall have twice that sum,

And a good horse to further his escape.

B. Will. Sir, will you have him murdered in a church?

Shake. Or on the altar? say the word, and it shall be done.

Mosby. Some safer place; the street, highway, or fields,

Will serve my turn as well.

Shake. Just as you please.

Mosby. Where may I find you, gentlemen?

B. Will. At Adam Fowl's, the Flower-de-luce.

Mosby. I have confederates in this design;
When we've contriv'd the manner of his death,
I'll send you word.

B. Will. You'll find us always ready.

Mosby. And determined?

B. Will. Ay, fear it not. Farewell.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Arden's house.

Enter ALICIA, with a letter.

Alicia. He doubts me; yet he dares not tell me so;

But thus, by Green, whets my unsettled mind.

(*Reads.*)

"Strike home, or not at all. In case you fail,
We have found instruments by means of Bradshaw."

He shall not find me undetermined now.

Hark! Michael's on the watch. If Arden sleeps,
(For so he seems dispos'd,) he'll bring me word:
That's the safest time. This promis'd marriage
With Mosby's sister has remov'd his qualms.

Enter MICHAEL.

Why dost thou break upon me unawares?
What of your master?

Mich. He's scarce sunk to rest,
But full of meditated rage 'gainst Mosby.

Alicia. He'll sleep in peace ere long.

Mich. Think not on that.

Oh! did Maria bless me with her smiles,
As you do Mosby, had I twenty lives,
I'd risk 'em all to win her to my arms.

Alicia. I pray thee, leave me, Michael. [*Exit*

Mich.] What is nature?

There is a pow'r in love, subdues to itself

All other passions in the human mind.
 This wretch, more fearful than the lonely murderer,
 Who with inquiring eyes some stranger views,
 Would meet the king of terrors undismay'd,
 For her he loves, and dare him to the combat.
 And shall not I preserve my Mosby's life,
 And shall not I—a husband! What's a husband?
 I have a soul above th' unnatural tie,
 That tells me, I'm his right, and only his,
 Who won my virgin heart. Ye tender parents,
 Whose cruel kindness made your child thus wretched,
 Turn not your eyes towards earth to view this scene;
 'Twill make you sad in heav'n. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Room.

ARDEN sleeping on a couch. Enter ALICIA, with a dagger in her hand.

Alicia. See! Jealousy o'erwatch'd is sunk to rest,
 While fearful guilt knows no security,
 But in repeated crimes. My weary eyes,
 Each moment apprehensive of his vengeance,
 Must seek for rest in vain till his are clos'd.
 Then for our mutual peace, and Mosby's love.
 (Approaching to stab him, starts.)
 He wakes! Defend me from his just revenge!
 And yet, he sees me not, nor moves a finger
 To save his threaten'd life. Then, whence that voice,
 That pierc'd my ears, and cried, Alicia, hold!
 Can mimic fancy cheat the outward sense,
 And form such sounds? If these heart-racking thoughts
 Precede the horrid act, what must ensue?
 Worse plague I cannot fear from Arden's death;
 But from his life, the death of him I love.
 Perish the hated husband! Wherefore hated?
 Is he not all that my vain sex could wish?
 My eyes, while they survey his graceful form,
 Condemn my heart, and wonder how it stray'd.
 He sighs—he starts—he groans. His body sleeps,
 But restless grief denies his mind repose.
 Perhaps he dreams of me; perhaps he sees me.
 Thus, like a fury, broke from deepest hell,
 Lust in my heart, and murder in my hand—
 (Alicia drops the dagger. Arden starts up.)
 Arden. Her dagger, Michael! seize it, and I'm safe.
 How strong she is! Oh! what a fearful dream!
 Before me still! speak, vision, art thou Alicia,
 Or but the coinage of my troubled brain?
 Alicia. Oh, Arden! husband—lord—
 Arden. Art thou my wife?
 Thou'rt substance—I'm wrapp'd in wonder!
 Hence!
 Hast lost all sense of fear as well as shame,
 That thou durst haunt me thus, asleep and waking,
 Thou idol and thou torment of my soul?
 Alicia. My bleeding heart—
 Arden. Away, begone and leave me:
 Lest, in the transports of unbounded rage,
 I rush upon thee, and deface those charms,
 That first enslav'd my soul; mangle that face
 Where, spite of falsehood, beauty triumphs still;
 Mar that fair frame, and crush thee into atoms.
 Avoid me, and be safe. Nay, now you drive me hence,
 (Alicia kneels, he turns away.)
 Cruel and false as thou hast been to me,
 I cannot see thee wring thy suppliant hands,
 And weep, and kneel in vain. [Exit.]
 Alicia. This, this is he
 I came prepar'd to murder. Curst Alicia!
 (Takes up the dagger.)

In thy own bosom plunge the fatal steel,
 Or his who robb'd thee of thy fame and virtue.
 It will not be: fear holds my dastard hand.
 Those chaster pow'rs that guard the nuptial bed
 From foul pollution, and the hand from blood,
 Have left their charge, and I am lost for ever.
 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Road near Feversham.

Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

Shake. D——n! posted as you were, to let him 'scape!

B. Will. I pray thee, peace.

Shake. Green and I beheld him pass carelessly by within reach of your dagger. If you had held it but naked in your hand, he would have stabbed himself as he walked.

B. Will. I had not power to do it: a sudden damp came over me; I never felt so in my life. A kind of palsy seized me.

Shake. Palsy! when you're upon your duty! Go, go, and sleep, or drink away your fears. You tremble still.

B. Will. I tremble! my courage was never yet called in question, villain. When I fought at Boulogne under the late king, both armies knew and feared me.

Shake. That might be, because they did not know you. Dog, I'll shake you off to your old trade of filching in a throng. Murder's too genteel a business for your capacity. Sirrah, I have taken more gold at noon-day, than ever you filched copper by candle-light.

B. Will. Cowardly slave, you lie!

Shake. A coward! 'Sblood! that shall be proved. Come on.

B. Will. To thy heart's blood.

Shake. To thine. (They fight.)

Enter GREEN.

Green. What, are you mad? For shame, put up your swords.

Shake. Not till I've had his life.

B. Will. Fool, guard thy own.

Green. Pray, hear me, gentlemen.

B. Will. Stand farther off.

Shake. Away.

Green. This broil will ruin all.

Shake. He begun it.

B. Will. Ay, and will end it too.

Green. Arden, you know, returns, and will you let him

Escape a second time?

Shake. Who did the first?

Green. No matter, that may be repair'd.

B. Will. Brand me with cowardice!

Green. Come, come, you're both to blame.

Speak, will you lay aside this senseless broil?

B. Will. Nay, let him speak.

Shake. Why, rather than lose this opportunity—
 (Puts up his sword.)

B. Will. Ay, we'll defer it till Arden's dead; I'm for doing business first, and then for play.

Shake. Challenge me when thou darest.

Green. The night draws on. Are you resolv'd?

Shake. We are.

Green. Enough. See where he comes. I must withdraw;

But when you've done the deed, and sent his soul—

No matter where—I'll come to you again. [Exit.]

B. Will. Something rises in my throat; I can scarcely breathe: I'd rather poison half-a-dozen

cardinals, than kill this honest man; but I'll do't for my reputation.

Shake. He comes. Retire a little. Let him advance, then bury your dagger in his heart. If you fail, I'll second you.

B. Will. Stand further off, I shall not need your aid.

Shake. Now strike.

Enter ARDEN first, and then LORD CHEYNEY, attended.

B. Will. Again prevented! Ten thousand devils take them all!

Lord C. Arden, well met. You're to the isle of Sheppey

Grown quite a stranger. Shall we see you there?

Arden. I purpos'd soon t' have waited on your lordship.

Lord C. Well, will you sup with me to-night at Shorlow?

Arden. Franklin, my lord, who is my guest at present,

Expects me at my house.

Lord C. Then will you dine with me to-morrow?

Arden. I'll not fail your lordship.

Lord C. Believe me, worthy friend, I'm glad to see you.

Walk you towards Feversham?

Arden. So please your lordship.

[*Exeunt Lord C. and Arden.*]

B. Will. Just as I had taken aim, too! 'Sblood! I could kill myself for vexation.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Well, Arden is at last despatch'd?

Shake. Yes, safe to Feversham.

Green. Safe, say you? his good fortune mocks us all.

These strange escapes have almost stagger'd me; But, thinking of my wrongs, I'm more confirm'd.

B. Will. Well said, my man of resolution. A gentleman commits a murder with double the satisfaction for such a heart. We must lay our snares more cunning for the future.

Green. We should consult with Michael, Arden's man.

The pigmy-hearted wretch, though long ago He swore his master dead, acts with reluctance.

Shake. The coward must be spurred. He does it, or he dies.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. I saw my master and Lord Cheyney pass, And my heart leap'd for joy. (*Apart.*)

B. Will. What says the villain?

Mich. Would I were gone! (*Aside.*) Sir, if I give offence— (*Going.*)

Green. Michael, come back; you must not leave us so.

Mich. What is your pleasure?

Green. Why, we understand

You are in love with Mosby's beauteous sister.

Mich. Suppose I am.

B. Will. You deal too mildly with the peasant. You swore to kill your master, villain. Be an honest man of your word, and do't then, white liver!

Mich. Sir, I repented.

B. Will. Repented! What's that? Dog! know your rank, and act as we command, or your heart's blood—

Mich. What must I do? (*Frightened.*)

B. Will. Do! You must shew us the house, appoint the time and place, and lure your master thither. We'll take care of him without your trouble.

Green. So shall you purchase noble Mosby's friendship;

And, by his friendship, gain his sister's love.

Mich. They'll murder me too, should I not comply. (*Aside.*)

Green. Think on your love, your interest.

B. Will. Or your death.

Mich. To-night, soon as the abbey-clock strikes ten, (*Trembling.*)

Come to his house, I'll leave the doors unbarr'd: The left-hand stairs lead to my master's chamber: There take him, and dispose him as you please.

Green. This cannot fail.

Shake. Unless this love-sick coward thinks to deceive us.

Mich. I will not, by heaven!

B. Will. I believe thee; for, by hell! thou dar'st not. [*Exeunt Green, B. Will. and Shake.*]

Mich. Master, thy constant love and daily bounty

Deserve more grateful offices from Michael.

[*Exit, weeping.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Arden's house.

ALICIA discovered.

Alicia. When vice has spread her poison thro' the soul,
How lifeless, slow, confus'd, and insincere,
Are our resolves in the pursuits of virtue!
What wonder, then, heav'n should refuse its aid
To thoughts, that only blossom for a time;
Look blooming to the eye, but yield no fruit.

Enter MOSBY.

Mosby. I come, Alicia, to partake thy griefs;
For fire divided burns with lesser force.

Alicia. I know thee: thou art come to fan the flame
Thy breath hath kindled here, till it consume us.
But tears and sighs shall stifle in my heart
The guilty passion.

Mosby. Is heroic love,
That form'd the bright examples of thy sex,
Made their lives glorious, and their fame immortal,
A crime in thee? Art thou not mine by oaths,
By mutual sufferings, by contract mine?

Alicia. Why do you urge a rash, a fatal promise,
I had no right to make or you to ask?

Why did you practise on my easy heart?
Why did I ever listen to your vows?
In me 'twas foolish guilt and disobedience;
In you 'twas avarice, insolence, and pride.

Mosby. 'Twas love in me, and gratitude in you.

Alicia. 'Twas insolence in you, meanness in me,
And madness in us both. My careful parents,
In scorn of your presumption and my weakness,
Gave me in marriage to a worthy gentleman,
Of birth and fortune equal to my own.

Three years I liv'd with him without reproach,
And made him in that time the happy father
Of two most lovely children. I, too, was happy;
At least, I liv'd in hopes I might be so:
For time, and gratitude, and Arden's love,
I hop'd might quench my guilty flame for you,
And make my heart a present worthy him.

Mosby. And dost thou glory in thy perjuries?
In love, inconstancy alone's a crime.
Think on the ardour of our youthful passion,
Think how we play'd with love; nor thought it
guilt,
Till thy first falsehood, (call it not obedience,)
Thy marriage with this Arden made me desperate;
Think on the transports of our love renew'd,
And—

Alicia. Hide the rest, lest list'ning winds should hear,
And publish to the world our shameful tale.
Here let remembrance of our follies die.

Mosby. Shall our loves wither in their early bloom?

Alicia. Their harvest, else, will be to both our shames.

Hast thou not made a monster of me, Mosby?
You should abhor me, I abhor myself.
When unperceiv'd I stole on Arden's sleep,
(Hell steel'd my heart, and death was in my hand,)
Pale anguish brooded on his ashy cheek,
And chilly sweats stood shivering on his brow.
Relentless murder, at a sight so sad,
Gave place to pity; and, as he wak'd, I stood
Irresolute, and drown'd in tears.

Mosby. She's lost.

And I in vain have stain'd my soul with blood.

(*Aside.*)

Alicia. Give o'er in time: in vain are your attempts

Upon my Arden's life; for heav'n, that wrested
The fatal weapon from my trembling hand,
Still has him in charge.

Mosby. Little she thinks (*Aside.*)
That Arden's dead ere now. It must be so;
I've but that game to play, ere it be known.

Alicia. I know our dang'rous state; I hesitate;
I tremble for your life; I dread reproach.
But we've offended, and must learn to suffer.

Mosby. Then Arden live in his Alicia blest,
And Mosby wretched. Yet should chance or nature

Lay Arden gently in a peaceful grave,
Might I presume to hope? Alicia, speak.

Alicia. How shall I look into my secret thoughts,
And answer what I fear to ask myself?

(*A long pause.*)

Mosby. Silence speaks best for me. His death
once known,

I must forswear the fact, and give these tools
To public justice; and not live in fear. (*Aside.*)
Thy heart is mine. I ask but for my own.
Truth, gratitude, and honour, bind you to me,
Or else you never lov'd.

Alicia. Then why this struggle?
Not lov'd! Oh! had my love been justly plac'd,
As sure it was exalted and sincere,
I should have gloried in it, and been happy.
But I'll no longer live the abject slave
Of loose desire: I disclaim the thought.

Mosby. I'll ask no more what honour should
deny;
By heav'n, I never will.

Alicia. Well, then, remember,
On that condition only, I renew
My vows. If time and the event of things
(*Giving her hand.*)
Should ever make it lawful, I'll be your's.

Mosby. Oh! my full joys—

Alicia. Suppress thy frantic transports;
My heart recoils, I am betray'd; oh! give me back
My promis'd faith.

Mosby. First, let the world dissolve.

Alicia. There is no joy nor peace for you or
me:
All our engagements cannot but be fatal.

Mosby. The time may come when you'll have
other thoughts;
Till then, farewell. (*Aside.*) Now, Fortune, do thy
worst. [*Exit.*]

Alicia. Mosby, return. He's gone, and I am
wretched,
I should have banish'd him my sight for ever.
You happy fair ones, whose untainted fame
Has never yet been blasted with reproach,
Fly from th' appearance of dishonour far.

Virtue is arbitrary, nor admits debate:
To doubt is treason in her rigid court;
But if ye parley with the foe, you're lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Arden's house.*

ARDEN and FRANKLIN sitting together on a couch;
Arden thoughtful.

Frank. Nay, wonder not. Tho' ev'ry circum-
stance

Thus strangely met to prove the lady false,
And justify the husband's horrid vengeance,
Yet it appears to ev'ry honest eye,
(Too late for the poor lady,) she was wrong'd.

Arden. Is't possible?

Frank. Ay, very possible:

He lives that proves it so. Conceal'd from justice,
He pines with ceaseless sorrow for his guilt,
And each hour bends him lower towards his grave.

Arden. I know thy friendship, and perceive its
drift.

I'll bear my wrongs—for, sure, I have been
wrong'd.

Do I but think so, then? What fools are men
Whom love and hatred, anger, hope, and fear,
And all the various passions, rule by turns,
And in their several turns alike deceive!

Frank. To cast away, and on suspicion only,
A jewel, like Alicia, were to her
Unjust, and cruel to yourself. (*Clock strikes ten.*)
Good night,

The clock has stricken ten.

Arden. I thought it more.

Frank. I thought it not so much.

Arden. Why, thus it is:

Our happy hours are few, and fly so swift,
That they are past ere we begin to count 'em:
But when with pain and misery oppress'd,
Anticipating time's unvarying pace,
We think each heavy moment is an age.

Frank. Come, let's to rest. Impartial as the
grave,

Sleep robs the cruel tyrant of his pow'r,
Gives rest and freedom to the o'erwrought slave,
And steals the wretched beggar from his want.
Droop not, my friend, sleep will suspend thy
cares,

And time will end them.

Arden. True; for time brings death,
The only certain end of human woes.
Sleep interrupts, but waking we're restor'd
To all our griefs again. Watching and rest,
Alternately succeeding one another,
Are all the idle business of dull life.
What shall we call this undetermin'd state;
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless oceans;
That whence we came, and that to which we
tend?

Is it life chequer'd with the sleep of death?
Or death enliven'd by our waking dreams?
But we'll to bed. Here, Michael, bring the
lights.

Enter MICHAEL, with lights.

Heav'n send you good repose.
(*Gives Franklin a light.*)

Frank. The like to you.

Mich. Shall I attend you, sir?

Frank. No, no; I choose to be alone. Good
night.

[*Exit Franklin. Michael attends his master,
and returns.*]

Mich. I, who should take my weapon in my
hand
And guard his life with hazard of my own,
With fraudulent smiles have led him, unsuspecting,

Quite to the jaws of death: but I've an oath;
Mosby has bound me with a horrid vow,
Which, if I break, these dogs have sworn my
death.
I've left the doors unbarr'd. Hark! 'twas the
latch.
They come—I hear their oaths, and see their
daggers
Insulting o'er my master's mangled body,
While he for mercy pleads. Good master, live:
I'll bar the doors again. But should I meet
'em—
What's that? I heard 'em cry, "Where is this
coward?"
Arden once dead, they'll murder me for sport.
Help! call the neighbours! Master! Franklin!
help!

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN, undressed.

Arden. What dismal outcry's this?
Frank. What frights thee, Michael?
Mich. My master, Franklin!
Arden. Why dost tremble so?
Mich. I dream'd the house was full of thieves
and murderers. (*Trembling.*)
Arden. Dream'd! what, awake? Are all the
doors made fast?
Mich. I think they are.
Arden. I'll go and see myself. [*Exit.*]
Frank. You made a fearful noise.
Mich. Did I?
Arden. (*Within.*) Why, Michael!
Frank. You tremble still. Has any one been
here?
Mich. No, I hope not. My master will be
angry.

Re-enter ARDEN.

Arden. This negligence not half contents me,
sir;
The doors were all left open.
Mich. Sir—
Arden. To bed,
And, as you prize my favour, be more careful.
[*Exit Michael.*]
Frank. 'Tis very cold. Once more, my friend—
Arden. Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Street before Arden's door; the
door shut.*

Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

B. Will. Zounds! Michael has betray'd us;
The doors are fast. Away, away! Disperse!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Flower-de-Luce.*

Enter MOSBY and MICHAEL.

Mich. Though I with oaths appeal'd to conscious
heav'n,
That Arden rose and shut the doors himself,
Yet, but for Green, these bloody rogues had kill'd
me.
We must desist: Franklin and sweet Maria
Have promis'd, at Alicia's own request,
To interfere—
Mosby. Such ever be the employ
Of him I hate.
Mich. The mourning fair, all chang'd,
By me conjures you, (and with tears she spoke
it,)

Not to involve yourself and her in ruin,
By seeking to renew a correspondence
She has renounc'd for ever.
Mosby. How! confusion!
Mich. And hopes, as heav'n, in answer to her
pray'rs,
Hath reconcil'd her duty and affection,
You will approve her resolution—
Mosby. Doubtless.
Mich. And learn, by her example, to subdue
Your guilty passion.
Mosby. Ha, ha, ha! exquisite woman.
So, rather than not change, she'll love her hus-
band!
But she will not persevere.
Mich. Yes, sure, she will.
Mosby. Have I then slighted her whole sighing
sex,
Bid opportunity and fortune wait;
And all to be forsaken for a husband!
By heav'n, I am glad he has so oft escap'd,
That I may have him murder'd in her sight.

Enter GREEN.

Green. How strange a Providence attends this
man!
'Tis vain to strive with heav'n; let's give it o'er.
Mosby. No; when I do, may I be curst for
ever,
Hopeless to love, and hate without revenge:
May I ne'er know an end of disappointment,
But press'd with hard necessity, like thee,
Live the contempt of my insulting foe.
Green. I scorn the abject thought; had he a
life
Hung on each hair, he dies. If we succeed,
(*To Michael.*)
This very night Maria shall be thine.
Mich. I am a man again.
Mosby. I've thought a way
That may be easy under friendship's mask,
Which, to a foe suspected, may be hard.
Green. Friendship! impossible—
Mosby. You know him not.
You, with your ruffians, in the street shall seek
him.
I follow at some distance. They begin
(No matter how) a quarrel, and at once
Assault him with their swords. Straight I ap-
pear,
Forget all wrongs, and draw in his defence;
Mark me, be sure, with some slight wound; then
fly,
And leave the rest to me.
Mich. I know his temper.
This seeming benefit will cancel all
His former doubts, and gain his easy heart.
Green. Perhaps so; yet—
Mosby. Further debates are needless. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Arden's house.*

Enter FRANKLIN and MARIA.

Frank. Well, in what temper did you find
Alicia?
Maria. Never was anguish, never grief like
her's:
She eats nor sleeps. Her lovely, downcast eyes,
That us'd to gladden each beholder's heart,
Now wash the flinty bosom of the earth.
Her troubled breast heaves with incessant sighs,
Which drink the purple streams of life, and
blast
Her bloom, as storms the blossoms of the spring.
But, sure, her pray'rs must quickly reach high
heav'n,

Relenting Arden, kindly sooth her sorrows,
And her lost peace restore.

Frank. Their mutual peace, Maria!
For his can ne'er be found but in Alicia.
Asham'd to view the face of man or day,
As Mosby's name was written on his brow,
He cheerless wanders; seeks the darkest gloom
To hide his drooping head, and grieve alone.
With a full heart, swoln eyes, and falt'ring
tongue,
He sometimes, seeking to beguile his grief,
Begins a mournful tale: but straight a thought
Of his imagin'd wrongs crossing his memory,
Ends his sad story ere the half be told.
Oh! may our pains with wish'd success be crown'd.

Enter ARDEN.

Arden. No, Franklin, no; your friendly cares
are vain:
Were I but certain she had wrong'd my bed,
I then might hate her, and shake off my woes;
But thus perplex'd, can never taste of comfort.
Frank. O jealousy! thou bane of social joys!
Oh! she's a monster, made of contradictions!
Let truth in all her native charms appear,
And, with the voice of harmony itself,
Plead the just cause of innocence traduc'd;
Deaf as the adder, blind as upstart greatness,
She sees nor hears. And yet let slander whisper,
Or evil-ey'd suspicion look oblique,
Rumour has fewer tongues than she has ears;
And Argus' hundred eyes are dim and slow,
To piercing jealousy's.
Arden. No more, no more;
I know its plagues, but where's the remedy?
Maria. In your Alicia.
Frank. She shall heal these wounds.
Arden. She's my disease, and can she be my
cure?
My friends should rather teach me to abhor her,
To tear her image from my bleeding heart.
Maria. We leave that hateful office to the
fiends.
Frank. If you e'er lov'd, you'll not refuse to
see her:
You promis'd that.
Arden. Did I?
Frank. Indeed you did.
Arden. Well, then, some other time.
Frank. No; see her now.
Arden. Franklin, I know my heart, and dare
not see her.
I have a husband's honour to maintain,
I fear the lover's weakness may betray.
Let me not do what honour must condemn,
And friendship blush to hear.
Frank. That Arden never will.
Maria. Did you but know her grief—
Arden. Am I the cause?
Have I, just heav'n, have I ever injur'd her?
Yet I'm the coward. O prepost'rous fear!
See where she comes, arm'd with my num'rous
wrongs,
I'll meet, with honourable confidence,
Th' offending wife, and look the honest husband.
Frank. Maria, we'll withdraw; even friendship
here
Would seem impertinence.
[*Exeunt Franklin and Maria.*]
Arden. Be still my heart!

Enter ALICIA, not seeing Arden.

Alicia. How shall I bear my Arden's just re-
proaches?
Or can a reconciliation long continue,
That's founded on deceit? can I avow

My secret guilt? No; at so mean a thought
Abandon'd infamy herself would blush.
Nay, could I live with public loss of honour,
Arden would die to see Alicia scorn'd.
He's here! earth open—hide me from his sight.
Arden. Guilt chains her tongue. Lo! silent,
self-condemn'd,
With tearful eyes and trembling limbs she stands.
Alicia. Fain would I kiss his footsteps; but
that look,
Where indignation seems to strive with grief,
Forbids me to approach him.
Arden. Who would think
That anguish were not real?
Alicia. I'm rooted here.
Arden. Those tears, methinks, ev'n if her guilt
were certain,
Might wash away her pains.
Alicia. Support me, heav'n!
Arden. Curse on the abject thought. I shall
relapse
To simple dotage. She steals on my heart,
She conquers with her eyes. If I but hear her
voice,
Nor earth nor heav'n can save me from her
snares.
Oh! let me fly, if I have yet the pow'r.
Alicia. Oh! Arden, do not, do not leave me
thus. (*Kneels, and holds him.*)
Arden. I pray thee, loose thy hold.
Alicia. Oh! never, never.
Arden. Why should I stay to tell thee of my
wrongs,
To aggravate thy guilt, and wound thy soul?
Thyself, if all these agonizing struggles
Of tears, of sighs, of groans, of speechless sor-
row,
Be but sincere, thyself will do it better.
One thing I'll tell thee; (for perhaps 'twill please
thee;)
Thou'st broke my heart, Alicia.
Alicia. Oh! (*She falls to the ground.*)
Arden. And canst thou,
Can woman pity whom she hath undone?
Why dost thou grasp my knees? what would'st
thou say,
If thou could'st find thy speech?
Alicia. Oh! mercy, mercy!
Arden. Thou hast had none on me: let go my
hand;
Why dost thou press it to thy throbbing heart,
That beats—but not for me.
Alicia. Then may it ne'er beat more.
Arden. At least, I'm sure it did not always so.
Alicia. For that my soul is pierc'd with deep
remorse;
For that I bow me to the dust before thee,
And die to be forgiven. Oh! Arden, Arden!
Arden. Presumptuous fool! what business hast
thou here?
Did I not know my weakness, and her pow'r!
Rise, rise, Alicia.
Alicia. No; here let me lie
On the bare bosom of this conscious earth,
Till Arden speak the words of peace and com-
fort,
Or my heart break before him.
Arden. Oh! Alicia,
Thou inconsistent spring of grief and joy,
Whence sweet and bitter streams, alternate flow,
Come to my arms, and in this too fond bosom
Disburden all the fulness of thy soul.
Alicia. Let me approach with awe that sacred
temple,
Resume my seat, and dwell for ever there.
Arden. There ever reign, as on thy native
throne,
Thou lovely wanderer!

Alicia. Am I at last,
In error's fatal mazes long bewilder'd,
Permitted here to find my peace and safety?

Arden. Dry up thy tears ; and tell me, truly tell
me,
Has my long suffering love at length prevail'd,
And art thou mine indeed?

Alicia. Heav'n's my witness,
I love thee, Arden ; and esteem thy love
Above all earthly good. Thy kind forgiveness
Speaks to my soul that peaceful calm confirm'd
Which reason and reflection had begun.

Arden. Thou'rt cheaply purchas'd with unnum-
ber'd sighs,
With many a bitter tear, and years of patience,
Thou treasure of more worth than mines of gold.
I will not doubt my happiness. Thou art,
Thou wilt be mine, ever, and only mine.

Alicia. I am, I will. I ne'er knew joy till
now.

Arden. This is our truest, happiest nuptial day.
To-night, thou knowest, according to my cus-
tom,
Our yearly fair returning with St. Valentine,
I treat my friends. I go to countenance
Their honest mirth, and cheer them with my
bounty.

Till happy night farewell. My best Alicia,
How will our friends rejoice, our foes repine,
To see us thus?

Alicia. Thus ever may they see us!
The wand'ring fires that have so long misled me,
Are now extinguish'd, and my heart is Arden's.
The flow'ry path of innocence and peace
Shines bright before, and I shall stray no longer.
Whence, then, these sighs, and why these floods
of tears?

Sighs are the language of a broken heart,
And tears the tribute each enlighten'd eye
Pays, and must pay, for vice and folly past.
And yet the painful'st virtue hath its pleasure :
Tho' dangers rise, yet peace restor'd within,
My soul collected shall undaunted meet them.
Tho' trouble, grief, and death, the lot of all,
On good and bad without distinction fall ;
The soul which conscious innocence sustains,
Supports with ease these temporary pains ;
But, stung with guilt, and loaded by despair,
Becomes itself a burden none can bear. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Street. People at a distance as
at a fair.*

*Enter ARDEN on one side, and BLACK WILL
and SHAKEBAG on the other ; GREEN direct-
ing them.*

B. Will. Shakebag, you'll second me. 'Sblood!
give the way. (*Pushes Arden.*)

Shake. May we not pass the streets?

Arden. I saw you not.

B. Will. Your sight, perhaps, is bad ; your feel-
ing may be better. (*Strikes him.*)

Arden. Insolent villains! (*Draws.*)

B. Will. Come, we'll teach you manners.

Arden. Both at once! barb'rous cowards!

Enter MOSBY.

Mosby. O bloody dogs! attempt a life so pre-
cious!

B. Will. This is a fury, George.

Shake. I've pink'd him tho'.

[*Black Will and Shakebag beaten off.*

Arden. Villains come back, and finish your de-
sign.

Mosby. Shall I pursue them, sir?

Arden. Not for the world.

Mosby! amazing generosity!

Mosby. I hope you are not hurt.

Arden. Pierc'd to the heart—

Mosby. Forbid it, heaven! quick, let me fly for
help.

Arden. With sharp reflection: Mosby, I can't
bear

To be so far oblig'd to one I've wrong'd.

Mosby. Who would not venture life to save a
friend?

Arden. From you I've not deserv'd that tender
name.

Mosby. No more of that ; would I were worthy
of it.

Arden. I own my heart, by boiling passions
torn,

Forgets its gentleness ; yet is ever open
To melting gratitude. Oh! say what price
Can buy your friendship?

Mosby. Only think me your's.

Arden. Easy indeed. I am too much oblig'd.
Why reek'd not your good sword its justice on
me,

When mad with jealous rage, in my own house,
I urg'd you to my ruin?

Mosby. I lov'd you then

With the same warmth as now.

Arden. What's here! you bleed.

Let me bind up your wound.

Mosby. A trifle, sir.

Arden. Your friendship makes it so. See,
Franklin, see

Enter FRANKLIN.

The man I treated as a coward, bleeding,
(Wretch that I am!) for his defence of me.
Look to your wound. And, Mosby, let us hope
You'll sup with me. There will be honest Brad-
shaw,

And Franklin here, and—

Mosby. Sir, I will not fail.

Frank. I shall not come.

Arden. Nay, Franklin, that's unkind.

Pr'ythee—

Frank. Nay, urge me not. I have my rea-
sons.

Mosby. Avoids my company! So much the bet-
ter.

His may not be so proper. (*Aside.*) An hour
hence,

If you are not engag'd, we'll meet at Fowl's.

Arden. I will be there.

Mosby. Till then I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Arden. How have I been mistaken in this
man?

Frank. How are you sure you're not mistaken
now?

Arden. No doubt he loves me; and I blush to
think

How I've suspected him, and wrong'd Alicia.

Frank. May you be ever happy in your wife:
But—

Arden. Speak—But what? Let's have no rid-
dles here.

Can she be innocent, and Mosby guilty?

Frank. To speak my thoughts, this new officious
fondness

Makes me suspect: I like him worse than ever.

Arden. Because I like him better. What a
churl.

Frank. You're cred'lous, and treat my serious
doubts

With too much levity. You vex me, Arden.

Arden. Believe me, friend, you'll laugh at this
hereafter. [*Exit.*

MOSBY, having watched Franklin out, re-enters with GREEN.

Mosby. The surly friend has left him, as I wish'd.

You see how eagerly the foolish fowl
Flies headlong to our snare: now to inclose him.
At eight, the guests are bidden to his banquet,
And only Michael, of his numerous train,
Keeps home with his Alicia. He'll secure
The keys of all the doors, and let you in
With my two trusty blood-hounds. Alicia seems
Averse at present.

Green. She'll not dare betray us.

Mosby. Not when the deed is done. We know too much.

She'll be our prisoner, and shall be observ'd.
Towards evening, then, upon a slight pretence,
To pass an hour at draughts, (a game he loves,)
I'll draw this husband home. You'll be prepar'd
In th' inner room, (Michael will shew it you,)
Till at a signal given, you all rush forth,
And strangle him.

Green. Good; 'tis a death that leaves
No bloody character to mark the place.

Mosby. Howe'er, come all provided with your daggers.

Do you seek Michael, I'll instruct the rest.

Green. What shall the signal be?

Mosby. These words in th' game:

"I take you now."

Green. Arden! thou'rt taken now, indeed.

Mosby. His body, thrown behind the abbey-wall,

Shall be descried by th' early passenger
Returning from the fair. My friend, thy hand:
Shakes it? Be firm, and our united strength,
With ease, shall cast dead Arden to the earth.

Green. Thanks to his foolish tenderness of soul.

Mosby. True; he who trusts an old invet'rate foe,

Bares his own breast, and courts the fatal blow.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—Arden's House.

Enter ALICIA.

Alicia. What have I heard! Is this the house of Arden?

Oh! that the pow'r which has so oft'n sav'd him,
Would send his guardian angel to him now,
To whisper in his ear his present danger!
Fly, Arden, fly! avoid this fatal roof,
Where murder lurks, and certain death awaits thee.

Wander, no matter where, turn but from hence,
Thou canst not miss thy way. The house is theirs.

I am suspected; Michael guards the door,
And ev'n Maria's absent. Bloody Mosby,
These are the fruits of thy detested lust.
But hark! the fiends approach. Green had humanity,

Enter GREEN, BLACK WILL, SHAKEBAG, and MICHAEL.

Could I prevail on him! Oh, sir—

(Talks apart with Green.)

B. Will. What a fair house! rich furniture;
what piles of massy plate; and then yon iron chest.
Good plunder, comrade.

Shake. And Madam Arden there, a prize worth them all to me.

B. Will. And shall that fawning, white-liver'd coward, Mosby, enjoy all these?

Shake. No doubt he would, were we the fools he thinks us.

Green. Had he as many lives as drops of blood, I'd have them all. (To Alicia.)

Alicia. But for one single night—

Green. I'd not defer his fate a single hour, Tho' I were sure myself to die the next.
So, peace, irresolute woman, and be thankful
For thy own life.

Alicia. Oh! mercy, mercy—

Green. Yes,

Such mercy as the nursing lioness,
When drain'd of moisture by her eager young,
Shews to the prey that first encounters her.

B. Will. Who talks of mercy, when I am here?

Green. She would prevent us; but our steady courage
Laughs at her coward arts.

(Knocking gently at the gate.)

Why, Michael.

Mich. Sir!

Green. Thou bloodless coward, what dost tremble at?

Dost thou not hear a knocking at the gate?

[Exit Michael.]

Mosby, no doubt. How like a sly adulterer,
Who steals at midnight, and with caution gives
Th' appointed signal to his neighbour's wife.

B. Will. Which is the place where we're to be conceal'd?

Green. This inner room.

B. Will. 'Tis well. The word is "Now I take you." (Knocking, louder than before.)

Green. Ay, there's authority. That speaks the master.

He seems in haste. 'Twere pity he should wait,
Now we're so well prepar'd for his reception.

[Green, B. Will, and Shakebag, go into the inner room.]

Alicia. Now whither are they gone? the door's unbarr'd;

I hear the sound of feet. Should it be Arden,
And Mosby with him—I can't bear the doubt,
Nor would I be resolv'd. Be hush'd my fears,
'Tis Mosby, and alone.

Enter MOSBY.

Sir! hear me, Mosby.

Mosby. Is this a time—

Alicia. I will be heard,

And mark me, when I swear, never hereafter,
By look, word, act—

Mosby. Be d—d—your husband—

Alicia. Ha! (She screams.)

Enter ARDEN and MICHAEL.

Arden. Am I a monster, that I fright thee thus?
(To Alicia.)

Say, what has happen'd since I left the house?
Thou look'st, Alicia, as if wild amazement
Had chang'd thee to the image of herself.

Alicia. Is Franklin with you?

Arden. No.

Alicia. Nor Fowl, nor Bradshaw?

Arden. Neither, but both expected.

Alicia. Merciful heav'n!

Arden. I meant to dedicate this happy night
To mirth and joy, and thy returning love.

(She sighs.)

Make me not sad, Alicia; for my sake;
Let discontent be banish'd from your brow,
And welcome Arden's friends with laughing eyes.
Amongst the first let Mosby be enroll'd.

Alicia. The villain! (Aside.)

Arden. Nay, I am too well convinc'd
Of Mosby's friendship, and Alicia's love,
Ever to wrong them more by weak suspicions.
I've been, indeed, to blame; but I will make
thee

A large amends, Alicia. Look upon him,
As on the man that gave your husband's life.

Alicia. Would take my husband's life! I'll tell
him all,

And cast this load of horror from my soul:
Yet, 'tis a dreadful hazard. Both must die.

A fearful thought! Franklin may come, or Bradshaw;

Oh! let me not precipitate his fate! (Aside.)

Mosby. I see my presence is offensive here.
(Going.)

Arden. Alicia! No; she has no will but mine.

Mosby. It is not fit she should; and yet, perhaps,

'Twere better, sir. Permit me to retire.

Arden. No more. Our friendship publicly
avow'd

Will clear her injur'd virtue to the world.

Mosby. Something there is in that—

Arden. It is a debt

I owe to both your fames, and pay it freely.

Mosby. For her sake, then, not for my own.

Alicia. (Aside.) O d—d dissembler.

Arden. Come, take your seat; this shall not
save your money.

Bring us the tables, Michael. (They sit and play.)

Alicia. (Aside.) Oh! just heaven,
Wilt thou not interpose? How dread this pause!
Ten thousand terrors crowd the narrow space.

Arden. Your thoughts are absent, Mosby.

B. Will. Blood! why don't Mosby give the
word?

Mich. Give back, the game's against him.

Alicia. Fly, Franklin, fly! to save thy Arden's
life.

Murder herself, that chases him in view,
Beholding me, starts back, and for a moment
Suspends her thirst for blood. (Apart.)

Arden. Come, give it up; I told you I should
win. (Rises.)

Mosby. No; I see an advantage; move again.

Arden. There.

Mosby. Now I take you.

(Black Will throws a scarf over Arden's head,
in order to strangle him; but Arden disengages
himself, wrests a dagger from Shakebag, and stands
on the defence, till Mosby getting behind and
seizing his arm, the rest assassinate him.)

Alicia. Oh! power omnipotent! make strong his
arm,

Give him to conquer. Ha! my pray'rs are
curses,

And draw down vengeance where they meant a
blessing.

Arden. Inhospitable villain!

Alicia. Oh! he dies.

Arden. Oh! hold your bloody—Mosby, too!
Nay, then, (Falling.)

I yield me to my fate. Is this, Alicia,
This the return for my unequal love?

Alicia. Or death, or madness, would be mercies
now,

Therefore, beyond my hopes.

Arden. Oh! Mosby, Michael, Green,

Why have you drawn my blood upon your souls?

Mosby. Behold her there, to whom I was be-
troth'd,

And ask no further.

Green. Think on thy abbey-lands

From injur'd Green.

Arden. You now are your own judges,
But we shall meet again where right and truth—

Who, who are these? But I forgive you all.
Thy hand, Alicia.

Alicia. I'll not give it thee.

Arden. O wretched woman! have they kill'd
thee, too;

A deadly paleness, agony, and horror,
On thy sad visage sit. My soul hangs on thee,
And though departing, just departing, loves thee:
Is loth to leave, unreconcil'd to thee,
This useless mangled tenement of clay.

Dismiss her pleas'd, and say thou'rt innocent.

Alicia. All hell contains not such a guilty
wretch.

Arden. Then welcome death! tho' in the shape
of murder.

How have I doated to idolatry!

Vain, foolish wretch, and thoughtless of here-
after;

Nor hop'd, nor wish'd a heav'n beyond her love.
Now, unprepar'd, I perish by her hate.

Alicia. Though blacker, and more guilty than
the fiends,

My soul is white from this accursed deed.

Oh! Arden, hear me—

Arden. Full of doubts I come,

Oh! thou Supreme, to seek thy awful presence.

My soul is on the wing. I own thy justice.

Prevent me with thy mercy— (Dies.)

Alicia. Turn not from me:

Behold me, pity me, survey my sorrows.

I who despis'd the duty of a wife,

Will be thy slave. Spit on me, spurn me, sir,
I'll love thee still. Oh! could'st thou court my
scorn,

And now abhor me, when I love thee more,

If possible, than e'er thou lov'd Alicia.

Mosby. Mad fool, he's dead, and hears thee
not.

Alicia. 'Tis false!

He smiles upon me and applauds my vengeance.

(Snatches a dagger, and strikes at Mosby. A
knocking at the gate.)

Mosby. D—n!

B. Will. 'Sdeath! we shall leave our work un-
finish'd, and be betray'd at last. Let's hide the
body.

Mosby. Force her away.

Alicia. Inhuman bloody villains!

(She swoons as she is forced from the body.)

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Mosby here?

My sliding feet, as they move trembling forwards,
Are drench'd in blood. Oh! may I only fancy
That Arden there lies murder'd.

Mosby. How fares Alicia?

Alicia. As the howling damn'd; and thou my
hell.

Maria. Unhappy brother!

If thou hast done this deed, hope not to 'scape:
Mercy herself, who only seeks for crimes,
That she may pardon and reform the guilty,
Would change her nature at a sight like this.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. The guests are come; the servants all re-
turn'd.

Mosby. Alicia, be thyself; and mask thy heart
(Mosby lifts up Alicia.)

From every prying eye, with courteous smiles.

Alicia. Thou canst not think me mean enough to
live.

Mosby. You would not choose an ignominious
death?

Alicia. That's all I dread. Might but the silent
grave,

When it receives me to its dark abode,
Hide, with my dust, my shame! Oh! might that
be,

And Arden's death reveng'd. 'Tis my sole prayer.
If not, may awful justice have her course. [Exit.

Mosby. Sister, our lives are thine—

Maria. Though Mosby has shook off humanity,
I can't be his accuser. [Exit.

Mosby. Follow them, Green, and watch Alicia's
conduct.

Green. I will, but cannot answer for my own.
Oh! Arden, Arden! could we change conditions—
[Exit.

B. Will. Why, what a crew of cowards!

In the same moment murdering and repenting.

Mosby. Give me the ring that is on Arden's
finger.

Shake. There. Will you have his purse, too?

Mosby. No, keep that.

B. Will. Thanks for our own; we should have
kept the ring,

Were it not too remarkable.

But how must we dispose of the body?

Mosby. Convey it thro' the garden, to the field
Behind the abbey-wall: Michael will shew the
way.

The night is dark and cloudy; yet take heed,
The house is full of company.

B. Will. Sir, if you doubt our conduct, do't
yourself.

Mosby. Nay, gentlemen—

Shake. Pretend to direct us!

Mosby. For your own sakes—Arden will soon
be miss'd.

Shake. We know our business, sir.

Mosby. I doubt it not.

There's your reward. The horses are both sad-
dled,

And ready for your flight.

B. Will. Use them yourself:

I hope we're as safe as you.

Mosby. Why, gentlemen—Arden I us'd thee
worse. (Aside.)

B. Will. We shall take care, however, for our
own sakes.

Mosby. 'Tis very well; I hope we all are
friends.

So, softly, softly, Michael! not that door.

(Michael going out at the wrong door.)

So, make what speed you can; I'll wait you there.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in Arden's house.

MOSBY discovered.

Mosby. They must pass undescried: gardens
and fields

Are dreary deserts now. Night-fowls and beasts
of prey

Avoid the pinching rigour of the season,

Nor leave their shelter at a time like this.

And yet this night, this ling'ring winter night,

Hung with a weight of clouds that stops her
course,

Contracts new horrors, and a deeper black,

From this d—d deed. Mosby, thou hast thy
wish.

Arden is dead; now count thy gains at leisure.

Dangers without, on every side suspicion;

Within, my starting conscience mark such wounds,

As hell can equal, only murderers feel. (A pause.)

This, this the end of all my flatt'ring hopes!

Oh! happiest was I in my humble state;

Though I lay down in want, I slept in peace:

My daily toil begat my night's repose,

My night's repose made day-light pleasing to me.

But now I've climb'd the top-bough of the tree,

And sought to build my nest among the clouds:

The gentlest gales of summer shake my bed,

And dreams of murder harrow up my soul.

But hark! not yet: 'tis dreadful being alone.

This awful silence, that unbroken reigns

Through earth and air, awakes attention more,

Than thunder bursting from ten thousand clouds:

'Sdeath! 'tis but Michael. Say—

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Dead Arden lies

Behind the abbey; 'tis a dismal sight!

It snow'd apace while we dispos'd the body.

Mosby. And not as you return'd?

Mich. No, sir.

Mosby. That's much—

Should you be question'd as to Arden's death,

You'll not confess?

Mich. No, so Maria's mine.

Mosby. She's thine, if all a brother can—

Mich. What's if?

I bought her dear, at hazard of my soul,

And force shall make her mine.

Mosby. Why, how now, coward!

Enter MARIA.

Maria. The guests refuse to take their seats
without you.

Alicia's grief, too, borders on distraction.

Thy presence may appease—

Mosby. Increase it rather.

Maria. Michael, your absence too has been ob-
serv'd.

Mosby. Say we are coming. [Exit Maria.

Mich. One thing I'd forgot:

Soon as the company have left the house,

The ruffians will return.

Mosby. What would the villains?

Mich. They mutter'd threats and curses,

And seem'd not satisfy'd with their reward. [Exit.

Mosby. Let them take all. Ambition, av'rice,
lust,

That drove me on to murder, now forsake me.

Oh! Arden, if thy discontented ghost

Still hovers here to see thy blood reveng'd,

View, view the anguish of this guilty breast,

And be pleas'd [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in Arden's house. A table spread for supper.

GREEN, BRADSHAW, ADAM FOWL, ALICIA,
MARIA, &c. discovered.

Brad. Madam, be comforted.

A. Fowl. Some accident, or business unforeseen,
detains him thus.

Brad. I doubt not of his safety.

Alicia. I thank you, gentlemen; I know you
lov'd

My Arden well, and kindly speak your wishes.

Enter MOSBY.

Mosby. I am asham'd I've made you wait: be
seated.

Green. Madam, first take your place.

Alicia. (Aside.) Make me not mad:

To me, henceforth, all places are alike. (Sits.)

Mosby. Come, since we want the master of the
house,

I'll take his seat for once.

Alicia. Dares he do this? (Aside.)

Mosby. I'm much afflicted that he stays so late;
The times are perilous.

Green. And he has enemies,
Though no man, sure, did e'er deserve them less.

Mosby. This day he was assaulted in the street.

Green. You sav'd him, then.

Mosby. Would I were with him now!

Maria. She starts, her looks are wild. (*Aside.*)
How fare you, madam?

Alicia. I'm lost in admiration of your brother.

Maria. I fear her more than ever. (*Aside.*)
Madam, be merry.

Mosby. Michael, some wine. Health and long
life to Arden. (*Drinks.*)

Alicia. The good you wish, and have procur'd
for Arden, (*Rising.*)

Light on thyself.

Maria. For heaven's sake!—

Alicia. Give me way. (*Comes forward.*)
Let them despatch, and send me to my husband:

(*All rise.*)

I've liv'd too long with falsehood and deceit.

(*Knocking at the gate.*)

A. Fowl. What noise is that? [*Exit Michael.*]

Brad. Pray heaven, that all be right.

Mosby. Bar all the doors.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. We are discover'd, sir. (*To Mosby.*)
The mayor, with officers and men in arms.

Enter Mayor, with Officers.

Mayor. Go you with these, and do as I directed. [*Exeunt Officers and others.*]
I'm sorry that the duty of my office
Demands a visit so unseasonable.

Mosby. Your worship, doubtless, were a welcome guest
At any hour; but wherefore thus attended?

Mayor. I have received a warrant from the council

To apprehend two most notorious ruffians;
And information being made on oath,
That they were seen to enter here to-night,
I'm come to search.

Green. I'm glad it is no worse. (*Aside.*)

Mosby. And can you think that Arden entertains

Villains like those you speak of? Were he here,
You'd not be thank'd for this officiousness.

Mayor. I know my duty, sir, and that respect,
So justly due to our good neighbour's worth.
But where is Arden?

Alicia. Heavens! where indeed!

Maria. Alicia, for my sake— (*Aside.*)

Alicia. If I were silent,
Each precious drop of murder'd Arden's blood
Would find a tongue, and cry to heaven for vengeance.

Mayor. What says the lady?

Mosby. Oh! sir, heed her not:

Her husband has not been at home to-night,
And her misboding sorrow for his absence,
Has almost made her frantic.

Mayor. Scarce an hour
Since I beheld him enter here with you.

Mosby. The darkness of the night deceiv'd you,
sir:

It was a stranger, since departed hence.

Mayor. That's most surprising. No man knows
him better.

Frank. (*Without.*) Within there! ho! bar up
your gates with care,
And set a watch. Let not a man go by;

Enter FRANKLIN and others, with lights.

And ev'ry tongue, that gave not its consent

To Arden's death, join mine and cry aloud
To heaven and earth for justice. Honest Arden,
My friend, is murder'd.

Mayor. Murder'd!

Green. How?

Mosby. By whom?

Frank. How shall I utter what my eyes have
seen!

Horrid, with many a gaping wound, he lies
Behind the abbey, a sad spectacle!

O vengeance! vengeance!

Mayor. Justly art thou mov'd.

Passion is reason in a cause like this.

Frank. Eternal Providence, to whose bright
eye

Darkness itself is as the noon-day blaze,
Who brings the midnight murd'rer and his deeds
To light and shame, has, in their own security,
Found these.

Mayor. Here seize them all—this instant:

(*Alicia faints.*)

Look to the lady. This may be but feign'd.
Your charge but goes along with my suspicions.

Brad. And mine.

A. Fowl. And mine.

Frank. First hear me, and then judge,
Whether on slight presumptions I accuse them.
These honest men, (neighbours and townsmen
all,)

Conducted me, drooping with grief and fear,
To where the body lay; with them I took these
notes,

Not to be trusted to the faithless memory:

"Huge clots of blood and some of Arden's hair
May still be seen upon the garden-wall;

Many such rushes as these floors are strew'd
with,

Stick to his shoes and garments: and the prints
Of several feet may in the snow be trac'd,

From the stark body to the very door."

These are presumptions he was murder'd here,
And that th' assassins having borne his corse
Into the fields, hither return'd again.

Mosby. Are these your proofs?

Green. These are but circumstances,
And only prove thy malice.

Frank. And this scarf,
Known to be Arden's, in the court was found,
All blood.

Mayor. Search 'em.

Mich. I thought I'd thrown it down the well.

(*Aside.*)

Mayor. (*To an Officer.*) Enter that room, and
search the lady there;

We may, perhaps, discover more.

(*Officer goes out and re-enters; in the meantime, another Officer searches Mosby and Green.*)

1 *Officer.* On Arden's wife I found this letter.

2 *Officer.* And I this ring on Mosby.

Mayor. Righteous heaven!

Well may'st thou hang thy head, detested villain:
This very day did Arden wear this ring;
I saw it on his hand.

Mosby. I freely yield me to my fate.

Enter another Officer.

Officer. We've seiz'd two men behind some
stacks of wood.

Mayor. Well, bring 'em in.

BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG brought in.

They answer the description;
But let them wait till I have done with these.
Heav'ns! what a scene of villany is here.

(*Having read the letter.*)

B. Will. Since we're sure to die, though I could wish it were in better company, (for I hate that fawning rascal, Mosby,) I'll tell the truth for once. He has been long engaged in an affair with Arden's wife there; but fearing a discovery, and hoping to get into his estate, hired us to hide him. That's all.

Mayor. And you the horrid deed perform'd?

Shake. We did, with his assistance, and Green's and Michael's.

Mayor. This letter proves Alicia, from the first, Was made acquainted with your black design.

B. Will. I know nothing of that; but if she was, she repented of it afterwards. So, I think, you call that a change of mind.

Mayor. That may avail her at the bar of heav'n, But is no plea at our's.

Enter ALICIA, with Officers.

Bear them to prison;
Load them with irons, make them to feel their
guilt,

And groan away their miserable hours,
Till sentence of the law shall call them forth
To public execution.

Alicia. I adore
Th' unerring hand of justice; and with silence
Had yielded to my fate; but for this maid,

Who, as my soul dreads justice on her crimes,
Knew not, or e'er consented to this deed.

Mayor. But did she not consent to keep it secret?

Mosby. To save a brother and most wretched friend.

Mayor. She has undone herself; behold how innocence

May suffer in bad fellowship. And Bradshaw,
My honest neighbour, Bradshaw, too: I read it
With grief and wonder.

Brad. Madam, I appeal

To you, as you are shortly to appear
Before a judge that sees our secret thoughts,
Say, had I knowledge, or—

Alicia. You brought the letter,
But well I hope, you knew not the contents.

Mayor. Hence with them all, till time and further light

Shall clear these mysteries.

A. Fowl. If I'm condemn'd,
My blood be on his head that gives the sentence.
I'm not accus'd, and only ask for justice.

Frank. You shall all have justice, rig'rous justice.

So shall the growth of such enormous crimes,
By their dread fate be check'd in future times:

Of av'rice, Mosby a dread instance prove,
And poor Alicia of unlawful love. [Exeunt.]

THE ORPHAN OF CHINA;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY ARTHUR MURPHY.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

ETAN
TIMURKAN
ZAMTI
HAMET

MORAT
OCTAR
MIRVAN
ORASMING

ZIMVENTI
MESSENGER
GUARDS
MANDANE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ETAN, meeting SELIM.

Etan. Selim, from whence? What station? From what post?

How stands the fate of China? Whence that tumult,
That mingled burst of horror and despair,
That rose to heav'n, as if the sound imported
The wreck of nature?

Selim. With too sure presage,
It speaks the fall of China: all who rush'd
With eager hope, this morning, to yon plains,
To learn the earliest tidings of their fate,
Now back recoil; they pour into the city;
Dismay and horror wild in ev'ry face!
Soon as they reach'd the gates, a peal of groans
Burst forth at once! then silence, deep and vast,
Ensued; and sorrow, without tongue or utterance,
Roams through each street; matrons and hoary sires,
All to their sev'ral habitations press,
Embrace their young ones, and, in pensive mood,
Await their final doom.

Etan. Then Timurkan
Has conquer'd; and that burst, that rent the skies,
Was the last gasp of freedom and of laws,
A dying nation's groan! This dead repose
Deepens the horror of the dreadful scene.
Where, Selim, is my father? Where is Zamti?

Selim. On the high rampart near the eastern gate,
But now I left him: from that post he views
The gen'ral panic; there beholds the ruin,
Th' inevitable ruin that surrounds us.
Amazement for awhile suppress'd his voice;
With folded arms he stood; then, with a sigh
His lab'ring bosom heav'd; at length, he cried,
The Tartar has prevail'd, and resignation
Is now the only virtue fate has left us.

Etan. To bow the neck to the fell Tartar's yoke,

Is that the resignation heav'n demands?
No; let us summon all that's left of valour,
Oppose the Tartar's entry, man the works,
And arm each hand for freedom. Timurkan
Will shrink and look dismay'd, when he beholds
That we have spirits here, who still can mock
His utmost rage, and, on the brink of ruin,
Snatch the still wav'ring, the unsettled victory
Ev'n from the conqueror's sword.

Selim. My friend, forbear;
This tow'ring spirit, this impetuous ardour,
Can nought avail; can only heap destruction
On thee, on Zamti, and that best of women,
Your wretched mother, the forlorn Mandane;
Whose ev'ry sentiment, whose ev'ry passion,
Big with the image of a much-lov'd son,
Still turns to thee; ev'n from her country's cause,
And our long line of kings, to thee she turns
With the strong ardour of maternal love.

Etan. Yes, Selim, yes; her tenderness of soul,
Ever awake, alarm'd, and prone to melt
For others' good, regardless of herself;
Starts and turns pale at every cloud that low'rs;
Sees fancied ills, and each sad moment proves
The strong vicissitude of hope and fear.
Be it thy care, my friend, to see Mandane;
Assuage her troubled spirit: in this hour,
This crisis of our fate, let her remain
Safe in her lone retreat: I'll round the walls,
And seek my father's presence; in his soul
My voice shall wake the patriot flame, and rouse
All that is hero in him. Selim, yes;
We'll dare for liberty, or bravely die. [Exit.]

Selim. Go, gen'rous youth; go, seek thy father's presence:
From him thou'lt learn how vain this swelling tide

Of desp'rate valour. Ha! Mandane comes,
And her looks speak the horror of the time.

Enter MANDANE and MIRVAN.

Man. No, never, Mirvan, never: urge no more;
'Tis vain, 'tis ineffectual. Gracious heav'n!
Will not this palace drench'd in gore, the crown
Of China's kings fix'd on the Tartar's brow;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage;
Ah! will not these suffice, without fresh cause
Of bitter anguish in Mandane's breast?

Mir. The measure of our woes has long been full.
Our kings dethron'd, our country laid in ruin;
Nought else is worth a pang.

Man. Yes, all; we all
Must feel the kindred touch: each day the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, son, and brother,
In vain are sent to heav'n; the ruthless fury
Of these barbarians, these accurs'd invaders,
Burns with increasing fire; the thunder still
Roll's o'er our heads, engend'ring in its course
New flame, new vengeance, with collected wrath,
To burst at once, and bury us in ruin.

Mir. And quickly fall it must: the hand of heav'n
Weighs this great empire down.

Man. No; tax not heav'n!
Almighty justice never bares its arm
'Gainst innocence and truth: 'tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian, that insatiate waster.
May curses blast the Tartar! He—'tis he
Has bore down all; and still his reeking sword,
In yonder field of death, where Corea's troops
Made their last stand for liberty and China,
Crimsons the land with blood. This battle lost!
And is there, then, no hope? The Tartar comes—
In triumph, said'st thou? From what quarter?
How?

Whence came the tidings?
Selim. From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eye straining toward the distant plain
Sent forth an anxious look, through clouds of dust
The savage bands appear'd; the western sun
Gleam'd on their burnish'd helms; and soon a shout
From their glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan: once more inflam'd with conquest
The tyrant comes; and soon, within our walls,
Uprears his conq'ring banner.

Man. Selim, go;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumstance of ruin.

[Exit Selim.]

Mir. Better suppress those unavailing tears;
That fruitless flood of grief.

Man. It will not be;
Ev'n midst the horrors of this dismal hour,
When fate has all transferr'd from lost Cathai,
To vile barbarian hands; yes, even now,
In these black moments of despair and ruin,
This heart revolting from the public cause,
Bleeds from a private source; bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's house.

Mir. Each sun that rises
Brings some new grief; and where our fate will stop,
Heav'n only knows.

Man. Ay, there—there lies the thought
At which imagination starts appall'd
With horror, at the scene her busy workings
Have colour'd to my sight; there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears. Protect,
Ye pow'rs, protect my son!

Mir. Your son, Mandane!
Have you not check'd his ardour? with your tears,
Your soft authority, restrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war?

Man. Unconscious man!
Thou little know'st his danger; but that truth
Must never pass these lips.

Mir. I hope Mandane
Doubts not my honest zeal. Full well you know,
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate;

That under him I list, and wear this garb,
In hopes that some occasion may arrive
When I may strike the unexpected blow,
And do my country right.

Man. Thy loyalty,
Thy truth and honour, have been ever spotless.
Besides the wrongs, the countless wrongs, the
wounds

He gave your injur'd family and name—

Mir. Alas! those wounds must still lie bleeding
here,

Untented by the hand of time. Not all
His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
Shall cool the burning anguish of my soul.
What he, who slew my father? dragg'd my sister,
Blooming in years, to his detested bed?
Yes, tyrant, yes; thy unextinguish'd foe
Dwells in this bosom: surely, then, to me
Mandane may reveal her griefs.

Man. No more.
My woes must rest conceal'd; yet, should the Tartar
Learn from the captives of yon vanquish'd host,
That China's orphan breathes the vital air,
And to himself unknown, within his breast,
Unconscious, bears the gen'rous glowing flame
Of all the virtues of his ancient line;
Oh! should they know that the dear youth survives,
Their fury, then, would kindle to a blaze;
Might spread destruction round; and, in the ruin,
My blameless son must perish.

Mir. Seek not thus
To multiply the ills that hover round you,
Nor from the stores of busy fancy add
New shafts to fortune's quiver. Zamti's care
Averts impending danger from his friends;
And o'er the mandarin his manners pure,
And sacred function, have diffus'd an air
Of venerable awe, which ev'n can teach
These northern foes to soften into men.

Man. Yes, Mirvan, yes; religion wears a mien
In Zamti's person so severely mild,
That the fierce Scythian rests upon his spear,
And wonders what he feels: such is the charm
Of heartfelt virtue; such is nature's force
That speaks abroad, and in rude, northern hearts
Can stamp the image of an awful God!
From that source springs some hope. Wretch that
I am!

Hope idly flutters on my trembling tongue,
While melancholy, brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waste the mind with anguish and despair.
What noise is that?

Mir. Compose this storm of grief;
In every sound your fancy hears the Tartar.
'Tis Zamti this way bends.

Man. Celestial powers!
What lab'ring sighs heave in his breast! what
horror
Rolls in the patriot's eye! Thou, Mirvan, leave me,
Leave me in those lov'd arms to meet our fate.

[Exit Mirvan.]

Enter ZAMTI.

Zamti!

Zamti. Mandane!

Man. Ah! what hast thou seen?
What heard? Say, quickly tell—has fate decreed
The doom of China?

Zamti. China is no more;
The eastern world is lost; the glorious fabric,
For ages that has stood the seat of empire,
Falls with the universe beneath the stroke
Of savage power; falls from its towering hopes,
For ever, ever fall'n!

Man. Yet why, ye powers,
Why should a tyrant, train'd to lust and murder,
A lawless ravager from barren wilds,
Where cheerful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring
heav'n
For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds;

Why should a monster thus usurp the world,
And trample fair integrity and truth
Beneath his ruffian feet?

Zamti. Far hence, Mandane,
Those happy days, alas! are fled, when peace
Here nurs'd her blooming olives, and shed round
Her fostering influence: in vain the plan
Of sacred laws, by hoary elders taught;
Laws, founded on the base of public weal,
Gave lessons to the world: in vain Confucius
Unlock'd his radiant stores of moral truth;
In vain fair science, and each tender muse,
Beam'd every elegance on polish'd life:
Barbarian power prevails. Whate'er the wise,
Whate'er the sons of genius could inspire,
All that bright art could give, must fade away,
And every virtue wither at the blast
Of northern domination.

Man. Fatal hour!
More fatal ev'n than that which first beheld
This race accurst within these palace walls;
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably lost.

Zamti. Name not the day
Which saw this city sack'd: fresh stream my eyes,
Fresh bleeds my heart, whene'er the sad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind. Why, cruel powers,
Why, in that moment, could not Zamti fall?

Man. Thy office, and the symbol of thy god,
Made ev'n the conqueror suspend his blow,
And murmur soft humanity. High heaven
Protected thee for its own great designs.

Zamti. Yes, my Mandane, in that hour of carnage,
For purposes yet in the womb of time,
I was reserv'd; I was ordain'd to save
The royal child, the dear, the precious babe,
The last of all my kings. Full twenty years
I've hid him from the world, and from himself;
And now I swear—kneel we together here,
While in this dreadful pause our souls renew
Their solemn purpose. (*They kneel.*) Thou, all-
gracious Being!

Whose tutelary care hath watch'd the fate
Of China's orphan, who hast taught his steps
The paths of safety, still envelop him
In sevenfold night, till your own hour is come,
Till your slow justice see the dread occasion
To rouse his soul, and bid him walk abroad
Vicegerent of your power; and if thy servant,
Or this his soft associate e'er defeat,
By any word or deed, the great design,
Then straight may all your horrible displeasure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin dash us both together,
The blasted monuments of wrath.

Man. That here,
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cause,
Be it enroll'd in the records of heaven. (*They rise.*)

Zamti. And now my heart more lightly beats;
methinks,
With strength redoubled I can meet the shock
Of adverse fate.

Man. And, lo! the trial comes.
Etan, why sudden thus—

Re-enter ETAN.

Etan. My honour'd father,
And you, my helpless mother, ah! where now,
Illustrious, wretched pair, where will you fly?
Where shall your miseries now find a shelter?

Zamti. In virtue. I and this dear, faithful woman,
We ask no more.

Man. Oh! say, what new event
Brings on the work of fate?

Zamti. Say, does the Tartar
Return, unglutted yet with blood?

Etan. He does.
Ev'n now his triumph moves within our gates,
In dread barbaric pomp: the iron swarms

Of Hyperboreans troop along the streets,
Reeking from slaughter; while, from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen, an uproar wild,
Of joy ferocious, through th' astonish'd air
Howls like a northern tempest. O'er the ranks,
Proud in superior eminence of guilt,
The tyrant rides sublime; behind his car,
The refuse of his sword, a captive train
Display their honest scars, and gnash their teeth
With rage and desperation.

Man. Cruel fate!

Etan. With these a youth, distinguish'd from the
rest,
Proceeds in sullen march: heroic fire
Glow in his cheek, and from his ardent eye
Beams amiable horror.

Man. What of this youth?

Zamti. Be not alarm'd, Mandane. What of him?

Etan. On him all eyes are fix'd with eager
gaze,
As if their spirits, struggling to come forth,
Would strain each visual nerve; while through the
crowd

A busy murmur ran—"If fame say right,
Beneath that habit lurks a prince, the last
Of China's race." The murmur spreads abroad
From man to man, and all with one acclaim,
Pronounce their vengeance on him.

Man. Why on him?

Why on that youth?

Zamti. Ye groundless terrors, hence! (*Aside.*)

Etan. And yet, my father, this heroic youth—
Oh! should he be the prince—

Zamti. Forbear, young man,
Nor yield to vain surmise: withdraw thee hence
To the religious grove, where oft I walk
In pensive solitude: I there will meet thee.

[*Exit Etan.*]

Heavens! how each black'ning hour, in deeper
horror,
Comes charg'd with woe!

Man. Can Hamet be their pris'ner?
Those eyes upturn'd to heav'n, alas! in vain,
Declare your inward conflict.

Zamti. Lov'd Mandane!
Heed not the workings of a sickly fancy,
Wrought on by every popular report.
Thou know'st, with Morat, I convey'd our son
Far as the eastern point of Corea's realm;
There, where no human trace is seen, no sound
Assails the ear, save when the foaming surge
Breaks on the shelving beach, that there your boy
Might mock their busy search; while here the
prince,

Train'd as your own, eludes suspicion's eye.

Re-enter ETAN.

What wouldst thou, Etan?

Etan. Eagerly without,
A rev'rend stranger craves access to Zamti.

Zamti. Give him admittance. [*Exit Etan.*] My
Mandane, leave me;

Retire, my love, awhile; I'll come anon,
And fortify thy soul with firm resolve,
Becoming Zamti's wife.

Man. Yes, Zamti's wife
Shall never act unworthy of her lord.
Then hence I'll go, and satisfy each doubt
This youthful captive raises in my heart,
Quick panting with its fears. And, oh! ye powers!
Protect my king, my husband, and my son. [*Exit.*]

Zamti. My spirits rush tumultuous to my heart.
What may this mean?

Enter MORAT.

Morat. Zamti!

Zamti. Ha! through the veil
Of age—that mien, those features—Morat!

Morat. Yes;
Let me once more embrace thee.

Zamti. Good old man!

But wherefore art thou here? What of my boy?

Morat. Ah! what, indeed! Ev'n from the ocean's margin,

Parch'd with the sun, and chill'd with midnight damps,

O'er hills, and rocks, and dreary continents,
In vain I follow'd.

Zamti. Why didst let him forth?

Morat. Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed,

His valour was the cause; and soon as fame
Proclaim'd the prince alive, the mighty din
Of preparation through all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breast; indignant of control,
He burst his covert; and, now, hapless youth!
Alas! ev'n now, he drags the conqueror's chain.

Zamti. Mandane, then, may still embrace her son.
My boy survives, and still may live in freedom.

Morat. Alas! the measure of your woes is full.
Unconscious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The prince his pris'ner.

Zamti. Ah! what say'st thou, Morat?

Morat. Wild through the streets the foe calls out
on Zamti.

Thee they pronounce the author of the fraud;
And on your Hamet threaten instant vengeance.

Zamti. There was but this, but this last stab to nature,

And here it pierces. Was it not enough
To tear my child from his fond mother's arms,
Doom'd for his prince to wander o'er the world?
Alas! what needed more? Fond, foolish eyes,
Stop your unbidden gush: I will not yield.
Oh! what a sacrifice must now be made!

Morat. But when the truth is known—

Zamti. Too cruel task!

To conquer nature while the heart-strings break.

Morat. Why heave those sighs? and why that burst of grief?

Zamti. My son—his guiltless blood—I cannot speak.

Morat. Ha! wilt thou shed his blood?

Zamti. Thou wretched father!

Morat. Oh! had you known the virtues of your son,

His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind—

Zamti. I prythee, urge no more: here nature's voice

Speaks in such pleadings, such reproaches, Morat;
Here in my very heart; gives woundings here,
Thou canst not know, and only parents feel.

Morat. And wilt thou, cruel in thy tears—

Zamti. Forbear!

In pity to a father—Oh, forbear!
Think of Zaphimri.

Morat. Ah! how fares the prince?

Zamti. He fares, my Morat, like a god on earth,
Unknowing his celestial origin;
Yet quick, intense, and bursting into action;
His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
Prodigious deeds; deeds which, ere long, shall
rouse,

Astonish, and alarm the world.

Morat. What means

Those mystic sounds?

Zamti. Revenge, conquest, and freedom!
The midnight hour shall call a chosen band
Of hidden patriots forth; who, when the foe
Sinks down in drunken revelry, shall pour
The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him;
And, at one blow, redeem the eastern world.

Morat. By heaven! the glorious news—

Zamti. And canst thou think,

To save one vulgar life, that Zamti now
Will mar the vast design? No, let him bleed;
Let my boy bleed! In such a cause as ours,
I can resign my son; with tears of joy
Resign him; and one complicated pang

Shall wrench him from my heart.

(*Warlike music heard.*)

The conqueror comes!

This is no hour for parleying. Morat, hence,
And leave me to my fix'd resolve.

Morat. Yet think,

Think of some means to save your son.

Zamti. No more;

It cannot be: the soul of Timurkan
Is bold and stirring: when occasion calls,
He springs aloft like an expanding fire,
And marks his way with ruin. Should I try
By any virtuous fraud to save my son,
The tyrant claims Zaphimri; since he knows
The prince survives, the thought will make him
daring

Beyond his former crimes; for joy and riot,
Which this day's triumph brings, remorseless rage
And massacre succeed; and all our hopes
Are blasted for an unimportant boy.

(*Music heard again.*)

Morat. That nearer sound proclaims his dread approach.

Yet once more, Zamti, think—

Zamti. Farewell! I'll send
Those shall conduct thee where Orasming lives:
There dwell unseen of all. But, Morat, first
Seek my Mandane. How shall I support
Her strong impetuosity of grief,
When she shall know my fatal purpose? Thou
Prepare her tender spirit; sooth her mind;
And save, oh! save me from the dreadful conflict.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter MANDANE and MORAT.

Man. Oh! tell me, Morat, tell me of my son.
Is he return'd? Does he revisit thus
His native clime? And does the Tartar deem him
Of royal race descended? Whence on him
Could that suspicion glance?

Morat. This very morn,
Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful messenger,
Who through the friendly gloom of night had held
His darkling way, and pass'd the Tartar's camp,
Brought me advices from the Corean chief,
That soon as Hamet reach'd the tented field,
His story he explain'd; the gallant leader
With open arms receiv'd him, knew him for your
son,

Train'd him to arms, and granted his request
To join the martial train.

Man. Oh! love of glory,
Thou fatal foe to a fond mother's peace!
Source of heroic deeds! how bright thy flame
Shines in my boy!

Morat. Pleas'd with his youthful ardour,
The cautious chieftain knew the son of Zamti,
In secret knew him, nor reveal'd he aught
That touch'd his birth; but still the busy voice
Of fame, increasing as she goes, through all the
ranks

Babbled abroad each circumstance; from thee
How he was privately convey'd; sent forth
A tender infant to be rear'd in solitude,
A stranger to himself. The soldier saw
With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
An early hero! deem'd him far above
The common lot of life; deem'd him Zaphimri;
And all with loyalty, with love beheld him.

Man. Oh! I must see him; midst the tyrant's
ranks

I'll seek my son: from all his father's virtues
He could not derogate; his bosom fraught
With gen'rous instinct, with each fine incentive
That prompts the manly deed, he could not loiter
His days inglorious. Yes, I will behold him,
See him with indignation clank his chains,

Perhaps provoke his fate; and, in that moment,
His mother shall protect him; in these arms
Infold him close, and shelter him from death.

Morat. Yet think, Mandane, with a mother's
fondness,

If you too rashly thus proclaim your son,
Who shall protect the prince? Zaphimri, then,
By thee is mark'd the victim that must bleed.

Man. My son shall live. To save Zaphimri's life,
Is it of course that I must yield my child?

Thou didst not mean it: give my son a victim?
Thou art a stranger to a mother's love;
Know'st not how Zamti dotes upon his boy;
His heart will ne'er consent. Come, let us seek him;
He will instruct thee how a father feels. [*Exit.*]

Morat. Yet, stay, Mandane—hark! the Tartar
comes: (*Warlike music heard.*)

I dread the wildness of those glowing passions,
That violence of virtue: strong affection
Has touch'd her soul, and will not know restraint.
[*Exit.*]

*Two large folding doors in the back scene are thrown
open by the Tartars; then enter TIMURKAN, with
his Train.*

Tim. Hail to this regal dome, this gorgeous pa-
lace!

Where this inventive race have lavish'd all
Their elegance: ye gay apartments, hail!
Beneath your storied roof, where mimic life
Glow to the eye, and at the painter's touch,
A new creation lives along the walls,
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher scenes, where stern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx, till this warlike arm
Hurl'd desolation on his falling ranks;
And now the monster, in yon field of death,
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin.

Octar. From this day,
Beneath the victor's feet, the eastern world
Lies bound in adamantine chains.

Tim. Henceforth
Shall Timurkan display his conqu'ring banners
From oriental climes to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the sea.

Octar. But first, this captive prince—

Tim. Yes, Octar, first
Zaphimri gluts my rage—bring him before us:
For Zamti—he, that false, insidious slave,
Shall dearly pay the forfeit of his crimes.

Octar. His guilt 'twere best to pardon: vers'd
in wiles

Of sly hypocrisy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude: 'twould seem,
Should we inflict the death his frauds deserve,
As if we meant destruction to their faith;
And when the minds of a whole people burn
For their religious rites, the fury kindles
With rage more dreadful, as the source is holy.

Tim. Thy policy is just: henceforth, my art,
To make this stubborn race receive the yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their softer manners,
Their vesture, laws, and customs; thus to blend,
And make the whole one undistinguish'd people.
Lo! where the boy comes forth. What sullen
passions
Swell in his breast in vain!

Enter HAMET, in chains.

Thou art the youth
Who flesh'd your sword in many a slaughter'd
Tartar,
And this day mow'd our battle down.

Hamet. I am.

Tim. Too well I mark'd thy steps, and saw thee
open

A wasteful passage through th' embattled plain.

Hamet. Then be thou witness for me, in that hour
I never shunn'd your thickest war: and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen

In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it.

Tim. Say, what motive
Unsheath'd thy rebel blade, and bade thee seek
These wars?

Hamet. The love of honourable deeds,
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

Tim. Ha! take heed, rash youth! I see
This lesson has been taught thee. Octar, haste,
Summon the mandarin. Now tremble, slave;
[*Exit Octar.*]

Thy motive to these wars is fully known:
Thou art Zaphimri.

Hamet. I, Zaphimri?

Tim. Yes;
Thou art Zaphimri! Thou, whose treacherous
guile

Stole from my rage, and sent to distant wilds,
Till years and horrid counsel should mature thee
For war and wild commotion.

Hamet. I, the prince?
The last of China's race? nay, mock not majesty;
Nor with the borrow'd robes of sacred kings
Dress up a wretch like me. Were I Zaphimri,
Thinkest thou thy trembling eye could bear the
shock

Of a much injur'd king? couldst thou sustain it?
Say, couldst thou bear to view a royal orphan,
Whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, all,
Thy murd'rous arm hath long since laid in dust?
Whose native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'st dishonour? whose wide wasted country
Thy desolating sword hath made a wilderness?

Tim. Thou hast been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By some sententious pedant; soon these vain,
These turgid maxims, shall be all subdued
By thy approaching death.

Hamet. Let death come on;
Guilt, guilt alone, shrinks back appall'd; the brave
And honest still defy his dart; the wise
Calmly can eye his frown; and misery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.

Tim. Thy woes, presumptuous boy, with all my
fears,
Shall soon lie buried.

Enter ZAMTI and OCTAR.

Pious false one, say,
For well thou know'st, who is that stubborn youth?
Zamti. His air, his features, and his honest mien,
Proclaim all fair within; but, mighty sir,
I know him not.

Tim. Reflect, old man, nor dare,
As thou dost dread my pow'r, to practise guile
Beneath a mask of sacerdotal perfidy.
Priestcraft, I think, calls it a pious fraud.

Zamti. Priestcraft and sacerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown: religion's garb
Here never serves to consecrate a crime;
We have not yet, thank heav'n, so far imbib'd
The vices of the north.

Tim. Thou vile impostor!
Know, that the slaves, whom this day saw impal'd,
Have own'd the horrid truth; have own'd they
fought

To seat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
Thou, stripling, mark my words: dar'st thou be
honest,

And answer who thou art?

Hamet. Dare I be honest?
I dare. A mind grown up in native honour
Dares not be otherwise. If, then, thy troops
Ask from the lightning of whose blade they fled,
Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's.

Zamti. 'Tis; it is my son—

My boy—my Hamet!

Tim. Where was thy abode?

(*Aside.*)

Hamet. Far hience remote, in Corea's happy realm,
Where the first beams of day with orient blushes
Tinge the salt wave; there, on the sea-beat shore,
A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat.

Zamti. Oh! ill-fated youth! (*Aside.*)

Hamet. The pious hermit, in that moss-grown dwelling,
Found an asylum from heart-piercing woes,
From slavery, and that restless din of arms,
With which thy fell ambition shook the world;
There, too, the sage nurtur'd my greener years.
With him, and contemplation, have I walk'd
The paths of wisdom; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught; whate'er the wise,
Still wooing knowledge in her secret haunts,
Disclos'd of nature to the sons of men,
My wond'ring mind has heard; but, above all,
The hermit taught me the most useful science,
The noble science to be brave and good.

Zamti. Hear him, immortal pow'rs! His ev'ry word
Pierces my heart. (*Aside.*)

Tim. Who said he was your father?

Hamet. My birth, the pious sage, I know not why,
Still wrapp'd in silence; and when urg'd to speak,
He only answer'd, that a time might come
When Hamet should not blush to know his father.

Tim. Now, then, declare, hast thou ne'er heard of Zamti?

Hamet. Of Zamti! Oft enraptur'd with his name,
My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praises of that venerable man.

Tim. Thou slave! each circumstance arraigns thy guilt. (*To Zamti.*)

Hamet. Can that be Zamti?

Tim. Lo! Behold the traitor!

Hamet. Oh! let me thus adore that rev'rend form,
Thus, on my knees, adore.

Tim. Pernicious slave!
Confusion has o'erta'en thy subtle frauds,
Thy guilt is manifest. Now own your king;
Or, to make vengeance sure, through all the east
Each youth shall die, and carnage thin mankind;
Till, in the gen'ral wreck, your boasted orphan
Shall undistinguish'd fall. When treason lurks,
Each moment's big with danger. Ocar, thou
Attend my words, and see our will obey'd.

(*Talks apart with Ocar.*)

Zamti. Now, virtuous cruelty, repress my tears.
Cease your fond conflict, nature! Hear me, Tartar,
That youth—his air—his look unmans me quite.

Tim. This moment, vile dissembler! speak.

Zamti. That youth—
I've dealt by him as ev'ry king would wish,
In a like case, his faithful subjects would.

Tim. Dost thou avow it? triumph, Timurkan,
And in Zaphimri's grave lie hush'd my fears.
Ocar, this moment lead the victim forth
To yonder sacred temple: at the tomb,
Where the long-boasted line of China's kings
Lies hears'd in death, this very hour shall see
The victim offer'd to our living Lama,
For this day's conquest. Thence, a golden train
Of radiant years shall mark my future sway. [*Exit.*]

Zamti. Flow, flow my tears, and ease my bursting heart.

Hamet. Nay, do not weep for me, thou good old man.

If it will close the wounds of bleeding China,
That a poor wretch like me must yield his life,
I give it freely. If I am a king,
Though, sure, it cannot be, what greater blessing
Can a young prince enjoy, than to diffuse
By one great act that happiness on millions,
For which his life should be a round of care?
Come, lead me to my fate. [*Exit, with Ocar, &c.*]

Zamti. Mandane's air!

His mother's dear resemblance rives my soul.
Yet let him die: yes, Tartar, wreak thy fury
Upon an helpless, an inglorious boy.
If, from his death, this groaning empire rise
Once more itself, resplendent, rich in arts
That humanize the world, he pays a debt
Due to his king, his country, and his God.

Enter ETAN.

Etan. May I approach my father? Even now
I met the captive youth; the gen'ral voice,
With one consent, proclaim him China's orphan;
And you, sir, you have own'd th' important truth.

Zamti. Come nearer, Etan: thou perceiv'st the toils
That now encircle me.

Etan. But, wherefore, sir,
Why thus acknowledge him? why own the prince,
And yield him thus to death?

Zamti. Dream not, young man,
To stand secure, yet blooming into life,
While dangers hover round your father's head.
The stock once fallen, each scion must decay.

Etan. Then let me perish: witness for me, heaven,
Could Etan's fall appease the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And ask no greater boon of heav'n.

Zamti. This zeal,
So fervid in a stranger's cause—

Etan. A stranger!
My king a stranger! Sir, you never meant it.
Perhaps you would explore the fiery seeds
Of Etan's temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's sacred name? Perish the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of humankind, or bravely die,
Who, then, to glory dead, can shrink aghast,
And hold a council with his abject fears.

Zamti. These tow'rings of the soul, alas! are vain.

I know the Tartar well: we must resign.

Etan. Oh! sir, at your command each honest hand

Will grasp a sword, and midst encircling guards,
Reach the usurper's heart; or, should we fail,
Should overwhelming bands obstruct the deed,
We'll greatly dare to die; better to die
With falling liberty, than basely lead
An ignominious life. Zaphimri lost,
Ne'er shall fair order dawn; but through the land
Slav'ry shall clank her chains, and violation,
Rapine, and murder, riot at the will
Of lust and lawless pow'r.

Zamti. Thou brave young man!
Come to this fond embrace. To ease at once
Thy gen'rous fears—the prince Zaphimri's safe,
Safe in my guardian care.

Etan. This pris'ner, sir,
He is not, then, the prince?

Zamti. Obscure by birth,
He is no public loss.

Etan. And yet his youth,
And his untimely fate, plead strongly for him.
And then, methinks, (perhaps, 'tis fancy's error,)
Methinks he bears a semblance of Mandane.

Zamti. His words transfix my heart. (*Aside.*)

Etan. And where, meantime,
Where is the royal heir? If right I judge,
He will not tamely see a blameless youth
A victim in his cause.

Zamti. Seek not too soon
To know the prince: now I'll disclose the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring soul
Has long been fashioning. This very hour,
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accursed race.

Etan. Ruin!

Zamti. I'll tell thee:

When Timurkan led forth his savage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then seiz'd
The hour to tamper with a chosen few;
Who have resolv'd when the barbarians lie
Buried in sleep and wine, and hotly dream
Their havoc o'er again; then, then, my son,
In one collected blow to burst upon 'em,
Like their own northern clouds, whose midnight
horror,

Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vaunt lightning's blaze, in storms and thunder,
Through all the red'ning air, till frightened nature
Start from her couch, and waken to a scene
Of uproar and destruction.

Etan. Oh! my father,
The glorious enterprise—

Zamti. Mark me, young man.
Seek thou my friends, Orasming and Zimventi.
In the dim cloister of yon temple
Thou'lt find them musing; bid them ne'er abate
Their high, heroic ardour; let them know
Whate'er shall fall on this old mould'ring clay,
The tyrant never shall subdue my mind.

Man. (*Within.*) Oh! let me fly, and find the
barb'rous man.

Where, where is Zamti?

Zamti. Ha! Mandane's voice!
Go, leave me, Etan, and observe my orders.

[*Exit Etan.*

Wild as the winds, the mother all alive
In ev'ry heartstring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy.

Re-enter MANDANE.

Man. And can it, then, be true?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breast?
Art thou, indeed, so barb'rous?

Zamti. Lov'd Mandane,
Fix not your scorpions here: a bearded shaft
Already drinks my spirits up.

Man. I've seen
Thy trusty Morat—I have heard it all.

Zamti. I cannot speak to thee.

Man. Think'st thou those tears,
Those false, those cruel tears, will choke the voice
Of a fond mother's love, now stung to madness?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast;
Turn all connubial joys to bitterness,
To fell despair, to anguish and remorse,
Unless my son—

Zamti. Thou ever faithful woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes.

Man. Give me my child;
Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son.
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me strain him to my heart.

Zamti. Heav'n knows
How dear my boy is here: but our first duty
Now claims observance: to our country's love
All other tender fondnesses must yield.
I was a subject, ere I was a father.

Man. You were a savage, bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanizing pity never reach'd
Your heart. Was it for this, oh! thou unkind one!
Was it for this, oh! thou inhuman father!
For this you woo'd me to your nuptial bed?
For this I clasp'd thee in these circling arms,
And made this breast your pillow? Cruel, say,
Are these your vows? are these your fond endear-
ments?

Nay, look upon me; if this wasted form,
These faded eyes, have turn'd your heart against
me,

With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

Zamti. Why thus transfix my heart?

Man. Alas! my son,
Did I then fold thee in these matron arms
To see thee bleed? Thus dost thou, then, return?
This could your mother hope, when first she sent

Her infant exile to a distant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
Would urge thee to this peril; thus to fall
By a stern father's will? By thee to die!
From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom!
Murder'd by thee! Yet, hear me, Zamti, hear me;
Thus, on my knees—I threaten now no more—
'Tis nature's voice that pleads; nature alarm'd,
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost
feeling,

When force would tear her tender young ones
from her.

Zamti. Oh! seek not with enfeebling, fond ideas
To swell the flood of grief. It is in vain:
He must submit to fate.

Man. (*Rising.*) Barbarian, no;
He shall not die: rather—I pr'y thee, Zamti,
Urge not a grief-distracted woman; tremble
At the wild fury of a mother's love.

Zamti. I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine; bathe your perfidious hands
In this life-blood; betray the righteous cause
Of all our sacred kings.

Man. Our sacred kings!
What are the scepter'd rulers of the world?
Form'd of one common clay, are they not all
Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,
To drink the cup of human woe? alike
All levell'd by affliction? Sacred kings!
'Tis human policy sets up their claim:
Mine is a mother's cause; yes, mine the cause
Of husband, wife, and child, those first of ties,
Superior to your right divine of kings.

Zamti. Then go, Mandane, thou once faithful
woman,
Dear to this heart in vain. Forget at once
Those virtuous lessons which I oft have taught
thee,

In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd: go; to Timurkan
Reveal the awful truth; be thou spectatress
Of murder'd majesty; embrace your son,
And let him lead, in shame and servitude,
A life ignobly bought. Then let those eyes,
Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,
To brighten slavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.

Man. And is it thus,
Thus is Mandane known? Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to save my king,
But save my Hamet too; then, then you'll find
A heart beats here as warm and great as thine.

Zamti. Then make with me one ever-glorious
effort,
And rank with those, who, from the first of time,
In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,
For conqu'ring all the dearest ties of nature,
To serve the gen'ral weal.

Man. That savage virtue
Loses with me its horrid charms. I've sworn
To save my king; but should a mother turn
A dire assassin? Madness, at the thought,
Shoots through my brain. And, look, they seize my
child;

They lead him forth; they fix him on the rack;
His father—see—forbear—his father strikes—
Hold, Zamti, hold—ah! see—he dies—he dies!
(*Faints in his arms.*)

Zamti. She faints, she faints! th' impetuous storm
of passion,
Shakes her weak frame.

Enter an Attendant.

Quickly, Arsace, help,
Support her; lend your aid. Soft! wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek. Conduct her hence.

[*Exeunt Mandane and Attendant.*

Propitious heaven! behold a father's sufferings;
Support our frailty; kindle in our souls

A ray of your divine enthusiasm,
Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts
Th' impassion'd mind to that sublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which, in a single hour, it works for millions,
And leaves the legacy to times unborn. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Temple. A tomb in the middle.**Enter MORAT.*

Morat. This is the place, these the long-winding
isles,
The solemn arches, whose religious awe
Attunes the mind to melancholy musing,
Such as befits freemen reduc'd to bondage.
Here Zamti meets his friends; amid these tombs,
Where lie the sacred manes of our kings,
They pour their orisons; hold converse here
With the illustrious shades of murder'd heroes,
And meditate a great revenge. A groan!
The burst of sorrow from some care-worn wretch,
That sorrows o'er his country. Ha! 'tis Zamti.

Enter ZAMTI from the tomb.

Zamti. Who's he that seeks these mansions of
the dead?

Morat. The friend of Zamti and of China!

Zamti. Morat!

Come to my arms, thou brave, thou gen'rous man!
I have been weeping o'er the sacred relics
Of a dear murder'd king. Where are our friends?
Hast seen Orasming?

Morat. Through these vaults of death
Lonely he wanders, plung'd in deep despair.

Zamti. Hast thou inform'd him? Hast thou aught
reveal'd
Touching Zaphimri?

Morat. There I wait thy will.

Zamti. Oh! thou art ever faithful: on thy lips
Sits pensive silence, with her hallow'd finger,
Guarding the pure recesses of the mind.
But, lo! they come.

Enter ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, and others.

Droop ye, my gallant friends?

Oras. Oh! Zamti, all is lost; our dreams of
liberty
Are vanish'd into air. Ev'n heaven, combined
With lawless might, abandons us and virtue.

Zamti. Can your great souls thus shrink within
ye? thus
From heroes will you dwindle into slaves?

Zim. Oh! could you give us back the royal
orphan;

Danger would smile, and death lose all its terror.

Zamti. What, would his presence fire you?

Oras. Yes, by heav'n!

This night should free us from the Tartar's yoke.

Zamti. Then mark the care of the all-ruling mind.
This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold,
Is not Zaphimri.

Oras. and Zim. Not Zaphimri?

Zamti. No;

Unconscious of himself, and to the world unknown,
He walks at large among us.

Oras. Heavenly powers!

Zamti. This night, my friend, this very night to
rise

Refulgent from the blow that frees us all,
From the usurper's fate, the first of men,
Deliv'rer of his country.

Oras. Mighty gods!

Can this be possible?

Zamti. It is most true.

This very hour shall give you China's heir.

What, ho! (*looks at the tomb*) come forth: 'tis
Zamti's voice that calls.

You seem transfix'd with wonder! Oh! my friends,
Watch all the motions of your rising spirit,
Direct your ardour, when anon you hear

What fate, long pregnant with the vast event,
Is lab'ring into birth.

Enter ETAN from the tomb.

Etan. Each step I move,
A deeper horror sits on all the tombs;
The shrines look pale around; each altar shakes,
Conscious of some important crisis.

Zamti. Yes,

A crisis, great indeed, is now at hand.
Heaven holds its golden balance forth, and weighs
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's destiny,
While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.
Hast thou beheld that picture?

Etan. Fix'd attention

Hath gaz'd on every part; yet still to me
It shadows forth the forms of things unknown,
All imag'ry obscure, and wrapt in darkness.

Zamti. That darkness my informing breath shall
clear,

As morn dispels the night. Lo! here display'd
This mighty kingdom's fall. Behold that child,
That royal infant, the last sacred relic
Of China's kings: see where a mandarin
Conveys the babe to his wife's fost'ring breast,
There to be nourish'd in an humble state;
While their own son is sent to climes remote,
That, should the fell usurper e'er suspect
The prince alive, he for his king might bleed,
And mock the murd'ers rage.

Etan. Amazement thrills

Through all my frame; and my mind, big with
wonder,

Feels every power suspended.

Zamti. Rather say,

That strong imagination burns within thee.
Dost thou not feel a more than common ardour?

Etan. By heav'n! some impulse never felt
before,

Some strange inspir'd emotion stirs within me;
A thousand images all rise at once,
And o'er-inform my soul. Oh! that the hour
Of fate were come. This very night I'll sheathe
My dagger's point deep in the tyrant's heart.

Zamti. Wilt thou?

Etan. By ev'ry pow'r that now beholds me;
By all the mighty dead that round us lie;
By all, who this day groan in chains, I will!

Zamti. And when thou dost, tell the devoted
tyrant,

It is the prince that strikes.

Etan. The prince's wrongs

Shall nerve my arm, and urge the blow for freedom

With tenfold vengeance.

Zamti. Tell the groaning Tartar,

It is Zaphimri: 'tis the prince himself.

Etan. What says my father?

Zamti. Thou art China's orphan;
The last of all our kings; no longer Etan,
But now Zaphimri.

Zaph. Ha!

Oras. Mysterious hand

Of wonder-working heav'n!

Zaph. Can this be true?

A busy crowd of circumstances rise;
Thy frequent hints obscure, thy pious care
To train my youth to greatness, lend your aid
To my astonish'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected shock of royalty.

Zamti. Thou art, thou art my sov'reign. Oh!
my friends,

Morat will tell you all; each circumstance;
Meantime, lo! there, behold—there is your king.

Morat. Oras. and Zim. Long live the father of the
eastern world! (*All kneel.*)

Zamti. Sole governor of earth!

Zaph. All ruling pow'rs!

Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding China; are the fame and fate

Of all posterity included here
Within my bosom?

Zamti. All; yes, all; the shades
Of your great ancestors now rise before thee,
Heroes and demi-gods! aloud they call
For the fell Tartar's blood.

Zaph. Oh! *Zamti*, all
That can alarm the pow'rs of man, now stirs
In this expanding breast.

Zamti. Anon, to burst
With hideous ruin on the foe. My gallant heroes,
Are our friends station'd at their posts?

Oras. They are.

Zamti. Each gate secur'd?

Oras. All safe.

Zamti. The signal fix'd?

Oras. It is. Will *Mirvan* join us?

Zamti. Doubt him not;

He pants for vengeance: when the assault begins,
He'll turn his arms upon th' astonish'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

Zaph. Now, bloody spoiler, now thy hour draws
nigh;

And, ere the dawn, thy guilty reign shall end.

Zamti. How my heart burns within me! Oh!
my friends,

Call now to mind the scene of desolation,
Which *Timurkan*, in one accursed hour,
Heap'd on this groaning land. Ev'n now I see
The savage bands, o'er purple heaps of slain,
Forcing their rapid way: I see them urge,
With rage unhallow'd, to the sacred temple,
Where good *Osmingt*, with his queen and children,
Fatigu'd the gods averse. See where *Orphisa*,
Rending the air with agonizing shrieks,
Tears her dishevell'd hair; then, with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief chokes its passage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breast
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathless she faints
Within her monarch's arms; adown his cheek,
In copious streams, fast flow'd the manly sorrow;
While clust'ring round his knees, his little offspring,
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outstretch'd,
Sue for parental aid.

Zaph. Go on; the tale
Will fit me for a scene of horror.

Zamti. Oh! my prince,
The charge which your great father gave me, still
Sounds in my ear. Ere yet the foe burst in,
"Zamti," said he, "preserve my cradled infant;
Save him from ruffians; train his youth to virtue;
Virtue will rouse him to a great revenge;
Or failing, virtue still will make him happy."
He could no more; the cruel spoiler seiz'd him,
And dragg'd my king, my ever honour'd king,
The father of his people; basely dragg'd him,
By his white rev'rend locks, from yonder altar,
Here on the blood-stain'd pavement; while the
queen

And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,
Died in each other's arms.

Zaph. Revenge! revenge!
With more than lion's rage I'll spring upon him;
And, at one blow, relieve the groaning world.
Let us, this moment, carry sword and fire
To you devoted walls, and overwhelm him down
In ruin and dismay.

Zamti. *Zaphimri*, no;
By rashness you may mar a noble cause.
To you, my friends, I render up my charge;
To you I give your king! Farewell, my sov'reign.

Zaph. *Zamti*, thou gen'rous man! a thousand
feelings

Of warmest friendship, all the tendencies
Of heart-felt gratitude are struggling here,
And fain would speak to thee, my more than father.
Farewell! sure we shall meet again?

Zamti. We shall.

[now

Zaph. Thou best of friends, farewell. *Orasming*,

The noblest duty calls; let us remember,
We are the men, whom from all humankind
Our fate hath now selected, to stand forth
Assertors of the public weal; to drench our swords
In the oppressor's heart; to do a deed,
Which heav'n, intent on its own holy work,
Shall pause with pleasure to behold.

[Exit, with Conspirators.]

Zamti. May the most high
Pour down his blessings on him; and, anon,
In the dead waste of night, when awful justice
Walks with her crimson steel o'er slaughter'd heaps
Of groaning Tartars, may he then direct
His youthful footsteps through the paths of peril;
Oh! may he guide the horrors of the storm,
An angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
On ev'ry guilty head. There let him stop.
When you have broken the oppressor's rod,
Your reign will then be manifest; mankind will see
That truth and virtue still deserve your care.

(A dead march is heard.)

What mean those deathful sounds? Again they lead
My boy to slaughter. Fond, parental feelings!
Tear, tear me piecemeal! still you plead in vain.
Ye host of heav'n, look down; behold me here
Beleagu'd thus with ills: I now must prove
Perjur'd to you, or cease to be a father.
In your own cause support me; lend me strength
To triumph o'er that nature which you gave.

A dead march. Enter OCTAR, HAMET, Guards, &c.

Octar. Here let the victim fall, and with his
blood

Wash his forefather's tomb. The hated race
Shall here lie crush'd; and, from this glorious
era,

The eastern world, through all her wide domain,
Shall bend submissive to the Scythian yoke.

Hamet. (Standing near the tomb.) Where is the
tyrant? I would have him see,
With envy, see the unconquer'd pow'r of virtue;
How it can calmly bleed, smile on the rack,
And with strong pinion soar above his pow'r,
To regions of perennial day.

Octar. The conqueror
Shall mark thee well, when, at to-morrow's dawn,
Shall be display'd, through the wide city's round,
Thy breathless corse, a spectacle of horror.
It now befits thee to prepare for death.

Hamet. I am prepar'd: I have no lust or rapine,
No murders to repent of; undismay'd,
I can behold all-judging heav'n, whose hand
Still compassing its wondrous ends, by means
Inextricable to all mortal clue,
Hath now enclos'd me in its awful maze.
Since 'tis by your decree, that thus beset,
Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
Be your great bidding done.

Octar. The sabre's edge
Thirsts for his blood: despatch and end his being.

Enter MANDANE.

Man. Off, set me free! I must, I will have way.
Me, me, on me convert your rage: strike here!
Plunge in this bosom your abhorred steel,
And spare his precious life.

Octar. Hence, quickly bear
This wild, this frantic woman—

Man. Never, never!
You shall not force me hence: here will I cling
Fast to the earth, and rivet here my hands
In all the fury of the last despair.

He is my son! Oh! spare him! spare my child!

Octar. How, woman! your's? your son?

Man. Yes, *Octar*, mine;
My boy, my *Hamet*. Let my eager love
Fly all unbounded to him, clasp him thus,
Thus in his mother's arms—My child, my child!

Octar. Suspend the stroke, ye ministers of death,
Till *Timurkan* hear of this new event. [Exit.]

Man. Why didst thou dare return? Oh! rather why
Didst thou so long defer with ev'ry grace,
And every growing virtue, thus to raise
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?

Hamet. Lost
In the deep mists of darkling ignorance,
To me my birth's unknown. But sure that look,
Those tears, those shrieks, that animated grief,
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's workings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy, the transport of a son [face;

Man. Thou art, thou art my son; thy father's
His ev'ry feature blooming in his boy.
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how hast thou liv'd
With virtuous Morat? how did he support,
In dreary solitude, thy tender years?
How train thy growing virtue? quickly tell me;
Oh! tell me all, and charm me with thy tongue.

Hamet. Mysterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to
this?
Thus on the brink of death to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majestic in distress,
At length to feel unutterable bliss
In her dear circling arms?

Re-enter OCTAR, with TIMURKAN and MIRVAN.

Tim. Where is this wild,
This frantic woman, who, with headlong grief,
Suspends my dread command? Tear them asunder;
Send her to some dark cell to rave and shriek,
And dwell with madness; and let instant death
Leave that rash youth a headless trunk before me.

Man. Now, by the ever-burning lamps that light
Our holy shrines, by great Confucius' altar,
By the prime source of life, and light, and being,
This is my child, the blossom of my joys.
Send for his cruel father; he, 'tis he
Intends a fraud; he, for a stranger's life,
Would give his offspring to the cruel axe,
And rend a wretched mother's brain with madness.

Re-enter ZAMTI.

Zamti. Sure the sad accents of Mandane's voice
Struck on my frightened sense.

Tim. Once more, thou traitor!
Who is that stubborn youth?

Zamti. Alas! what needs
This iteration of my griefs?

Man. Forbear,
Thou marble-hearted father! 'tis your son.
And wouldst thou see him bleed?

Zamti. On him, on him
Let fall your rage.

Man. Oh! my devoted child! (Faints.)

Hamet. Support her, heaven! support her tender
frame.

Now, tyrant, now I beg to live; lo! here
I plead for life; not for the wretched boon
To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints,
But, oh! to ease a mother's woes; for her,
For that dear object, let me live for her.

Tim. Spite of their frauds, the truth begins to
dawn:

In her wild vehemence of grief, I hear
The genuine voice of nature.

Man. (Recovers.) Where's my child?
Oh! let me strain him to my heart; thy hard,
Thy cruel father shall not tear thee from me.

Tim. Hear me, thou frantic mourner! dry those
tears;

Perhaps you still may save your darling son.

Man. Oh! quickly give the means.

Tim. Resign your king,
Your phantom of a king, and save your child.

Hamet. No, my much-honour'd mother, never
hear

The base, the dire proposal; let me rather

Exhaust my life-blood at each gushing vein!
Mandane, then—then you may well rejoice
To find your child; then you may truly know
The best delight a mother's heart can prove,
When her son dies with glory.

Tim. Curses blast
The stripling's pride! (Talks apart with Octar.)

Zamti. Ye powers, enthron'd above!
You never meant entirely to destroy
This groaning land, when your benignant care
Lends us a youth like him. Let me enfold
That lovely ardour in his father's arms.
My brave, my gen'rous boy!

Tim. Dost thou at length
Confess it, traitor?

Zamti. Yes, I boast it, tyrant;
Boast it to thee, to earth, and heaven, I boast
This, this is Zamti's son.

Hamet. At length the hour,
The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,
"When Hamet shall not blush to know his father."

Zamti. Oh! thou intrepid youth, what bright
reward

Can your glad sire bestow on such desert?
The righteous gods, and your own inward feelings,
Shall give the sweetest retribution. Now,
Mandane, now my soul forgives thee all,
Since I have made acquaintance with my boy;
But, oh! I charge thee, by a husband's right—

Tim. A husband's right! a traitor has no rights;
Society disclaims him. Woman, hear,
And mark my words: abjure the mandarin,
Renounce all hymeneal vows, reveal
This mystery, and still your son may live,
While justice whirls that traitor to his fate.

Man. Thou vile adviser! what, betray my lord,
My honour'd husband; turn a Scythian wife;
Forget the many years of fond delight,
In which my heart ne'er knew decreasing love,
Charm'd with his noble, all-accomplish'd mind?
No, tyrant, no; with him I'll dare to die;
With him in ruin more supremely blest,
Than guilt upon a throne triumphant.

Zamti. Now,
Inhuman Tartar, I defy thy power.
Lo! here, the father, mother, and the son!
Try all your tortures on us: here we stand,
Resolv'd to leave a track of bright renown
To mark our being; resolv'd all to die,
The votaries of honour!

Tim. Then, by heaven!
Your doom is fix'd. This moment seize the slaves;
Deep in some baleful dungeon's midnight gloom
Let each apart be plung'd; and Etan, too—
Let him forthwith be found; he, too, shall share
His father's fate.

Mir. Be it my task, dread sir,
To make the rack ingenious in new pains;
Till even cruelty almost relent
At their keen, agonizing groans.

Tim. Be that,
Mirvan, thy care. By the immortal Lama,
I'll wrest the secret from them, or once more
My rage is up in arms: 'gainst Corea's chief
I will unfurl my banners; his proud cities
Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
Their smoking ramparts; o'er his verdant plains
And peaceful vales I'll drive my rapid car,
And ne'er know rest, ne'er sheathe th' avenging
sword,

Till their king fall, and treason is no more. [Exit.

Octar. Mirvan, bear hence those miscreants to
their fate;

Thou, Zamti, art my charge.

Zamti. Willing I come.
My son, thy father doubts not of thy fortitude.
Mandane, summon all thy strength; the gods,
Who try thy virtue, may reward it still.

[Exit, with Octar.]

Man. Hamet! restor'd and lost again!

(Struggles with the Guards.)

Hamet. Alas!

No means to rescue thee! Inhuman villains!
And will you tear me from her? [He is dragged off.]

Man. Oh! my child!

Now, then, barbarians, you have seiz'd on all
My soul holds dear. What have I now to dread?
I gave him being; in the hour of peril
I flew to rescue him; I could no more.
If he must fall, I'll emulate his virtues;
True to the solemn vow I've breath'd to heaven,
True to my sovereign still! in honour's cause
The mother from her son shall learn to die.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Prison. HAMET lies stretched on the ground, in chains.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, in a Tartar dress, and MIRVAN.

Mir. There, stretch'd at length on the dank ground, he lies

Scorning his fate: your meeting must be short.

Zaph. It shall.

Mir. And yet I tremble for th' event.

Zaph. Mirvan, no more: I will hold converse with him,

Though death were arm'd against the interview.

[Exit Mirvan.]

Hamet. What wouldst thou, Tartar?

Zaph. Rise, thou gen'rous youth!

No vulgar errand mine.

Hamet. (Rises.) Now speak thy purpose.

Zaph. To these lone walls, where oft the Scythian stabber,

With murd'rous stride hath come; these walls that oft

Have seen the assassin's deeds, I bring a mind
Firm, virtuous, upright. Under this vile garb,
Lo! here a son of China.

Hamet. Yes, thy garb

Denotes a son of China, and those eyes
Roll with no black intent. Say on.

Zaph. Inflam'd

With admiration of heroic deeds,
I come to seek acquaintance with the youth,
Who, for his king, would die.

Hamet. And does thy heart

Applaud the deed?

Zaph. It does, by heaven, it does.

Yes, virtuous envy rises in my soul.

Thy ardour charms, and even now I pant
To change conditions with thee.

Hamet. Then my heart

Accepts thy proffer'd friendship. In a base,
A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force
And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
And sunk our native genius, thou retain'st
A sense of ancient worth. But wherefore here?
To this sad mansion, this abode of sorrow,
Com'st thou to know a wretch that soon must die?

Zaph. Oh! no; thou shalt not die. By me the king,

By me Zaphimri says—

Hamet. Zaphimri says!

Kind heaven! where is the king?

Zaph. His steps are safe,

Unseen as is the arrow's path. By me he says,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue;
By me he swears, rather than thou shouldst fall,
He will emerge from dark obscurity,
And greatly brave his fate.

Hamet. Ha! die for me!

For me ignoble in the scale of being,
An unimportant wretch! Whoe'er thou art,
I pr'ythee, stranger, bear my answer back.
Oh! tell my sovereign, that here dwells a heart
Above all pain and peril. When I fall,
A worm, an insect dies; but in his life

Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,
The liberties of China; then let him
Live for his people, be it mine to die.

Zaph. Can I hear this, just gods! and not dissolve

In tears of gratitude and love?

(Aside.)

Hamet. Why streams

That flood of grief? and why that stifled groan?
Through the dark mist his sorrow casts around him,
He seems no common man. Say, gen'rous youth,
Who and what art thou?

Zaph. Who and what am I?

The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish.
One lost, abandon'd, plung'd in woe,
Beyond redemption's aid! to tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the last distress,
In one accumulated term of horror,
Zaphimri!

Hamet. Ha! my king!

Zaph. That fatal wretch,
Exalted into misery supreme!

Oh! I was happy while good Zamti's son;
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and strove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd sire.

But now—

Hamet. Yes now—if thou art he—as sure
'Tis wondrous like—rais'd to a state, in which
A nation's happiness on thee depends.

Zaph. A nation's happiness! there, there I bleed;
There are my pangs. For me this war began;
For me hath purple slaughter drench'd yon plains;
I am the cause of all: I forg'd those chains—
For Zamti and Mandane, too! by me they fall;
Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom:
These are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign!
I am the tyrant; I ascend the throne,
By base ingratitude, by the vile means
Of selfish cowardice, that can behold
Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
All lost, all murder'd, that I thus may rise
Inglorious to a throne.

Hamet. Alas! thy spirit,
Thy wild disorder'd fancy, pictures forth
Ills that are not, or being ill, not worth
A moment's pause.

Zaph. Not ill! thou canst not mean it;
The angry fates, amidst their hoards of malice,
Had nought but this; they meant to render me
Peculiarly distress'd. Tell me, thou gallant youth,
(A soul like thine knows every fine emotion,)
Is there a nerve in which the heart of man
Can prove such torture, as when thus it meets
Unequall'd friendship, honour, truth, and love,
And no return can make?

Hamet. That pow'r will come.

Zaph. But when? when thou art lost!
When Zamti and Mandane are no more!
Oh! for a dagger's point to plunge it deep,
Deep in this—ha! deep in the tyrant's heart.

Hamet. There your revenge should point.—Alas!
my sov'reign,

Why didst thou venture to this place of danger?

Zaph. And canst thou deem me, then, so base of soul,

To dwell secure in ignominious safety;
With cold insensibility to wait
The ling'ring hours, with coward patience wait them,

Deliberating on myself, while ruin
Nods over Zamti's house? No, gen'rous youth,
I'll not think meanly of thee; no, that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.

Hamet. Withdraw thee hence;
Nor lightly hazard thus so dear a life:
Think of thy ancestors.

Zaph. My ancestors!
What is to me a long descended line,
A race of worthies, legislators, heroes,
Unless I bring their virtues, too? No more!

This very night I'll burst those guilty walls,
Rend those vile manacles, and give thee freedom.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Mir. The time forbids delay: whilst thou art
here,

Thy fate's suspended on each dreadful moment.

Zaph. This garb will cloak me from each jealous
eye;

Thou need'st not fear detection.

(Flourish of trumpets.)

Hamet. Ha! what means
That sudden and wild harmony?

Mir. Ev'n now
The conqueror and his fell barbaric rout,
For this day's victory, indulge their joy.

Zaph. Joy soon to end in groans; for all con-
spires

To forward our design: a band of heroes
Ev'n now are ready; honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights. Thy father's care
Plann'd and inspir'd the whole. And, lo! the lights
That whilom blaz'd to heav'n, now rarely seen,
Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe secure,
Sinks down in deep debauch; while, all awake,
The genius of the land broods o'er the work
Of justice and revenge.

Mir. The gallant chiefs,
At their appointed station, are conven'd;
In silent terror all intent they stand,
And wait the signal in each gale that blows.

Hamet. Dream on; deluded Tartar, yes, dream
Still unsuspecting plunge in guilty joy, [on;
And bury thee in riot.

Zaph. Ne'er again
To wake from that vile trance; for ere the dawn,
Detested spoiler, thy hot blood shall smoke
On the stain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
I'll scatter to the dogs of China.

Mir. Ha!
Break off your conference: Octar this way comes;
Beware, my prince.

Enter OCTAR.

Well, Octar, there's your pris'ner.

(Points to Hamet.)

Octar. Convey him hence to where Mandane's
grief
Rings through the vaulted roof.

Hamet. Yes, lead me hence
To soften anguish in a parent's breast.

[Exit, with Mirvan.]

Zaph. What may this mean? I dread some lurk-
ing mischief. *[Exit.]*

Octar. When the boy clings around his mother's
heart,

Then, in that tender moment, tear him from her;
And, in her impotence of grief, the truth
Will burst its way.

Enter TIMURKAN.

Why from the genial banquet
Thus will my sov'reign seek a dungeon's gloom?

Tim. A more than midnight gloom involves my
soul.

What boots the conqu'ring sword, the plume of
victory,

If still this coward boy in secret lives;
If serpent-like, amidst the flow'ry garlands,
He wreaths his folds, to dash my promis'd joy,
And poison my delight?

Octar. Then, at once,
To end your fears, give Zamti to the sword,
His wife, and all who aid him in his guilt.
'Twill crush the seeds of dark conspiracy.

Tim. No; Zamti's death but multiplies my fears.
With him the truth lies buried in the tomb.
Hast thou beheld the stubborn mandarin?

Octar. Unconquer'd, yet by words he stands un-
mov'd,
Smiling contempt, as if some inward joy,

Like the sun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth, at intervals, a gladsome ray,
Bright'ning the face of woe.

Tim. He must not die:

The slave shall linger out his days in torment.

Octar. Might I advise, Mandane may be won.
She still, sir, may be your's: a conqueror's sighs
Shall waft a thousand wishes to her heart,
Till female vanity aspire to reach
The eastern throne.

Tim. No, Octar; 'tis not mine
To melt in languishing desire, and try
The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
Innurd to rougher scenes, for other arts
My mind's employ'd: to sling the well-stor'd quiver
Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
At the fleet rein-deer sweeping down the vale,
Or up the mountain straining ev'ry nerve;
To vault the neighing steed, and urge his course,
Swifter than whirlwinds, through the ranks of war,
Reeking with gore to drive my chariot wheels;
These are my passions, this my only science.
Rais'd from a soldier to imperial sway,
I still will reign in terror. Bring that traitor,
The hoary priest, before me. *[Exit Octar.]*
Now, by heav'n!

Their stubborn fortitude erects a fence
To shield 'em from my wrath, more pow'ful far
Than their high boasted wall, which long hath
stood

The shock of time, of war, of storms, and thunder,
The wonder of the world. What art thou, virtue,
That giv'st these joys, my heart hath never known?

Enter ZAMTI, in chains.

Thy hated sight once more I brook, to try
If yet the sense of deeds abhorr'd as thine
Has touch'd your soul: while yet the hour permits,
Repent thee of thy crimes.

Zamti. The crime would be
To yield to thy unjust commands. But know,
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed,
The voice of all my kings; forth from their tombs,
Ev'n now, they send a peal of groans to heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long since gone up,
And stand in dread array against thee.

Tim. Murders!
Ungrateful mandarin! say, did not I,
When civil discord lighted up her brand,
And scatter'd wide her flames; when fierce con-
tention,

'Twixt Zorohamti and Zaphimri's father,
Sorely convuls'd the realm; did not I then
Lead forth my Tartars from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order rise?

Zamti. Bid order rise!
Hast thou not smote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art has died, and ev'ry science
Gone out at thy fell blast. Art thou not come
To sack our cities, to subvert our temples,
The temples of our gods, and with the worship,
The monstrous worship of your living Lama,
Profane our holy shrines?

Tim. Resolve my doubts,
Nor think with groundless, with ill-tim'd reproach,
To talk me from my purpose.

Zamti. Tyrant, yes;
Yes, thou hast smote us with a hand of wrath,
Full twenty years hast smote us; but at length
Will come the hour of heav'n's just visitation,
When thou shalt rue—hear me, thou man of blood!
Yes, thou shalt rue the day, the day that saw thee
Imbrue those hands accurst in royal blood.
Now, tyrant, now—yes, tremble at my words,
The arm of the most high is bar'd against thee;
And, lo! the hand of fate describes thy doom
In glaring letters on yon rubied wall!
Each gleam of light is perish'd out of heav'n,
And darkness rushes o'er the face of earth.

Tim. And think'st thou, slave, with visionary fears
I e'er can shrink appall'd? thou moonstruck seer!
No more I'll bear this mockery of words.
What, Octar, ho!

Re-enter OCTAR.

Lead forth that frantic woman.
Ruin involves ye all; this very hour
Shall see your son impal'd; yes, both your sons.
Bring Etan, too, before us.

Octar. Etan, sir,
Is fled for safety.

Tim. Thou pernicious slave! *(To Zamti.)*

Zamti. The righteous gods protect him from thy
rage. *[Exit Octar.]*

Tim. Him, too, thou wouldst withdraw from
justice! him
Thy perfidy would send to Corea's realm,
To brood in secret o'er some work of treason.

*Re-enter OCTAR, Guards, &c. with HAMET and
MANDANE.*

Now, then, deluded fair, if fix'd in error
You still persist, the rack shall have its prey.

Man. I tell thee, homicide, my soul is bound
By solemn vows; and wouldst thou have me break
What angels wafted on their wings to heav'n?

Tim. This moment saves your child, or dooms
him dead.

Man. Goddess of vengeance, from your realms
above,
Where near the throne of the most high thou sitt'st,
Inspired in darkness, amidst hoards of thunder,
Serenely dreadful, till dire human crimes
Provoke thee down, now, on the whirlwind's wing,
Descend, and with your flaming sword, your bolts,
Red with almighty wrath, let loose your rage,
And blast this vile seducer in his guilt.

Tim. Then seize her son, and give him to the
rack.

Man. No; by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, seize me first:
Despatch his mother; end this wretched being.

Enter Guards, with ZAPHIMRI.

Zaph. *(Rushing from the Guards.)* Hold! mur-
d'ers, hold! I charge you, slaves, forbear!

Zamti. Ha! China totters on the brink of ruin.
(Aside.)

Tim. Etan! thou art welcome to my great re-
venge!

Zaph. I come on matters of importance deep
Unto thy throne and life.

Zamti. Heed not an idle boy.

Tim. Proceed, and tell thy purpose.

Zaph. Even now
Thy death is plotting.

Tim. Ha! by whom?

Zaph. Zaphimri!

Zamti. What means my son?

Tim. Resign him to my vengeance,
And then our mercy shall to thee extend.

Zaph. Think not I come to save this worthless
life.

Pity Mandane; save her tender frame.

Pity that youth; *(kneels)* oh! save that godlike
man.

Zamti. Wilt thou dishonour me, degrade thyself,
Thy native dignity, by basely kneeling?
Quit that vile posture.

Tim. To appease our wrath,
Bring me Zaphimri's head.

Zaph. Will that suffice?

Tim. His blood atones for all.

Zaph. *(Rises.)* Then take it, tyrant;
I am Zaphimri; I your mortal foe.

Zamti. Angels of light, quick on your rapid
wing
Dart from your thrones above, and hover round
him.

Man. Alas! all's ruin'd; China is no more.

Zaph. Behold me, Tartar; hear the voice of
truth;

Thus, on his knees, Zaphimri begs to die.

Tim. Thou early traitor! by thy guilty father
Train'd up in fraud, wouldst thou deceive me, too?

Hamet. He would: all would deceive you; all
conspire

Against my claim; all wrest my title from me:

The father's art, the mother's fond ambition,

Upon my ruins to exalt their name,

And raise their son to empire.

Zaph. Ha! forbear,

Rash youth, forbear; nor thus insult your king.

Miné is the crown; its miseries are mine:

Mine the worst malice fortune hath in store:

I claim it all, and will not bear a rival.

Hamet. Horror! believe him not; for me the
troops

From Corea's realm dar'd to approach your walls:

I led them on; I came from climes remote;

The captives of your sword have own'd they fought
To see me seated on the throne of China.

Zaph. By heav'n, he's innocent; the guilt is mine.

Misguided boy! I charge thee dare no more

Usurp a monarch's right; resign at once

My lawful claim, the honours of my birth;

Give back my name; I ask it but to die.

Tim. Their wondrous conflict but involves me
deeper

In doubt, mistrust, perplexity, and fear.

Misguided fair one, say which is your king?

Man. Behold their virtue, and respect them both.

Tim. Perdition seize her! Zamti, mark my
words;

This moment clear each doubt, or keenest pangs
Shall hunt the secret through each trembling nerve.

Zamti. I have already yielded up my son;

I gave him to your sword; and after that,

After that conflict, think'st thou there is aught

Zamti has left to fear?

Tim. Yes; learn to fear

My will, my sov'reign will, which here is law,
And treads upon the neck of slaves.

Zamti. Thy will

The law in China? ill-instructed man!

Now learn an awful truth. Though ruffian pow'r

May, for awhile, suppress all sacred order,

And trample on the rights of man, the soul

Which gave our legislation life and vigour

Shall still subsist, above the tyrant's reach.

The spirit of the laws can never die.

Tim. Here, then, all parley ends: thy doom is
fix'd:

This very moment drag 'em from my sight.

(Guards seize Zamti.)

Man. Yes, lead me with him: in his arms to die,

Mandane goes resign'd. But, tyrant, know

The great important truth is treasur'd here.

Thy pow'r can ne'er extort it. Yes, live on,

In the worst agony of doubt and fear.

With us the secret dies: that joy is ours;

With that we triumph still; with that we bid thee

Fear while we live, and tremble in our fall.

[Exit, with Zamti and Guards.]

Hamet. No, spare 'em, yet forbear; here point
thy sword;

Unsluce these veins, but spare their matchless
lives! *[He is carried off.]*

Zaph. I am your victim, by the gods, I am.

(Kneels, and holds Timurkan.)

Tim. Away, vile slave! go, see them bleed; be-
hold

How they will writhe in pangs; pangs doom'd for
thee,

And all who deal in treachery like thine. *[Exit.]*

Zaph. *(On the ground.)* Yet hear me; yet a
moment! barb'rous Scythians!

Wilt thou not open, earth, and take me down,

Down to thy caverns of eternal darkness?
And sleeps almighty justice? will it not
Awaken all its terrors? arm yon band
Of secret heroes with avenging thunder?
By heav'n, (*rises*) that thought lifts up my kindling
soul

With renovated fire. My glorious friends,
Who now, convene big with your country's fate,
When I am dead, oh! give me just revenge;
Let me not die inglorious; make my fall,
By some great act of yet unheard-of vengeance,
Resound throughout the world; that furthest
Scythia

May stand appall'd at the huge distant roar
Of one vast ruin tumbling on the heads
Of this fell tyrant, and his hatred race. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter ZAMTI and MANDANE, followed by OCTAR.

Zamti. Why dost thou lead us to this hated mansion?

Must we again behold the tyrant's frown?
Thou know'st our hearts are fix'd.

Octar. The war of words

We scorn again to wage. Beneath this roof
The rack is now prepar'd, and Timurkan,
Anon, shall view your pangs, and count each groan
Ev'n to the fullest luxury of vengeance.
Guard well that passage; (*to the Guards within*)
see the traitors find

No means of flight, while to the conqueror
I hasten to receive his last commands. *[Exit.]*

Zamti. Thou ever faithful woman!

Man. Canst thou, Zamti,
Still call me faithful? by that honour'd name
Wilt thou call her, whose wild maternal love
Hath buried all in ruin?

Zamti. Yes, thou art,
Thou art my wife, whose virtue, ev'n in bondage,
Hath cheer'd my soul; and now thy ev'ry charm,
Endear'd by danger, kindled by distress
To higher lustre, all my passions beat
Unutterable gratitude and love.

And must—oh! cruel!—must I see thee bleed?

Man. For me death wears no terror on his brow.
Full twenty years hath this afflicted breast
Been smote with these sad hands; these haggard
eyes

Have seen my country's ruin; seen my husband,
My son, my king, all in the Tartar's hands.
What, then, remains for me? death, only death.

Zamti. Ah! can thy tenderness endure the pangs
Inventive cruelty ev'n now prepares?
Must this lov'd form, this soft perfection bleed?
Thy decent limbs be strain'd with cruel cords,
To glut a ruffian's rage?

Man. Alas! this frame,
This feeble texture, never can sustain it.
But this, this I can bear! (*Shows a dagger.*)

Zamti. Ha!

Man. Yes; this dagger!
Do thou but lodge it in this faithful breast,
My heart shall spring to meet thee.

Zamti. Oh!

Man. Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taught'st me ev'ry virtue,
Afford the friendly, the last human office,
And teach me now to die.

Zamti. It must not be.

Hence let me bear this instrument of death.

(*Takes the dagger.*)

Shall we usurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own being? 'Tis the cowards act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril.
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd savage;
Be it the practice of the gloomy north. *[nod,]*

Man. Must we, then, wait the haughty tyrant's

The vassals of his will? no; let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And hail our flight with wonder and applause.

Zamti. Distress too exquisite! ye holy powers,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,
Rush to your awful presence; 'tis not, then,
When the distemper'd passions rage, when pride
Is stung to madness, when ambition falls
From her high scaffolding—oh! no; if aught
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
No more can stand at bay, when liberty
No longer breathes at large; 'tis with the groans
Of our lov'd country, when we dare to die.

Man. Then here at once direct the friendly steel.

Zamti. Now, then, prepare thee. Ah! does this
become

Thy husband's love? thus, with uplifted blade
Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
With other looks than these, oh! my Mandane,
I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?

Man. Alas! the loves that bless'd our happy days,
Have spread their pinions never to return,
And the pale fates surround us. *Zamti, come,*
Here lay me down in honourable rest;
Come as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.

Zamti. It must be so:

Now, then, prepare thee. My arm flags and droops,
Conscious of thee in every trembling nerve.

(*Throws down the dagger.*)

By heaven, once more I would not raise the point
Against that hoard of sweets, for endless years
Of universal empire.

Man. Ha! they come;

The ministers of vengeance come; and yet
They shall not long insult us in our woes;
Myself will still preserve the means of death.

(*Takes up the dagger.*)

Re-enter OCTAR, with TIMURKAN and Guards.

Tim. Now, then, detested pair, your hour is
come.

I hate this dull delay. Seize Zamti first;
Let studied art, with slow-consuming pangs,
Explore the truth; nor let him know relief,
In his worst agonies, till every secret
Burst forth in groans, and end my doubts and fears.

Zamti. Begin your tortures, end this wretched
being;

I care not now how soon. (*The Guards seize him.*)

Man. Stay, Zamti, stay!

And will you force him thus? [*He is forced off.*]
Inhuman villains!

Oh! Timurkan, behold me humbled here,
Thus lowly on my knees, thus prone to earth,
And grov'ling at your feet. I ask to die;
Grant my request; it will not stain thy name
With weak humanity; deal still in blood.
Oh! let me perish in my husband's arms!
It will be mercy to indulge my prayer,
And murder shall for once be virtue in thee.

Tim. Behold him first, behold the hoary traitor
Gasping in death, and welt'ring in his gore.
Thy turn will follow. By thy treach'rous arts,
The hated orphan lives.

Man. (*Rises.*) And if he lives,
May heaven protect him, till the awful truth,
In some dread hour of horror and revenge,
Shall burst like thunder on thee. If by me
Zaphimri lives, then, tyrant, know thy duty;
Descend at once from a throne gain'd by murder,
And yield the crown, resign it to your master.

Tim. Pernicious traitress!

Enter MIRVAN.

Ha! what wouldst thou, Mirvan?

Mir. Near to the eastern gate, a slave reports,

As at his watch he stood, the gleam of arms
Cast a dim lustre through the night, and straight
The steps of men thick sounded in his ear.
In close array they march'd.

Tim. Ha! lurking treason!
What ho! my arms! Ourselves will sally forth.

Mir. My liege, their scanty and rash-levied
numbers

Want not a monarch's sword. With eager zeal,
Upon the instant, I drew off the guards
That round the palace walls. Let Octar, sir,
Who oft has led them to renown in arms,
Let him but head the ranks, his valour soon
Shall bring the traitors bound in chains before you.

Tim. Well, be it so. Octar, do thou go forth,
And give the rebels to the sabre's edge.

[Exit Octar.]

Man. Why must I linger thus? Lo! Mirvan, too,
Leagu'd with the foe, a traitor to his king! (Aside.)

Mir. With sure conviction, we have further
learn'd

The long-contended truth. Etan's their king.
The traitor, Zamti, counted but one son,
And him he sent—Mandane knows it all—
Far hence to Corea's realm.

Tim. At length thy guilt (To Mandane.)
Glazes to the sight. This hour Zaphimri dies.

Mir. To Morat's care th' insidious mandarin,
With that complotter in his dark designs,
Gave up their boy; while, unsuspected here,
They fix'd a safe asylum for their prince

Man. (Looks at Mirvan.) When shall I quit a
world where men like thee

Are only fit to dwell?

Tim. Let Morat straight
Attend our presence; bring the slave before us.

Mir. This hour approves my loyalty and truth.
[Exit.]

Tim. Thanks to great Lama, treason is no more,
And their boy-king is found. Yes, traitress, now
Thou shalt behold the stripling's forfeit head.
Soon as the dawn shall purple yonder east,
Aloft in air all China shall behold it,
Parch'd by the sun, and welt'ring to the wind.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Tim. Well, Mirvan, hast thou brought the
treach'rous slave?

Mir. My liege, he comes, obedient to your will.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, with a sabre in his hand.

Zaph. Now, bloody Tartar, now, then, know
Zaphimri.

Tim. Accursed treason! To behold thee thus
In arms before me, blasts my aching sight;
My blood forgets to move; each power dies in me.

Man. Yes, monster, yes, thy fated hour is come.
Descend, thou tyrant, from a throne usurp'd,
And yield the crown, now yield it to thy master.

Zaph. Well may'st thou tremble, well may
guilt like thine

Shrink back dismay'd; for thus avenging heaven
In me sends forth his minister of wrath,
To deal destruction on thee.

Tim. Coward slave!
A midnight ruffian, in th' unguarded hour,
Secure thou com'st, thus to assault a warrior
Thy heart would never dare to meet in arms.

Zaph. Not meet thee, Tartar! ha! in me thou
seest

One, on whose head unnumber'd wrongs thou'st
Else could I scorn thee thus defenceless: yes,
My great revenge could bid thee try each shape,
Assume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of destructive guilt.

But now a dear, a murder'd father calls;
He beckons to the spot, the sacred altar
Which thy fell hand imbrued with royal blood.
Go, seek the temple; at that dread tribunal
Receive thy doom, and expiate thy crimes.

Tim. By heaven, I'll dare thee still; resign it,
slave!

Resign the blade to nobler hands.

(Seizes Mirvan's sabre.)

Man. Oh! horror!
Bring instant help; let not the fate of China
Hang on the issue of a doubtful combat.

Zaph. Now, lawless ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his justice on thee.

[They fight; Zaphimri drives Timurkan off.]

Man. Now, just gods,
Sinew his arm, and guide the blow for freedom.

Mir. See there! behold, he darts upon his prey!

Zaph. (Within.) Die, bloodhound, die!

Mir. The Tartar drops his point.

Man. He falls, the victim falls.

Zaph. (Within.) My father strikes;
He gives the blow; and this, thou fell destroyer,
This for a nation's groans.

Enter HAMET.

Hamet. Where is Zaphimri?
Direct me to him.

Man. Hamet! Oh! my son,
Once more I clasp thee in thy mother's arms!
Lo! where the monster quivers on the ground!
Let me seek Zamti with the glorious tidings,
And call him back to liberty and joy.

[Exit, with Mirvan.]

Re-enter ZAPHIMRI.

Zaph. This reeking blade hath drunk the tyrant's
blood.

Hamet. China again is free. There lies the
corse

That breath'd destruction to the world.

Zaph. Yes, there,
Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
The wages of thy sins.

Enter MORAT.

Hamet. Oh! Morat, welcome;
Welcome to conquest, freedom, and revenge.

Morat. Revenge now stalks abroad: our valiant
leaders,

True to the destin'd hour, at once broke forth
From every quarter on th' astonish'd foe.

Zaph. Lo! Timurkan lies levell'd with the dust.

Morat. Oppression's iron rod at length is broke.
My king! my sovereign! (Kneels to Zaph.)

Zaph. Rise; the time demands
Far other cares. Where are my gallant friends?
Is the wild tumult o'er, and have they conquer'd?

Morat. The gates, the ramparts, and the citadel,
Each pass is ours; the unsuspecting foe,
Hemm'd in on every side, resists in vain.

Octar is fall'n: all cover'd o'er with wounds,
He met his fate; and still the slaught'ring sword
Invades the city, sunk in sleep and wine.

Zaph. Send forth, and let Orasming straight
proclaim

Zaphimri king, my subjects' rights restor'd.

[Exit Morat.]

Now, where is Zamti? where my more than father?
Where is Mandane? Lead me, lead me to them.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

What means that pale despair?

Mir. Oh! dire mischance!

While here I trembled for the great event,
The unrelenting slaves, whose trade is death,
Began their work; nor piety nor age,
Could touch their felon-hearts: they seiz'd on
Zamti,

And bound him on the wheel; a prey to villains

We found the good, the venerable man
Smiling in pangs; all frantic at the sight,
Mandane plung'd a poniard in her breast:

"With him I liv'd," she cried, "with him will
die!"

Hamet. Oh! heaven! my mother! Summon
ev'ry aid

To call her back to life.

Mir. In th' arms of death

Ev'n now she struggles.

Zaph. Fatal rashness. Say,
Is Zamti, too, destroy'd?

Mir. Life ebbs apace.

Releas'd from anguish, with what strength re-
main'd,

He reach'd the couch where lost Mandane now lies;
There threw his mangled limbs, there clinging to
her,

He pours his sad lamentings in a strain
Might call each pitying angel from the sky
To sympathize with human woe.

(The back scene opens.)

Zaph. And see,
See on that mournful bier he clasps her still;
Still hangs upon each faded feature; still
To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguish.

*(Zamti and Mandane brought forward on a
couch.)*

Zamti. Yet live, Mandane; thou may'st still be
happy;

Thou hast not merited an end like this.

Man. The hand of death ev'n now is heavy on me.

Zaph. Are these our triumphs? these our pro-
mis'd joys?

Zamti. The music of that voice recalls my soul.
*(Rises, and runs to embrace Zaphimri; his
strength fails, and he falls at his feet.)*

My prince! my king!—

Zaph. Support him; bear him up.

Man. Where is my child, my Hamet? lives he
still?

Hamet. He lives; but, oh! to see my mother
thus—

Man. Oh! let me fold thee. *(Rises.)* Ha! it is
too much:

I thank you, heaven; these are a mother's joys;
And these you give to cheer me in my passage.
Soft, lay me, lay me down.

Hamet. Her eyes are fix'd;
A death-like paleness spreads o'er ev'ry feature.

Zaph. *(Raises Zamti.)* How fares it, Zamti,
now?

Zamti. Oh! blest event!
I could not hope such tidings; thee, my king,
And Hamet, too; I thought you both destroy'd.
My slow remains of life cannot endure
These strong vicissitudes of grief and joy.
And there, there lies Mandane, lead me to her.
Mandane, look upon me; once again
Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes.

Man. Alas! those eyes no more must gaze upon
thee;
That dear delight is fled; thee, too, my son,
No more I now must see thee; snatch'd from
death,
This day restor'd, after whole years of absence.
I leave thee now, I leave my child for ever.
The heart-string breaks.—Oh! that thought tears;
it cleaves;

It drowns me in my tears.

Zamti. I pray ye, lead me,
Conduct me to her, nearer still, that both—
Alas! I faint;—support me. *(Faints.)*

Hamet. Once again
Mandane speak, and let me hear thy voice.

Man. Hamet, thy hand; forgive, forgive my
rashness.

Could I survive your father? No; with him
The scene was clos'd; but—is the tyrant dead?

Hamet. His debt is paid.

Man. Alas! I follow him,
I follow thither, where eternal justice
Exalts the just, and humbles the oppressor.
And thee, my son, I leave thee here in freedom.

That joy is mine. Copy your father's actions,
You need no more: mankind will bless thee for it.
Remember all his precepts: his example
Will guide thy steps, and marshal thee to glory.
I die resign'd; and yet, and yet 'tis hard,
When freedom dawns, and after all my sufferings,
It's hard, my child, your mother now should leave
thee.

Zamti! where is he?

Zamti. *(Revives.)* Bend me, bend me forward.

Man. Alas! that sight—Oh! Zamti—Hamet—
Oh! *(Dies.)*

Zamti. She's gone, for ever, ever gone. Man-
dane! *(Sinks down by her.)*

Thus do I see thee? cold, alas! death-cold.
Cold is that breast, where virtue from above
Fix'd her delighted mansion; and those lips
That utter'd heav'nly truth, pale, pale! dead, dead!
Pray ye entomb me with her.

Zaph. Take, ye pow'rs,
Your throne, your crown; take all your conquests
back;

Zaphimri never can survive—

Zamti. I charge thee, live.
A base desertion of the public weal
Will ill become a king. Alas! my son,
By that dear tender name, if once again
Zamti may call thee, this is now the last,
The only interview we e'er shall have.

Zaph. And will ye, then, inexorable gods,
Will ye, then, tear him from my aching heart?

Zamti. The moral duties of the private man
Are grafted in thy soul: but, oh! remember,
The mean immutable of happiness;
Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,
Is virtue: each bad action of a king
Extends beyond his life, and oft renews
Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.

To error mild, severe to guilt, protect
The helpless innocent: be truth thy passion;
Spurn the base flatterer, and learn to feel
The best delight of serving humankind.

Hamet. He dies, he dies! the agony is on him.

Zamti. Life harass'd out, pursued with barb'rous
art

Through ev'ry trembling joint, now fails at once.
Zaphimri—oh! farewell, I shall not see
The glories of thy reign. My son, my Hamet,
Thou good young man, farewell. Mandane, yes,
My soul with pleasure wings her flight, that thus,
Faithful in death, I leave these cold remains
Near thy dear honour'd clay. *(Dies.)*

Zaph. And art thou dead,
Thou best of men? then must Zaphimri pine
In ever-during grief, since thou art lost;
Since that firm patriot, whose parental care
Should raise, should guide, should animate my
virtues,

Lies there a breathless corse.

Hamet. My liege, forbear;
Live for your people; madness and despair
Belong to woes like mine.

Zaph. Thy woes, indeed,
Are great, thou pious youth; yes, I will live
To soften thy afflictions; to assuage
A nation's grief when such a pair expires.
Come to my heart; in thee another Zamti
Shall bless the realm. Now let me hence to hail
My people with the sound of peace; that done,
To these a grateful monument shall rise,
With all sepulchral honour; frequent there
We'll offer incense; there each weeping muse
Shall grave the tributary verse; with tears
Embalm their memories; and teach mankind,
How'er oppression stalk the groaning earth,
Yet heav'n, in its own hour, can bring relief;
Can blast the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the orphan's guardian to the last.

[Exeunt.]

THE EARL OF WARWICK;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY DR. THOMAS FRANKLIN.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

KING EDWARD
EARL OF WARWICK

EARL OF PEMBROKE
EARL OF SUFFOLK

MARGARET OF ANJOU
LADY ELIZABETH GREY

LADY CLIFFORD
OFFICERS

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU and LADY CLIFFORD.

Lady C. Thanks, gracious heav'n! my royal mistress smiles,
Unusual gladness sparkles in her eye,
And bids me welcome in the stranger joy,
To his new mansion.

Mar. Yes, my faithful Clifford,
Fortune is weary of oppressing me:
Through my dark cloud of grief, a cheerful ray
Of light breaks forth, and gilds the whole horizon.

Lady C. Henry in chains, and Edward on the
Of Lancaster; thyself a pris'ner here; [throne
Thy captive son torn from his mother's arms,
And in the tyrant's power; a kingdom lost!
Amidst so many sorrows, what new hope
Hath wrought this wondrous change?

Mar. That which alone,
In sorrow's bitt'rest hour, can minister
Sweet comfort to the daughters of affliction,
And bids misfortune smile, the hope of vengeance:
Vengeance, benignant patron of distress,
Thee I have oft invoc'd; propitious now
Thou smil'st upon me; if I do not grasp
The glorious opportunity, henceforth
Indignant frown, and leave me to my fate.

Lady C. Unhappy princess! that deceiver, hope,
Hath often flatter'd, and as oft betray'd thee:
What hast thou gain'd by all its promises?
What's the reward of all thy toils?

Mar. Experience.
Yes, Clifford, I have read the instructive volume
Of human nature; there long since have learn'd
The way to conquer men is by their passions;
Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,
And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.
Edward and Warwick, those detested names,
Too well thou know'st, united to destroy me.

Lady C. That was, indeed, a fatal league.
Mar. But mark me;
If we could break this adamantine chain,
We might again be free: this mighty warrior,

This dread of kings, the unconquerable Warwick,
Is plighted to the fair Elizabeth. [ous widow,

Lady C. The Lady Grey, you mean, the beauty—
Whose husband fell in arms for Lancaster.

Mar. The same, my Clifford; Warwick long has
Lady C. And means to wed her. [lov'd--

Mar. But if I have art,
Or she ambition, that shall never be.

Lady C. Canst thou prevent it?

Mar. Yes, my Clifford, Warwick
Were a mean choice for such transcendent beauty;
I shall provide her with a fitter husband,
A nobler far, and worthier of her charms,—
Young Edward.

Lady C. Ha! the king! impossible!
Warwick, ev'n now, commission'd by the state
To treat with Lewis, offers England's throne
To France's daughter; and ere this, perhaps,
Hath sign'd the solemn contract.

Mar. Solemn trifles!
Mere cobweb ties. Love's a despotic tyrant,
And laughs, like other kings, at public faith,
When it opposes private happiness:
Edward is youthful, gay, and amorous;
His soul is ever open to the lure
Of beauty, and Elizabeth hath charms
Might shake a hermit's virtue.

Lady C. Hath he seen
This peerless fair one?

Mar. Yes; by my contrivance,
When last he hunted in the forest, some,
Whom I had planted there, as if by chance
Alone directed, led him across the lawn
To Grafton: there, ev'n as my soul had wish'd,
The dazzling lustre of her charms surpris'd
His unsuspecting heart.

Lady C. What follow'd?

Mar. Oh!
He gaz'd and wonder'd; for awhile his pride
Indignant rose, and struggled with his passion;
But love was soon victorious: and, last night,
The Earl of Suffolk, (so my trusty spies

Inform me,) was despatch'd, on wings of love,
To plead his master's cause, and offer her
The throne of England.

Lady C. What if she refuse
The golden bribe?

Mar. No matter; all I wish
Is but to make them foes: the gen'rous Warwick
Is fiery, and impatient of reproof;
He will not brook a rival in his love,
Though seated on a throne; besides, thou know'st,
The haughty Earl looks down with scorn on Edward,
As the mere work of his all-pow'rful hand,
The baby monarch of his own creation. [veres

Lady C. Believe me, madam, Edward still re-
And loves him; still, as conscious of the debt,
Pays him with trust and confidence: their souls
Are link'd together in the strictest bonds
Of sacred friendship.

Mar. That but serves my cause:
Where ties are close, and interests united,
The slightest inj'ries are severely felt;
Offended friendship never can forgive.

Lady C. Now the full prospect opens to my view,
I see thy distant aim, and trace the paths
Of vengeance: England soon will be a scene
Of blood and horror; discord's fatal torch
Once lit up in this devoted land,
What pow'r shall e'er extinguish it? alas!
I tremble at the consequence.

Mar. And I
Enjoy it. Oh! 'twill be a noble contest [sion;
Of pride 'gainst pride, oppression 'gainst oppres-
Rise but the storm, and let the waves beat high,
The wreck may be our own: in the warm struggle,
Who knows but one or both of them may fall,
And Marg'ret rise triumphant on their ruin!
It must be so; and see the king approaches:
This way he passes from the council. Mark
His downcast eye: he is a stricken deer,
The arrow's in his side, he cannot 'scape:
We'll meet and speak to him.

Lady C. What mean you, madam?

Mar. To ask him what I know he will refuse;
That gives me fair pretext to break with him,
And join the man I hate, vindictive Warwick:
But, soft, he comes.

Enter KING EDWARD and an Officer.

K. Edw. Is Suffolk yet return'd?

Off. No, my good liege.

K. Edw. Go, wait and bring him to me; [Exit Off.
I'll to my closet. Pardon me, fair lady,
I saw you not.

Mar. Perhaps it is beneath
A conqu'ror to look down upon his slave;
But I've a boon to ask.

K. Edw. Whate'er it is,
Within the limits of fair courtesy,
Which honour can bestow, I'll not refuse thee.

Mar. There was time when Margaret of Anjou
Would not have deign'd to ask of Edward aught;
Nor was there aught which Edward dar'd refuse her;
But that is past, great Warwick's arm prevail'd,
And I am now your pris'ner.

K. Edw. Since the hour
When fortune smil'd propitious on the cause
Of justice, and gave vict'ry to our arms,
You have been treated with all due respect,
All your condition, or your sex could claim;
Serv'd like a queen, and lodg'd within our palace:
Is there aught more you can in reason ask,
Or I in prudence grant you?

Mar. Give me back
The liberty I lost, restore my son!
And I may then, perhaps, be reconcil'd
To an usurper; may withhold my vengeance,
And let thee sit unpunish'd on my throne.

K. Edw. You talk too proudly, madam; but to
I cannot fear, you have your liberty. [shew you
Letters this morning I receiv'd from France,
Have offer'd noble ransom for your person;
Without that ransom, (for the soul of Edward

Is far above the sordid lust of gold,)
I grant it: from this moment you are free;
But for your son, I cannot part with him.

Mar. I scorn your bounties, scorn your proffer'd
What's liberty to me without my child? [freedom:
But fate will place us soon above thy reach;
Thy short-liv'd tyranny is almost past;
The storm is gath'ring round thee, and will burst
With tenfold vengeance on thy guilty head.

K. Edw. I am not to be talk'd into submission,
Nor dread the menace of a clam'rous woman.

Mar. Thou may'st have cause to dread a woman's
pow'r.

The time may come (mark my prophetic word!)
When wayward beauty shall repay with scorn
Thy fruitless vows, and vindicate my wrongs:
The friend thou lean'st on, like a broken reed,
Shall pierce thy side, and fill thy soul with anguish,
Keen as the pangs I feel: York's perjur'd house
Shall sink to rise no more; and Lancaster,
With added lustre, reassume the throne.
Hear this and tremble. Give me back my son,
Or dread the vengeance of a desp'rate mother.

[Exit Margaret and Lady Clifford.]

K. Edw. Imperious woman! but the voice of
Is ever clam'rous: 'tis the privilege, [woe
The charter of affliction to complain.
This tardy Suffolk! how I long to know,
Yet dread to hear my fate! Elizabeth,
On thee the colour of my future life
Depends; for thou alone canst make me bless'd
Or curs'd for ever. Oh! this cruel doubt
Is worse than all my tortures: but he comes,
Th' ambassador of love.

Enter the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

What news, my Suffolk?
Shall I be happy? Oh! I'm on the rack
Of expectation. Didst thou tell my tale
As if it were thy own? And may I hope—

Suf. My royal liege—

K. Edw. Good Suffolk, lay aside
The forms of dull respect, be brief, and tell me;
Speak, hast thou seen her, will she be my queen?
Quick, tell me ev'ry circumstance, each word,
Each look, each gesture; didst thou mark them,
Suffolk?

Suf. I did, and will recount it all; last night,
By your command, in secret I repair'd
To Grafton's tufted bow'r, the happy seat
Of innocence and beauty; there I found
Thy soul's best hope, the fair Elizabeth.
Ne'er did these eyes behold such sweet perfection:
I found her busy'd in the pious office
Of filial duty, tending her sick father.

K. Edw. That was a lucky moment to prefer
My humble suit: touch but the tender string
Of soft compassion in the heart, and love
Will quickly vibrate to its kindred passion.
You urg'd our royal purpose, then?

Suf. I did,

With all the warmth of friendship; dwelt with plea-
On ev'ry princely virtue that adorns [sure
Your heart: she listen'd with attention,
And echo'd back your praises.

K. Edw. Was not that
A kind of propitious omen?

Suf. Such indeed,
Hoping to find it, I call'd in the pow'rs
Of flattery to my aid, and gaz'd upon her,
As if confounded by her dazzling beauties.
Conscious she smil'd; but when, at length, I spake
Of England's monarch sighing at her feet,
The blush of virgin modesty o'erspread
Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her charms:
She turn'd aside, and as she silent bow'd
Her doubtful thanks, I mark'd the pearly tear
Steal down its secret track, and from her breast
Heard a deep sigh, she struggled to conceal;
If I have any judgment, or can trace
The hidden feelings of a woman's heart,
Her's is already fix'd: I fear, my liege,

With all that England, all that thou couldst give,
The crown would sit but heavy on her brow.

K. Edw. Not heavier, Suffolk, than it sits on mine:
My throne is irksome to me: who would wish
To be a sov'reign when Elizabeth
Prefers a subject? Then, th' impetuous Warwick,
His awful virtue will chastise my weakness.
I dread his censure, dread his keen reproaches,
And dread them more because they will be just.
I've promis'd Lewis to espouse his daughter,
To strengthen our alliance: would to heav'n
I had not! If I seek this coy refuser,
And break with France, Warwick will take th' alarm;
If once offended, he's inexorable.

Suf. I know him well. Believe me, the high
And haughty spirit, when it meets rebuke,
Is easiest check'd, and sinks into submission.
Let him, my liege, who ventures to arraign
His master's conduct, look into his own:
There ever is a corner in the heart
Open to folly; Warwick is not free
From human frailties.

K. Edw. No: ambition fires
His noble breast, love triumphs over mine:
But well thou know'st, our eyes are ever open
To others' faults, and shut against our own.
We seldom pity woes we ne'er experienc'd,
Or pardon weakness which we do not feel:
He is a hero.

Suf. Heroes are but men;
I have some cause to think so; but of that
We'll talk another time: meanwhile, my liege,
I think Lord Warwick is an useful friend.

K. Edw. Ay, and a dangerous foe; the people
To adoration love him: if he falls [love,
From his allegiance, crowds will follow him.
England has long been rent by civil broils,
And fain would rest her in the arms of peace:
Her wounds scarce clos'd, shall Edward open them,
And bid them bleed afresh? believe me, Suffolk,
I would not be the cause of new divisions
Amongst my people, for a thousand kingdoms.

Suf. 'Tis nobly said, and may thy grateful sub-
Revere thy virtues, and reward thy love. [jects

K. Edw. Oh! Suffolk, did they know but half
the cares

That wait on royalty, they would not grudge
Their wretched master a few private hours
Of social happiness. If France consents,
I am undone; and Warwick hath ere this
Enslav'd me: curse on this state policy,
That binds us thus to love at second hand!
Who knows but he may link me to a wretch;
Wed me to folly, ignorance, and pride,
Ill-nature, sickness, or deformity!
And when I'm chain'd to mis'ry, coldly tell me,
To sooth my griefs, 'twas for the public good.

Suf. How far you have commission'd him, I
know not;

But were I worthy to advise, my liege,
I would not be the dupe of his ambition,
But follow nature's dictates, and be happy.
England has charms besides Elizabeth's,
And beauties that—

K. Edw. No more; my heart is fix'd
On her alone: find out this pow'ful rival,
I charge thee, Suffolk: yet why wish to find,
What, found, will make me wretched? Were he
bound

In cords of tend'rest friendship round my heart,
Dearer than Warwick, dearer than thyself,
Forgive me, but I fear I should abhor him.
Oh! think on something that may yet be done
To win her to my heart ere Warwick comes.

Suf. I hear he is expected every hour.

K. Edw. Grant, heav'n, some friendly storm may
I dread his presence here. [yet retard him!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My liege, the Earl
Of Warwick is arriv'd.

K. Edw. Ha! when? how? where?

Would he were buried in the rapid waves
That brought him hither! Comes he here to-knight?

Mess. My liege, ere now he might have reach'd
the palace;

But that the shouting multitudes press hard
On ev'ry side, and seem to worship him. [Exit.

Suf. Such adoration

But ill befits the idol that receives it. [see him

K. Edw. What's to be done? I cannot, must not
Till all is fix'd: once more, my best-lov'd Suffolk,
Try the soft arts of thy persuasive tongue;
What method canst thou think on, to evade
This promis'd marriage with ambitious France?

Suf. Summon your council, lay your thoughts
before them;

Meet Warwick there, and urge a sov'reign's right
To please himself in that which should concern
Himself alone: firm Buckingham and I
Will plead your cause against the haughty Warwick,
Whom I would treat with cold civility
And distant state, which ever angers more
Resentful spirits, than the warmth of passion.

K. Edw. 'Tis well advis'd: meantime, if possible,
I will compose my troubled thoughts to rest:
Suffolk, adieu: if Warwick ask for me,
I am not well; I'm hunting in the forest;
I'm busy—Stay, remember what I told you
Touching the earldom which I mean to give
Her father; that may bring her to the court:
You understand me, Suffolk; fare thee well.

[Exit Suffolk.

Why should I dread to see the man I love;
The man I rev'rence? Warwick is not chang'd,
But Edward is. Suffolk, I know, abhors him.
A fav'rite must be hated: if he urges
This dreadful contract, I shall hate him too:
I cannot live without Elizabeth.

I'll think no more: if I must sacrifice
My friendship or my love, the choice is made. [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter WARWICK, speaking to an Officer.

War. 'Tis well: I shall attend his highness' plea-
sure. (Comes forward.)

Meet me i'th' council! Warwick might have claim'd
A private audience. After all my toils,
My perils in his service, 'tis a cold,
Unkind reception: some base whisperer,
Some needy sycophant, perhaps, hath poison'd
My royal master's ear; or, do I judge
Too rashly? As my embassy concerns
The public welfare, he would honour me
With public thanks. Elizabeth will chide me
For this unkind delay; but honour calls,
And duty to my king: that task perform'd,
I haste, my love, to happiness and thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

KING EDWARD, DUKES OF CLARENCE and BUCK-
INGHAM, EARLS OF SUFFOLK, PEMBROKE, &c.
discovered.

K. Edw. Good Buckingham, I thank thee for
thy counsel,

Nor blame thy honest warmth; I love this freedom;
'Tis the birthright of an Englishman,
And doth become thee: what says noble Suffolk?

Suf. I would not cross my royal master's will;
But, on my soul, I think, this nuptial league
With France prepost'rous and impolitic.
It cannot last; we are by nature foes,
And nought but mutual poverty and weakness
Can ever make us friends; she wants our aid
Against the pow'ful Burgundy; and, therefore,
Throws out this lure of beauty to ensnare you;
That purpose gain'd, she turns her arms against us.

Pem. Why, let her: if she comes with hostile arm,
England, thank heav'n! is ready to receive her:
I love my country, and revere my king,
As much, perhaps, as honest Buckingham,
Or my good fearful Lord of Suffolk here,
Who knows so well, or would be thought to know,
What France will do hereafter: yet, I think,
The faith of nations is a thing so sacred,

It ought not to be trifled with. I hate,
As much as you, th' unnatural forc'd alliance;
And yet, my lords, if Warwick is empow'r'd,
For so I hear he is, to treat with Lewis,
I know not how in honour you can swerve
From his conditions. (*Shouting.*)
Hark! the hero comes:
Those shouts proclaim him near: the joyful people
Will usher in their great deliverer
As he deserves.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.

K. Edw. Thrice welcome, noble Warwick,
Welcome to all! (*To Clarence, Pembroke, &c.*)

Suf. You've had, my lord, I fear,
An arduous task, which few could execute;
But Warwick, in the council and the field,
Alike distinguish'd, and alike successful.

K. Edw. What says our cousin France?

War. By me, my liege,
He greets you well, and hopes in closer ties
United soon to wear a dearer name.
At length, thank heav'n! the iron gates of war
Are clos'd, and peace displays her silken banners
O'er the contending nations; ev'ry doubt
Is now remov'd, and confidence establish'd,
I hope, to last for ages.

K. Edw. Peace, my lord,
Is ever welcome; 'tis the gift of heav'n,
The nurse of science, art's fair patroness,
And merit's best protector; but if France
Would chain us down to ignominious terms,
Cramp our free commerce, and infringe the rights
Of our liege subjects, England may repent
Too late her rash credulity, and peace
With all her blessings may be bought too dear.

War. The shame would then be his who made the
If any doubt my faith, my honest zeal [*purchase*
For thee and for my country, let him speak,
And I will answer: punish me, just heav'n,
If in the task I have consulted aught
But England's honour, and my sov'reign's glory!

K. Edw. Mistake me not, good Warwick; well
I know

Thy spotless truth, thy honour, and thy love;
But glory has no further charms for me:
Rais'd by thy pow'rful aid to England's throne,
I ask no more: already I am great
As fame and fortune with their smiles can make me,
And all I wish for now is to be happy. [*care:*

War. That, too, my liege, has been thy Warwick's
Happy thou shalt be if the fairest form
That ever caught a gazing lover's eye,
Join'd to the sweetest, most engaging virtues
Can make thee so. Bona accepts with joy
Thy proffer'd hand: she is, indeed, a gem
Fit to adorn the brightest crown; to see
Is to admire her; trust me, England's self,
The seat of beauty, and the throne of love,
Boasts not a fairer.

K. Edw. Beauty, good my lord,
Is all ideal; 'tis the wayward child
Of fancy, shifting with the changeful wind
Of fond opinion; what to you appears
The model of perfection, may disgust
My strange, capricious taste.

War. Such charms would fix
Inconstancy itself; her winning virtues,
Ev'n if her beauty fail'd, would soon subdue
The rebel heart, and you would learn to love her.

K. Edw. Is passion to be learn'd, then? wouldst
A science of affection; guide the heart, [*thou make*
And teach it where to fix? impossible!

'Tis strange philosophy! (*Rises and comes forward.*)
My lord of Warwick,
Your zeal in England's and in Edward's cause,
Merits our thanks; but for th' intended marriage
With France's daughter, it may never be.

War. Not be! it must: your sacred word is pass'd,
And cannot be recall'd: but three days since
I sign'd the contract, and my honour's pledg'd
For the performance. Heav'ns! whilst fickle France

Is branded 'midst the nations of the earth,
For breach of public faith, shall we, my liege,
Practise ourselves the vices we condemn;
Pass o'er a rival nation's ev'ry virtue,
And imitate their perfidy alone? [*part*

K. Edw. You'll pardon me, my lord; I thought it
Of a king's pow'r to have a will, to see
With his own eyes, and in life's little feast,
To cater for himself; but 'tis, it seems,
A privilege his servants can refuse him. [*conquer*
War. And so they ought: the king who cannot
His private interest for the public welfare,
Knows not his duty.

K. Edw. Kings, my lord, are born
With passions, feelings, hearts, like other men;
Nor see I yet, why Edward's happiness
Must fall a sacrifice to Warwick's honour. [*own:*

War. My honour, sir, is your's; my cause your
Who sent me, and whose image did I bear?
The image of a great and glorious king,
Or of a weak and wav'ring boy? Henceforth,
Choose from the herd of fawning sycophants,
Some needy slave for your mock embassies,
To do your work, and stain the name of England
With foul reproach. Edward, I blush for thee
And for my country; from this hour, expect
From injur'd France contempt, with deep resentment
For broken faith, and enmity eternal.

K. Edw. Eternal be it, then; for, as I prize
My inward peace, beyond the pomp of state,
And all the tinsel glare of fond ambition,
I will not wed her. Gracious heav'n! what am I?
The meanest peasant in my realm may choose
His rustic bride, and share with her the sweets
Of mutual friendship and domestic bliss;
Why should my happier subjects, then, deny me
The common rights, the privilege of nature,
And, in a land of freedom, thus conspire
To make their king the only slave amongst 'em?

War. The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules,
Uncheck'd by reason and the pow'rful voice
Of friendship, which, I fear, is heard no more
By thoughtless Edward: 'tis the curse of kings
To be surrounded by a venal herd
Of flatterers, that sooth his darling vices,
And rob their master of his subjects' love.
Nay, frown not, sirs, supported as ye are,
I fear you not: which of this noble train,
These well-beloved counsellors and friends,
Assembled here to witness my disgrace,
Have urged to this base, unmanly falsehood?
Shame on you all! to stain the spotless mind
Of uncorrupted youth, undo the work
Of Warwick's friendly hand, and give him back
A sov'reign so unlike the noble Edward. [*tion,*

Suf. My lord, we thank you for the kind sugges-
Howe'er ill-founded; and when next we meet
To give our voice in aught that may concern
The public weal, no doubt shall ask your leave
Ere we proceed.

Pem. My Lord of Suffolk, speak
But for yourself; Warwick hath too much cause
To be offended: in my poor opinion,
Whate'er you courtiers think, the best support
Of England's throne are equity and truth;
Nor will I hold that man my sov'reign's friend
Who shall exhort him to forsake his word,
And play the hypocrite: what tie shall bind
The subject to obedience, when his king,
Bankrupt in honour, gives the royal sanction
To perfidy and falsehood?

Buck. It becomes
But ill the Earl of Pembroke—

K. Edw. Good my lords,
Let us have no dissensions here; we met
For other purposes: some few days hence
We shall expect your counsel in affairs
Of moment; for the present, urge no further
This matter: fare ye well. (*The Council break up.*)

K. Edw. Lord Warwick, keep
In narrower bounds, that proud, impetuous temper;

It may be fatal : there are private reasons ;
When time befits we shall impart them to you.
Meanwhile, if you have friendship, love, or duty,
No more of Bona. I'm determin'd. [Exit.

War. So :
'Tis well ; 'tis very well ; I have deserv'd it ;
I've borne this callow eagle on my wing,
And now he spurns me from him : 'tis a change
I little look'd for, and sits heavy on me :
Alas ! how doubly painful is the wound,
When 'tis inflicted by the hand we love !
Cruel, ungrateful Edward !
Ha ! who's here ?
The captive queen ! If she has aught to ask
Of me, she comes in luckless hour, for I
Am pow'rless now.

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Will Margaret of Anjou
Thus deign to visit her acknowledg'd foe ?

Mar. Alas ! my lord, inur'd to wretchedness
As I am, and familiar with misfortune,
I harbour no resentment ; have long since
Forgot that ever Warwick was my foe,
And only wish to prove myself his friend.

War. Talk not of friendship, 'tis an empty name,
And lives but in idea ; once, indeed,
I thought I had a friend.

Mar. Whose name was—Edward ;
Read I aright, my lord ? and am I not
A shrewd diviner ? yes ; that downcast eye
And gloomy aspect say I am : you look
As if the idol, made by your own hands,
Had fallen upon and crushed you : is't not so ?

War. Amazement ! nought escapes thy piercing
And penetrating judgment : 'tis too true, [eye
I am a poor dishonour'd slave,
Not worth thy seeking ; leave me, for the tide
Of court preferment flows another way. [not

Mar. The feast, perhaps, you have provided, suits
With Edward's nicer palate ; he disdains,
How sweet soe'er, to taste a foreign banquet,
And relishes no dainties but his own :
Am I again mistaken ?

War. Sure thou deal'st
With some all-knowing spirit, who imparts
Each secret purpose to thee, else how knew'st thou
That Edward refus'd to wed the princess ?

Mar. Oh ! it requires no supernatural aid
To trace his actions, nor has Marg'ret trod
The paths of life with unobserving eye :
I could have told you this long since ; for, know,
The choice is made, the nuptial rites prepar'd,
Which, but for your return, (as unexpected
As undesired,) had been, e'er this, complete ;
And, as in duty bound, you then had paid
Your due obedience to our English queen.

War. Determin'd, say'st thou ? gracious heaven !
I am return'd. ['tis well

Mar. Indeed, my lord, you came
A little out of season ; 'twas unkind
To interrupt your master's happiness,
To blast so fair a passion in its bloom,
And check the rising harvest of his love.

War. Marg'ret, I thank thee ; yes, it must be so :
His blushes, his confusion, all confirm it ;
And yet I am amaz'd, astonish'd.

Mar. Wherefore ?
Is it so strange a youthful prince should love ?
Is it so strange a mind, unfraught with wisdom,
And lifted high with proud prosperity,
Should follow pleasure through the crooked paths
Of falsehood, should forsake an useless friend,
For the warm joys of animating beauty ?

War. No : but 'tis strange, that he who knows
how much
He ow'd to Warwick, he, who ev'ry hour
Tastes the rich stream of bounty, should forget
The fountain whence it flow'd.

Mar. Alas ! my lord,
Had you been chasten'd in affliction's school

As I have been, and taught, by sad experience,
To know mankind, you had not fall'n a prey
To such delusion.

War. Was it like a friend,
Was it like Edward to conceal his love ?
Some base, insinuating, artful woman,
With borrow'd charms, perhaps—

Mar. Hold, hold ! my lord,
Be not too rash : who fights in darkness oft
May wound a bosom friend : perhaps you wrong
The best and most accomplish'd of her sex.

War. Know you the lady ?

Mar. But as fame reports,
Of peerless beauty and transcendent charms ;
But of her virtues, I must ask of—you.

War. Of me ? what virtues ? whose ?

Mar. Elizabeth's.

War. Amazement ! no ; it must not, it cannot be :
Elizabeth ! he could not, dare not do it !
Confusion ! I shall soon discover all. (Aside.)
But what have I to do with Edward's choice,
Whoe'er she be, if he refuses mine ?

Mar. Dissimulation sits but ill, my lord,
On minds like your's : I am a poor weak woman,
And so, it seems, you think me. But suppose
That same all-knowing spirit which you rais'd,
Who condescends so kindly to instruct me,
Should whisper (Warwick knows the power of love
As well as Edward) that Elizabeth
Was his first wish, the idol of his soul ;
What say you ? might I venture to believe it ?

War. Marg'ret, you might ; for 'tis in vain to hide
A thought from thee ; it might have told you, too,
If it be so, there is not such a wretch
On earth as Warwick : give me but the proof.

Mar. Lord Suffolk was last night despatch'd to
Grafton,
To offer her a share in Edward's throne.

War. Which she refus'd : did she not, Marg'ret ?
She did. [say,

Mar. I know not that, my lord ; but crowns
Are dazzling meteors in a woman's eye ;
Such strong temptations, few of us, I fear,
Have virtue to resist.

War. Elizabeth
Has every virtue ; I'll not doubt her faith.

Mar. Edward is young and handsome.

War. Curses on him !
Think'st thou he knew my fond attachment there ?

Mar. Oh ! passing well, my lord ; and when 'twas
urg'd,

How deeply 'twould affect you, swore by heav'n,
Imperious Warwick ne'er should be the master
Of charms like her's ; 'twas happiness, he said,
Beyond a subject's merit to deserve,
Beyond his hope to wish for or aspire to. [been

War. But for that Warwick, Edward's self had
A subject still ; and may be so, hereafter.
Thou smil'st at my misfortunes.

Mar. I must smile
When I behold a subtle statesman thus
Dup'd and deluded by a shallow boy ;
Sent on a fruitless errand to expose
His country and himself ; it was, indeed,
A master stroke of policy, beyond, [green
One should have thought, the reach of years so
As Edward's, to despatch the weeping lover,
And seize the glorious opportunity
Of tamp'ring with his mistress here at home.

War. Did Neville, Rutland, Clifford, bleed for
this ?

Mar. For this doth Henry languish in a dungeon,
And wretched Marg'ret live a life of woe :
For this you gave the crown to pious Edward,
And thus he thanks you for his kingdom.

War. Crowns
Are baubles, fit for children like himself
To play with ; I have scatter'd many of them :
But thus to cross me in my dearest hope,
The sweet reward of all my toils for him

And for his country; if I suffer it,
If I forgive him, may I live the scorn
Of men, a branded coward, and old age
Without or love or rev'rence be my portion!
Henceforth, good Marg'ret, know me for thy friend:
We will have noble vengeance. Are there not
Still left amongst the lazy sons of peace,
Some busy spirits who wish well to thee
And to thy cause?

Mar. There are: resentment sleeps,
But is not dead; beneath the hollow cover
Of loyalty, the slumb'ring ashes lie
Unheeded; Warwick's animating breath
Will quickly light them into flames again. [thee:]

War. Then, Edward, from this moment I abjure
Oh! I will make thee ample recompense
For all the wrongs that I have done the house
Of Lancaster: go, summon all thy friends;
Be quick, good Marg'ret; haste ere I repent,
And yield my soul to perjur'd York again.
The king, I think, gives you free liberty
To range abroad.

Mar. He doth, and I will use it
As I would ever use the gift of foes,
To his destruction.

War. That arch-pander, Suffolk,
That minister of vice—But time is precious;
To-morrow, Marg'ret, we will meet in private,
And have some further conference; meantime,
Devise, consult, use ev'ry means against
Our common foe: remember, from this hour,
Warwick's thy friend: be secret and be happy.

[Exit.]

Mar. What easy fools these cunning statesmen
With all their policy, when once they fall [are,
Into a woman's pow'r! This gallant leader,
This blust'ring Warwick, how the hero shrunk
And lessen'd to my sight! Elizabeth,
I thank thee for thy wonder-working charms;
The time, perhaps, may come, when I shall stand
Indebted to them for—the throne of England.
Proud York beware, for Lancaster's great name
Shall rise superior in the lists of fame:
Fortune that long had frown'd, shall smile at last,
And make amends for all my sorrows past. [Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU, LADY CLIFFORD,
and Attendants.

Mar. (To a Gentleman.) Despatch these letters
straight to Scotland; this
To the French envoy; these to the Earl of Pem-
broke. (Turning to Lady Clifford.)
Thus far, my friend, hath fortune favour'd us
Beyond our hopes: the soul of haughty Warwick
Is all on fire, and puling Edward loves
With most romantic ardour. Oh! my Clifford,
You would have smil'd to see how artfully
I play'd upon him: flatter'd, sooth'd, provok'd,
And wrought him to my purpose: we are link'd
In firmest bonds of amity and love.

Lady C. Hath Warwick, then, so soon forgot
his Edward?
Think'st thou the frantic Earl will e'er exert
His ill-directed powers to pull down
The royal structure which himself had rais'd?
Never.

Mar. What is there disappointed love
And unrestrain'd ambition will not do?
I tell thee, we are sworn and cordial friends.

Lady C. Thou know'st he hates the house of Lan-
caster.

Mar. No matter; he has marvellous good skill
In making kings, and I have business for him.

Lady C. And canst thou, then, forget the cruel
wrongs,
The deep-felt inj'ries of oppressive Warwick,
To join the hand that forg'd thy husband's chains,
And robb'd thee of a crown?

Mar. But what, my Clifford,
If the same hand that ravish'd, should restore it?
'Tis a court friendship, and may last as long

As int'rest shall direct: I've not forgot,
No, nor forgiv'n; I hate, abhor, detest him;
But I will use him as my instrument,
My necessary tool; I'll make him draw
His trait'rous sword, to sheath it in the breast
Of him he loves, then point it to his own:
Yes, Clifford, I have twin'd me round his heart;
Like the fell serpent, crept into his bosom,
That I might sting more surely: he shall perish;
I keep him for the last dear precious morsel,
To crown the glorious banquet of revenge.

Lady C. 'Tis what he merits from us; yet th' at-
tempt

Were dang'rous, he is still the people's idol.

Mar. And so, perhaps, shall Marg'ret be; ap-
Waits on success; the fickle multitude [plause
(Like the light straw that floats along the stream)
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.
Our prospect brightens every hour: the people
Are ripe for a revolt: by civil wars,
Long time inur'd to savage scenes of plunder
And desolation, they delight in war: [ter,
These English heroes, when once flesh'd with slaugh-
Like the keen mastiff, lose not soon the track
Of vengeance, nor forget the taste of blood.

Lady C. What further succours have we to de-
Beside Earl Warwick's? [pend on,

Mar. Oh! his name alone
Will be an army to us.

Lady C. If we have it:
Resentment is a short-liv'd passion. What
If Warwick should relent, and turn again
To Edward?

Mar. Then I have a bosom friend
That shall be ready to reward him for it;
But I have better hopes: without his aid,
We are not friendless: Scotland's hardy sons,
Who smile at danger, and defy the storm,
Will leave their barren mountains to defend
That liberty they love: add, too, the aid
Of gallant Pembroke, and the pow'rs which France
Will send to vindicate her injur'd honour:
E'er Edward can collect his force and take
The field, we shall be thirty thousand strong.

Lady C. But what becomes of the young prince?

Mar. Ay; there
I am, indeed, unhappy. Oh! my child,
How shall I set him free? Hear, nature, hear
A mother's pray'r! oh! guide me with thy counsel,
And teach me how to save my darling boy.
Ay, now I have it: monitress divine,
I thank thee: yes; I wait but for the means
Of his escape, then fly this hated palace,
Nor will return till I can call it mine. [Exeunt.]

Enter KING EDWARD and the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

K. Edw. I fear we've gone too far: th' indignant
Warwick [folk,
Ill brook'd our steady purpose; mark'd you, Suf-
With what an eye of scorn he turn'd him from us,
And low'r'd defiance: that prophetic woman!
Half of her curse already is fulfill'd,
And I have lost my friend.

Suf. Some friends, perhaps,
Are better lost: you'll pardon me, my liege;
But, were it fitting, I could tell a tale
Would soon convince you Warwick is as weak—

K. Edw. As Edward, thou wouldst say.

Suf. But 'twill distress
Thy noble heart too much; I dare not, sir;
Yet one day you must know it.

K. Edw. Then, by thee
Let it be told me, Suffolk; thy kind hand
Will best administer the bitter draught:
Go on, my Suffolk; speak, I charge thee, speak.

Suf. That rival whom thou wish'd me to dis-
cover— [thou found

K. Edw. Ay, what of him? quick, tell me, hast
The happy traitor? give me but to know,
That I may wreak my speedy vengeance on him.

Suf. Suppose that rival were the man whom
most

You lov'd, the man, perhaps, whom most you fear'd;
Suppose 'twere—Warwick.

K. Edw. Ha! it cannot be:

I would not think it for a thousand worlds.

Warwick in love with her, impossible!

Now, Suffolk, do I fear thou speak'st from envy

And jealous hatred of the noble Warwick,

Not from the love of justice or of Edward:

Where didst thou learn this falsehood?

Suf. From the lips

Of truth, from one whose honour and whose word
You will not question; from—Elizabeth. [so.

K. Edw. From her! nay, then, I fear it must be

Suf. When last I saw her, for again I went

By your command, though hopeless of success,

With all the little eloquence that I

Was master of, I urg'd your ardent passion;

Told her how much, how tenderly you lov'd her,

And press'd with eagerness to know the cause

Of her unkind refusal; till at length,

Reluctantly, with blushes she confess'd [ness,

There was a cause: she thank'd you for your good-

'Twas more she said, much more than she deserv'd,

She ever should revere her king: and if

She had a heart to give, it should be—Edward's.

K. Edw. So kind, and yet so cruel: well, go on.

Suf. Then told me all the story of her love,

That Warwick long had woo'd her; that her hand

Was promis'd; soon as he return'd from France,

Though once her father cruelly oppos'd it,

They were, by his consent, to be united.

K. Edw. Oh! never, Suffolk, may I live to see

That dreadful hour! Designing hypocrite!

Are these his arts, is this the friend I lov'd?

By heav'n! she shall be mine; I will assert

A sov'reign's right, and tear her from him. What

If he rebel—another civil war!

'Tis terrible. Oh! that I could shake off

This cumbrous garb of majesty that clings

So close around me, meet him man to man,

And try who best deserves her: but when kings

Grow mad, their guiltless subjects pay the forfeit.

Horrible thought! Good Suffolk, for awhile

I would be private; therefore, wait without;

Let me have no intruders; above all,

Keep Warwick from my sight. [Exit Suffolk.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.

War. Behold him here;

No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask

My Lord of Suffolk's leave: there was a time

When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain

Admission herè.

K. Edw. There was a time, perhaps, [it.

When Warwick more desir'd and more deserv'd

War. Never; I've been a foolish faithful slave;

All my best years, the morning of my life,

Hath been devoted to your service: what

Are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy;

My spotless name, which never yet the breath

Of calumny had tainted, made the mock

For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit

Who trust in princes, should be thus rewarded.

K. Edw. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid

Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r

Unlimited: thy all-directing hand

Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel

Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:

Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward

Stood like a cipher in the great account. [thee

War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated

On England's throne? thy undistinguish'd name

Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprung,

And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick

Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,

And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,

This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like

To fall by its own self-destroying hand, [Rome,

Tost for so many years in the rough sea

Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.

In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,

Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd

Your shatter'd vessel safe into the harbour.

You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid

Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,

He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

K. Edw. Know, too, reproach for benefits re-
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation. [ceiv'd,

War. Why, that, indeed, is frugal honesty,

A thrifty saving knowledge, when the debt

Grows burthensome, and cannot be discharg'd.

A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

K. Edw. When you have counted o'er the nu-
merous train

Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,

You may remember next the inj'ries

Which I have done you; let me know 'em all,

And I will make you ample satisfaction.

War. Thou canst not; thou hast robb'd me of a

It is not in thy pow'r to restore: [jewel

I was the first, shall future annals say,

That broke the sacred bond of public trust

And mutual confidence; ambassadors,

In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,

Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name

To witness, that they want not an example,

And plead my guilt, to sanctify their own.

Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves [Warwick

That haunt your court, could none be found but

To be the shameless herald of a lie? [on me?

K. Edw. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach

If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name

Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels

That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me

A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd;

My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance;

Her wounds will never close!

K. Edw. These gusts of passion

Will but inflame them; if I have been right

Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars

Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds

As deep, though not so fatal; such, perhaps,

As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

War. Elizabeth!

K. Edw. Nay, start not, I have cause

To wonder most: I little thought, indeed,

When Warwick told me I might learn to love,

He was, himself, so able to instruct me:

But I've discover'd all.

War. And so have I;

Too well I know thy breach of friendship there;

Thy fruitless, base endeavours to supplant me.

K. Edw. I scorn it, sir; Elizabeth hath charms,

And I have equal right with you t'admire them:

Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,

So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,

That he alone should revel in the charms

Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.

I knew not of your love.

War. By heav'n! 'tis false;

You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,

Whilst I was busy'd in the noble office

Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,

To tamper with a weak, unguarded woman,

To bribe her passions high, and basely steal

A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.

K. Edw. How know you that? But be it as it may,

I had a right, nor will I tamely yield

My claim to happiness, the privilege

To choose the partner of my throne and bed:

It is a branch of my prerogative. [rants:

War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of ty-

A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown

With specious lustre, lent but to betray:

You had it, sir, and hold it from the people.

K. Edw. And therefore do I prize it; I would guard

Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine:

But when proud faction and her rebel crew

Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,

And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people,

In justice to themselves, will then defend

His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.

War. Go to your darling people, then; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them.

K. Edw. Is it so, my lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
But, henceforth, know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so: the king who delegates
His pow'r to others' hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.

War. Look well, then, to your own;
It sits but loosely on your head; for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.

K. Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward:
You may repent it, sir. My guards, there; seize
This traitor and convey him to the Tow'r!
There let him learn obedience.

Enter Guards, who seize Warwick.

War. Slaves, stand off:
If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
Whom it so long has serv'd; there's not a part
In this old faithful steel, that is not stain'd
With English blood in grateful Edward's cause.
Give me my chains, they are the bands of friendship,
Of a king's friendship; for his sake, awhile,
I'll wear them.

K. Edw. Hence: away with him.

War. 'Tis well:
Exert your pow'r, it may not last you long;
For know, though Edward may forget his friend,
That England will not. Now, sir, I attend you.

[Exeunt Warwick and Guards.]

K. Edw. Presumptuous rebel! Ah! who's there?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My liege,
Queen Marg'ret with the prince her son are fled;
In a few hours she hopes (for so we learn
From those who have pursu'd her) to be join'd
By th' Earl of Warwick; in his name, it seems,
She has already rais'd three thousand men.

K. Edw. Warwick in league with her? Oh,
heav'n! 'tis well

We've crush'd the serpent ere his poison spread
Throughout our kingdom: guard the palace gates,
Keep double watch; summon my troops together.
Where is my brother Clarence, Buckingham,
And Pembroke? We must check this foul rebellion.

[Exit Messenger.]

Enter the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Suf. My liege, the Duke of Clarence—

K. Edw. What of him? *[him]*

Suf. Hath left the court; this moment I beheld
In conf'rence deep with Pembroke, who, it seems,
Is Marg'ret's firmest friend: 'tis whisper'd, both
Will join the Queen.

K. Edw. Well; 'tis no matter: I
Have deeper cause for grief; he cannot feel
A brother's falsehood who has lost a friend,
A friend like Warwick. Suffolk, thou behold'st me
Betray'd, deserted by the man I lov'd;
Treated with indifference by her
Whom I ador'd, forsaken by my brother,
And threaten'd by the subjects I protect;
Oppress'd on every side: but thou shalt see
I have a soul superior to misfortunes.
Though rebel Clarence wrings my tortur'd heart,
And faithless Warwick braves me, we will yet
Maintain our right. Come on, my friend, thou know'st
Without his boasted aid I could have gain'd
The crown, without him now I will preserve it.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Tower.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.

War. Mistaken mortals plan delusive schemes
Of bliss, and call futurity their own,
Yet are not masters of a moment. This
Was the appointed time, the very day

Which should have join'd me to Elizabeth
In nuptial bonds: Oh! cruel memory,
Do not torment me. If there be a crime
Of deeper die than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis—ingratitude.
'Tis now two years since Henry lost the crown,
And here he is, ev'n in this very prison
A fellow captive now: disgraceful thought!
How will he smile to meet his conqu'ror here!
Oh! for that stoic apathy which lulls
The drowsy soul to sweet forgetfulness!
But 'twill not be: Elizabeth, where art thou?
Perhaps with Edward—Oh! that thought distracts
It is, I fear, as Marg'ret said; she's false. *[me:]*
But when I look on these, can I expect
To find one virtue left in human kind?
My Pembroke too! am I so soon forgotten?
Oh! no; he comes—

Enter the EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. My friend!

War. My Pembroke, welcome:
Thee I have ever found most just and kind;
But, in the darkness of adversity,
The jewel friendship shines with double lustre.

Pem. I am not of the insect train that bask
In fortune's sunshine, and when ev'ning damps
Arise, are seen no more: no, Warwick; what
I speak, I mean: you have been hardly treated.

War. Oh! Pembroke, didst thou know but half
the wrongs

That I have suffer'd, thou wouldst pity me.

Pem. I would do more, much more, my Warwick:
Who only pities, but insults the wretched: *[he]*
I come with nobler views; I come to tell thee,
That I have felt thy inj'ries as my own,
And will revenge them too.

War. How kind thou art
To feel for Warwick!

Pem. Ev'ry honest breast
Must feel the inj'ries that a good man suffers:
Thine is the common cause of all: adieu
To English freedom, when our liberty
Shall be dependent on a sov'reign's nod,
When years of honest service shall be paid
With infamy and chains.

War. I've not deserv'd them. *[hast great]*

Pem. Nor shalt thou wear them long: for thou
And pow'rful friends—the noble Duke of Clarence—
Behold his signet: this, my Warwick, gain'd me
Admission here. We must be secret.

War. Then I am not forsaken: Clarence!—Ha!

Pem. Yes;
The gallant youth, with honest zeal, declar'd
He lov'd his brother much, but justice more.

War. Then, Edward, I defy thee: gen'rous Cla-
rence!

Thou know'st the man who thus could treat a friend,
Would soon forget a brother. But say, Pembroke,
How stands the Duke of Buckingham?

Pem. Fast bound
To Edward; he and that smooth courtier, Suffolk,
Are the two rotten pillars that support
His tott'ring throne: but Marg'ret—

War. Ay; how fares
My new ally? has she escap'd the tyrant?

Pem. She has; and by some wondrous means con-
To free her captive son. *[triv'd]*

War. Though I abhor,
I must admire that enterprising woman:
Her active mind is ever on the wing
In search of fresh expedients, to recover
The crown she lost.

Pem. Aready she has rais'd
A pow'rful army; all the secret foes
Of York's ambitious line rush forth in crowds,
And join her standard: ere to-morrow's sun
Shall dawn upon us, she will set thee free.

War. Oh! Pembroke, nothing wounds the gen'rous
So deep as obligations to a foe. *[mind]*
Is there no way to liberty, my friend,
But through the bloody paths of civil war?

Pem. I fear there is not.

War. Then it must be so:

I could have wish'd—but freedom and revenge,
On any terms, are welcome.

Pem. Here, then, join we
Our hands—

War. Our hearts.

Pem. Now, Warwick, be thou firm
In thy resolves; let no unmanly fears,
No foolish, fond remembrance of past friendship
Unnerve thy arm, or shake thy steady purpose.

War. No; by my wrongs it shall not: once, thou
know'st,

I lov'd him but too well, and these vile chains
Are my reward. Oh! give me but the use
Of this once-pow'rful arm, and thou shalt see
How it shall punish falsehood. Are thy forces
Prepar'd?

Pem. They are, and wait but for my orders;
Clarence will join us soon: our first great end
Is to secure thy liberty; that done,
We haste to seize the palace, and redeem
The fair Elizabeth.

War. Redeem her, ha!

Is she a captive, too?

Pem. A willing slave;
A gay state pris'ner, left to roam at large
O'er the young monarch's palace.

War. Ay, my Pembroke,
That's more inviting than a prison. Oh!
She's false, she's false. Who sent her there?

Pem. She came,
It seems, to thank him for his royal bounties
To her good father, the new Earl of Rivers,
Who will, no doubt, persuade her to accept—

War. Of Edward's hand. Distraction! fly, my
friend,

Haste thee to Marg'ret, tell her if she hopes
For Warwick's aid, she must release him now,
Ere Edward's ill-tim'd mercy shall prevent her.

Pem. I go; my friend, adieu! when next we meet,
I hope to bring thee liberty. [Exit.

War. Farewell.

She's lost! she's gone! that base seducer, Edward,
Hath wrought on her weak mind; it must be so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the Lady Elizabeth.

War. Amazement! sure,
It cannot be! admit her, sir. Why, what [Exit *Mess.*
Could bring her here? Edward has sent her hither
To see if I will crouch to him for pardon:
Be still, my jealous heart.

Enter LADY ELIZABETH GREY.

Eliz. My Warwick!

War. 'Tis a grace I look'd not for,
That a fair fav'rite, who so late had tasted
The pleasures of a court, should condescend
To visit thus a poor abandon'd captive.

Eliz. I come to take my portion of misfortune,
To pour the balm of comfort in, and heal,
If possible, the wounds which I had made.
Too well I know, I was the fatal cause
Of all thy sorrows; but the noble Edward,
For so, indeed, he is—

War. And art thou come
To plead the cause of him who sent me hither?

Eliz. I came to be the messenger of peace,
To calm thy troubled soul, and give thee rest;
To teach my Warwick to forget his wrongs.

War. Forget my wrongs! was that thy errand
To teach me low submission to a tyrant? [here,
To ask forgiveness, kneel, and deprecate
The wrath of blust'ring Edward? If thou com'st
On terms like these to bring me freedom, know
It will not be accepted: now I see
Through all your arts; by heav'n! I'd rather lose
A thousand lives, than owe one to his bounty.

Eliz. Either my Warwick is much chang'd, and
I fear he is, or he would never talk [so
Thus coldly to me; never would despise
A life so precious, if he knew how much

Elizabeth had suffer'd to preserve it.

The gallant Edward, won by my entreaties—

War. Entreaties! didst thou then descend so low
As to entreat him for me?

Eliz. Hadst thou seen,
When I implor'd him to forgive my Warwick,
How kind he look'd, how his repenting heart,
Heav'd with the pangs of agonizing friendship,
Thou wouldst have pity'd him.

War. Deceitful woman,
I see thy falsehood now; I am betray'd,
And thou art leagu'd with Edward to destroy me.

Go to your royal lover, and unite
Those only fit companions for each other,
A broken friendship, and a perjurd love:
Give up discarded Warwick, and to make
The compact firm, cement it with my blood.

Eliz. I thought the soul of Warwick far above
Such mean suspicions. Shall the man, whose truth,
Whose constancy, and love, have been so long
My bright example, shall he stoop so low
As thus to listen to an idle tale

Told by some prating courtier? If, indeed,
Thou couldst believe it, I should pity thee.

War. Where is your father, the new Earl of Rivers?
Why sends he not his forces to our aid?

Eliz. He cannot: honour, gratitude, forbid
That he should lift up his rebellious arm
Against his benefactor! well thou know'st,
Of late, when civil discord reign'd amongst us,
He fought with Henry, and with Henry fell:
When injur'd Edward gen'rously forgave,
Restor'd his forfeit lands, and late advanc'd him
To rank and title.

War. Infamy and shame!
The common nets which fearful knav'ry spreads
To catch ambition's fools: mean, sordid bribes!
We know the treasure they were meant to purchase.

Eliz. Unkind suggestion! how have I deserv'd it?
Have I for this refus'd a youthful monarch,
And spurn'd his offer'd sceptre at my feet,
To be reproach'd at last by cruel Warwick?
Had I once listen'd to him, had these eyes
Been dazzled with the splendour of a court,
I need not thus have chang'd it for a dungeon.
But since I am suspected, witness heav'n,
And witness Warwick, to my vows! henceforth,
Dear as thou art, I cast thee from my love;
Elizabeth will never wed a traitor.

War. Am I awake? and did Elizabeth
Say she would never wed her faithful Warwick?
Then bear me witness too, all-judging heav'n!
Here yield I up all visionary dreams
Of future bliss, of liberty, or life;
Ev'n the sweet hope of vengeance, that alone
Sustain'd my spirit, loses all its charms;
I wish'd for freedom but to purchase thine;
For life, but to enjoy it with my love,
And she disclaims me.

Eliz. Heav'n forbid! Oh! Warwick,
Let not the tide of passion thus overwhelm
Thy reason.

War. Canst thou pardon me? Thou know'st
Th' unguarded warmth, the weakness of my nature.
I would not wrong thee, but I've been so oft,
So cruelly deceiv'd.

Eliz. I know thou hast;
But never by Elizabeth.

War. Oh! no;
It is impossible that perfidy
Should wear a form like thine. (Looking at her.)
I wonder not

That Edward lov'd; no, when I look on thee,
All beauteous, all enchanting as thou art,
By heav'n! I think I could almost forgive him.

Eliz. Then wherefore not be reconcil'd?

War. To whom?
The author of my wrongs? It cannot be:
Know, I have promis'd Marg'ret to destroy him.

Eliz. Destroy thy friend! ungen'rous, cruel War-
wick!

Is't not enough that thou hast triumph'd here?
Already we have pierc'd his noble heart
With the keen pangs of disappointed love: [rows?
And wouldst thou wound his breast with added sor-
Wouldst thou involve a nation in his ruin?

War. Elizabeth, no more: alas! too well
Thou know'st, there is a pow'rful advocate
In Warwick's breast, that pleads for perjur'd Ed-
ward. [wick!—

Eliz. Cherish the soft emotion: Oh! my War-

War. That angel form can never plead in vain;
But, then, my friends, where is the solemn vow
To Marg'ret and to Pembroke? there's the tie;
My honour's dearer to me—

Eliz. Than thy love;
Dearer, much dearer, than Elizabeth!
But I have done: farewell, my lord, I see
Thy deep resentment is not to be mov'd
By my weak influence o'er thee. (Going.)

War. Stay, I charge thee. [idol

Eliz. What is this phantom, honour? this proud
That tramples thus on ev'ry humble virtue?
This cruel, bloody Moloch, that delights
In human sacrifice? Oh! would to heav'n
I were its only victim! but with me,
You offer up your country and your king.

War. Think on my vow, think on my promise
giv'n. [grant

Eliz. Thy league with Marg'ret must be fatal:
We should succeed, and Lancaster once more
Assume the throne, how dear the victory
That's purchas'd with our fellow subjects' blood!
Alas! such triumphs make the conqu'ror weep.
But, if we fail—

War. Impossible!

Eliz. Oh! think,
Betimes, what dreadful punishments await
The vanquish'd rebel: thou, perhaps, my love,
Shalt then be doom'd on th' ignominious block
To fall inglorious; and, when thou'rt gone,
Who shall defend thy poor Elizabeth? [pose,

War. Alarming thought! it staggers my firm pur-
And makes me half a villain.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Madam, the king demands your presence, I
Have orders to convey you to the palace.

War. And wilt thou leave me?

Eliz. This, my Warwick, this
Is the decisive moment; now determine;
Accept of mercy, ere it be too late;
Ere hasty Edward—Shall I say thou wilt
Return to thy obedience, and receive
Thy pardon? shall I? speak, my love.

War. Perhaps

I may accept it, if 'tis brought by thee.

Eliz. Then we shall meet in happiness.

War. Farewell! [Exeunt Eliz. and Officer.
Now to those worst companions in affliction,
My own sad thoughts again; they're gloomy all,
And, like my habitation, full of horror.
I like not Edward's message: if he hears
My league with Margaret, he still has pow'r
To make me feel his rage: I have deserv'd it.

(A trampling heard without.)

Methought I heard a noise: this way they come.
Perhaps it is the messenger of death.

Re-enter the EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. The messenger of vengeance; see her sword:
Accept it, and be free. (Offers the sword.)

War. First, let me know
To whom I am indebted for't.

Pem. To me.

Soon as the rumour of thy foul disgrace
Had reach'd the public ear, th' impatient people,
Uncertain of thy fate, tumultuous throng'd
Around the palace, and demanded thee;
Give us our Warwick, give us back, they cry'd,
Our hero, our deliverer: I stepp'd forth,
And bade them, instant, if they wish'd to save
The best of men from infamy and death,
To follow me: transported they obey'd:

I led them hither; forc'd the prison-gates,
And brought thee this: direct it as thou wilt.
(Gives the sword.)

War. Welcome once more, thou dearest gift of
heav'n,

Immortal liberty! my friend, I thank thee.
Oh! Pembroke, would thou hadst been here! my
My dear Elizabeth is true. [love,

Pem. At least
You think so.

War. She has told me such sweet truths;
Edward repents him sorely, he is griev'd
At his ingratitude.

Pem. And well he may;
I fear thou art betray'd: alas! my Warwick,
Thy open, gen'rous, unsuspecting virtue
Thinks ev'ry heart as honest as thy own.
Thou know'st not Edward nor Elizabeth.
The kingdom is in arms, and ev'ry hour
It is expected France will join the queen:
England will want its great protector's aid.
Edward and Rivers have conspir'd to cheat
Thy credulous ear, and who so fit to spread
The flimsy web as thy Elizabeth,
Their fair ambassadress? I see thou'rt caught.

War. By heav'n! it may be so: I am the sport
Of fortune and of fraud.

Pem. Away, my friend:
It is not now a time to think of her:
Marg'ret, supported by thy pow'rful name,
And join'd by Clarence, wait us at the head
Of fifteen thousand men; who, eager all
To crush a tyrant, and pull down oppression,
Attend thy wish'd-for presence; not a soldier
Will act or move till Warwick shall direct them.
Edward and England's fate depend on thee.

War. Away, my friend, I'll follow thee.
[Exit Pembroke.]

Yet, stop
A moment; let not passion hurry me
To base dishonour: if my country calls
For Warwick's aid, shall I not hear her voice,
And save her? Pembroke may have private views,
And subtle Marg'ret, too. Elizabeth!
I must not lose thee. Oh! direct me, heav'n! [Exit.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter LADY ELIZABETH GREY

Eliz. The royal pardon came too late, and Pem-
Already has releas'd him: he is gone! [broke
Elizabeth may never see him more!
A thousand terrors haunt me; a fond father,
A guiltless sov'reign, a distracted lover;
Fame, fortune, friends, and country, all depend
On one eventful moment: hark! the sound
Of distant groans: perhaps the king—perhaps
My Warwick bleeds. Oh! agonizing thought!
Great God of armies, whose all-guiding hand
Directs the fate of nations, oh! look down
On thy own image; let not cruel discord
Divide their kindred souls! in pity hear!
Pour thy benignant spirit o'er their hearts,
And once more knit them in the bonds of peace!

Enter the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Suf. The pray'r of innocence is always heard.
Eliz. Ha! Suffolk, whither hast'st thou? art thou
come—

Suf. I come to heal thy sorrows, lovely fair one,
To tell thee, Edward, and thy much-lov'd Warwick,
Once more are friends.

Eliz. Indeed! Oh, welcome news!
My joy's too great for utterance: tell me, Suffolk,
How was it? speak, is Warwick safe? Oh, heav'n!

Suf. A moment's patience, and I'll tell thee all.
Marg'ret, thou know'st, had rais'd a pow'rful force,
That doubled Edward's troops: elate with pride,
And almost sure of victory, she urg'd
The tardy spearmen; on they rush'd as if
Secure of conquest: the unhappy king
Stood nobly firm, and seem'd to brave his fate,
When Warwick, like a guardian god, appear'd:
His noble mien and all-commanding look

Struck deep attention; ev'ry eye was bent
Upon him, and an awful silence reign'd
O'er either host; he rais'd his voice on high,
And, "Stop," he cry'd, "your sacrilegious hands,
Nor touch my friend: who pierces Edward's breast,
Must pass through mine. I rais'd him to the throne,
And will support him there: to you I gave,
From you, my fellow-soldiers, I expect him:
Howe'er his cruel wrongs have wounded me,
He never injur'd you, and I forgive him."
He spake, and instant through the gazing crowd
A murmur ran; down dropp'd their nerveless arms,
As if enchanted by some magic pow'r, [ward!]
And with one voice they cry'd, "Long live King Ed-

Eliz. How pow'rful is the tongue of eloquence,
When in the cause of virtue! Well, what follow'd?

Suf. Encourag'd by the shouting soldiers, Edward
On like a modest virgin wishing came,
Yet fearful; Warwick, with a bridegroom's speed,
To meet him flew; into each other's arms
They ran with speechless joy: the tender scene
Affected ev'ry heart, and the rough soldier,
Unus'd to melting sympathy, forgot
His ruthless nature, and dissolv'd in tears.

Eliz. Sweet reconciliation! then, Elizabeth,
Thou didst not plead in vain. But, say, how brook'd
The haughty Queen this unexpected change?

Suf. Abash'd, confounded, for awhile she strove
To stem the torrent, but in vain; then fled
Precipitate.

Eliz. But where, oh! where's my Warwick?

Suf. With a few chosen squadrons he pursues
The disappointed Marg'ret.

Eliz. Oh, my fears!
I know not why, but at that hateful name
I tremble ever; my foreboding heart
Presages something dreadful.

Suf. Do not vex
Thy tender mind with visionary dangers. [here,

Eliz. Oh! would to heav'n that he were shelter'd
And safe within these arms!

Suf. Be not alarm'd:
He is the care of heav'n: all good men love,
All bad ones fear him.

Eliz. Such superior merit
Must have a thousand foes, the constant mark
Of envy's poison'd darts.

Suf. There Suffolk feels
The keen reproach; with blushes I confess
There was a time, when, urg'd by fond ambition,
I look'd on Warwick with a jealous eye:
But this last noble deed hath won my heart,
And I am now a convert to his virtues:
But, see, the king approaches.

Enter KING EDWARD.

K. Edw. Health and peace,
And happiness to fair Elizabeth!
Thou art no stranger to the joyful news;
The lustre of those speaking eyes declares it.

Eliz. Suffolk, ev'n now, hath bless'd me with the
tidings.

K. Edw. Oh! 'tis amazement all. Elizabeth,
When last we met, thou wert the suppliant, now
'Tis I must ask forgiveness, I who injur'd
The dearest, best of men. Oh! thou hast sav'd
Edward from shame, and England from destruction.

Eliz. Did I not say my Warwick would be just?

K. Edw. Thou didst, and on those beauteous lips
fair truth

And soft persnasion dwell. Long time he stood
Inflexible, and deaf to friendship's voice,
Listen'd to nought but all-subduing love.
In after times, thy name shall be enroll'd
Amongst the great deliv'ers of their country.

Eliz. I have no title to the lavish praise
Thy gen'rous heart bestows; I only said
What duty prompted, and what love inspir'd;
Indulgent heav'n has crown'd it with success.

K. Edw. Thou hast done all: I am indebted to
For more, much more than I can e'er repay. [thee
Long time, with shame I own, hath Warwick soar'd

Above me, but I will not be outdone
For ever by this proud, aspiring rival:
Poor as I am, there yet is one way left
To pay the debt of gratitude I owe him,
One great reward for such exalted virtues,
Thyself, Elizabeth.

Eliz. What means my lord,
My royal master?

K. Edw. Yes; when next we meet
I will bestow it on him, will resign
All my fond claim to happiness and thee;
Though thy dear image ne'er can be effac'd
From Edward's breast, though still I dote upon thee,
Though I could hang for ever on thy beauties,
Yet will I yield them to their rightful lord:
Warwick has earn'd, Warwick alone deserves them.

Eliz. Would he were here to thank thee for thy
goodness!

Know, gen'rous prince, Elizabeth has long
Admir'd thy virtues; and could love admit
Of a divided heart, the noble Edward
Would share it with his friend.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My royal liege,
The rebels are dispers'd; Queen Marg'ret's son
Was slain in the pursuit, and she—

K. Edw. I hope,
Secur'd.

Mess. Is taken pris'ner, and will soon
Be here.

K. Edw. But where's Lord Warwick?

Mess. Sir, the Queen—

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU, prisoner.

Mar. Once more I am your pris'ner.

K. Edw. 'Twill be prudent
Henceforth to keep you so.

Mar. You dare not.

Thou think'st, perhaps, that I shall sue to thee
For mercy: no; in Marg'ret of Anjou,
Thou seest the wife, and daughter of a king;
A spirit not to be subdu'd; though fall'n,
Triumphant still, and though a pris'ner, free.
For know, I bear a mind above the reach
Of fortune or of Edward. I have lost
All I could wish to live for in my child;
And gain'd what most I wish'd to gain, revenge!
Or life or death are now indiff'rent to me.

K. Edw. For thy unbounded goodness, Pow'r
Accept our praise! [supreme,

Eliz. (*Kneeling.*) Accept our humble pray'r!

Mar. Insulting piety! the common trick
Of hypocrites and slaves: when ye shall know
What Marg'ret knows, ye may not be so thankful.
Methinks, 'tis pity Warwick is not here
To join in your devotion.

Eliz. Would to heav'n
He were!

Mar. That monster! that perfidious slave!
Who broke his faith to Marg'ret and to thee;
Thy coward soul, unable to defend
The treasure thou hadst stol'n, could meanly stoop
To court the traitor whom thou dar'st not punish.
Not so the injur'd Marg'ret: she repell'd
The wrongs she felt, and the deceiver met
The fate he merited.

K. Edw. What fate? Ev'n now,
Crown'd with immortal wreaths, the hero comes
To bless his friends, and punish guilt like thine.

Mar. Proud and deluded wretches! I look down
With pity on you: captive as I am,
'Tis mine to judge and punish; be it your's
To hear and tremble.

K. Edw. Ah!

Eliz. What can this mean?

Mar. If I mistake not, Warwick is your friend,
Your lover, too, I think.

Eliz. My lord, my husband. [Warwick,

Mar. Know, then, that friend, that lover, perjur'd
Hath not an hour to live.

K. Edw. What murd'rous hand—

Mar. Mine, tyrant, mine! Think not I mean to hide

The noble deed; it is my happiness,
It is my glory: thou wilt call me base,
Blood-thirsty, cruel, savage, and revengeful;
But here I stand acquitted to myself,
And ev'ry feeling heart that knows my wrongs.
To late posterity dethroned queens
And weeping mothers shall applaud my justice.

K. Edw. Justice! on whom?

Mar. Can Edward ask me? Who
Imprison'd Henry, robb'd me of a crown,
And plac'd it on a proud usurper's head?
Who gave his sacred promise to a queen,
And broke it? Who, for which indignant heav'n
Chastis'd him, basely murder'd my sweet boy?
Bereft of honour, fortune, husband, child;
Depriv'd of ev'ry comfort, what remain'd
For me but vengeance? what for him but death?

K. Edw. What hast thou done? when? where?
speak, murd'ress, speak! [made

Mar. Press'd by surrounding multitudes, and
A slave, they dragg'd me to the conqu'ror's tent,
There the first horrid object I beheld,
Was the pale corse of my poor bleeding child:
There—as th' insulting Warwick stood, and seem'd
To triumph o'er him—from my breast I drew
A poniard forth, and plung'd it in his heart.
Th' astonish'd soldiers throng'd around him, seiz'd
And brought me here! Now to your pray'rs again.
(*Elizabeth faints.*)

K. Edw. She faints, good Suffolk; help, there!
help, support,
Assist her; lead her in. [*Exeunt Suf. and Eliz.*
If it be true,

As much I fear it is, a thousand deaths
Were punishment too little for thy guilt:
Thou shalt be tortur'd.

Mar. Tyrant, I defy thee;
Thy threats appal not me: prepare your tortures;
Let them be sharp and cruel as thyself,
All that ingenious malice can suggest,
Or pow'r inflict, 'twill be my comfort still,
They cannot be so great as those you feel.

K. Edw. Guards, take the monster hence; let her
be chain'd
In some deep dungeon, dark as her own thoughts,
There let her perish: hence, away with her.

Mar. Despair and horror visit thee! farewell!
He comes; my triumph is complete: look there!
[*Exeunt Margaret and Guards.*

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK, leaning on Soldiers.

War. Where is he? Lead me, lead me to my king.

K. Edw. My Warwick! my preserver! she shall
For this in ev'ry vein. [bleed

War. Think not of her,
She has no pow'r to hurt thee; and, with guilt
Like her's, 'tis punishment enough to live:
This is no time for vengeance; death comes on
With hasty strides; 'tis but a little while,
A few short moments, and we part for ever.
My friend—

K. Edw. I am not worthy of the name,
For I disgrac'd, dishonour'd, murder'd thee;
Edward's unkindness was the cause of all:
Canst thou forgive me?

War. Oh! may Warwick's crimes
Ne'er meet forgiveness from offended heav'n,
If, from my soul, I do not pardon, love,
And honour thee!

K. Edw. Away, let me support him;
'Tis the last office I shall e'er perform
For thee, my Warwick. Wilt thou lean upon me,
And seal my pardon with one kind embrace?

War. We never hated.

K. Edw. But my love was blind.

War. And blinder my resentment.

K. Edw. I forgot
Thy services.

War. And I remember'd not
Thou wert my king. My sweet Elizabeth,
Where is she? Edward, do not keep her from me;
We are no rivals now.

K. Edw. Shock'd at the news
Of thy untimely fate, she sunk beneath it,
And fainted in these arms; I seiz'd th' occasion,
And bade her weeping maidens bear her hence:
This would have been a dreadful sight, indeed.

Eliz. (*Without.*) I can, I will support it.

War. Ha! that voice—
Sure, 'tis Elizabeth's!

Enter LADY ELIZABETH GREY.

Eliz. Oh! give me way,
For I must see him. Oh! my Warwick!

War. Oh!
This is too much; the bitterness of death
Is to be sever'd thus from those we love.

K. Edw. Why would you bring her here?

(*To the Attendants.*)

War. Elizabeth,
Be comforted.

Eliz. Oh! no, it is my doom
Never to taste of joy or comfort more:
No; from this hateful world will I retire,
And mourn my Warwick's fate; imploring heav'n
That I may soon wear out my little store
Of hopeful days, and join thee in the tomb. [wrong,

War. That must not be: I've done my friend a
And only thou canst make atonement for it.

Thy hand, Elizabeth,—if e'er thou lov'dst,—
Observe me now—thine, Edward—for my sake
Cherish this beauteous mourner, take her from me,
As the last present of a dying friend. [more dear,

K. Edw. If aught could make the precious gift
It would be, Warwick, that it came from thee.

Oh! I will guard her with a parent's care,
From every ill, watch over and protect her;
And when the memory of thee shall awake,
As oft it will, her poignant griefs, repel
The rising sigh, wipe off the flowing tear,
And strive to charm her to forgetfulness.

War. Wilt thou, indeed? then I shall die in

Eliz. Yet thou may'st live. [peace.

War. Impossible: I feel
The hand of death press cold upon my heart,
And all will soon be o'er: I've liv'd to save
My falling country, to repent my crimes,
Redeem my honour, and restore my king.

K. Edw. Alas! my friend, the memory of thee
Will poison every bliss.

War. All-healing time,
That closes ev'ry wound, shall pour its balm
O'er thine; meanwhile, remember Warwick's fate.
I gave my word to Margaret, and broke it:
Heav'n is not to be mock'd, it soon o'ertakes us,
And in our crime we meet our punishment.
Oh! Edward, if thou hop'st that length of days
And fair prosperity shall crown thy wishes,
Beware of passion and resentment; make
Thy people's good and happiness thy own;
Discourage faction, banish flatt'ers, keep
Thy faith inviolate, and reign in peace.
I can no more—my love. Have mercy, heav'n! (*Dies*)

K. Edw. He's gone!

Eliz. And with him all my hopes of bliss.

K. Edw. Let ev'ry honour to a soldier due,
Attend the hero to his tomb; meanwhile,
Deep in the living tablet of my heart,
Will I engrave thy words, illustrious shade!
Living, thou wert my counsellor and friend,
And dead, I will remember and obey thee. [thee.

Eliz. Warwick, farewell; I shall not long survive

K. Edw. I hope thou wilt. Elizabeth, remember
His dying charge, think on thy promise giv'n.
Thou shalt remain with me, with me lament
Our common benefactor; we will sit
And talk together of my Warwick's virtues;
For I will try to emulate them all,
And learn, by copying him, to merit thee.
His great example shall inspire my breast
With patriot zeal, shall teach me to subdue
The pow'r of faction, vanquish party rage,
And make me, what alone I wish to be,
The happy king of an united people. [*Exeunt.*

THE CONFEDERACY;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.



JANE HUGHES

Act V.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MONEYTRAP
GRIPE
DICK
BRASS

JESSAMINE
CLIP
CLARISSA
ARAMINTA

CORINNA
FLIPPANTA
MRS. AMLET
MRS. CLOGGIT

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Covent Garden.

Enter MRS. AMLET and MRS. CLOGGIT.

Mrs. A. Good morrow, neighbour! good morrow, neighbour Cloggitt! How does all at your house this morning?

Mrs. C. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet; thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

Mrs. A. At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest; these are hard times, good lack!

Mrs. C. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going; all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

Mrs. A. Yes, they do help us off with them, indeed! they buy all.

Mrs. C. And pay—

Mrs. A. For some.

Mrs. C. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one as they are at t'other; for, not to wrong them, they give very good rates.

Mrs. A. Oh! for that, let's do them justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price, all they haggle about is the day of payment.

Mrs. C. There's all the dispute, as you say.

Mrs. A. But that's a wicked one: for my part, neighbour, I'm just tired off my legs with trotting after them; besides it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggitt, I have worn out four pair of pattens, with following my old Lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint?

Mrs. C. Look you there, now!

Mrs. A. If they would but once let me get enough by them to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after them, there would be some conscience in it.

Mrs. C. Ay, that were something. But now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers?

Mrs. A. City customers! Now, by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court, with reverence be it spoken, there's not a pin to choose. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers; but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one, adieu t'other! their money and their consciences are gone, heaven knows where!

Mrs. C. But what the murrain have they to do with quality? Why don't their husbands make them mind their shops?

Mrs. A. Their husbands! their husbands, say'st thou, woman? Alack, alack! they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon.

Mrs. C. Good lack-a-day! that women born of sober parents, should be prone to follow ill examples! But now we talk of equity, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t'other day, in an officer's dress, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom.

Mrs. A. Is it possible? Ah! the rogue! Well, neighbour, all's well that's end well! But Dick will be hanged.

Mrs. C. That were pity.

Mrs. A. Pity, indeed! for he's a hopeful young

man to look on; but he leads a life—Well; where he has it, heaven knows! but they say, he pays his club with the best of them. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but I bid him march, and march he did to some purpose; for, in less than an hour, back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro in the room, with his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect, heaven bless us! than if it had been an orange. "Sirrah," says I, "where have you got that?" He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about his ungracious heel, and I've never set eyes on him since.

Mrs. C. Look you there, now! to see what the youth of this age are come to!

Mrs. A. See what they will come to, neighbour! Heaven shield, I say! but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow: I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

Mrs. C. To get in some old debt, I warrant you?

Mrs. A. Neither better nor worse.

Mrs. C. From a lady of quality?

Mrs. A. No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of them all. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Street, with Moneytrap's house.*

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Well, surely, through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my school-fellow Dick! to pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hanged for robbing a church, and has a pedler to his mother, who carries her shop under her arm. But here he comes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Well, Brass, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta?

Brass. I am but just come; I haven't knocked at the door yet. But I have a pretty piece of news for you.

Dick. As how?

Brass. We must quit this country.

Dick. We'll be hanged first!

Brass. So you will, if you stay.

Dick. Why, what's the matter?

Brass. There's a storm coming.

Dick. From whence?

Brass. From the worst point in the compass, the law.

Dick. The law! Why, what have I to do with the law?

Brass. Nothing; and, therefore, it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brass. You know you cheated a young fellow at piquet, t'other day, of the money he had to raise his company.

Dick. Well, what then?

Brass. Why, he's sorry he lost it.

Dick. Who doubts that?

Brass. Ay, but that is not all, he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be wise to stop his mouth.

Brass. How?

Dick. Give him a little back: if that won't do, strangle him.

Brass. You are very quick in your methods.

Dick. Men must be so, that will despatch business.

Brass. Hark you! Colonel, your father died in his bed? *[fool.]*

Dick. He might have done if he had not been a

Brass. Why, he robbed a church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

Brass. Are not you a great rogue?

Dick. Or I should wear worse clothes.

Brass. Hark you! I would advise you to change your life.

Dick. And turn ballad-singer?

Brass. Not so, neither.

Dick. What, then?

Brass. Why, if you can get this young wench, reform, and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starved.

Brass. No; she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you; for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town: have a care your noble birth and your honourable relations are not discovered, too; there needs but that, to have you tossed in a blanket for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful son, you may dangle about with your mother, and sell paint; she's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, your hair cropped up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm!

Dick. Why, faith! Brass! I think thou art in the right on't; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her tricks with me; therefore, I'll tell thee what we'll do: we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily; we'll cheat his family to some purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

Brass. Have at her, then; I'll about your business presently.

Dick. Success attend thee! Adieu, my dear Brass! *[Exit.]*

Brass. Adieu, my dear—d—d rogue! Well, I say nothing. But when I have got matters into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta. *(Knocks.)*

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. Who's that? Brass?

Brass. Flippanta!

Flip. What want you, rogne's face?

Brass. Is your mistress dressed?

Flip. What, already? Is the fellow drunk?

Brass. Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it is almost two.

Flip. What then, fool?

Brass. Why, then, it is time for the mistress of the house to come down, and look after her family.

Flip. Pr'ythee, don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning; we that go to bed in the morning, may rise in the afternoon.

Brass. When does she make her visits, then?

Flip. By candle-light; we women hate inquisitive sun-shine: but, do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife?

Brass. What, is she going to die?

Flip. Die!

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

Flip. No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

Brass. As how?

Flip. Why, all the company she used to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet at her own house. Your master has advised her to set up a faro bank.

Brass. Nay, if he advised her to it, it's right; but has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

Flip. What to do? When the company meet, he'll see them.

Brass. Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must begone; have you any business with my lady?

Brass. Yes, as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold! and, as first minister-of-state to the Colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is it? quick!

Brass. Why, he's in love.

Flip. With what?

Brass. A woman—and her money together.

Flip. Who is she?

Brass. Corinna. He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

Flip. Of me?

Brass. Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city fortune, wouldst have him apply to her father and mother?

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think: men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen? It's a very passionate one; it's sealed with a heart and a dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brass. Not one word in prose; it's dated in rhyme.

Flip. (*Takes the letter.*) Well, but, have you brought nothing else?

Brass. Gad forgive me! I'm the forgetfullest dog—I have a letter for you, too; here 'tis, in a purse, but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it! it is not good to be too dainty.

Brass. How useful a virtue is humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, sha'n't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she should be. Her father, who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him, seldom lets her converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion: hark! there's my lady, go in and deliver your letter to her.

[*Exeunt, with much ceremony.*]

SCENE III.—A Parlour.

CLARISSA discovered reclining on a sofa. Enter FLIPPANTA and BRASS.

Clar. No messages this morning, from anybody, Flippanta? Lard! how dull that is! Oh! there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it to me: open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day.

Brass. (*To Flip.*) Be sure you, now, deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

Clar. (*To Brass.*) 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass! Flippanta!

[*Exit Brass.*]

Flip. Madam!

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love?

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible!

Clar. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks, you are not very much alarmed.

Clar. No; thou know'st I am not much tortured with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam; for jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fie! a woman must, indeed, be of a mechanic mould, who is either troubled or pleased with anything her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee, mention him no more: 'tis the dullest theme—

Flip. 'Tis splenetic, indeed. But when once you open your faro bank, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas! Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that, too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou knowest, is enough to make one weary of anything.

Flip. Now, by my conscience! you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I want, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves blest in your case: handsome, witty, loved by everybody, and of so happy a composure to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion, but that of your pleasures; and you have, in me, a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will: yet, all this is nothing; you can still be out of humour.

Clar. Alas! I have too much cause.

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of?

Clar. Alas! I have more subjects for spleen than one: is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife? Come, don't flatter me; don't you think nature designed me for something *plus-elevée*?

Flip. Nay, that's certain; but, on t'other side, methinks, you ought to be, in some measure, content, since you live like a woman of quality, though you are none.

Clar. Oh, fie! the very quintessence of it is

Flip. What's that? [wanting.]

Clar. Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, though I don't like their faces; or to ruin their reputations, though they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve them: I dare not raise a lie of a man, though he neglects to make love to me; nor report a woman to be a fool, though she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, though they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard, indeed.

Clar. Ah! Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value.

Flip. They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have everything. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband: come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

Clar. Alas! what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? I have been sometimes almost choked with scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a countess.

Flip. Poor lady!

Clar. Oh! liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta; it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my condition till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

Flip. That's your best way, madam; and, in order to do it, pray, consider how you'll get some ready money to set your faro bank a-going: for that's necessary.

Clar. Thou say'st true: but what trick I shall play my husband to get some, I don't know; for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I am afraid he won't hear reason.

Flip. No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest; so, I fancy, you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

Clar. That can't be, for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it, then.

Clar. I am quite tired of dealing with those pawnbrokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while, for all that. (*Aside.*)

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, false teeth, and all sorts of things for the ladies; I can't think of her name. [*Exit.*]

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. Amlet; she wants money.

Clar. Well, I ha'n't enough for myself; it is an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome jade!

Clar. So are all people who come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She is very rich, that woman is, Flippanta; I'll borrow some money of her.

Flip. Borrow! sure, you jest, madam.

Clar. No, I am in earnest; I give thee commission to do it for me.

Flip. Me!

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so un-gainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet—

Clar. But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else?

Flip. That's true; I never thought of that, truly! But here she is.

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Clar. (*Retires to the sofa.*) How do you do? How do you do, Mrs. Amlet? I haven't seen you these thousand years; and yet, I believe, I am down in your books.

Mrs. A. Oh! madam, I don't come for that, alack!

Flip. Good-morrow, Mrs. Amlet!

Mrs. A. Good-morrow, Mrs. Flippanta!

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me. There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt—where I am obliged to pay. (*Aside. Reads.*) "*Imprimis. For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip*"—Oh, fie! this does not belong to me.

Mrs. A. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mistook, indeed: 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her, two years ago, with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet: but some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill. (*Giving the bill.*)

Clar. (*Reads.*) "*For the idea of a new invented corset*"—Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a preposterous length. (*Unrolling the bill.*) Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? I'd as lief read a sermon.

Mrs. A. Alack-a-day! there's no need of fa-

tiguing yourself at that rate; cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

Clar. Total, fifty-six pounds and odd things.

Flip. But six-and-fifty pounds!

Mrs. A. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

Clar. Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pounds. (*Adjusting her dress.*) Make haste: don't you hear me? six-and-fifty pounds. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip. No, madam, I—I comprehend; six-and-fifty pounds. But—

Clar. But go and fetch it, then.

Flip. What she means, I don't know; but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Clar. (*Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.*) The trade you follow gives a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Alack-a-day! a world of pain, madam; and yet there's small profit, as your honour sees by your bill.

Clar. Poor woman! Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

Clar. Poor woman! you have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Only one wicked rogue, madam, who, I think, will break my heart.

Clar. Poor woman!

Mrs. A. He'll be hanged, madam; that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, heaven knows! but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as trim as the best of them; but the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse.

Clar. Poor woman!

Mrs. A. Alas! madam, he's like the rest of the world! everybody's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me, I have a little business; Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. A. And I return your honour many thanks. Ah! there's my good lady, not so much as read her bill; if the rest were like her I should soon have money enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Sure, Flippanta must have given my letter by this time; I long to know how it has been received.

Mrs. A. Misericorde! what do I see?

Dick. Fiends and hags! the witch my mother! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. A. Nay, 'tis he. Ah! my poor Dick! what art thou doing here?

Dick. What a misfortune! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. A. Good lard! now thou art bravely decked! But it's all one: I am thy mother still! and, though thou art a wicked child, nature will speak. I love thee, Dick, still. Ah, Dick! my poor Dick! (*She attempts to kiss him, he passes under her arm.*)

Dick. Blood and thunder! will you ruin me?

Mrs. A. Ah! the blasphemous rogue! how he swears!

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Mrs. A. Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird! kneel down and ask my blessing, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Mrs. A. Ah! he's a proper young man; see what a shape he has! Ah! poor child! (*Running to embrace him, he escapes from her.*)

Dick. Oons! keep off! the woman's mad! If anybody comes, my fortune's lost.

Mrs. A. What fortune, eh? speak, graceless! Ah! Dick, thou'lt be hanged, Dick.

Dick. Good, dear mother, now, don't call me Dick here.

Mrs. A. Not call thee Dick! Is it not thy name? What shall I call thee, Mr. Amlet, eh? Art not thou a presumptuous rascal? Hark you! sirrah, I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse. Is not this true?

Dick. No; I love you; I respect you; (*taking her hand*) I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Mrs. A. What prospect, eh? Come, this is a lie now.

Dick. No, my honoured parent, what I say is true. I am about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law, in a coach and six horses, if you'll be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

Mrs. A. Is it possible?

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter!

Mrs. A. My dear lad—

Dick. For heaven's sake—

Mrs. A. But, tell me, Dick—

Dick. I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

Mrs. A. What a shape is there!

Dick. Pray, mother, go.

Mrs. A. I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding dinner.

Dick. Here's somebody coming! Sdeath! she'll betray me.

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Dick. (*Makes signs to his mother.*) Good-morrow, dear Flippanta; how do all the ladies within?

Flip. At your service, Colonel; as far, at least, as my interest goes.

Mrs. A. Colonel! La you now! how Dick's respected! (*Aside.*)

Dick. Waiting for thee, Flippanta, I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

Mrs. A. The pretty lad! he's as impudent as a lord. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

Flip. A gin of all trades; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of your's in my pocket, Colonel. (*Aside to Dick.*)

Dick. An answer to my letter?

Flip. So quick, indeed? No, it's your letter itself.

Dick. Hast thou not given it, then, yet?

Flip. I haven't had an opportunity: but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady?

Dick. Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But dear Flippanta, don't forget; my life and fortune are in your hands.

Flip. Never fear, I'll take care of them.

Mrs. A. How he traps them! let Dick alone. (*Aside.*)

Dick. (*To his mother.*) Your servant, good madam. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. A. Your honour's most devoted. A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta. Pray, whom may he be?

Flip. A man of great note; Colonel Shapely.

Mrs. A. Is it possible! I have heard much of him, indeed, but never saw him before: one may see quality in every limb of him; he's a fine man, truly!

Flip. I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

Mrs. A. Alas! those days are done with me; but if I were as fair as I was once, and as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bed-fellow. I love your men of rank, they have something in their air does so distinguish them from the rascality.

Flip. People of quality are fine things, indeed, Mrs. Amlet, if they had but a little more money; but for want of that, they are forced to do things their great souls are ashamed of. For example: here's my lady, she owes you but six-and-fifty pounds—

Mrs. A. Well!

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Mrs. A. How can that be?

Flip. I don't know: her cash-keeper's out of humour; he says he has no money.

Mrs. A. What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper! Tell his lady he has no money! Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for it; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

Mrs. A. But madam plays sometimes; so when she has good fortune, she can pay me out of her winnings.

Flip. Oh! never think of that, Mrs. Amlet; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol than pay off a farthing with it.

Mrs. A. Why, what shall we do, then: for I haven't one penny to buy bread.

Flip. I'll tell you—it just now comes into my head: I know my lady has a little occasion for money at this time; so, if you lend her a hundred pounds, do you see? then she may pay you your six-and-fifty out of it.

Mrs. A. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me?

Flip. No, the deuce fetch me if I do! You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Mrs. A. Oh, ho! a pawn! That's another case. And when must she have the money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Mrs. A. Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house; it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Mrs. A. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta!

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet! [*Exit Mrs. A.*] So! this ready money will make us all happy. This spring will set our faro table going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My lady's young and handsome: she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better; the more the grist, the richer the miller. Sure, never wench got into so hopeful a place! here's a fortune to be sold, and a master to be ruined. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die both a maid and a beggar. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Gripe's House.

CLARISSA and DICK discovered, seated on a sofa.

Clar. What, in the name of dulness, is the matter with you, Colonel? You are as studious as a cracked chymist.

Dick. My head, madam, is full of your husband.

Clar. The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion! Dear Colonel, give it a less violent name.

Enter BRASS.

Dick. Well, sir, what want you?

Brass. The affair I told you of goes ill. There's an action out. (*Aside to Dick.*)

Dick. The devil there is!

Clar. What news brings Brass?

Dick. Before gad! I can't tell, madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'ye-call-him waits for me at my lodgings: is not that it?

Brass. Yes, sir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your servant, sir. [*Exit Dick with Brass.*]
Jessamine!

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Madam!

Clar. Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her father hasn't locked her up; I want her company.

Jess. Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

[*Exit.*]

Clar. Psha! she's always taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet; and Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long placing her coquet-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure.

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Oh! art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect money.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any after all?

Flip. Yes, I have brought some. There! (*giving her a purse*) the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

Clar. 'Tis well; but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect anything of this; 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy; so I would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping them from his knowledge.

Flip. See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of them, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

Flip. How exactly you define them!

Clar. Oh! I know them, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill-humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen. My cloak and gloves, and the coach to the door!

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet; but I would go spend some money, since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How awkward an objection now is that, as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted them.

Enter ARAMINTA.

Lard! what a tedious while you have let me expect you! I was afraid you were not well; how do you do to-day?

Aram. As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

Flip. Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. Oh! 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirit look drowsy.

Clar. But, pr'ythee, what was't disturbed you?

Aram. Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remembered, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy; you have made a noble conquest, indeed.

Aram. Do you know 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of your's? his whole estate is at my service.

Flip. Strike him, madam, and let my lady go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey them.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem, Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But, pr'ythee, tell me how you have passed the night? For I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

Clar. No wonder, indeed, you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

Aram. Why, can a woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and tossed herself into a burning fever, for want of sleep. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

Clar. My coach waits at the door, we'll talk of them as we rattle along. [*Exit with Araminta.*]

Flip. What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a council of war together! Poor birds! what would they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help them to employment? Well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state, too, ere long; and when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of them, I'm mistaken. Haven't I lost the letter I am to give her? No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet.

Enter CORINNA.

Cor. What does my mother-in-law want with me, Flippanta? they tell me she was asking for me.

Flip. She's just gone out; so, I suppose, 'twas no great business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little, if you please. I have some business with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste, then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company; he says you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! he's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I am almost weary of my life.

Flip. Why, what is it he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pitied so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pitied! Why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am should be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old frightful masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? fine entertainment, indeed, for a young girl at sixteen! methinks, one's time might be better employed.

Flip. Those things will improve your wit.

Cor. Fiddle faddle! haven't I wit enough already? My mother-in-law has learned none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long?

Flip. Then you envy her, I find.

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth?

Flip. Look you there now! If she has not already conceived that to be the supreme blessing of life! (*Aside.*)

Cor. I'll tell you what, Flippanta, if my mother-in-law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the fire. Why, he can't touch a groat of my portion; do you know that, Flippanta?

Flip. So, I shall spoil her! Pray heaven the girl don't spoil me. (*Aside.*)

Cor. Look you! in short, he may think what he pleases; he may think himself wise; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I am but a girl, 'tis true, and a fool, too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ache; so he had as good be quiet. Now it's out! (*Skips about.*)

Flip. Very well: I love to see a young woman have spirit; it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah! Flippanta, if you would but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I am a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, till you are married. Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband?

Cor. A husband! why, a—if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend, now. I'll give you advice when I have got a little more experience. Do you in your very conscience and soul think I am old enough to be married?

Flip. Old enough! Why, you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman! I keep an exact account.

Flip. The deuce you are!

Cor. Why, do you, then, truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do upon my faith, child!

Cor. Why, then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

Flip. Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the fire.

Cor. What is it, for Jupiter's sake?

Flip. Something will make your heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it. (*Flippanta shews the letter.*) Oh, lard! a letter! Is there ever a token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one, too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

Cor. A handsome young gentleman's heart! Nay, then, it's time to look grave. (*Aside.*)

Flip. There! (*Presenting the letter.*)

Cor. I sha'n't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I sha'n't receive it.

Flip. Sure, you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand myself better than to take letters, when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I am afraid I commended your wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one; I sha'n't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Heyday! open it, and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed I shall not.

Flip. Well, then, I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, madam; my father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure, you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine work! This 'tis to deal with girls.

Cor. Confess who you had it from, and, perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why, then, since it must out, 'twas the Colonel: but why are you so scrupulous, madam?

Cor. Because if it had come from anybody else, I would not have given a farthing for it. (*Twisting it eagerly out of her hand.*)

Flip. Ah! my dear little rogue! (*embracing her*) you frightened me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read

it, let me read it, I say! Um—*Cupid's—um—darts—um—beauty—um—charms—um—angel—um—goddess—(kissing the letter)—um—truest lover—um—eternal constancy—um—cruel—um—racks—um—tortures—um—fifty daggers—um—bleeding heart—um—dead man.* Very well, a mighty civil letter, I promise you; not one naughty word in it; I'll go lock it up in my work-box.

Flip. Well, but what does he say to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta, 'tis all about business.

Flip. Does he not tell you he is in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How so? he never spoke to you.

Cor. He sent me word by his eyes.

Flip. Did he so? Mighty well! I thought you had been to learn that language.

Cor. Oh! but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, because I don't go a visiting, and see the world, you think I know nothing. But you should consider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. Well, Flippanta, if you'll encourage me—

Flip. Oh! by all means, an answer.

Cor. Well, since you say it, then, I'll e'en in and do it; though I protest to you, lest you should think me too forward, now, he is the only man that wears a beard I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him, in a year or two's time, I mayn't be so nice. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Flip. Now heaven give him joy! he is like to have a rare wife of thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaster to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love! See, here comes an example—Araminta's dread lord.

Enter MONEYTRAP.

Mon. Ah! Flippanta, how do you do, good Flippanta? how do you do?

Flip. Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

Mon. And how does the good family, your master and your fair mistress? are they at home?

Flip. Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife.

Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta; for I have wished a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss if I should ask you a few questions?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this cot-quean going to pry into now? (*Aside.*)

Mon. Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

Flip. Live! like man and wife; generally out of humour, complain of one another, and, perhaps, have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

Mon. Good lack! but whose side are you generally of?

Flip. Of the right side always—my lady's. And, if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ah!

Flip. Little, peeping, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldy things.

Mon. Ah!

Flip. Hark you, sir! shall I deal plainly with you? had I got a husband I would put him in mind that he was married as well as I. (*Sings.*)

“For were I the thing call'd a wife,

And my fool grew too fond of his power,

He should look like an ass all his life,

For a prank that I'd play him in an hour.

Tol lol la ra tol lol,” &c.

Do you observe that, sir?

Mon. I do; and think you would be in the right

on't. But, pr'ythee, why dost not give this advice to thy mistress?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, sir; for you know they are play-fellows.

Mon. Oh! there's no danger of my wife; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, sir?

Mon. I am sure she ought to know it, Flippanta; for, really, I have but four faults in the world.

Flip. And, pray, what may they be?

Mon. Why, I am a little slovenly.

Flip. Fie!

Mon. I am sometimes out of humour.

Flip. Provoking!

Mon. I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent!

Mon. And a—perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip. The devil!

Mon. Oh! but then, consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with dressing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah! Flippanta, didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou wouldst be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't, thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little reproach going to lead us, now?

Mon. You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then? you hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it, too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings—

Flip. Mighty obscure!

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but—

Flip. All Hebrew!

Mon. If thou wouldst but tell her on't—

Flip. Still darker and darker!

Mon. I should not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah! now I begin to understand you.

Mon. Flippanta, there's my purse. (*Gives her his purse.*)

Flip. Say no more; now you explain, indeed: you are in love?

Mon. Bitterly! and I do swear by all the gods—

Flip. Hold! spare them for another time, you stand in no need of them now. An usurer that parts with his purse gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

Mon. I hate my wife, Flippanta.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon. She's the devil, Flippanta!

Flip. You like your neighbour's better.

Mon. Oh! an angel!

Flip. What a pity it is the law don't allow changing!

Mon. If it did, Flippanta!

Flip. But since it don't, sir—keep the reins upon your passion; don't let your flame rage too high, lest my lady should be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas! Flippanta, a very small matter would save my life.

Flip. Then you're dead; for we women never grant anything to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

Mon. Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty; but, since you'll have it out, I am a very

dragon; and so your lady will find. Now, I hope, you'll stand my friend.

Flip. Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employed in your service.

Mon. My best Flippanta! tell her I am all her's; tell her my body's her's; tell her my soul's her's; and tell her my estate's her's. Lord have mercy upon me! how I am in love!

Flip. Poor man! but, hark! I hear my master; for heaven's sake, compose yourself a little.

Mon. Ah, dear! I am in such an emotion, I dare not be seen. [*Exit.*]

Flip. A rare adventurer by my troth! This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. Oh! here's the right hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, husband?

Flip. An admirable question! Why, she's gone abroad, sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad! abroad already? Why, she used to be in her bed three hours after this time, as late as it is. What makes her gadding so soon?

Flip. Business, I suppose.

Gripe. Business! she has a pretty head for business, truly! Oh, ho! let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her way of living. She never looked better in her life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or—

Flip. Indeed, sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most husbands—contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall?

Gripe. A wife's resolution is not good by law.

Flip. Nor a husband's by custom.

Gripe. I tell thee, I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. Oons! I have borne it three years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

Gripe. My mind to it! Death and the devil! My mind to it! She is, then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

Flip. By my faith, I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad! Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come, then: does she not put the house in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does she not spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire, than would maintain six children?

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

Flip. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes, truly! night into day, and day into

night, that's her trade: but these are trifles; has she not lost her diamond necklace? answer me to that, trapes!

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah! the devil take her!—but, enough: 'tis resolved, and I will put a stop to her course of life, and so she shall know, the first time I meet with her—which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Flip. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! insupportable to himself, and a plague to everything about him. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her, which I think I do, she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst her's is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Amlet's House.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. Where's this old woman? Eh! what the devil, nobody at home! Ah! her strong box! and the key in it! 'tis so. Now, fortune, be my friend! What the deuce, not a penny of money in cash! nor a check, or note! nor a bank-bill! *(searches the box)* nor a crooked stick! nor a—mum!—here's something: a diamond necklace, by all the gods! Oons! the old woman! Zest! *(Puts the necklace in his pocket.)*

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Pray, mother, pray to—*(Runs to her and asks her blessing.)*

Mrs. A. Is it possible! Dick upon his humble knee! Ah! my dear child! may heaven be good unto thee!

Dick. I am come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to—

Mrs. A. What a shape is there!

Dick. To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune; for what are riches in this world without a blessing? and how can there be a blessing without respect and duty to parents?

Mrs. A. What a nose he has!

Dick. And, therefore, it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage without the—

Mrs. A. Now the Lord love thee, *(kissing him)* for thou art a goodly young man! Well, Dick, and how goes it with the lady? are her eyes open to thy charms? does she see what is for her own good? Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her? Eh! is all sure? Hast thou broken a piece of money with her? Speak, bird! do: don't be modest, and hide thy love from thy mother, for I am an indulgent parent.

Dick. Nothing under heaven can prevent my good fortune, but its being discovered I am your son.

Mrs. A. Then thou art still ashamed of thy natural mother, graceless! Why, I'm no harlot, sirrah!

Dick. I know you are not. Who the devil would make you one? *(Aside.)*

Mrs. A. No: my reputation is as good as the best of them; and, though I'm old, I'm chaste, you rascal, you!

Dick. Lord! that is not the thing we talk of, mother; but—

Mrs. A. I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a virtuous family.

Dick. Oons! virtue is not the case.

Mrs. A. Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

Dick. Oh, lord! oh, lord! oh, lord!

Mrs. A. I am a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

Dick. I tell you—'Sdeath!—I tell you—

Mrs. A. If a man should make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his face; and all this you may tell them, sirrah!

Dick. Death and furies! the woman's out of her—

Mrs. A. Don't you swear, you rascal, you! don't you swear.

Dick. Why, then, in cold blood, hear me speak to you: I tell you it's a city fortune I am about; she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality; she has quarrelled with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolved she'll marry to take place of her.

Mrs. A. What a cherry lip is there!

Dick. Therefore, good, dear mother, now have a care, and don't discover me; for if you do, all's lost.

Mrs. A. Dear, dear! how thy fair bride will be delighted! go, get thee gone, go: go, fetch her home; go, fetch her home. I'll give her a sack-posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. Take care, then, of the main chance, my dear mother; remember, if you discover me—

Mrs. A. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. You promise me, then—

Mrs. A. March!

Dick. But swear to me—

Mrs. A. Begone, sirrah!

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you: but one kiss before I go. *[Kisses her heartily, and runs off.]*

Mrs. A. Now the Lord love thee! for thou art a comfortable young man! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter FLIPPANTA and CORINNA.

Cor. But, hark you! Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

Flip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it, let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble yourself.

Cor. But, remember, 'tis you who make me do all this now; so, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your security.

Cor. I am young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it is your business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor innocence!

Cor. But tell me, in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

Flip. I have told you so a hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience, and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess; but, I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Madam, yonder is your geography-master waiting for you. *[Exit.]*

Cor. Ah! how I am tired with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your heart; you shall be rid of them all ere long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the study I am so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the Colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning everything he could shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But, get you gone; here's somebody coming; we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will! Oh! the dear Colonel! [Runs off.]

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Flip. Oh, ho! Mrs. Amlet. What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Ah! my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Mrs. A. Ah! mercy on us all! madam's diamond necklace—

Flip. What of that?

Mrs. A. Are you sure you left it at my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question, truly!

Mrs. A. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you: it will be found again, if it be heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss of it. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his bird-lime fingers on it.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these, then?

Mrs. A. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts, too. And now it comes into my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Mrs. A. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true; but—mum!

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Mrs. A. Hark you! Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Mrs. A. By way of conversation only; it does not concern me; but when she marries I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so, I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! You!

Mrs. A. Yes, I, I! but don't trouble madam about her necklace; perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit.]

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? The necklace lost—and her son Dick—and a fortune to marry—and she shall dance at the wedding—and—she does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna. By my conscience, I believe she does. An old beldam!

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Well, hussy! how stand our affairs? Has miss writ us an answer yet? My master's very impatient yonder.

Flip. And why the deuce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands? Here I had her alone just now: he won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brass. So much the worse for him; 'tis his business. But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most devilishly in love with thee, dost hear that?

Flip. Pho! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love.

Brass. Then it's full of important things, indeed; dost want a privy-counsellor?

Flip. I want an assistant.

Brass. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

Brass. I am thy man—touch!

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee, tell me, whether thou findest a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

Brass. Is she handsome?

Flip. Yes.

Brass. Why, then, my disposition is at her service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brass. Not she alone, neither; therefore, don't let her grow vain upon it; for I've three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this epistle from miss to my master; and when thou comest back, I'll tell thee thy business.

Brass. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy master waits for an answer.

Brass. I'd rather he should wait than I.

Flip. Why, then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my lady.

Brass. Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver; thy lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

Flip. Who told you that, sirrah?

Brass. 'Tis a negociation I'm charged with, pert! Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town? I have managed master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you slut, you!

Flip. Hark thee! Brass, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

Brass. Pique and repique, you jade you! if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion. See, here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for them.

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, and JESSAMINE.

Clar. Jessamine! here, boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure.

Jess. Yes, madam.

[As he is going off, he lets the china fall.]

Clar. Oh! art thou there, Brass? What news?

Brass. Madam, I only called in as I was going by. But some little propositions Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your ladyship my humble service.

Clar. What propositions?

Brass. She'll acquaint you, madam.

Aram. Is there anything new, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, and pretty, too.

Clar. That follows, of course; but let's have it, quick.

Flip. Why, madam, you have made a conquest.

Clar. Hussy—but of who? quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

Aram. My husband!

Flip. Yes, your husband, madam: you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

Flip. Serious as my devotions.

Brass. And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

Aram. My dear! (To Clarissa.)

Clar. My life!

Aram. My angel! } (Hugging each other.)

Clar. My soul!

Aram. The stars have done this.

Clar. The pretty little twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them, now?

Clar. What grateful creatures ought; shew them we don't despise their favours.

Aram. But is not this a wager between these two blockheads?

Clar. I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happened.

Clar. All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

Aram. Brass, my dear, will be useful to us.

Brass. At your service, madam.

Clar. Flippanta will be necessary, my life!

Flip. She waits your commands, madam.

Aram. For my part, then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half crown.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, madam.

Brass. (To *Clarissa*.) If your ladyship would give me the same kind orders for your's.

Clar. Oh! if thou sparest him, Brass, I'm thy enemy till I die.

Brass. 'Tis enough, madam; I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

Clar. Storm, dear Brass, storm! ever whilst you live, storm.

Aram. Oh! by all means; must it not be so, Flippanta?

Flip. In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

Brass. Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expense in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, Brass!

Brass. Um—a—some small matters, madam, I doubt must be.

Clar. Now, that's a vile article, Araminta; for that thing your husband is so like mine—

Flip. Pooh! there's a scruple, indeed. Why, what in the name of Lucifer is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

Brass. A civil look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that.

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford 'em.

Brass. A little smile, à-propos.

Aram. That's but giving one's self an air.

Flip. Receive a little letter, perhaps.

Clar. Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

Brass. Suffer, may be, a squeeze by the hand.

Aram. One's so used to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a kiss would do't.

Clar. I'd die first.

Brass. Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to—

Clar. Get their wretched money without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my ladies: but I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brass. And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

Aram. That I think should be, indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So, get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of this to thy master.

Brass. I'll observe my order, madam. [Exit.

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself, he'll be violently delighted with it: 'tis the best man in the world, Araminta; he'll bring us rare company to-morrow, all sorts of gamesters; and thou shalt see my husband will be such a brute to be out of humour at it.

Aram. The monster! But hush, here's my dear approaching: pr'ythee, let's leave him to Flippanta.

Flip. Ay, pray do; I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Despatch, then, for the faro-table's in haste. [Exeunt *Clar.* and *Aram.*

Flip. So, now have at him; here he comes: we'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter MONEYTRAP.

Mon. Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, sir.

Mon. And where is she, pr'ythee?

Flip. Gone abroad, sir.

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I mean right, sir; my lady will come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she is either in very good humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her house uneasy to her. But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover, eh?

Flip. Said—yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

Mon. Well! and how?

Flip. And how! And how do you think you would have me do it? and you have such a way with you one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought myself into a fine business by it.

Mon. Good lack! But I hope, Flippanta—

Flip. Yes, your hopes will do much, when I am turned out of doors.

Mon. Was she, then, terribly angry?

Flip. Oh! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing; for you must know I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be owned.

Flip. On my word is it: I mean where a lady's truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous case, indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing; she has an inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible!

Flip. Yes, and I told her so at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap—(Smacks his face.)—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a plague t'ye. (Aside.)

Flip. Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

Mon. Yea, but really it feels a little oddly.

Flip. Why, you must know ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in: if she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss; but as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love; so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour next token she sends me.

Flip. Ah! good humour!

Mon. What's the matter?

Flip. Poor lady! If I durst tell you all—

Mon. What then?

Flip. You would not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, pr'ythee, tell me?

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must, indeed.

Flip. Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

Mon. Why, what difficulties can she be in?

Flip. Nay, I do but guess, after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect?

Flip. Why, what should one suspect, where a husband loves nothing but getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't?

Mon. So she wants that same then?

Flip. I say no such thing, I know nothing of the matter; pray make no wrong interpretation of what I say; my lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true, she has had ill luck at cards of late; I believe she has not won once this month: but what of that?

Mon. Ha!

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her spirit, that she'd see her husband hanged before she'd ask him for a farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again, he'd see her drowned before he'd give her a farthing; but that's a help to your affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so, indeed.

Flip. Ah! well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her—

Mon. Why really, Flippanta—

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your service, but 'twont do; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allowed; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do.

Mon. You mistake me, Flippanta; I was only going to say—*(She puts her hand before his mouth.)*

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say, well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now—ay, let me see—

Mon. Indeed, I hope—

Flip. Pray be quiet—no—but I'm thinking—hum—she'll smoke that though—let us consider: if one could find a way to—'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about, she'll never touch it if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha! a restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes; 'tis the luckiest thought in the world: madam often plays, you know, and folks who do, meet, now and then, with sharpers. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

Mon. Yes, I—I comprehend, but a—won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no; the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pounds!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pounds; or, let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay, let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how; guineas, I fancy, were better; ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um! a guinea, you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler; you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Oh! well, if it must be guineas—let's see, two hundred guineas!

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: if you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So, go put them in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send them to me with a penitent letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas.

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta,

if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Pooh! leave that to me, I'll manage the stock for you; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum, indeed; but I'll go try whst I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty, if the man's in his senses.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty. *[Exit.]*

Flip. So, get thee gone, thou art a rare fellow, i'faith. Brass! it's thee, is't not?

Enter BRASS.

Brass. It is, huswife. How go matters? I staid till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done anything towards our common purse?

Flip. I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.

Brass. A restitution! good.

Flip. A new way, sirrah, to make a lady take a present without putting her to the blush.

Brass. 'Tis very well, mighty well, indeed. Pr'y-thee where's thy master? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind, too.

Flip. Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel, I have advised him to—with his wife.

Brass. What to do?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolved to do it beforehand. You must know, sirrah, we intend to make a merit of our faro bank, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

Brass. Very nicely spun, truly; thy husband will be a happy man.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you fool you. See, here comes your master.

Brass. He's welcome.

Enter DICK.

Dick. My dear Flippanta! how many thanks have I to pay thee?

Flip. Do you like her style?

Dick. The kindest little rogue; there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in it's care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a rival, sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one, too.

Dick. Who, in the name of terror?

Flip. A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Amlet! I know no such man.

Flip. You know the man's mother, though; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worst you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

Dick. If I have no other rival but Mr. Amlet, I believe I sha'n't be much disturbed in my amour. But can't I see Corinna?

Flip. I don't know; she has always some of her masters with her: but I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. *[Exit.]*

Dick. I wish my old hobbling mother ha'n't been blabbing something here she should not do.

Brass. Fear nothing, all's safe on that side, yet. But how speaks young mistress's epistle? soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't.

Brass. Why then, ceremony aside, *(putting on his hat,)* you and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah! Brass, what art thou going to do? wouldst ruin me?

Brass. Look you, Dick, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters should pass 'twixt you and me in this business.

Dick. Death and furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brass. Good words, or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

Dick. Here's a son of a w—. (*Aside.*)

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true: your footman, sometimes, which I'm enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess: when we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-'prentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins, too, I must own you still kept me under; you soared up to the mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments, you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So, that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you should at once, fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Harkye! Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ay, the plague take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them: others we mistrust, because we do know them; and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain before-hand: if not, (*raising his voice,*) look ye, Dick Amlet—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion. The dog will ruin me. (*Aside.*) Say, what is't will content thee?

Brass. Oh, ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand, then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied; all is fixed.

Brass. It is not, indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of, even now.

Dick. Ah! you Jew.

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. Dick Amlet, (*raising his voice,*) I insist.

Dick. Ah! the cormorant. (*Aside.*) Well, 'tis thine; but thou'lt never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Well thou shalt have that, too. Now, thou hast everything.

Brass. Heaven forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I would not forget all these favours for the world: a sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconscionable rogue! (*Aside.*) Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all—

Brass. I am a man of honour, and restore: and so, treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. (*Taking off his hat.*)

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I could not help it; her master is but just gone. He has been shewing her prince Eugene's march into Italy; but if you'll slip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

Dick. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*]

Flip. And do you follow him, jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surprised.

Brass. I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful; but if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

Flip. No words, sirrah, but follow him; I have something else to do.

Brass. The jade's so absolute there's no contesting with her.

[*Exit.*]

Flip. An impudent rogue! But let me see, what have I to do now? This restitution will be here quickly, I suppose: in the meantime, I'll go know if my lady's ready for the quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst; but we'll give him vent, by-and-by, with a witness.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Gripe's House.

Enter DICK and CORINNA.

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent. How can you leave me thus upon the rack? A man who loves you to that excess that I do.

Cor. Nay, that you love me, sir, that I am satisfied in, for you have sworn you do: and I'm so pleased with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as I live, so we must never marry.

Dick. Not marry, my dear! Why, what's our love good for, if we don't marry?

Cor. Ah! I'm afraid 'twill be good for little, if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so?

Cor. Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other married folks say so from morning to night.

Dick. Oh! that's because they are bad husbands and bad wives; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife, and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why, there may be something in that, truly; and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, though we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted.

Dick. I can answer for myself, at least.

Cor. I wish you could answer for me, too. You see I am a plain dealer, sir; I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick. Oh! by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable morals; and I hope, since you practice it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter,) my resolution's fixed, and the world can't stagger me. I marry or I die.

Cor. That's very fine. Indeed, sir, I have much ado to believe you: the disease of love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two diseases to end my

miseries ; if the first don't do it, the latter shall. (*Drawing his sword.*) One's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

Cor. Not for a diadem. (*Catching hold of him.*) Ah! put it up, put it up.

Dick. How absolute is your command! (*Dropping his sword.*) A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a power I have over him! (*Aside.*) The wondrous deeds of love! Pray, sir, let me have no more of these rash doings, though; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour. I'm sure, if I had let him stick himself, I should have been envied by all the great ladies in the town. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Well, madam, have I, then, your promise? You'll make me the happiest of mankind?

Cor. I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do it.

Dick. Then let us seal the contract thus. (*Kisses her.*)

Cor. Um—He has almost taken away my breath; he kisses purely. (*Aside.*)

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the matter? if not, you must end it another time, for your father's in motion; so pray kiss and part.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. (*They kiss.*) Adieu to ye, sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Cor.*]

Enter CLARISSA.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too: but here's news for you; I have just now received the restitution.

Clar. That's killing pleasure; and how much has he restored me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched rogue! but retreat; your master's coming to quarrel. (*Takes a seat.*)

Flip. I'll be within call, if things run high. [*Exit.*]

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. Oh, ho! are you there, i'faith? Madam, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you at home, I thought I should never have had that honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my dear, how d'ye do? Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: is it true? eh! I have a terrible pain in my head, I give you notice on't before-hand.

Gripe. And how the plague should it be otherwise? It's a wonder you are not dead, as I would you were, (*aside*) with the life you lead. Are you not ashamed? and do you not blush to—

Clar. My dear child, you crack my brain; soften the harshness of your voice; say what you would, but let it be in an agreeable tone—

Gripe. Tone, madam! don't tell me of a tone.

Clar. Oh! if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not moved with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever man such need of patience? Madam, madam, I must tell you, madam—

Clar. Another key, or I'll walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

Gripe. Yes, madam, and very long.

Clar. If you would quarrel, *en abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to

be expressed *en abregée*; my complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints! Of what, my dear? (*Rises.*) What have you in the world to disturb you?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me! I have you; death and the devil!

Clar. Ay, merciful heaven! how he swears! You should never accustom yourself to such words as these; indeed, my dear, you should not: your mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and thunder! madam—

Clar. Ah! he'll fetch the house down: do you know you make me tremble for you? Flippanta! who's there? Flippanta!

Gripe. Here's a provoking devil for you!

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. What, in the name of Jove, is the matter? you raise the neighbourhood.

Clar. Why, here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my life. I have begged him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta; and then he swears, good lord! how he does swear!

Gripe. Ah! you wicked jade, ah! you wicked jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, Flippanta! Do you hear him!

Flip. Pray, sir, let's know a little what puts you in all this fury?

Clar. Pr'ythee stand near me, Flippanta; there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were going wrong. I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked woman, Flippanta, the wicked woman!

Clar. Can anybody wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it?

Flip. Come, a little moderation, sir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her! 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A pretence! a pretence! Do you hear how black a charge he loads me with? Charges me with a pretence. You know, my dear, I scorn pretences: whenever I go abroad, it is without pretence.

Gripe. Give me patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, sir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

Gripe. What shall I do?

Clar. What a reasonable man would do; own yourself in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta has understanding, and I have moderation; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of honour, madam: but I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on master's side.

Gripe. Right; Flippanta has sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion? tell me that.

Clar. You must tell her for what, my life.

Gripe. Why, for the trade you drive, my soul.

Flip. Look you, sir, pray take things right: I know madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the fund, she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady breathing. Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night.

Gripe. Oons! let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will; in reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, madam? Nay, now I must be on master's side; you see how he loves you, he desires only your company: pray give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well, I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him: let him be always in a good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, sir, what would you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I am weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! Don't that word melt you, sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. Oh! sir, soon or late, wives come into good humour: husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. Oh! I'll find you employment, your time sha'n't lie upon your hands; though if you have a mind, now, for such a companion as a—let me see—Araminta, for example; why I sha'n't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music—

Clar. Ay, but, sir, I must have music—

Flip. Not every day, madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a-week; three days more we'll play, after dinner, at cards, and so forth; and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Flip. What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in! A most wonderful regularity!

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam, ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renowned in story, for having the first, my life.

Gripe. Flippanta!

Flip. Hang it, sir, never dispute a trifle; if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a Swiss. (*Aside to Gripe.*)

Gripe. But, madam—

Clar. But, sir, a porter, positively, a porter; without that, the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

Flip. Come, sir; never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at; the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expense?

Clar. My dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, madam! But where, I say—

Flip. Madam plays, sir, think on that: women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home. [*Exit.*]

Flip. Mirror of goodness! Pattern to all wives! Well, sure, sir, you are happiest of all husbands.

Gripe. Yes, and a miserable dog for all that, too, perhaps.

Flip. Why, what can you ask more than this matchless complaisance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfied with what I have, neither; the devil mixes in it all, I think; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as it did.

Clar. (*Calls within.*) Flippanta!

Flip. Madam calls. I come, madam. Come, be merry, be merry, sir; you have cause, take my word for't. Poor devil! (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: but this I do know, that an honest man who has married a jade, whether she's pleased to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have lived a bachelor.

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Oh! sir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

Brass. Can nobody hear us?

Gripe. No, no; speak quickly.

Brass. You ha'n't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carried her from you.

Gripe. Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

Brass. But seriously, sir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal man has been.

Brass. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe. Why so, dear Brass?

Brass. If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing; do you think 'twould break your heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Nay, now I see you love her; would you did not!

Gripe. My dear friend.

Brass. I had rather the devil had—pooh!—flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since—

Gripe. Since what?—oh!

Brass. Araminta, sir.

Gripe. Dead?

Brass. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brass. Worse.

Gripe. Out with it.

Brass. Broke.

Gripe. Broke!

Brass. She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad; but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

Brass. Ay, why? there it is now, it's going just as I fancied. Now will I be hanged if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distressed, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruined for a woman, by letting you know, she esteemed you more than any other man upon earth.

Gripe. Ruined! what dost thou mean?

Brass. Mean! Why, I mean that women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the rule.

Gripe. The rule!

Brass. Yes, the rule; why, would you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity, then, they should ruin somebody?

Brass. Yes, marry is there: how would you have 'em support their expense else? Why, sir, you can't conceive now, you can't conceive what Araminta's privy purse requires. Only her privy purse, sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she liked, else, perhaps, I had my bones broken. But what do you think she gave me?

Gripe. Why, mayhap, a shilling.

Brass. A guinea, sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by-the-by. But, then, sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity—would consume peers; a great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this?

Gripe. Ha!

Brass. Why, I'll tell you what the end is—a nunnery.

Gripe. A nunnery!

Brass. A nunnery; in short, she is at last reduced to that extremity, and attacked with such a battalion of duns, that rather than tell her husband, who you know is such a rogue, (he'd let her go if she did,) she has e'en determined to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

Gripe. Oh, terrible! a Papist?

Brass. Yes; when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the devil can't help her out of—To a nunnery, that's another rule, sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but—

Brass. But all the buts in the world, sir, won't stop her: she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the fates will have it so: all's packed up, and I'm now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil over her face. (*Going.*)

Gripe. It must not be; by the powers it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her. Is there no way to save her?

Brass. Save her! No; how can she be saved? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Five hundred pounds, sir; she's like to be saved indeed; not but that I know them in this town would give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of the other four; but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living: and I have disobeyed her only to you; and so—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold! dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order it so, as to compound those debts for—for twelve-pence in the pound?

Brass. Sir, d'ye hear? I have already tried 'em with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ears at it. Though, after all, for three hundred pounds, all in glittering gold, I could set their chops a watering. But where's that to be had with honour? there's the thing, sir—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold, once more; I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay—and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself. (*Going.*)

Brass. You will? Very genteel, truly. Go, slap-dash, and offer a woman of her scruples money, bolt in her face! why, you might as well offer a scorpion, and she'd as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her creditors, then, and treat with them?

Brass. Ay, that's a rare thought.

Gripe. Is not it, Brass?

Brass. Only one little inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how?

Brass. That they are your wife's creditors as well as her's; and, perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your wife unpaid.

Gripe. Why, that's true, now.

Brass. I'm wise, you see, sir.

Gripe. Thou art; and I'm but a young lover: but what shall we do, then?

Brass. Why, I'm thinking that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it—

Gripe. Ay, but look you, Brass—

Brass. But look you! Why, what, d'ye think I'm a pick-pocket? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note? your paltry note!

Gripe. I don't say so; I say only that in case—

Brass. Case, sir! there's no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Pr'ythee, don't be so testy; come, no more words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money.

Brass. A terrible effort you make indeed; you—

Gripe. Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfied. [*Exit.*]

Enter DICK.

Dick. Hist! Brass! Hist!

Brass. Well, sir.

Dick. 'Tis not well, sir, 'tis very ill, sir; we shall be all blown up.

Brass. What, with pride and plenty?

Dick. No, sir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and, truly, to oblige me, supposed no ill match by-the-by, they are resolved to propose it immediately to her father.

Brass. That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements; relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta the carrying her off: and I'm sure the young housewife would have tucked up her coats, and have marched.

Brass. Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

Dick. Why, then, what d—d luck is this?

Brass. 'Tis your luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly phiz—Plague take ye! he'll be hanged at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no money, you dog: you know you have stripped me of every penny.

Brass. Come, I'll venture one cargo more upon you; but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off your partnership for ever. I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent rogue! but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. (*Aside.*)

Brass. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use upon my wife's jewels here. (*Pulling out the necklace.*) Her necklace shall pawn for't.

Dick. Remember, though that if things fail, I'm to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

Brass. Yes; and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall! so you see where the cause will pinch.

Dick. Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to—

Brass. No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to—Oh! plague, sir— [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter MONEYTRAP and FLIPPANTA.

Mon. Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been received, eh? Was she pleased with it?

Flip. Yes, truly? that is, she was pleased to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

Mon. Well, but a—does she know that 'twas I that—

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—and so—why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserved, angry, forgiving air. But soft; here she comes, you'll see how you stand with her presently: but don't be afraid. Courage!

Mon. Hem!

Enter CLARISSA.

'Tis no small piece of good fortune, madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavoured it in vain.

Clar. 'Twas then unknown to me; for if I could often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I should be more reasonably blamed for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me—

Clar. You are the man of the world whose company, I think, is most to be desired. I don't compliment you, when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas! madam, your poor humble servant.

Clar. My poor humble servant, however, (with all the esteem I have for him,) stands suspected with me for a vile trick, I doubt he has played me; which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I should punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, madam, you'll believe I am not capable of—

Flip. No fine speeches, you'll spoil all. (*Aside to Mon.*)

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable person. (*Aside to Flip.*)

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my lady for you while she's warm. (*Aside to Mon.*)

Mon. But, Flippanta, how long dost think she may hold out?

Flip. Pooh! not a twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo!

Flip. Away! I say. [*Pushing him out.*]

Clar. Is he gone? What a wretch it is?

Flip. Poor mortal, his money's finely laid out, truly.

Clar. (*Advancing.*) I suppose there may have been much such another scene within, between Araminta and my dear: but I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money: I'm afraid Brass has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

Flip. By my faith, but he has, and better too; he presents his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent her—this. (*Shewing the note.*)

Clar. A bill from my love for two hundred and fifty pounds. The monster! he would not part with ten to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment.

Flip. Never complain of his avarice, madam, as long as you have his money. But which way will you go to receive it? for I must not appear with his note.

Clar. That's true; why, send for Mrs. Amlet; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Marry is she; we should have been basely

puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her; 'twould have been dangerous offering it for sale.

Clar. It would so, for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here too long; I must in and coquette it a little more with my lover; Araminta will get ground on me else.

Flip. And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

GRIPE, CORINNA, ARAMINTA and MONEYTRAP, discovered.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Mighty well, oh! mighty well, indeed.

Enter CLARISSA.

Clar. Save you, save you, good folks! you are all in rare humour, methinks.

Gripe. Why, what should we be otherwise for, madam?

Clar. Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear; but I haven't had the happiness of seeing you so since our honeymoon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of seeing you at home; (*kisses her, and leads her to a seat*) you see what charms you have, you are pleased to make use of 'em.

Aram. Very gallant, truly.

Clar. Nay, and what's more, you must know he's never to be otherwise, henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

Mon. Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray heaven continue its reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis all in your power. (*Leering at Clarissa.*)

Gripe. My neighbour Moneytrap says true, at least I'll confess frankly, (*ogling Araminta,*) 'tis in one lady's power to make me the best-humoured man on earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. (*Ogling Clarissa.*)

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen; mighty civil husbands, indeed.

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please to dispense with all that fine company we talked of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleased, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company, between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world.

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never; for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So, that's a wipe for me now, because I did not give her a new year's gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you next year.

Mon. And, perhaps, I mayn't forget a fan, or as good a thing—um! hussy.

Clar. Well, upon these encouragements, Araminta, we'll try how good we can be.

Gripe. Well, this goes most rarely: poor Moneytrap, he little thinks what makes his wife so easy in his company. (*Aside.*)

Mon. I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe.

Lard, lard! what a fool do his wife and I make of him. (*Aside.*)

Clar. Are not these two wretched rogues, Araminta? (*Aside to Aram.*)

Aram. They are indeed. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you. [*Exit.*]

Gripe. 'Cod's so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear.

Clar. That would be news, indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in. (*Rises.*)

Enter MR. CLIP.

Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

Clip. At your service, sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

Clar. Horrid fellow! (*Aside.*)

Gripe. Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Neighbour Moneytrap, be so good as to take the ladies into the next room. [*Exeunt Mon. and Ladies.*] Well, any news?

Clip. Lookye, sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you described to me.

Gripe. Let's see't—Victoria! the very same. Ah! my dear Mr. Clip. But who brought it you? you should have seized him.

Clip. 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, though it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Moneytrap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter BRASS.

Gripe. Oh! my friend Brass.

Brass. Hold! sir, I think that is a gentleman I'm looking for. Mr. Clip! what are you acquainted here? I have just been at your shop.

Clip. I only stepped here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

Brass. Why, sir, do you understand jewels? (*To Gripe.*) But I smoke the matter, harkye! a word in your ear; you are going to play the gallant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta. eh, eh?

Gripe. Where had you the necklace?

Brass. Don't you trouble yourself about that; it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a pennyworth on't.

Gripe. A pennyworth on't, villain? (*Strikes at him.*)

Brass. Villain! a-hey, a-hey? Is't you or me, Mr. Clip, he's pleased to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on't, sir?

Brass. Think on't! now the devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

Gripe. You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue! of a thing you have stolen from me.

Brass. Stolen! Pray, sir, what wine have you drunk to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You villain! either give me an account how you stole it, or—

Brass. Oh, ho! sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far. I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't: if you haven't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone; I know how to dispose on't. What a plague—

Gripe. Oh! you sha'n't have that trouble, sir.

Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here. I'll call at your shop and thank you for your care.

Clip. Sir, your humble servant. (*Going.*)

Brass. Oh, ho! Mr. Clip, if you please, sir, this won't do. (*Stopping him.*) I don't understand railery in such matters.

Clip. I leave it with Mr. Gripe, do you and he dispute it. [*Exit.*]

Brass. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, sir, that I expect it. (*Going after him.*)

Gripe. You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure, the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds. Come, villain, give me an account of—

Brass. Account of!—Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in it.

Gripe. Well said, courage.

Brass. Blood and thunder! give it me, or—

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

Brass. You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a d—d noise, too. Oh! don't think to—

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brass. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me!

Gripe. Speak softly; be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

Brass. A gentleman, a friend of mine.

Gripe. What was his name?

Brass. His name! I'm in such a passion, I have forgot it.

Gripe. Ah! brazen rogue, thou hast stolen it from my wife; 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

Brass. This has not been in England a month.

Gripe. You are a son of a w—.

Brass. Give me my necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note. My bill, hang-dog! or I'll strangle thee. (*They struggle.*)

Brass. Murder, murder!

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, CORINNA, FLIPPANTA, and MONEYTRAP.

Flip. What's the matter? what's the matter, here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

Brass. Why, your husband, madam; he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

Cor. Who, papa? Ah! dear me.

Clar. Pr'ythee, what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

Gripe. The meaning is, that—I'm quite out of breath; this son of a w— has got your necklace, that's all.

Clar. My necklace!

Gripe. That birdlime there—stole it. But, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneytrap, you'll commit him.

Brass. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? he's touched; see how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold! pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

Gripe. Well, then, without passion; why, you must know, (but I'll have him hanged,) you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did, with a necklace to sell; so Mr. Clip having notice before that, (can you deny this, sirrah?) that you had lost your's, brings it me. Look at it here, do you know it again? (*Giving the necklace to Clar.*) Ay, you traitor! (*To Brass.*)

Flip. (*Clar. shews the necklace to Flippanta.*) 'Tis

it, faith! here's some mystery in this; we must look about us. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the necklace. (*Aside to Flip.*)

Flip. Right, stick to that. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Gripe. Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance, eh?

Clar. Why, truly, my dear, though (as you may all imagine) I should be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world: this necklace is not mine.

Flip. No, that's not my lady's necklace.

Brass. Huzza! Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it; I'll keep it, and have him hanged.

Clar. But be a little calm, my dear; do, my bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. Oh! good lack, oh! good lack.

Clar. No, but don't give way to fury and interest both, either of them are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come and drink a dish of tea.

Gripe. Oons! if you, with your addle-head, don't know your own jewels, I, with my solid one, do. And, if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't, my dove; be temperate in your words, and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

Gripe. Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

Clar. Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

Mon. A most excellent woman this. (*Aside.*)

Gripe. I'll keep my necklace.

Brass. Will you so? then here comes one has a title to it, if I haven't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can.

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Mrs. Amlet, you are come in very good time, you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has it?

Mrs. A. Marry, that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why, then, here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, sirrah; look here, mistress, do you pretend this is your's?

Mrs. A. Not for the round world, I would not say it; I only kept it to do madam a small courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah! Flippanta, all will out now. (*Aside to Flippanta.*)

Gripe. Courtesy! what courtesy?

Mrs. A. A little money only, that madam had present need of; please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

Gripe. How, forsooth, is this true. (*To Clar.*)

Clar. You are in a humour at present, love, to believe anything, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Gripe. Are you not ashamed of these ways? Do you see how you are exposed before your best friends here? Don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my dear; but 'tis for you, that here it should appear to the world, you keep me so bare of money, I'm forced to pawn my jewels.

Gripe. Impudent huswife? (*Raising his hand to strike her; Moneytrap interposes.*)

Clar. Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds you sent to Araminta even now.

Brass. You see, sir, I delivered your note: how I have been abused to-day!

Gripe. I'm betrayed; Jades on both sides, I see that. (*Aside.*)

Mon. But madam, madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds? Pray, what were you to return for these pounds, madam, eh?

Aram. Nothing, my dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

Mon. Hem!

Gripe. How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

Clar. Oh! my dear, 'twas only in jest; I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

Mrs. A. But amongst all this bustle, I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it madam will pay me, or master?

Gripe. I pay! the devil shall pay.

Clar. Lookye, my dear, malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money, and I'll forgive you coquetting with Araminta: am I not a good wife now?

Gripe. I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, though I tuck myself up in another.

Mon. Nay, pray even tuck me up with you.

[*Exeunt Mon. and Gripe.*]

Clar. and Aram. B'ye, dearies.

Enter DICK.

Cor. Look, look, Flippanta, here's the Colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have staid so long, but—

Mrs. A. Ah! rogue's face, have I got thee, old good-for-nought? Sirrah, sirrah! do you think to amuse me with your marriages, and your great fortunes? Thou hast played me a rare prank, by my conscience. Why, you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now, heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

Flip. So methinks, by my faith.

Brass. Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. (*Aside.*)

Dick. What shall I do with her? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. A. Do but look at him, my dames, he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. The meaning, good lack? Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal, here, is my son, an't please you, eh, graceless? Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin!

Clar. What, the Colonel your son?

Mrs. A. 'Tis Dick, madam, that rogue Dick, I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Mrs. A. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, eh? Did I not bring thee forth, say then?

Dick. What will you have me say? You had a mind to ruin me, and you have done it; would you do any more?

Clar. Then, sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while.

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna.

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself.

Clar. Indeed, I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed, I think he deserves to be cudgelled.

Flip. Indeed, I think he might be pumped upon.

Brass. Indeed, I think he will be hanged.

Mrs. A. Good lack-a-day! good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he's not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they sha'n't run thee down neither; cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them, though *Mrs. Amlet* is thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

All. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, *Mrs. Amlet*!

[*Dick drives Brass off.*]

Mrs. A. (*To Clar.*) Yes, forsooth; though I should lose the hundred you pawned your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, Dick.

Cor. Lookye, *Flippanta*, I can hold no longer, and hate to see the young man abused. And so, sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is your's; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of them.

Dick. Say'st thou so, my little queen? Why then if my dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grand-children, and a merry house we'll make her. (*They kneel to Mrs. A.*)

Mrs. A. Ha, ha, ha! the pretty pair, the pretty pair! rise, my chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of them. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her. Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, *Mrs. Amlet*, don't be in a passion, the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word, you shall have mine, for anything that belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose for us, *Clarissa*, we are to go on with our dears as we used to.

Clar. Just in the same track; for this late treaty of agreement with them was so unnatural, you see it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live, everything gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

Flip. From this example, let each wedded pair,
That would the solid joys of wedlock share,
Avoid the trifling follies of the town,
Where no substantial joys were ever known;
And hold, as the most certain joys of life,
An honest husband, and a virtuous wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

FATAL CURIOSITY;

A TRAGEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE LILLO.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

OLD WILMOT
YOUNG WILMOT

EUSTACE
RANDAL

AGNES
CHARLOTTE

MARIA
SERVANT

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Wilmot's House.*

OLD WILMOT *discovered.*

Old W. The day is far advanc'd. The cheerful
Pursues with vigour his repeated course: [sun
No labour lessens, nor no time decays
His strength or splendour: evermore the same,
From age to age his influence sustains
Dependent worlds, bestows both life and motion
On the dull mass, that forms their dusky orbs,
Cheers them with heat, and gilds them with his
brightness.

Yet man, of jarring elements compos'd,
Who posts from change to change, from the first
Of his frail being to his dissolution, [hour
Enjoys the sad prerogative above him,
To think, and to be wretched! What is life
To him that's born to die?
Or, what the wisdom, whose perfection ends
In knowing we know nothing?
Mere contradiction all! A tragic farce,
Tedious, though short; elab'rate without art;
Ridiculously sad—

Enter RANDAL.

Where hast been, Randal?

Rand. Not out of Penryn, sir; but to the strand,
To hear what news from Falmouth, since the storm
Of wind last night.

Old W. It was a dreadful one.

Rand. Some found it so. A noble ship from India,
Ent'ring the harbour, run upon a rock,
And there was lost.

Old W. What came of those on board her?

Rand. Some few are sav'd; but much the greater
'Tis thought, are perish'd. [part,

Old W. They are past the fear
Of future tempests, or a wreck on shore:
Those who escap'd, are still expos'd to both.
Where's your mistress? [Minster.

Rand. I saw her pass the High-street, t'wards the

Old W. She's gone to visit Charlotte. She doth
In the soft bosom of that gentle maid, [well!

There dwells more goodness than the rigid race
Of moral pedants e'er believ'd, or taught.
With what amazing constancy and truth,
Doth she sustain the absence of our son,
Whom more than life she loves! How shun for him,
Whom we shall ne'er see more, the rich and great,
Who own her charms, and sigh to make her happy!
Since our misfortunes we have found no friend,
None who regarded our distress, but her;
And she, by what I have observ'd of late,
Is wearied, or exhausted. Curs'd condition!
To live a burden to one only friend,
And blast her youth with our prodigious woe!
Who, that had reason, soul, or sense, would bear it
A moment longer? Then, this honest wretch!
I must dismiss him. Why should I detain
A grateful, gen'rous youth, to perish with me?
His service may procure him bread elsewhere,
Though I have none to give him. Pr'ythee, Randal,
How long hast thou been with me?

Rand. Fifteen years.

I was a very child when first ye took me
To wait upon your son, my dear young master.
I oft have wish'd I'd gone to India with him,
Though you, desponding, give him o'er for lost.

(*Old Wilmot wipes his eyes.*)

I am to blame: this talk revives your sorrow
For his long absence.

Old W. That cannot be reviv'd
Which never died.

Rand. The whole of my intent
Was to confess your bounty, that supplied
The loss of both my parents: I was long
The object of your charitable care. [longer since

Old W. No more of that: thou'st serv'd me
Without reward; so that account is balanced,
Or, rather, I'm the debtor. I remember,
When poverty began to shew her face
Within these walls, and all my other servants,
Like pamper'd vermin from a falling house,
Retreated with the plunder they had gain'd,

And left me, too indulgent and remiss
For such ungrateful wretches, to be crush'd
Beneath the ruin they had help'd to make,
That you, more good than wise, refus'd to leave me.

Rand. May I beseech you, sir—

Old W. With my distress,
In perfect contradiction to the world,
Thy love, respect, and diligence, increas'd.
Now, all the recompense within my power,
Is to discharge thee, Randal, from my hard
Unprofitable service.

Rand. Heaven forbid!

Shall I forsake you in your worst necessity?
Believe me, sir, my honest soul abhors
The barb'rous thought!

Old W. What! canst thou feed on air?
I have not left wherewith to purchase food
For one meal more!

Rand. Rather than leave you thus,
I'll beg my bread, and live on others' bounty,
While I serve you.

Old W. Down, down, my swelling heart,
Or burst in silence! 'Tis thy cruel fate
Insults thee by his kindness. He is innocent
Of all the pain it gives thee. Go thy ways:
I will no more suppress thy youthful hopes
Of rising in the world.

Rand. 'Tis true, I'm young,
And never try'd my fortune, or my genius,
Which may, perhaps, find out some happy means,
As yet unthought of, to supply your wants.

Old W. Thou tortur'st me! I hate all obligations
Which I can ne'er return. And who art thou,
That I should stoop to take 'em from thy hand?
Care for thyself, but take no thought for me!
I will not want thee: trouble me no more!

Rand. Be not offended, sir, and I will go.
I ne'er repin'd at your commands before;
But heaven's my witness, I obey you now,
With strong reluctance, and a heavy heart!
Farewell, my worthy master! (Going.)

Old W. Farewell! Stay;
As thou art yet a stranger to the world,
Of which, alas! I've had too much experience;
I should, methinks, before we part, bestow
A little counsel on thee. Dry thy eyes:
If thou weep'st thus, I shall proceed no farther.
Dost thou aspire to greatness or to wealth?
Quit books, and the unprofitable search
Of wisdom there, and study humankind:
No science will avail thee without that;
But that obtain'd, thou need'st not any other.
This will instruct thee to conceal thy views,
And wear the face of probity and honour,
Till thou hast gain'd thy end: which must be ever
Thy own advantage, at that man's expense
Who shall be weak enough to think thee honest.

Rand. You mock me, sure!

Old W. I never was more serious.

Rand. Why should you counsel, what you scorn'd
to practise? [ruin.]

Old W. Because that foolish scorn has been my
I've been an idiot, but would have thee wiser,
And treat mankind as they would treat thee, Randal,
As they deserve, and I've been treated by them:
Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise me,
How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise;
Shun my example; treasure up my precepts;
The world's before thee—be a knave, and prosper.
What, art thou dumb?

Rand. Amazement ties my tongue!
Where are your former principles?

Old W. No matter;
Suppose I have renounc'd them: I have passions,
And love thee still; therefore, would have thee think
The world is all a scene of deep deceit:
And he, who deals with mankind on the square,
Is his own bubble, and undoes himself.
Farewell; and mark my counsel, boy. [Exit.]

Rand. Amazement!

Is this the man I thought so wise and just?
What, teach and counsel me to be a villain?
Sure, grief has made him frantic, or some fiend
Assum'd his shape. I shall suspect my senses.
High-minded he was ever, and improvident,
But pitiful and generous, to a fault.
Pleasure he lov'd, but honour was his idol.
Oh! fatal change! Oh! horrid transformation!
So a majestic temple, sunk to ruin,
Becomes the loathsome shelter and abode
Of lurking serpents, toads, and beasts of prey;
And scaly dragons hiss, and lions roar,
Where wisdom taught, and music charm'd before.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Charlotte's house.

Enter CHARLOTTE and MARIA.

Char. What terror and amazement must they feel
Who die by shipwreck!

Mar. 'Tis a dreadful thought!

Char. Ay, is it not, Maria? To descend,
Living, and conscious, to the watry tomb!
Alas! had we no sorrows of our own,
The frequent instances of others' woe,
Must give a gen'rous mind a world of pain.
But you forget you promis'd me to sing.
Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me.
There's, sure, no passion in the human soul,
But finds its food in music. I would hear
The song, compos'd by that unhappy maid,
Whose faithful lover, 'scap'd a thousand perils
From rocks and sands, and the devouring deep;
And after all, being arriv'd at home,
Passing a narrow brook, was drowned there,
And perish'd in her sight.

SONG.—MARIA.

Cease, cease, heart-easing tears!

Adieu, you flatt'ring fears!

Which seven long, tedious years

Taught me to bear.

Tears are for lighter woes;

Fear no such danger knows

As fate remorseless shews,

Endless despair!

Dear cause of all my pain,

On the wide stormy main,

Thou wast preserv'd in vain,

Though still ador'd.

Hadst thou died there unseen,

My wounded eyes had been

Sav'd from the direst scene

Maid e'er deplor'd.

Char. (Finds a letter.) What's this? A letter su-
perscrib'd to me!

None could convey it here, but you, Maria.
Ungen'rous, cruel maid! to use me thus!
To join with flatt'ring men to break my peace,
And persecute me to the last retreat? [the sighs]

Mar. Why should it break your peace to hear
Of honourable love? This letter is—

Char. No matter whence: return it back unopen'd:
I have no love, no charms, but for my Wilmot,
Nor would have any.

Mar. Alas! Wilmot's dead!

Or, living, dead to you. [hope;]

Char. I'll not despair: patience shall cherish
Nor wrong his honour by unjust suspicion.
I know his truth, and will preserve my own.
But, to prevent all future importunity,
Know, thou incessant foe to my repose,
Whether he sleeps secure from mortal cares,
In the deep bosom of the boist'rous main,
Or, toss'd with tempest, still endures its rage,
No second choice shall violate my vows; [jur'd,
High heaven, which heard them, and abhors the per-
Can witness, they were made without reserve:
Never to be retracted, ne'er dissolv'd
By accident or absence, time or death.

Mar. And did your vows oblige you to support

His haughty parents, to your utter ruin?
Well may you weep to think on what you've done.

Char. I weep to think that I can do no more
For their support. What will become of them?
The hoary, helpless, miserable pair!

Mar. What I can't praise, you force me to admire,
And mourn for you, as you lament for them.
Your patience, constancy, and resignation,
Merit a better fate.

Char. So pride would tell me,
And vain self-love, but I believe them not:
And if, by wanting pleasure, I have gain'd
Humility, I'm richer for my loss.

Mar. You have the heavenly art still to improve
Your mind by all events. But here comes one,
Whose pride seems to increase with her misfortunes.
Her faded dress, unfashionably fine,
As ill conceals her poverty, as that
Strain'd complaisance, her haughty, swelling heart.
Though perishing with want, so far from asking,
She ne'er receives a favour uncompell'd;
And, while she ruins, scorns to be oblig'd:
Let me depart, I know she loves me not. [Exit.

Enter AGNES.

Char. This visit's kind.

Agnes. Few else would think it so:
Those who would once have thought themselves
much honour'd
By the least favour, though 'twere but a look,
I could have shewn them, now refuse to see me.
'Tis misery enough to be reduc'd
To the low level of the common herd,
Who, born to beggary, envy all above them:
But 'tis the curse of curses to endure
The insolent contempt of those we scorn.

Char. By scorning, we provoke them to contempt,
And thus offend, and suffer in our turns:
We must have patience.

Agnes. No, I scorn them yet;
But there's no end of suff'ring: who can say
Their sorrows are complete? My wretched husband,
Tir'd with our woes, and hopeless of relief,
Grows sick of life;
And, urg'd by indignation and despair,
Would plunge into eternity at once,
By foul self-murder.

Char. Gracious heaven support him!

Agnes. His fixed love for me,
Whom he would fain persuade to share his fate,
And take the same uncertain, dreadful course,
Alone withholds his hand.

Char. And may it ever! [of life;

Agnes. I've known with him the two extremes
The highest happiness, and deepest woe,
With all the sharp and bitter aggravations
Of such a vast transition. Such a fall
In the decline of life! I have as quick,
As exquisite a sense of pain as he,
And would do anything, but die, to end it;
But there my courage fails. Death is the worst
That fate can bring, and cuts off ev'ry hope. [lot

Char. We must not choose, but strive to bear our
Without reproach or guilt. By one rash act
Of desperation, we may overthrow
The merit we've been raising all our days,
And lose our whole reward. And now, methinks,
Now, more than ever, we have cause to fear,
And be upon our guard. The hand of heaven
Spreads clouds on clouds o'er our benighted heads,
And wrapp'd in darkness, doubles our distress.
I had, the night last past, repeated twice,
A strange and awful dream: I would not yield
To fearful superstition, nor despise
The admonition of a friendly power,
That wish'd my good.

Agnes. I have certain plagues enough,
Without the help of dreams, to make me wretched.

Char. I would not stake my happiness or duty
On their uncertain credit, nor on aught
But reason, and the known decrees of heaven;

Yet dreams have sometimes shewn events to come,
And may excite to vigilance and care.

My vision may be such, and sent to warn us,
(Now we are tried by multiply'd afflictions,)
To mark each motion of our swelling hearts,
Lest we attempt to extricate ourselves,
And seek deliv'rance by forbidden ways;
To keep our hopes and innocence entire,
Till we're dismiss'd to join the happy dead,
Or heaven relieves us here.

Agnes. Well, to your dream.

Char. Methought, I sat, in a dark winter's night,
On the wide summit of a barren mountain; [frame,
The sharp, bleak winds pierc'd through my shiv'ring
And storms of hail, and sleet, and driving rains,
Beat with impetuous fury on my head, [round me.
Drench'd my chill'd limbs, and pour'd a deluge
On one hand, ever-gentle Patience sat,
On whose calm bosom I reclin'd my head;
And, on the other, silent Contemplation.
At length, to my unclos'd and watchful eyes,
That long had roll'd in darkness, dawn appear'd;
And I beheld a man, an utter stranger,
But of graceful and exalted mien,
Who press'd with eager transport to embrace me.
I shunn'd his arms: but at some words he spoke,
Which I have now forgot, I turn'd again;
But he was gone—and, oh! transporting sight!
Your son, my dearest Wilmot, fill'd his place!

Agnes. If I regarded dreams, I should expect
Some fair event from your's.

Char. But what's to come,
Though more obscure, is terrible, indeed!
Methought we parted soon, and when I sought him,
You and his father (yes, you both were there,)
Strove to conceal him from me. I pursu'd you
Both with my cries, and call'd on heaven and earth
To judge my wrongs, and force you to reveal
Where you had hid my love, my life, my Wilmot!

Agnes. Unless you mean t'offend me, spare the
'Tis just as likely Wilmot should return [rest.
As we become your foes.

Char. Far be such thought
From Charlotte's breast! but when I heard you name
Self-murder, it reviv'd the frightful image
Of such a dreadful scene!

Agnes. You will persist—

Char. Excuse me: I have done. Being a dream,
I thought, at least, it could not give offence.

Agnes. You could not think so, had you thought
at all.

But I take nothing ill from thee. Adieu!
I've tarried longer than I first intended,
And my poor husband mourns the while alone. [Exit.

Char. She's gone abruptly, and, I fear, displeas'd.
The least appearance of advice or caution,
Sets her impatient temper in a flame. [pride,
When grief, that well might humble, swells our
And pride, increasing, aggravates our grief,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.
Heaven grant a fairer issue to her sorrows! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Town and Port of Penryn.*

*Enter YOUNG WILMOT and EUSTACE, in Indian
habits.*

Young W. Welcome, my friend, to Penryn! Here
we're safe. [sea,

Eust. Then we're deliver'd twice: first from the
And then from men, who, more remorseless, prey
On shipwreck'd wretches, and who spoil and murder
Those whom fell tempests, and devouring waves,
In all their fury, spar'd.

Young W. It is a scandal,
(Though malice must acquit the better sort,)
The rude unpolish'd people here, in Cornwall,
Have long lain under, and with too much justice:
For 'tis an evil, grown almost invet'rate,
And asks a bold and skilful hand to cure.

Eust. Your treasure's safe, I hope?

Young W. 'Tis here, thank heaven!

Being in jewels, when I saw our danger,
I hid it in my bosom.

Eust. I observed you,
And wonder how you could command your thoughts
In such a time of terror and confusion.

Young W. My thoughts were then at home. Oh!
England, England!

Thou seat of plenty, liberty, and health,
With transport I behold thy verdant fields,
Thy lofty mountains rich with useful ore,
Thy num'rous herds, thy flocks, and winding streams.
After a long and tedious absence, Eustace,
With what delight we breathe our native air,
And tread the genial soil that bore us first!
'Tis said, the world is ev'ry wise man's country;
Yet, after having view'd its various nations,
I'm weak enough still to prefer my own
To all I've seen beside. You smile, my friend!
And think, perhaps, 'tis instinct more than reason.
Why, be it so: instinct preceded reason
Ev'n in the wisest men, and may sometimes
Be much the better guide. But, be it either,
I must confess, that even death itself
Appear'd to me with twice its native horrors,
When apprehended in a foreign land.
Death is, no doubt, in ev'ry place the same;
Yet nature casts a look towards home, and most
Who have it in their power, choose to expire
Where they first drew their breath.

Eust. Believe me, Wilmot,
Your grave reflections were not what I smil'd at;
I own the truth. That we're return'd to England,
Affords me all the pleasure you can feel.
Yet I must think a warmer passion moves you;
Thinking of that, I smil'd.

Young W. Oh! Eustace, Eustace!
Thou know'st, for I've confess'd to thee, I love;
But having never seen the charming maid,
Thou canst not know the fierceness of my flame.
My hopes and fears, like the tempestuous seas
That we have pass'd, now mount me to the skies,
Now hurl me down from that stupendous height,
And drive me to the centre. Did you know
How much depends on this important hour,
You would not be surpris'd to see me thus.
The sinking fortune of our ancient house,
Compell'd me, young, to leave my native country,
My weeping parents, and my lovely Charlotte,
Who rul'd, and must for ever rule, my fate.
Oh! should my Charlotte, doubtful of my truth,
Or, in despair ever to see me more,
Have given herself to some more happy lover!
Distraction's in the thought! Or, should my parents,
Griev'd for my absence, and oppress'd with want,
Have sunk beneath their burden and expir'd,
While I, too late, was flying to relieve them;
The end of all my long and weary travels,
The hope that made success itself a blessing,
Being defeated, and for ever lost;
What were the riches of the world to me?

Eust. The wretch who fears all that is possible,
Must suffer more than he, who feels the worst
A man can feel, yet lives exempt from fear.
A woman may be false, and friends are mortal;
And yet your aged parents may be living,
And your fair mistress constant.

Young W. True, they may;
I doubt, but I despair not. No, my friend!
My hopes are strong, and lively as my fears;
They tell me, Charlotte is as true as fair;
That we shall meet, never to part again;
That I shall see my parents, kiss the tears
From their pale hollow cheeks, cheer their sad hearts,
And drive that gaping phantom, meagre want,
For ever from their board; their days to come
Crown all with peace, with pleasure, and abundance;
Receive their fond embraces and their blessings,
And be a blessing to them.

Eust. 'Tis our weakness:
Blind to events, we reason in the dark,

And fondly apprehend, what none e'er found,
Or ever shall, pleasure and pain unmix'd;
And flatter, and torment ourselves by turns,
With what shall never be.

Young W. I'll go this instant
To seek my Charlotte, and explore my fate.

Eust. What, in that foreign habit?

Young W. That's a trifle,
Not worth my thoughts.

Eust. The hardships you've endur'd,
And your long stay beneath the burning zone,
Where one eternal sultry summer reigns,
Have marr'd the native hue of your complexion:
Methinks you look more like a sun-burnt Indian,
Than a Briton.

Young W. Well; 'tis no matter, Eustace!
I hope my mind's not alter'd for the worse,
And for my outside—But inform me, friend,
When I may hope to see you.

Eust. When you please:
You'll find me at the inn.

[me there,

Young W. When I have learn'd my doom, expect
Till then, farewell!

Eust. Farewell! Success attend you! [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Charlotte's house.

Enter CHARLOTTE followed by a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a stranger, in a foreign habit, de-

Char. In a foreign habit! [sires to see you.

'Tis strange, and unexpected. But admit him.

[Exit Servant.

Who can this stranger be? I know no foreigner,

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Nor any man like this.

Young W. Ten thousand joys!

(Going to embrace her.)

Char. Sir, you are too bold. Forbear, and let me
know

What business brought you here, or leave the place.

Young W. Perfidious maid! Am I forgot, or
scorn'd?

Char. Can I forget a man I never knew? [heart:

Young W. My fears are true; some other has her
She's lost: my fatal absence has undone me! (Aside.)
Oh! could thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlotte.

Char. Ha! Wilmot! say, what do your words im-
Oh! gentle stranger, ease my swelling heart! [port?
What dost thou know of Wilmot?

Young W. This I know:

When all the winds of heaven seem'd to conspire
Against the stormy main, and dreadful peals
Of rattling thunder deafen'd ev'ry ear,
And drown'd th' affrighted mariners' loud cries;
When vivid lightning spread its sulphurous flames
Through all the dark horizon, and disclos'd
The raging seas incens'd to his destruction;
When the good ship, in which he was embark'd,
Broke, and o'erwhelm'd by the impetuous surge,
Sunk to the oozy bottom of the deep,
And left him struggling with the warring waves;
In that dread moment, in the jaws of death,
When his strength fail'd, and ev'ry hope forsook him,
And his last breath press'd towards his trembling lips,
The neighbouring rocks, that echo'd to his moan,
Return'd no sound articulate but—Charlotte.

Char. The fatal tempest, whose description strikes
The hearer with astonishment, is ceas'd;
And Wilmot is at rest. The fiercer storm
Of swelling passions, that o'erwhelms the soul,
And rages worse than the mad foaming seas
In which he perish'd, ne'er shall vex him more.

Young W. Thou seem'st to think he's dead; en-
joy that thought;

Persuade yourself, that what you wish is true,
And triumph in your falsehood. Yes, he's dead!
You were his fate. The cruel winds and waves,
That cast him pale and breathless on the shore,
Spar'd him for greater woes; to know his Charlotte,
Forgetting all her vows to him and heaven,
Had cast him from her thoughts. Then, then he died;
But never can have rest. Ev'n now he wanders,

A sad, repining, discontented ghost;
The unsubstantial shadow of himself;
And pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears,
And stalks, unseen, before thee.

Char. 'Tis enough:

Detested falsehood now has done its worst. [mot!
And art thou dead? And wouldst thou die, my Wil-
For one thou thought unjust? 'Thou soul of truth!
What must be done? Which way shall I express
Unutterable woe? Or how convince
Thy dear departed spirit of the love,
Th' eternal love, and never-failing faith
Of thy much-injur'd, lost, despairing Charlotte?

Young W. Be still, my flutt'ring heart; hope not too soon!

Perhaps I dream, and this is all illusion. (*Aside.*)

Char. If, as some teach, the spirit after death,
Free from the bounds and ties of sordid earth,
Can trace us to our most conceal'd retreat,
See all we act, and read our very thoughts;
To thee, oh! Wilmot, kneeling, I appeal.
If e'er I swerv'd in action, word, or thought,
Or ever wish'd to taste a joy on earth
That center'd not in thee, since last we parted,
May we ne'er meet again; but thy loud wrongs
So close the ear of mercy to my cries,
That I may never see those bright abodes
Where truth and virtue only have admission,
And thou inhabit'st now!

Young W. Assist me, heaven!

Preserve my reason, memory, and sense!
Oh! moderate my fierce tumultuous joys,
Or their excess will drive me to distraction.
Oh! Charlotte, Charlotte! lovely, virtuous maid!
Can thy firm mind, in spite of time and absence,
Remain unshaken, and support its truth;
And yet thy frailer memory retain
No image, no idea of thy lover?

Why dost thou gaze so wildly? Look on me;
Turn thy dear eyes this way; observe me well.
Have scorching climates, time, and this strange habit,
So chang'd, and so disguis'd thy faithful Wilmot,
That nothing in my voice, my face, or mien,
Remains to tell my Charlotte I am he?

(*Gives him her hand.*)

Why dost thou weep? Why dost thou tremble thus?
Why doth thy panting heart, and cautious touch,
Speak thee but half convinc'd? Whence are thy fears?
Why art thou silent? Canst thou doubt me still?

Char. No, Wilmot! no; I'm blind with too much light:

O'ercome with wonder, and oppress'd with joy.
This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description.
But, for one sorrow, one sad scene of anguish,
That checks the swelling torrent of my joys,
I could not bear the transport.

Young W. Let me know it:

Give me my portion of thy sorrow, Charlotte!
Let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee.

Char. Alas, my Wilmot! these sad tears are thine;
They flow for thy misfortunes. I am pierc'd
With all the agonies of strong compassion,
With all the bitter anguish you must feel,
When you shall hear your parents—

Young W. Are no more.

Char. You apprehend me wrong.

Young W. Perhaps I do,
Perhaps you mean to say, the greedy grave
Was satisfy'd with one, and one is left
To bless my longing eyes. But which, my Charlotte?

Char. Afflict yourself no more with groundless fears:

Your parents both are living. Their distress—
The poverty to which they are reduc'd,
In spite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd:
That poverty, in age, to them whose youth
Was crown'd with full prosperity, I fear,
Is worse much worse, than death.

Young W. My joy's complete!

My parents living, and possess'd of thee!
From this blest hour, the happiest of my life,
I'll date my rest. My anxious hopes and fears,
My weary travels, and my dangers past,
Are now rewarded all: now I rejoice
In my success, and count my riches gain.
For know, my soul's best treasure! I have wealth
Enough to glut e'en avarice itself:
No more shall cruel want, or proud contempt,
Oppress the sinking spirits, or insult
The hoary heads of those who gave me being.

Char. 'Tis now, oh! riches, I conceive your worth:
You are not base, nor can you be superfluous,
But when misplac'd in base and sordid hands.
Fly, fly! my Wilmot! leave thy happy Charlotte!
Thy filial piety, the sighs and tears
Of thy lamenting parents, call thee hence.

Young W. I have a friend, the partner of my voyage,
Who, in the storm last night, was shipwreck'd with me.

Char. Shipwreck'd last night! Oh! you immortal
What have you suffer'd! How were you preserv'd?

Young W. Let that, and all my other strange es-
And perilous adventures, be the theme [capes,
Of many a happy winter night to come.

My present purpose was t'intreat my angel,
To know this friend, this other better Wilmot,
And come with him this evening to my father's:
I'll send him to thee.

Char. I consent with pleasure. [bear my joy!

Young W. Heavens! what a night! How shall I
My parents, yours, my friends, all will be mine.
If such the early hopes, the vernal bloom,
The distant prospect of my future bliss,
Then, what the ruddy autumn? What the fruit,
The full possession of thy heavenly charms? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street in Penryn.

Enter RANDAL.

Rand. Poor, poor! and friendless! whither shall I wander?

And to what point direct my views and hopes?
A menial servant! No. What, shall I live
Here in this land of freedom, live distinguish'd,
And mark'd the willing slave of some proud subject!
To swell his useless train for broken fragments,
The cold remains of his superfluous board?
I would aspire to something more and better.
Turn thy eyes, then, to the prolific ocean,
Whose spacious bosom opens to thy view:
There deathless honour, and unenvy'd wealth,
Have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils.
This is the native uncontested right,
The fair inheritance of ev'ry Briton,
That dares put in his claim. My choice is made:
A long farewell to Cornwall, and to England!
If I return—But stay, what stranger's this,
Who, as he views me, seems to mend his pace?

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Young W. Randal! the dear companion of my
Sure, lavish fortune means to give me all [youth!
I could desire, or ask, for this blest day,
And leave me nothing to expect hereafter!

Rand. Your pardon, sir! I know but one on earth
Could properly salute me by the title
You're pleas'd to give me; and I would not think
That you are he—that you are Wilmot!

Young W. Why? [ment,

Rand. Because I could not bear the disappoint-
If I should be deceiv'd.

Young W. I am pleas'd to hear it:
Thy friendly fears better express thy thoughts
Than words could do.

Rand. Oh, Wilmot! Oh, my master!
Are you return'd?

Young W. I have not yet embrac'd
My parents; I shall see you at my father's.

Rand. No; I am discharg'd from thence; oh!
sir, such ruin— [them:

Young W. I've heard it all, and hasten to relieve

Sure, heaven hath bless'd me to that very end:
I've wealth enough; nor shalt thou want a part.

Rand. I have a part already; I am blest
In your success, and share in all your joys.

Young W. I doubt it not; but tell me, dost thou
My parents not suspecting my return, [think,
That I may visit them, and not be known?

Rand. 'Tis hard for me to judge. You are, al-
Grown so familiar to me, that I wonder [ready,
I knew you not at first: yet it may be;
For you're much alter'd, and they think you dead.

Young W. This is certain; Charlotte beheld me
long,
And heard my loud reproaches and complaints,
Without rememb'ring she had ever seen me.
My mind, at ease, grows wanton: I would fain
Refine on happiness. Why may I not
Indulge my curiosity, and try
If it be possible, by seeing first
My parents as a stranger, to improve
Their pleasure by surprise?

Rand. It may, indeed,
Enhance your own, to see from what despair
Your timely coming, and unhop'd success,
Have given you power to raise them.

Young W. I remember—
E'er since we learn'd together, you excell'd
In writing fairly, and could imitate
Whatever hand you saw, with great exactness.
I therefore beg you'll write, in Charlotte's name
And character, a letter to my father;
And recommend me, as a friend of her's,
To his acquaintance.

Rand. Sir, if you desire it—
And yet—

Young W. Nay, no objections! 'Twill save time,
Most precious with me now. For the deception,
If doing what my Charlotte will approve,
'Cause done for me, and with a good intent,
Deserves the name, I'll answer it myself.
If this succeeds, I purpose to defer
Discov'ring who I am till Charlotte comes,
And thou, and all who love me. Ev'ry friend
Who witnesses my happiness to-night,
Will, by partaking, multiply my joys.

Rand. You grow luxurious in imagination.
Could I deny you aught, I would not write
This letter. To say true, I ever thought
Your boundless curiosity a weakness.

Young W. What canst thou blame in this?

Rand. Your pardon, sir!
Perhaps I spoke too freely;
I'm ready t' obey your orders.

Young W. I am much thy debtor,
But I shall find a time to quit thy kindness.
Oh! Randal, but imagine to thyself
The floods of transport, the sincere delight,
That all my friends will feel, when I disclose
To my astonish'd parents my return.
And then confess, that I have well contriv'd,
By giving others joy t' exalt my own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Old Wilmot's house.*

OLD WILMOT and AGNES discovered.

Old W. Here, take this Seneca; this haughty pe-
Who, governing the master of mankind, [dant,
And awing power imperial, prates of patience;
And praises poverty, possess'd of millions:
Sell him, and buy us bread. The scantiest meal
The vilest copy of his book e'er purchas'd,
Will give us more relief in this distress,
Than all his boasted precepts. Nay, no tears;
Keep them to move compassion when you beg.

Agnes. My heart may break, but never stoop to that.

Old W. Nor would I live to see it. But des-
patch. [Exit Agnes.

Where must I charge this length of misery,
That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
And must at last o'erwhelm me, but on hope:
Vain, flattering, delusive, groundless hope,
That has for years deceiv'd me? Had I thought,

As I do now, as wise men ever think,
When first this hell of poverty o'ertook me,
That power to die implies a right to do it,
And should be us'd when life becomes a pain,
What plagues had I prevented! True, my wife
Is still a slave to prejudice and fear—
I would not leave my better part, the dear (Weeps.)
Faithful companion of my happier days,
To bear the weight of age and want alone.
I'll try once more.

Re-enter AGNES, and after her, YOUNG WILMOT.
Return'd, my life, so soon—

Agnes. The unexpected coming of this stranger
Prevents my going yet.

Young W. You are, I presume,
The gentleman to whom this is directed.
What wild neglect, the token of despair,
What indigence, what misery appears
In this once happy house! What discontent,
What anguish and confusion, fill the faces
Of its dejected owners! (Aside.) [come

Old W. (Having read the letter.) Sir, such wel-
As this poor house affords, you may command.
Our ever friendly neighbour, once we hop'd
T' have call'd fair Charlotte by a dearer name;
But we have done with hope—I pray excuse
This incoherence. We had once a son. (Weeps.)

Agnes. That you are come from that dear virtuous
Revives in us the mem'ry of a loss, [maid,
Which, though long since, we have not learn'd to
bear. [pain

Young W. The joy to see them, and the bitter
It is to see them thus, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief, that will o'erflow.
They know me not, and yet I shall, I fear,
Defeat my purpose, and betray myself. (Aside.)

Old W. The lady calls you, here, her valu'd
friend;

Enough, though nothing more should be imply'd,
To recommend you to our best esteem,
A worthless acquisition! May she find
Some means that better may express her kindness!
But she, perhaps, has purpos'd to enrich
You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
For one, whom death alone can justify
For leaving her so long. If it be so,
May you repair his loss, and be to Charlotte
A second, happier Wilmot! Partial nature,
Who only favours youth; as feeble age
Were not her offspring, or below her care,
Has seal'd our doom: no second hope shall spring
To dry our tears, and dissipate despair.

Agnes. The last, and most abandon'd of our kind!
By heaven and earth neglected or despis'd!
The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son,
And all our joys in him must be our refuge. [fiends,

Young W. Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted
Fear without hope, and wail in such sad strains;
But grace defend the living from despair!
The darkest hours precede the rising sun,
And mercy may appear when least expected. [ed,

Old W. This I have heard a thousand times repeat-
And have, believing, been as oft deceiv'd.

Young W. Behold in me an instance of its truth.
At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey
Of lawless pirates; by the Arabs thrice
Surpris'd, and robb'd on shore; and once reduc'd
To worse than these, the sum of all distress
That the most wretched feel on this side hell—
Even slavery itself: but here I stand,
Except one trouble that will quickly end,
The happiest of mankind.

Old W. A rare example
Of fortune's changes; apter to surprise
Or entertain, than comfort or instruct.
If you would reason from events, be just,
And count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd,
And draw your inference thence.

Agnes. Alas! who knows,
But we were render'd childless by some storm,

In which you, though preserv'd, might bear a part?

Young W. How has my curiosity betray'd me
Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness;
And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon them;
Proclaim myself their son; kiss, and embrace them;
Till, with the excess of pleasure and surprise,
Their souls transported, their frail mansions quit,
And leave them breathless in my longing arms.
By circumstances, then, and slow degrees,
They must be let into a happiness
Too great for them to bear at once, and live:
That Charlotte will perform. I need not feign
To ask an hour for rest. (*Aside.*) Sir, I entreat
The favour to retire; where, for awhile,
I may repose myself. You will excuse
This freedom, and the trouble that I give you:
'Tis long since I have slept, and nature calls.

Old W. I pray, no more: believe we're only
troubled,
That you should think any excuse were needful.

Young W. The weight of this, to me is some in-
cumbrance. (*Gives a casket to his mother.*)
And its contents of value: if you please
To take the charge of it till I awake,
I shall not rest the worse. If I should sleep
Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may,
I beg that you would wake me.

Agnes. Doubt it not!
Distracted as I am with various woes,
I shall remember that. [*Exit with Old W.*]

Young W. Merciless grief!
What ravage has it made! how has it chang'd
Her lovely form and mind! I feel her anguish,
And dread, I know not what, from her despair.
My father, too—Oh! grant them patience, heaven,
A little longer, a few short hours more,
And all their cares, and mine, shall end for ever.

ACT III. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—A Room in Old Wilmot's house.

Enter AGNES, with the casket in her hand.

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then
this casket;

He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me; perhaps
It is not what he says; I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see. No, let it rest!
Why should I pry into the cares of others,
Who have so many sorrows of my own? [*prising!*]
With how much ease the spring gives way!—Sur-
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
And how immense the worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty, and all its abject train;
Famine, the cold neglect of friends, the scorn,
Or more provoking pity of the world.
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake:
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though, but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought—I saw, and touch'd
The bright temptation; and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want?
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then—But how? There is a way—
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrill'd with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

Old W. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose!
He's fallen asleep already—Happy man!
What dost thou think, my Agnes, of our guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he clos'd his eyes, that swam in tears,

He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierc'd me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and—dost thou hear
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well. [*me?*]
This casket was delivered to you clos'd:
Why have you open'd it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

Old W. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity,
Due to ourselves; which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintain'd and cherish'd to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice. [*sense!*]

Agnes. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of
Pursue no farther this detested theme:
I will not die; I will not leave the world,
For all that you can urge, until compell'd.

Old W. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
Your warmth might be excus'd; but take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

Old W. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then, we'll live both.

Old W. Strange folly! where the means?

Agnes. There, those jewels!

Old W. Ah! Take heed!

Perhaps thou dost but try me—yet take heed!
There's nought so monstrous, but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought t'approve:
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flatt'ring opportunity entic'd,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them nam'd.

Agnes. And add to these, detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

Old W. How couldst thou form a thought so
very damning?

So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror!

Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life, than end our own. [*crime:*]

Old W. No matter which, the less or greater
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss: and that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
Oh! what is man, his excellence and strength,
When, in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd
To plead the cause of vile assassination!

Agnes. You're too severe: Reason may justly
For our own preservation. [*plead*]

Old W. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betray'd within: my will's seduc'd,
And my whole soul's infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supply'd;
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Parleys to be o'ercome.

Agnes. Then nought remains,
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.

Old W. Gen'rous, unhappy man! Oh! what
could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish!

Agnes. By what means
Shall we effect his death?

Old W. Why, what a fiend!
How cruel, how remorseless and impatient
Have pride and poverty made thee!

Agnes. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread

His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote, inhospitable land—
The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then!
Thou cruel husband! thou unnat'ral father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son,
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou'st made me!

Old W. Dry thy tears:

I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffer'd much: so have we both.
But chide no more; I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclin'd him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger, that thou saw'st him wear,
And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms
Against himself. Steal to the door,
And bring me word, if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*
Or I'm deceiv'd, or he pronounc'd himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch:
Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are with'ring in their bloom. But, thought ex-
He'll never know the loss, [tinguish'd,
Nor feel the bitter pangs of disappointment—
Then I was wrong in counting him a wretch:
To die well pleas'd

Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortur'd soul,
He's to be envy'd, if compar'd with me! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room, with YOUNG WILMOT asleep
upon a bed in the distance.

Enter OLD WILMOT and AGNES.

Agnes. The stranger sleeps at present; but so rest-
His slumbers seem, they can't continue long. [less
Here, I've secur'd his dagger.

Old W. Oh! Agnes, Agnes! if there be a hell,
'Tis just we should expect it.

Agnes. Shake off this panic, and be more your-
self. [determin'd?

Old W. What's to be done? On what had we

Agnes. You're quite dismay'd. (*Takes the dagger.*)

Old W. Give me the fatal steel.

'Tis but a single murder,
Necessity, impatience, and despair,
The three wide mouths of that true Cerberus,
Grim poverty, demand: they shall be stopp'd.
Ambition, persecution, and revenge,
Devour their millions daily: and shall I—
But follow me, and see how little cause
You had to think there was the least remain
Of manhood, pity, mercy, or remorse,
Left in this savage breast. (*Going the wrong way.*)

Agnes. Where do you go?

The street is that way.

Old W. True; I had forgot.

Agnes. Quite, quite confounded!

Old W. Well, I recover. I shall find the way.

Agnes. Oh! softly, softly! The least noise un-
What are we doing? Misery and want [does us.
Are lighter ills than this. I cannot bear it!

Stop! hold thy hand!—Inconstant, wretched wo-
man! [mot!

What! doth my heart recoil? Oh! Wilmot, Wil-
What pow'r shall I invoke to aid thee, Wilmot?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Room.

Enter CHARLOTTE, EUSTACE, and RANDAL.

Char. What strange neglect? The doors are all
And not a living creature to be seen. [unbarr'd,

Enter OLD WILMOT and AGNES.

Sir, we are come to give and receive

A thousand greetings.—Ha! what can this mean!
Why do you look with such amazement on us?
Are these your transports for your son's return?
Where is my Wilmot? Has he not been here?
Would he defer your happiness so long,
Or could a habit so disguise your son,
That you refus'd to own him?

Agnes. Heard you that?

What prodigy of horror is disclosing,
To render murder venial!

Old W. Pr'ythee, peace:

The miserable damn'd suspend their howling,
And the swift orbs are fix'd in deep attention.

Rand. What mean these dreadful words and
frantic air!

That is the dagger my young master wore.

Eust. My mind misgives me. Do not stand to gaze
On these dumb phantoms of despair and horror!
Let us search further, Randal, shew the way.

[*Exeunt Randal, Eustace, and Charlotte.*

Agnes. Let life forsake the earth, and light the
And death and darkness bury in oblivion [sun,
Mankind and all their deeds, that no posterity
May ever rise to hear our horrid tale,
Or view the grave of such detested parricides!

Old W. Curses and deprecations are in vain:
The sun will shine, and all things have their course,
When we, the curse and burden of the earth,
Shall be absorb'd, and mingled with its dust.
Our guilt and desolation must be told,
From age to age, to teach desponding mortals,
How far beyond the reach of human thought
Heaven, when incens'd, can punish—Die thou first.
I durst not trust thy weakness. (*Stabs Agnes.*)

Agnes. Ever kind,

But most in this.

Old W. I will not long survive thee. [mot,

Agnes. Do not accuse thy erring mother, Wil-
With too much rigour, when we meet above.
To give thee life for life, and blood for blood,
Is not enough. Had I ten thousand lives,
I'd give them all to speak my penitence,
Deep, and sincere, and equal to my crime.
Oh, Wilmot! oh, my son, my son! (*Dies.*)

Enter RANDAL and EUSTACE.

Eust. Oh! Wilmot, Wilmot!

Are these the fruits of all thy anxious cares
For thy ungrateful parents? Cruel fiends! [usurp

Old W. What whining fool art thou, who wouldst
My sovereign right of grief! Was he thy son?
Say, canst thou shew thy hands, reeking with blood,
That flow'd, through purer channels, from thy loins?
Compute the sands that bound the spacious ocean,
And swell their numbers with a single grain;
Increase the noise of thunder with thy voice;
Or, when the raging wind lays nature waste,
Assist the tempest with thy feeble breath;
But name not thy faint sorrow with the anguish
Of a curs'd wretch, who only hopes from this
(*Stabbing himself.*)

To change the scene, but not relieve the pain.

Rand. A dreadful instance of the last remorse!

May all your woes end here!

Old W. Oh! would they end

A thousand ages hence, I then should suffer
Much less than I deserve. Yet let me say,
You'll do but justice to inform the world,
This horrid deed, that punishes itself,
Was not intended, thinking him our son;
For that we knew not, till it was too late.
Proud and impatient under our afflictions,
While heaven was labouring to make us happy,
We brought this dreadful ruin on ourselves.
Mankind may learn—but—oh!— (*Dies.*)

Rand. Heaven grant they may!

And may thy penitence atone thy crime!
'Tend well the hapless Charlotte, and bear hence
These bleeding victims of despair and pride;
Toll the death-bell! and follow to the grave
The wretched parents and ill-fated son. [*Exeunt.*

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS;

A BURLESQUE OPERA, IN ONE ACT.—BY H. CAREY.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS
KING OF THE ANTIPODES
BOMBARDINIAN

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO
RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

FADLADINIDA
TATLANTHE
LADIES

SCENE I.—*An Anti-chamber in the palace.*

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO.

Rig. Aldiborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers;
Lull'd by the cheerful trumpet's gladsome clangor,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses:
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake.
What says my friend to this?

Rig. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep:
What a plague would you have me say?

Aldi. Oh! impious thought! Oh! curs'd in-
[sination!]
As if great Chrononhotonthologos,
To animals detestable and vile
Had aught the least similitude!

Rig. My dear friend, you entirely misapprehend
me: I did not call the King dog by craft; I was
only going to tell that the soldiers have just now
received their pay, and are all as drunk as so many
swabbers.

Aldi. Give orders instantly that no more money
Be issued to the troops: meantime, my friend,
Let the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupify their souls into sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the suttlers,
and blow the Geneva casks to the devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my Rigdam-Funni-
And reason seems to father thy advice. [dos,
But, soft!—The King in pensive contemplation

Seems to resolve on some important doubts;
His soul, too copious for his earthly fabric,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude.

(They retire.)

Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

Chro. This god of sleep is watchful to torment
And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes: [me,
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus;
For if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs,
I'll tear thine eyeballs from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity. [Exit.

(Rig. and Aldi. come forward.)

Rig. The King is in a most cursed passion.
Pray who the devil is this Mr. Somnus he's so an-
gry withal?

Aldi. The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Incestuous pair! brother of Mars relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. This gentleman may come of a very good
family, for aught I know; but I would not be in
his place for the world. [bending,

Aldi. But, lo! the King his footsteps this way
His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation;
Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

*Re-enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, Nobles, and
Attendants.*

Chro. It is resolv'd! Now, Somnus, I defy thee,
And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion:

These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death;
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake:
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration;
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the mimic motion
Of scene deceptiovisive and sublime.
(*The flat scene draws.*)

Chrononhotonthologos is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed, in the midst of which enters a Captain of the guard.

Capt. To arms, to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!

Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain 'em.
Armies on armies march in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But tier o'er tier, high pil'd from earth to heaven!
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

Chro. Peace, coward! were they wedg'd like
golden ingots,
Or pent so close as to admit no vacuum,
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scarce them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinian draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerummania.
This very now, ourselves shall there conjoin him:
Meantime, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph. Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A magnificent Apartment.*

Enter the QUEEN, TATLANTHE, and two Ladies.

Queen. Day's curtain's drawn, the morn begins
to rise,
And waking Nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating flocks
In baas harmonious warble through the rocks:
Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring oziers tattle to the clouds.
What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill
At basset, ombre, piquet, or quadrille?

Tat. Your majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen. My mind is alter'd; bring some ratifia.
(*They are served with a dram.*)

I have a famous fiddler from France:
Bid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter Fiddler.

Fid. Thus to your majesty, says the suppliant
Would you a solo or sonata choose; [*muse,*
Or bold concerto or soft sicilinia,
Alla Francese overo in gusto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow!—play us the Black Joke.
(*Music plays; Queen and Ladies dance.*)
So much for dancing; now let's rest awhile.
Bring in the tea-things. Does the kettle boil?

Tat. The water bubbles, and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.
(*Tea brought in.*)

Queen. Come, ladies, will you please to choose
Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea? [*your tea;*

1 Lady. Never, no, never sure on earth was seen
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2 Lady. She is an angel.

1 Lady. She's a goddess rather.

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess, altogether.

Queen. Away! you flatter me.

1 Lady. We don't indeed;
Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

Queen. You make me blush; pray help me to a

1 Lady. That blush becomes you— [*fan.*

Tat. Would I were a man!

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs.
(*Bell rings.*)

The bell rings in; come ladies, let's to pray'rs.
(*They dance off.*)

SCENE III.—*An Anti-chamber.*

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO.

Rig. Egad! we're in the wrong box. Who the
devil would have thought that Chrononhotontho-
gos should be at that mortal fight of Tippodeans?
Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be
seen; egad! they footed it away as fast as their
hands could carry them; but they have left their
king behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one
comfort.

Aldi. Would he were still at amplest liberty!
For, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue:
Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rig. The devil she is? Well, I see mischief is
going forward with a vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the conq'rer comes, all crown'd
with conquest;
A solemn triumph graces his return.
Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,
To greet the victor, in the flow of glory.

A grand triumph. Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS in a wheelbarrow, Guards, Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosophornio.

All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects.
Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

Chro. Aldiborontiphosophornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded,
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,
Which shall with int'rest be repaid ere long.
But where's our Queen, where's Fadladinida?
She should be foremost in this gladsome train,
To grace our triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine;
I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Rig. Now, my dear little Phosophorny, for a
swinging lie to bring the Queen off, and I'll run
with it to her this minute, that we may all be in a
stay: say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

(*Whispers, and steals off.*)

Aldi. Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accents so injuriously severe
Of Fadladinida, your faithful Queen:
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishments and kind congratulations,
But cannot, oh! she cannot, come herself.

Chro. Our rage is turn'd to fear. What ails the
Queen?

Aldi. A sudden diarrhoea's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That she by far outdoes her late outdoing,
And all conclude her royal life in danger.

Chro. Bid the physicians of the world assemble
In consultation, solemn and sedate;
More to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old,
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All, all attend! and see they bring their med'cines:
Whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,
Materializ'd in pharmaceutic order.

The man that cures our Queen shall have our empire. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Garden.

Enter TATLANTHE and the QUEEN.

Queen. Heigho! my heart!

Tat. What ails my gracious Queen?

Queen. Oh! would to Venus I had never seen—

Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen. Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen. No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, madam?

Queen. Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something?

Queen. No!

Tat. Or nothing?

Queen. No!

[neither,

Tat. Then I conclude, of course, since it was Nothing and something jumbled well together.

Queen. Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen—

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my

Queen. The King, I mean. [Queen?

Tat. Just now return'd from war;

He rides, like Mars, in his triumphal car.

Conquest precedes, with laurels in his hand;

Behind him, Fame does on her tripos stand;

Her golden trump shrill through the air she sounds,

Which rends the earth, and thence to heaven re-

Trophies and spoils, innumerable, grace [bounds;

This triumph, which all triumphs does deface.

Haste, then, great Queen, your hero thus to meet,

Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

Queen. Art mad, Tatlanthe? I mean no such Your talk's distasteful. [thing.

Tat. Didn't you name the King?

Queen. I did, Tatlanthe, but it was not thine; The charming king I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming fair, In Chrononhotonthologos should share?

The queen of beauty and the god of arms,

In him and you united, blend their charms.

Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,

And at one stroke, robb'd thousands of their breath;

While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,

In pyramids of conquest to the skies,

The gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay,

But your bright charms have call'd him thence away.

Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise!

You are too pertly lavish in his praise.

Leave me for ever!

Tat. Oh! what shall I say? (Kneeling.)

Do not, great Queen, your anger thus display.

Oh! frown me dead! let me not live to hear

My gracious Queen and mistress so severe!

I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt;

Oh! tell me what it is.

Queen. No; find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow,

Till you some token of forgiveness shew.

Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down!

And from her brows dispel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe, rise, you have prevail'd at last:

Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

Tat. (Aside and rising.) Why, what a fool was

I, not to perceive her passion for the topsy-turvy

King! the gentleman that carries his head where

his heels should be! But I must tack about, I see.

Excuse me, gracious madam! if my heart

(To the Queen.)

Bears sympathy with your's in ev'ry part.

With you alike I sorrow and rejoice;

Approve your passion, and commend your choice.

The captive King—

Queen. That's he, that's he, that's he!

I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free.

Oh, my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,

His air, his shape, his mien, his ev'ry grace?

In what a charming attitude he stands!

How prettily he foots it with his hands!

Well, to his arms—no, to his legs I fly,

For I must have him if I live, or die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Bedchamber.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS asleep.

Rough music; viz. salt-boxes and rolling-pins, grid-irons and tongs, sow-gelders' horns, marrow-bones and cleavers, &c. &c.

Chro. (Wakes.) What heavenly sounds are these that charm my ears?

Sure, 'tis the music of the tuneful spheres!

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. A messenger from Gen'ral Bombardinian Craves instant audience of your majesty.

Chro. Give him admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!

Your faithful Gen'ral Bombardinian

Sends you his tongue, transplanted in my mouth,

To pour his soul out in your royal ears. [ence,

Chro. Then use thy master's tongue with rever-

Nor waste it in thine own loquacity,

But briefly and at large declare thy message.

Her. Suspend awhile, great Chrononhotontholo-

The fate of empires, and the toils of war; [gos,

And in my tent let's quaff Falernian wine,

Till our souls mount and emulate the gods.

Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,

Submissive to your wishes, court your option.

Haste, then, great King, to bless us with your pre-

sence.

Our scouts already watch the wish'd approach,

Which shall be welcom'd by the drum's dread rattle,

The cannon's thunder, and the trumpet's blast;

While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,

Receive my King in all the pomp of war.

Chro. Tell him I come; my flying steed prepare;

Ere thou art half on horseback I'll be there.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Prison.

The KING of the ANTIPODES discovered asleep on a couch.

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!

This a reception for the man I love?

See in what sweet tranquillity he sleeps,

While nature's self at his confinement weeps.

Rise, lovely monarch! see your friend appear;

No Chrononhotonthologos is here.

Command your freedom, by this sacred ring;

Then command me. What says my charming King?

(She puts the ring in his mouth, he bends the

sea-crab, and makes a roaring noise.)

What can this mean? He lays his feet at mine.

Is this of love or hate his country's sign?

Ah! wretched Queen! how hapless is thy lot,

To love a man that understands thee not!

Oh! lovely Venus! goddess all divine!

And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine,

Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,

And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart.

VENUS descends in her chariot.

AIR.—VENUS.

See Venus does attend thee,

My dilding, my dilding;

Love's goddess will befriend thee,

Lily bright and shinee.

With pity and compassion,

My dilding, my dilding;

She sees thy tender passion,

Lily bright and shinee.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,

Dance over the Lady Lea;

Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,

My gay lady.

Take this magic wand in hand,
Dance, &c.
All the world's at thy command,
My gay, &c.

CUPID descends.

DUETT.—CUPID and the QUEEN.

Cupid. Are you a widow, or are you a wife?
Gillyflow'r, gentle rosemary.
Or are you a maiden, so fair and so bright?
As the dew that flies over the mul-
berry tree.

Queen. Would I were a widow, as I am a wife!
Gillyflow'r, &c.
But I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright,
As the dew, &c.

Cupid. You shall be a widow before it is night,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
No longer a maiden, so fair and so bright,
As the dew, &c.
Two jolly young husbands your person shall
share,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
And twenty fine babies all lovely and fair,
As the dew, &c.

Queen. Oh! thanks, Mr. Cupid, for this your good news,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
What woman alive would such favours refuse?
While the dew, &c.
[Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes
off, and the King of the Antipodes follows,
walking on his hands.]

SCENE VII.—Bombardinian's Tent.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS and BOMBARDINIAN
discovered at a table, with two Ladies.

Bomb. This honour, royal sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here! fill the goblet with Falernian wine; [pet
And while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trum-
Tell all the gods, that we propine their healths.

Chro. Hold! Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;
Bring every eatable that can be eat:
The King shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starved
before I can run round the world for a dinner; be-
sides, where's the money?

Chro. Ah! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?
Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew
him;

Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

Cook. Oh! pray, your majesty, spare my life:
there's some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash
it for your majesty in a minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave!
(Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.)

Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, General.

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity.

(Points to the Ladies.)

Chro. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotontholo-
Have made a very hearty meal of worse. [gos

Chro. Ah! traitor! dost thou brave me to my
teeth?

Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

(Strikes him.)

Bomb. A blow! Shall Bombardinian take a blow?

Blush, blush, thou sun! Start back, thou rapid
ocean! [ble,

Hills, vales, seas, mountains, all commixing crum-
And into chaos pulverize the world;

For Bombardinian has received a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. (Draws.)

[The Women run off, crying "Help, murder!"]

Chro. What means the traitor?

Bomb. Traitor, in thy teeth;

Thus I defy thee! (They fight, he kills Chro.)

Ah! what have I done?

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;

And let the man that calls it be the caller;

And, in his calling, let him nothing call,

But coach, coach, coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!
[Exit, raving.]

Re-enter BOMBARDINIAN with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct. My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ah! dead! Impossible! It cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.

Go join his body to his soul again,

Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body!

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of
His soul has left his body and this world. [physic;

Bomb. Then go to t'other world, and fetch it
back; (Kills him.)

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,

I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,

And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ah! call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinian comes!

He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,

And gain thee empires numerous as the stars.

(Kills himself.)

Enter the QUEEN and others.

Aldi. Oh, horrid! horrible, and horriddest horror!
Our king, our general, our cook, our doctor!

All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!

Oh!— (A tragedy groan.)

Queen. My husband dead! Ye gods! what is't
you mean,

To make a widow of a virgin Queen?

For, to my great misfortune, he, poor King!

Has left me so: isn't that a wretched thing?

Tat. Why, then, dear madam! make no farther
Were I your majesty I'd try another. [pother;

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice—

Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;

If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig. Ay, that he can, and please your majesty.

So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care,
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of sorrow, madam;

One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow;

Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.

I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.
(Aside to Aldi.)

Aldi. I scorn your bounty; I'll be king or nothing.
Draw, miscreant! draw!

Rig. No, sir, I'll take the law.

(Runs behind the Queen.)

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy.

I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.

And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care:

Where shall I find thee such another pair?

Pity that you, who've serv'd so long so well,

Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.

Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round;

Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corpse

Make preparation for our wedding-day. [away;

Instead of sad solemnity, and black,

Our hearts shall swim in claret and in sack.

[Exeunt.]

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT;

OR, THE KIND IMPOSTOR;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY COLLEY CIBBER.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

DON MANUEL
DON PHILIP
DON LEWIS
OCTAVIO
TRAPPANTI

CORRIGIDORE
SOTO
ALGUAZILS
HOST
POSTBOY

HYPOLITA
ROSARA
FLORA
VILETTA
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Inn at Madrid.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Indeed, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, couldst thou part with that unappeasable itch of eating, too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher. Contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of them; but when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach, and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh. Fasting's the devil! Let me see: this, I take it, is the most frequented inn about Madrid; and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host. (*Within.*) Take care of the gentlemen's horses there; see them well rubbed and littered.

Trap. Just alighted! If they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me—Ah! a couple of pretty young sparks, faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, in men's habits; a Postboy with a portmanteau following.

Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

Flora. Sir, your servant.

Post. Have the horses pleased your honour?

Hyp. Very well, indeed, friend; pr'ythee, set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, sir; here, ostler.

Flora. And pray, madam, what do I deserve?

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued, indeed, but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flora. And now, madam, pray, what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flora. No, your sweet usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it; and what is it you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flora. Ah! dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it, you see, for he's coming post to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw. [gaged him.]

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far en-

Flora. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flora. To another!

Hyp. To my whole sex, rather than own I loved

Flora. Ah! done like a woman of courage.

Hyp. I could not bear the thoughts of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have torn him piecemeal.

Flora. Ay, I warrant you! an insolent—agreeable puppy! But let us hear.

Hyp. I'll tell thee, Flora; you know Don Philip wants no charm that can recommend him. As a lover, in rank and fortune, I confess him my superior; 'tis the thoughts of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes: I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might command me; this always stung my pride, and made me over-act it: nay, sometimes, when his sufferings have almost

drawn the tears into my eyes, I have turned the subject with some trifling talk, or hummed a spiteful tune, though I believe his heart were breaking.

Flora. But, love be praised! your proud stomach's come down for it.

Hyp. Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as 'twas. In a word, his last letter set me at my wit's end; and when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitched, for I immediately called for my boy's clothes, and so rode after him.

Flora. Why, truly, madam, as to your wits, I've not much altered my opinion of them, for I can't see what you propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, *Flora*, lies in this portmanteau, and these breeches.

Flora. A notable design, no doubt; but, pray, let's hear it. [tween them.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married be—
Flora. How! twice?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau, I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flora. Now I begin to take ye: but, pray, what's in the portmanteau? and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant, at the last inn we lay at in Toledo: in it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold, good store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flora. A very smart undertaking, by my troth! and pray, madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still: when I can't lie for myself, you are to do it for me, in the person of a cousin-german.

Flora. And my name is to be—

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please; be your own godfather.

Flora. Egad! I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure, Don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. Oh! let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flora. I am afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But you can bully, upon occasion.

Flora. I can scold, when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing. Bullying in breeches, would be scolding in petticoats.

Flora. Say ye so? why, then, don look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live. Well, madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours; we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, and wait upon my father-in-law. How now! what would this fellow have?

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by my troth! right and sound, I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it, if they stay in this house: I always stand by, sir, to see them rubbed down with my own eyes: catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me, too.

Flora. I have seen this fellow somewhere. (*Apart to Hypolita.*)

Trap. Heyday! What, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey! house, tapster, landlord! hey! (*Knocks.*) What was it you bespoke, gentlemen? [forgot you.

Hyp. Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost

Trap. Psha! dear sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so, here and there one makes shift, you know. Hey! will these people never come? [sir.

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself,

Trap. Oh! nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir!—was it fish or flesh, sir?

Flora. Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers; you don't know this house, sir; why, they'll let you starve if you don't stir, and call, and that like thunder, too. Hallo! [sir?

Hyp. Ah! you eat here, sometimes, I presume,

Trap. Humph! Ay, sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home, indeed. Hallo!

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call, gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl, too, sir: here, the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near them: what have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please, it shall be clapped down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please, you may have anything else in a moment.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, get us some young rabbits.

Host. Rabbits! Od rabbit it! rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flora. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish! sir, I dressed, yesterday, the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, sir; but, if you please, you may have anything else in a moment.

Trap. Plague on thee! hast thou nothing but anything else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, sir.

Hyp. Pr'ythee, get us a saddle, then.

Host. Don't you love the neck, sir?

Hyp. Have ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided; but, at present, we have nothing else left.

Trap. Egad! it's neck or nothing here, sir. Faith! sir, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat, when anything else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done: gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear sir; indeed, I'll do it.

[Exit with Host.

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flora. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago, Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used, now and then, to slip a note into your hand, as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turned away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

Flora. The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concerned for him: what makes him so far from Seville?

Flora. I am afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful, as my case stands.

Flora. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it. I'll talk with him.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room. Are you not for a whet, sir? What wine, what wine? Hey!

Flora. We give you trouble, sir.

Trap. Not in the least, sir. Hey! (*Knocks.*)

Re-enter Host.

Host. D'ye call, gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What sort you please, sir?

Flora. Sir, will you please to name it? (*To Trappanti.*)

Trap. Nay, pray, sir— [shall.

Hyp. No ceremony, dear sir; upon my word you

Trap. Upon my soul, you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words; pr'ythee, you shall.

Trap. Psha! but why this among friends, now?

Here, have ye any right Galicia?

Host. The best in Spain, I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half-a-dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes, sir. [Exit.

Flora. Who says this fellow's a starving now? On my conscience, the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight. (*Apart to Hyp.*)

Hyp. Hang him! 'tis inoffensive; I'll humour him. (*Apart.*) Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore, I hope you won't take my question ill,)—

Trap. Oh! dear sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession, sir! I—I—Ods me! here's the wine. [*Re-enter Host.*] Come, fill out: hold! let me taste it first: ye blockhead, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? (*Drinks.*) Yes, 'twill do; give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine? (*To Hypolita.*)

Hyp. Extremely good, indeed. But, sir, as to my question. [for us all.

Trap. I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough

Hyp. Oh! pray, sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant. Here, master! pr'ythee, get us—Eh! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs—a dozen, d'ye hear? just to pop down a little.

Host. Yes, sir.

Trap. Friend, let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

Host. Yes, sir: a little thin slice, sir? (*Going.*)

Trap. No, you dog! not too thin.

Hyp. But, sir—

Trap. Odso! I had like to have forgot—here, a—Sancho, Sancho! ay, isn't your name Sancho?

Host. Diego, sir.

Trap. Oh! ay, Diego! that's true, indeed, Diego! Humph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full. (*Apart.*)

Trap. Come, here's to thee, Diego! (*Drinks and fills again.*) That I should forget thy name though.

Host. No great harm, sir.

Trap. Diego, eh! a very pretty name, faith! I think you are married, are you not, Diego?

Host. Ay, ay, sir.

Trap. Ah! How many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy, sir.

Trap. Ah! Nine girls! Come, here's to thee again, Diego. Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, eh! Diego?

Host. Pretty well, sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye! Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste them, sir?

Trap. Taste them! humph! pr'ythee, let's have a plate, Diego.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please, sir; when it's ready, call us.

Host. Yes, sir. [Exit.

Hyp. But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much; I am a plain-dealing sort of a man; if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flora. Have you ever served, sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superior officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, sir?

Trap. If a good post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you. Pray, sir, when you served last, did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, sir! Yes, sir, I was paid, cleared subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And your late commander's name was—

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious; for I am sure you don't know me, though I do you, and your condition; which, I dare promise you, I'll mend upon our better acquaintance. And your first step to deserve it, is to answer me honestly to a few questions: keep your assurance still; it may do me service, I shall like you better for it: come, here's to encourage you. (*Gives him money.*)

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flora. Nay, I'll pass my word he sha'n't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such a sort of face before, but where I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

Hyp. Grammercy! here, cousin! (*Drinks to Flora.*) Come, now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? Why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him; the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love! How, pray?

Trap. Very deep—up to the ears, over head, drowned by this time; he would in—I would have had him stopped when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil!

Hyp. So! now for a very ugly likeness of my own face. (*Aside.*) What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort—a woman!

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita; but her proper name was Shuttlecock.

Flora. How d'ye like that? (*Apart to Hyp.*)

Hyp. Pretty well. (*Apart.*) Was she handsome?

Trap. Humph! so, so!

Flora. How d'ye like that? (*Apart.*)

Hyp. Humph! so, so! (*Apart.*) Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What! had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith! I don't remember them.

Hyp. Ah! d'ye think she loved him? [wife.

Trap. If she did, 'twas as the cobbler loved his

Hyp. How was that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice a day, and told

his neighbours he loved her never the worse; but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flora. How d'ye do now? (*Apart.*)

Hyp. I don't know; methinks, I—(*Apart.*)—But, sure!—What! was she not handsome, say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue!

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flora. Ay, say that, at your peril. (*Aside.*)

Hyp. What was she? How did she look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith! the woman looked very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Flora. How d'ye like the picture, ma'am? (*Apart.*)

Hyp. I am as humble as an offending lover. (*Apart.*)

Re-enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon table. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. That's well! Come, sir, at dinner I'll give you further instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, sir. (*To Flora.*)

Flora. Nay, dear sir, no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant. (*As they are going, Hypolita stops them.*) [see me.]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care should

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot, then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. [*Exit.*]

Flora. You seem concerned; who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live! Come this way. (*They retire.*)

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman, tell her I am just come to town; slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer.

Flora. 'Tis he. (*Apart to Hypolita.*)

Re-enter Host, conducting DON PHILIP.

Host. Here, sir, please to walk this way.

Flora. And Don Philip, by Jupiter! (*Apart.*)

Don P. When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. Nay, then, it's time for us to make ready. Allons! [*Apart. Exit with Flora.*]

Oct. Don Philip!

Don P. Dear Octavio!

Oct. What lucky point of the compass could blow us upon one another so?

Don P. Faith! a wind very contrary to my inclination: but the worst, I see, blows some good; I am overjoyed to see you. But what makes you so far from the army?

Oct. Oh! friend, such an unfortunate occasion, yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

Don P. Unriddle, pray.

Oct. Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature, that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

Don P. I remember. [now capitulates.]

Oct. That same silly, stubborn, charming angel

Don P. Then she's taken.

Oct. I can't tell that; for, you must know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to—

Don P. Marry her to another?

Oct. Of a better estate than mine, it seems. There's her express; read it.

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI, appear in the balcony.

Flora. Trappanti, there's your old master. (*Apart.*)

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him he did not know a good servant when he had him. (*Apart.*)

Don P. (*Reads.*) "My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends, in two days, to perfect it; the gentleman is expected every hour. In the meantime, if you know any friend that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim: I am almost out of my senses; which you'll easily believe, when I tell you if such an one should make haste, I sha'n't have time to refuse him anything."

Hyp. How's this? (*Apart.*)

Don P. No name.

Oct. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flora. If this should be Don Philip's mistress! (*Apart.*)

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is; I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her (*Apart.*)

Don P. What will you do in this case?

Oct. That I don't yet know; I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her: I long to see her: I warrant, the poor fool will be so soft and humble, now she's in a fright. [her?]

Don P. What will you propose at your meeting?

Oct. I don't know; may be, another meeting: at least, it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good b'ye, and a sigh. Ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

Don P. Consider!

Oct. Ah! so I do: what pleasure 'twould be to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet, moonshiny night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk night-gown loose about her! and, in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms, breathless with fear.

Don P. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper—

Oct. And thou art the most altered I ever knew: pr'ythee, what makes thee so much upon the humdrum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

Don P. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's: she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

Oct. Sdeath! you make me tremble. I hope 'tis not my mistress.

Don P. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place. Or, if it were, (she loving you,) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Oct. That's generous, indeed! But still you amaze me. Are you quite broken off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her?

Don P. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man, a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Oct. Psha! dissembled.

Don P. I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Oct. For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you.

Don P. I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her. [lady?]

Oct. Then you are determined to marry this other

Don P. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand. (*Apart.*)

Don P. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

Oct. Then, (though she be my sister,) may some jealous, old, ill-natured dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Don P. Come, forget it.

[*Exeunt Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.*]

Oct. With all my heart; let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

Don P. I intended it immediately; but an unlucky accident has hindered me; one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish rogue in nature; has left the portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father till I am able to assure them who I am. [them.]

Oct. Why don't you go back yourself to see for

Don P. I have sent my servant; for I am really tired: I was loth to appear too much concerned for them, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

Re-enter a Servant to OCTAVIO.

Oct. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer, sir. (*Gives a letter.*)

Oct. My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons, I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me; I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off duty, I'll immediately wait upon you. (*To Don P.*)

Don P. You'll find me here, or hear of me: adieu! [*Exit Octavio.*] Here, house! [*Re-enter Host.*] Pr'ythee, see if my servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

Don P. Ay, where is the sot? [gate.]

Host. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the

Don P. Pray, tell the gentleman I'd speak with him. [*Exit Host.*] In all the necessities of life there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey! Soto, Soto!

Enter SOTO, drunk.

Soto. Did you please to—such—call, sir?

Don P. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Soto. Sir, I did not know anything of it; I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

Don P. And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Soto. Yes, sir, I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I would not be out of the way—hub! [manteau?]

Don P. You are drunk, rascal! where's the port-

Soto. Sir, I am here—if you please, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—hub!

Don P. Speak, villain! (*Strikes him.*)

Soto. I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order; I a'n't running away, sir.

Don P. To the point, sirrah!

Soto. Not of your sword, dear sir.

Don P. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Soto. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drunk at every house upon the road, going and coming, and asked about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

Don P. What?

Soto. That it must certainly be lost.

Don P. Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me? (*Beats him.*)

Soto. Lord, sir! you won't hear reason. Are you sure you haven't it about you? If I know anything of it, I wish I may be burnt. [tion.]

Don P. Villain! your life can't make me satisfac-

Soto. No, sir? that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—I—

Don P. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting

Soto. Sir— [him.]

Don P. Be dumb!

Soto. Ahuh! Yes.

Don P. If this rascal had stolen it, sure he would

not have ventured to come back again. I am confounded. Neither Don Manuel nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll, in the meantime, think himself affronted by my neglect. What shall I do? Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think. Hey, Soto! [*Exit.*]

Soto. I had rather bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket, than had such a life about it. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold, sir! let me touch up your fore-top a little.

Hyp. Well, Trappanti, you know your business; and if I marry the lady, you know my promise, too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember them both. Odso! I had like to have forgot—Here, house! a basin and washball! I've a razor about me. Hey! (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shaved.

Hyp. Shaved!

Trap. Ever while you live, sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey! (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out, and discover myself. (*Aside.*)

Trap. Why, Diego! (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. Psha! pr'ythee, don't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flora. Ay, ay; shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, sir; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day. (*Taking her by the chin.*)

Flora. Ay, and to-morrow, too: pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit.*]

Flora. Come, madam, courage! now let's do something for the honour of our sex; give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of them.

Hyp. Well said, Flora! for the honour of our sex be it, then, and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please; but nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics.

Therefore, to men th' affair of state's confin'd;

Wisely to us the state of love's assign'd,

As love's the weightier business of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Don Manuel's House.*

Enter ROSARA and VILETTA.

Vil. Hear reason.

Ros. Talk of Octavio, then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentleman your father designs for you, may prove as pretty a fellow as he? if you should happen to like him as well.

Ros. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool. [his love.]

Ros. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to

Vil. Hang them, say I! but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? If Octavio must be the man, I say, let Don Philip be the husband.

Ros. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but a husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

Vil. In vain, I see. I have done, madam: one must have time to be wise; but, in the meanwhile, what do ye resolve? Positively not to marry Don Philip.

Ros. I don't know what I shall do, till I see Octavio; when did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. Octavio. He just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

Ros. Nay, then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I shall see him.

Vil. Humph! these are lovely pieces, indeed. (*Smiling.*)

Ros. When, Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of them, madam?

Ros. Psha! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. Oh! dear madam, I should be unconscionable to desire more; but, really, I was willing to have them all first. (*Courtesying.*)

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in, then, before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Ros. His habit!

Vil. Ay, madam, he's turned friar to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him. Hist! Octavio, you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO, in a Friar's habit.

Oct. After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do, Octavio? (*Looking kindly on him.*)

Oct. Kind creature! Do! why, do as lovers should do; what nobody can undo—let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes, too?

Oct. Psha! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your addresses.

Oct. First, let's be fast married; perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it; whip a suit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Ros. Ah! my father.

Oct. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Viletta!

Vil. Sir.

Don M. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hist! don't disturb her.

Don M. Disturb her! why, what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession, sir.

Don M. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear sir, there's no living without them.

Don M. I find her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her, has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

Don M. Fiddle-faddle! I won't have her seem wicked: hussy! you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know them, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her. Save you, father!

Oct. Bless you, son!

Don M. How now, what's become of father Benedict? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

Don M. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay, sir; he has not been long at it.

Oct. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I hope I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old don here. (*Aside.*)

Don M. Well, sir, how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Oct. Why, truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

Don M. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Oct. She has told me a most lamentable story.

Don M. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most d— lie.

Oct. Indeed, son, I find, by her confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

Don M. Heyday! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing them instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents them, too.

Oct. Son, forbear! this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

Don M. Sir, I have done: but, pray, if you please, let's come to the point; what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Oct. Nay, sir, mistake her not: she did not, with any malicious design, expose your faults, but as her own depended on them: her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty. [sequent.]

Don M. Let's have them both antecedent and con-

Oct. Why, she confessed her first maiden, innocent affection, had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged; and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broken in upon her hopes, and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

Don M. Very good; I see no harm in all this.

Oct. Methinks, the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

Don M. Serious! so I am, sir; what the devil, must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Oct. Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she can't think him a good one.

Don M. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Oct. What have you to object against the man

Don M. The man I like. [she likes?]

Oct. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

Don M. Ay, that's if he can.

Oct. You would not, sir, refuse to hear him.

Don M. Sir, I shall not refuse him anything; that I am sure will signify nothing.

Oct. Were you, one moment, to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

Don M. Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

Oct. Then I must tell you, sir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty: and to let you know, too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

Don M. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage: and so, if you please, father, you may walk home again; when anything lies upon my conscience I'll send for you.

Oct. Nay, then, 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain. (*Throws off his disguise.*)

Vil. So! here will be fine work! (*Aside.*)

Don M. Octavio! the devil!

Oct. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor

submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I leave you, sir, to think on't. (*Walks about angrily.*)

Don M. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine! and that other jade of my jade's! here has been rare doings! Well, it sha'n't hold long; madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning. Ah! sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do; those long strides, Don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress. Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off the table there. Tum, tum! (*Sings.*)

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks. (*Aside.*)

Ros. This obstinacy of your's, my dear father, you shall find, runs in the family.

[*Exit. Don Manuel locks her in.*]

Don M. Tum, dum, dum! (*Sings.*)

Oct. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

Don M. Tum, tum, tum! (*Sings.*)

Vil. Sir, you have locked my mistress in.

Don M. Tum, dum, dum! (*Sings.*)

Vil. If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let her out.

Don M. Tum, dum, dum! (*Sings.*)

Oct. You might afford me, at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

Don M. Why, then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oct. You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old, to answer as you ought this wrong; therefore, I'll look for reparation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house, I'll watch it carefully; I'll know who dares enter it. This, sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage, at least: I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her.

[*Exit.*]

Don M. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at. But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him. Who waits there? [*Enter a Servant.*] Run you for an alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit Servant.*]

Vil. Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Ros. (*Within.*) Viletta!

Vil. Here! here, madam! Bless me! what's this? (*Listens at the closet-door, and Rosara thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*) Ah! a billet! to Octavio—a—hem! (*Puts it into her bosom.*)

Don M. How now, hussy! what are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing, sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

Don M. Oh! she had as good let them alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But, hark you! Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Vil. Yes, sir, I let him in.

Don M. Did you so? Ah! then, if you please, madam, I'll let you out: go—go get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that d—d ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bless me! sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

Don M. Thou art strangely impudent.

Vil. Only the furthest from it in the world, sir.

Don M. Then I am strangely mistaken: didst not thou own just now thou let'st him in?

Vil. Yes; but 'twas in disguise; for I did not

design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

Don M. Ah! [*to see him.*]

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind

Don M. Ah!

Vil. And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had lain upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

Don M. Ah! [*him in; that's all.*]

Vil. So, upon this, sir, as you see, I—I—I let

Don M. Nay, if it be so as thou say'st, he was a proper confessor, indeed.

Vil. Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me.

Don M. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; though, perhaps, you'll choose that place: I think you never much cared for your husband's company; and, if I don't mistake, you sent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that? [*Noise without. Exit Viletta.*]

Enter a Servant, hastily.

How now?

Serv. Oh! sir, Octavio, has set upon a couple of gentlemen, just as they were alighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress; I heard them name her name; I am afraid there will be mischief, sir: there they are all at it, helter-skelter.

Don M. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece; call an officer, raise the neighbours, give me my great gun, I'll shoot him out of the garret-window. [*Exit.*]

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, putting up their swords; TRAPPANTI and OCTAVIO in the servants' hands.

Hyp. Bring him along! this is such an insolence! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flora. I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons: are our things safe?

Trap. Ay, sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scoured off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on, sir.

Oct. Pr'ythee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank 'the rascal that knocked me down for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you to know, if you had not been knocked down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? Who knows you?

Oct. I am glad, at least, to find 'tis not Don Philip that's my rival. (*Aside.*)

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach-side.

Oct. Faith! young gentleman, I'll be very short; I love the lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the danger's equal; for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Oct. If I were out of these gentlemen's hands, on my word, sir, you shouldn't want an opportunity.

Hyp. Oh! sir, these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail for them.

Flora. Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and, if you please, sir, bring your friend; I'm his: d—me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Oct. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands, about an hour hence, at—(*Whispers.*)

Flora. Very well, sir; we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not, without my master's order: here he is, sir.

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. How now, bully confessor? What, in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Fernando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his most dear and worthy friend, Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time, gave me assurance of a kind reception.

Don M. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye; I am overjoyed to see you: your friend, sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness. [to know you.]

Don M. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud

Flora. You do me honour, sir.

Don M. I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen?

Hyp. Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

Don M. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

Don M. A pretty mettled fellow, faith!—must not let him fight though. (*Aside.*) But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy.

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

Don M. Discharge him! Pray, consider, sir—(*They seem to talk.*)

Re-enter VILETTA, and gives a note to Octavio.

Vil. Send your answer to me.

[*Apart to Octavio, and exit.*]

Oct. Now for a beam of hope in a tempest. (*Aside. Reads.*) "*I charge you, don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet-window where I am is but a step to the ground. Be at the back door of the garden exactly in the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.*" Dear kind creature! Now, if my little don's fit of honour, does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe! (*Aside.*)

Don M. Well, sir, since I find your honour is dipped so deep in the matter—Here, release the gentleman. (*Servant gives Octavio his sword.*)

Flora. So, sir, you have your freedom; you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual. Sir, your servant.

Oct. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt, too. (*Aside.*) Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed; and, I confess, your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself obliged from the same principle to assure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival; I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. Your servant, sir. I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I haven't done with him. (*Aside to Flora.*)

Don M. What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discovered a piece of villany of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

Don M. Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.

Don M. Pray, be plain, sir: what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you. For, to say truth, he's much better at a lie. (*Aside.*)

Don M. Come hither, friend: pray, what is this business?

Hyp. Ay; what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there, I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your honour's name; upon which, sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

Don M. Pray, who was that other spark, friend?

Trap. A brother-rake, sir; a d—d sly-looking

Don M. So! [fellow!]

Flora. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master. (*Aside.*)

Hyp. Poor Don Philip! (*Aside.*)

Trap. Says one of them, says he, "No, d—n him! the old rogue," meaning you, sir, "will never let you have her by fair means." "However," says Octavio, "I'll try soft words: but if those won't do"—"Bully him," says t'other.

Don M. Ah! poor dog! but that would not do neither: sir, he has tried them both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so, sir? then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. "Well, and if neither of these will do," says he, "you must e'en tilt the young prig, your rival;" meaning you, then, sir. (*To Hypolita.*) [greatly care for.]

Don M. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not

Trap. No, sir; that, he found, was catching a Tartar. Sbud! my master fought like a lion, sir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not spare him.

Flora. No, faith!—after he was knocked down. (*Aside.*) [roguery.]

Trap. But now, sir, comes the cream of the

Hyp. Pray, observe, sir.

Trap. "Well," says Sly-looks; "and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least; and, in that time, the devil's in it if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her."

Don M. Would you so, Mr. Dog? But he'll be hanged. [nate in this discovery.]

Hyp. Oh! sir, you'll find we were mighty fortu-

Don M. Pray, sir, let's hear. What was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, sir, to alarm you, that my master was an impostor, and that Sly-looks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your daughter; "upon which," says he, "the old put," meaning you again, sir, "will be so bamboozled, that—"

Don M. But, pray, sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear, sir: (the plot was pretty well laid, too:) "I'll pretend," says he, "that the rascal, your rival," meaning you, then, sir, (*to Hyp.*) "has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father. We are neither of us known in Madrid," says he, "so that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone." That's all, sir.

Don M. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

Flora. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

Don M. Why, truly, if we had not been fore-armed by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone, indeed;

but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll let them see that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging. But will your daughter, think ye, be prevailed with?

Don M. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute. It's a pity, methinks, we released that bully, though.

Flora. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, sir, upon second thoughts, I wish we had: his excusing his challenge so abruptly, makes one fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some other way. Did not you observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

Don M. Humph!

Flora. They seemed very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what, but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

Don M. I am alarmed.

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

Don M. I think she's pretty safe; but I'll go make her sure.

Flora. Where's her woman?

Don M. I'll be upon her presently; she shall be searched for intelligence: you'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

Don M. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately; and then, if you please, we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fernando. Your servant. *[Exit.]*

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. Trappanti, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou hast an admirable face of brass, and when thou diest I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal. *[law.]*

Flora. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the

Trap. So 'tis, indeed, sir. A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say, I become a lie as well as any man that wears it, and that's a bold word.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest; but, sirrah, we have more work for ye; you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue. *(Gives him money.)* Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah! sir, I warrant you. I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof. I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder. *[Exit.]*

Flora. Well, what must we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the lady. I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then—

Flora. Victoria! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter VILETTA, hastily; DON MANUEL and TRAPPANTI behind, observing her.

Vil. So! with much ado I have given the old don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well, now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says. *(Takes a letter from her bosom.)*

Trap. Hist! there she is, and alone: when the devil has anything to do with a woman, sir, that's his time to take her: stand close. *(Apart to Don M.)*

Don M. Ah! he's at work already: there's a letter. *(Apart.)*

Trap. Leave her to me, sir; I'll read it. *(Apart.)*

Vil. Ah! two pistoles! Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business; his letters always come post paid. *(While she is reading, Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.)*

"Dear Viletta,—Convey the enclosed immediately to your mistress; and, as you prize my life, use all pos-

sible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend—"

Trap. *(Reading.)* "Octavio!"

Vil. Ah! *(Shrieks.)* *[vant.]*

Trap. Madam, your ladyship's most humble ser-

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why, I never read a letter in my life without looking it over. *[upon this.]*

Vil. I don't know any business you had to look

Trap. There's the thing—you not knowing that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broken, Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet honeycomb, don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ah! the fool says true; I had better wheedle him. *(Aside.)*

Trap. Don't you love money above anything in the world—except one?

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good. And pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? While they are lovers, they will always have occasion for a confidant and a go-between; but when they marry—Serviteur! good night vails; our harvest is over: what d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why, I like what you say very well: but I don't know, my friend, to me—that same face of your's looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery. What is it you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't you let your mistress marry Octavio. I'll do my best to hinder my master: let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of them all three.

Vil. Look you, seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you, I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to go on upon it, what security can you give me for performance of articles? *[in custody.]*

Trap. More than bond or judgment—my person

Vil. Ah! that won't do.

Trap. No, my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in it: taste it. *(Offers to kiss her; she puts him away.)*

Vil. No!

Trap. Faith! you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money. *(Tosses a purse; she catches it, and he kisses her.)*

Vil. Psha! Well, if I must, come, then. To see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay, then, take a second thought of me, child. *(Kisses her again.)*

Don M. Ah! This is laying their heads together, indeed. *(Aside.)*

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a letter to give to my mistress; slip into the garden: I'll come to you presently.

Trap. Is it from Octavio?

Vil. Psha! begone, I say. *(Snatches the letter.)*

Trap. Hist! *(Beckons Don M. who goes softly behind.)*

Vil. Madam, madam! Ah!

Don M. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. *(Draws.)*

Vil. Oh, lud! oh, lud! there, there!

Don M. Now we shall see what my gentleman

would be at. (*Reads.*) "*My dear angel,*"—Ah! soft and impudent!—"Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven this evening. Pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your OCTAVIO." Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman would of him, if he were to debauch her—hold! let's see, what does he say here? Um—um! (*Reads to himself.*)

Vil. What a stupid wench was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil! (*Aside.*)

Don M. (*Reads.*) Um—um! "*Sure she is safe out of the window.*" Oh! there the mine is to be sprung, then. Now, gentlewoman, what do you think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me—make a friend of me. You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

Don M. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible anything can make thee honest? [wise?]

Vil. What do you suppose would make me other—

Don M. Money.

Vil. You have nicked it.

Don M. And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither: one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

Don M. Say it be so; would that turn thee into my interest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, sir; judge yourself—here stands Octavio, with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress; there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think?

Don M. There needs no more; I'm convinced, and will trust thee: there's to encourage thee before-hand; (*gives her money*) and when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do it—and will take care he shall write presently. (*Aside.*)

Don M. Now, as you expect I should believe you, begone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

Vil. Oh! I am dumb, dumb, dumb, sir. [*Exit.*]

Don M. So! this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp, there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate. Rosara! (*Unlocks the closet.*)

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me, sir?

Don M. Ay, child: come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you, I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery: Viletta did not cry out for nothing. What shall I do? dissemble. (*Aside.*)

Don M. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening,

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman, as well as myself; for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

Don M. Oh! as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you: but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes and go to him.

Ros. My clothes, sir? [with you.]

Don M. Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved, sir.

Don M. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive Don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect Don Philip, sir?

Don M. Expect him, sir! he has been here this hour. I only staid to get you out of the sullens. He's none of your hum-drums! all life and mettle! Odzooks! he has the courage of a cock; a duel's

but a dance to him: he has been at sa, sa, sa! for you already.

Ros. Well, sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man. He shall find me a woman, sir; let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

Don M. Ah! now thou art my own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss the other bushel of doubloons into thy portion. Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—she's in a rare cue, faith! ah! if he does but nick her now!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Ros. Now I have but one card to play; if that don't hit, my hopes are crushed, indeed: if this young spark be not a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet. Dear fortune, give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me. Here they come! (*Walks carelessly and sings.*)

Re-enter DON MANUEL, with HYPOLITA.

SONG.

Divinely fair, so heav'nly form'd!

Such native innocence she wears!

You cannot wonder that I'm charm'd,

Whene'er the lovely maid appears.

Her smiles might warm an anchorite;

Her artless glances teach him sin;

Yet in her soul such charms unite,

As might the coldest stoic win.

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands: I find, by your gaiety, you are no stranger to my business; perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech; but my affair is in a little more haste; therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short, be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

Ros. Troth! sir, I think you are very much in the right; the sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Psha! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband. I sha'n't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

Ros. I only stay for my mind, sir: as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares. Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

Don M. I'll do it, sir. Well, child, speak, in thy conscience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well, sir; but, methinks, he's a little too young for a husband.

Don M. Young! a fiddle! you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye! Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you please, in the meantime, I'll leave you my daughter, and so, pray, make the best of her. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. I thank ye, sir. (*Stands some time mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and smiles as in contempt.*) Why, now, methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man, you see.

Ros. So my father says, sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Ros. A bold man!—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ros. Because he has promised you, you shall

marry me ; and he has always promised me I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Ros. The man that I marry will be sure of my love ; but for the man that marries me—mercy on him.

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ros. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natured.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me, child?

Ros. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ros. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Ros. Why, then, in short, I like another : another man, sir, has got into my head, and made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live. What d'ye think of me now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um! the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason, truly, but it won't do ; to be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reason to believe you shall be if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the French city fashion, content to a degree. Now, here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Eh! a very complete regiment, indeed ; what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, madam, I believe, in a month, I should be apt to poison ye.

Ros. So, it takes! (*Aside.*) And let me die, sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do't.

Ros. It must be in my breakfast, then; for I should certainly run away before the wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted, but I'll startle her. (*Aside.*) Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife. As for your inclination, I'll keep your person honest, however; you shall be locked up, and if you don't love me, then, I'll stab ye.

Ros. With what? your words? it must be those you say after the priest, then. You'll be able to do very little else that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bare the qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of 'em: your pretty arts, in striving to avoid, have charmed me. At my first view I wooed ye only to secure a sordid fortune, which now I, overjoyed, could part with; nay, with life, with anything, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

Ros. Now I am plunged, indeed. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I own you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now, from my

sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know, too, there's a charm in constancy; you ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be your's: if what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved, and justice to the man I love.

Hyp. Well, madam, to let you see I am a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Ros. Sir, you confound me with this goodness. Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you: here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace, I swear.

Hyp. Hold! Swear never to make any other your husband, but Octavio.

Ros. I swear! and heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rise, madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since, as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, madam, I have been often told so; but, like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind should know that I am—but a woman.

Ros. A woman!

Hyp. As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever a man ran mad for.

Ros. Are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His shadow, madam, no more: I just run before him, nay, and after him, too. Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. Hypolita! nay, then, from what you have said, and what I have heard Octavio say of ye, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true, madam; it—it—it was a little round about, indeed; I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip: but these men are such tetchy things, they can never stay one's time; always in haste, just as they please; now we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere; so you see, there is such a plague, that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

Ros. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too; for I expect Don Philip every moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the bans.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him; here comes your father, he's secure. Come, put on a dumb consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well! this getting the better of my wise papa, won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. So, son! how does the battle go now? Have ye cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father, let me embrace you; my

life's too poor to make you a return. You have given me an empire, sir, I would not change to be grand seignior.

Don M. Ah! rogue, he has done it; he has done it! he has her! Ha! is't not so, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, sir, the town's my own. Look here! and here, sir; thus have I been plundering this half hour; and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ache again. (*Kisses her.*)

Don M. Ah! give me the great chair; I can't bear my joy. You rampant rogue, could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer! (*Embraces her.*)

Don M. Ah! my cares are over.

Hyp. Oh! I told ye, sir, hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

Don M. Pr'ythee, be quiet; I hate the sight of ye. Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir.

Don M. Oh! I cannot live—I cannot live; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am as full as a bumper; it runs over at my eyes, I shall choke. Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Ros. Anything that will make you more pleased, sir. [gentleman?

Don M. Are you positively resolved to marry this

Ros. Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

Don M. I am the miserablest dog alive; and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning, if I should ask you?

Ros. Sooner, sir, if you think it necessary.

Don M. Oh! this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once: ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? (*To Hypolita.*)

Ros. Come, sir, take heart; your joy won't be always so troublesome. [as long as I live.

Don M. You lie, hussy! I shall be plagued with it

Hyp. You must not live above two hours, then. (*Aside.*)

Don M. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child, too; I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—

Enter a Servant.

Well, what want you, gloomy face?

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

Don M. From Seville! ha! pr'ythee, let him go thither again. Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

Don M. Very likely.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, sir—News, news!

Don M. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well! what dost thou say, lad? But hold, sirrah! has anybody told thee how it is

Trap. Sir! [with me?

Don M. Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, sir! for what?

Don M. Joy, joy! you whelp! my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah; and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea of good luck. Why don't you cry, dog?

Trap. Uh! well, sir, I do; but now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

Don M. Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, sir, only—Slylooks is come, that's all. [ha!

Don M. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler? Ha, *Trap.* He, sir, he.

Don M. I'm glad of it, faith—now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy; I'll wait on the gentleman myself: don't you be out of the say,

son, I'll be with ye, presently. Oh! my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad, good b'ye.

[*Exit, with Trappanti.*

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune! [lieve.

Ros. At least we shall make him change it, I be-

Hyp. That we shall; and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA, hastily.

Flora. Don Philip! where are ye? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam. (*Whispers to Hypolita.*) Stand to your arms, the enemy's at the gate, faith. But I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party. [with?

Ros. Who can this youth be, she is so familiar

Hyp. I like your advice so well, that to tell ye the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me. Come, I'll introduce ye. (*To Flora.*)

Flora. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your ladyship pleases. (*To Ros.*)

Ros. Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

Hyp. This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! what, are we all going into breeches, then?

Flora. That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle: but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

Ros. Troth! I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life. Come ladies—gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DON MANUEL and DON PHILIP.

Don M. Well, sir, and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them?

Don P. Sir, I was not robbed of the regard I owe my father's friend: that, sir, I have brought with me, and it would have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

Don M. Ah! how smooth the spark is. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you: but I hope you'll excuse me, if in a matter of this consequence, I seem a little cautious.

Don P. Sir, I sha'n't propose any immediate progress in my affair, till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the meantime, I shall think myself obliged by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd at least afford a common stranger.

Don M. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend Octavio; but now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. (*Aside.*) Lookye, sir; while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

Don P. So my father told me, sir.

Don M. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon,) if you should prove a d—d rogue now, d'ye see—

Don P. Sir, I can't, in reason, take anything ill that proceeds only from your caution.

Don M. Civil rascal! (*Aside.*) No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill, neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir,) may be all a lie?

Don P. Another man, indeed, might say the same to you; but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you

suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

Don M. Sir, you speak like a man of honour, 'tis confessed; but (begging your pardon again, sir,) so may a rascal, too, sometimes.

Don P. But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

Don M. Why, then, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you?

Don P. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, though there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

Don M. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name, pray?

Don P. Octavio Cruzado.

Don M. Ha! my bully confessor; this agrees, word for word, with honest Trappanti's intelligence. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

Don P. Job, sir?

Don M. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship? or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

Don P. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for. If you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

Don M. Do so, friend; and, in the meantime, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him that to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

Don P. Politician, and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

Don M. Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend; sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail; you have an admirable head, 'tis confessed, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

Don P. Won't do, sir?

Don M. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow now, that will speak you point blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend: dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me, sir, is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

Don P. I remember thee: thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home, too.

Don P. You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

Don M. Oh! I never questioned it in the least, sir. Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

Trap. Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir, his name's Guzman; his father, sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville; was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars, as well as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, sir, I hope there's no mistake in 'em that may defer the marriage?

Don P. Confusion!

Don M. Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

Don P. Now, sir, I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house, till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me; and would you, sir, of your honour, and your daughter. As for this rascal—

Trap. Sir, I demand protection. (*Runs behind Don Manuel.*)

Don M. Hold! sir, since you are so brisk, and in my own house, too, call your master, friend; you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit.*]

Don P. I ask your pardon, sir; I must confess, the villany I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners: but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now, till I have proved myself your friend, indeed, and Don Fernando's son.

Don M. Nay, lookye, sir, I will be very civil too; I won't say a word; you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves: not but at the same time thou art, to me, the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI, with HYPOLITA and FLORA.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres?

Don P. Ha! this is a young competitor, indeed. (*Aside.*)

Flora. Is this the gentleman, sir?

Don M. Yes, yes, that's he. Ha, ha!

Don P. Yes, sir, I'm the man, who, but this morning, lost that name upon the road. I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such, sir?

Flora. The fellow really does it very well, sir. (*Apart to Don M.*)

Don M. Oh! to a miracle. (*Apart.*)

Hyp. Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee, too, that this gentleman was a magistrate?

Don M. Well said, my little champion.

Don P. Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long: a very few days must unavoidably discover thee; in the meantime, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence; for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flora. Very civil, egad!

Hyp. But mayn't I presume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

Don M. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue, indeed, that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha! (*All laugh.*)

Don P. Sir, I ask your pardon: I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly. I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually.

ally: however, sir, the duty I owe my father, obliges me not to leave your cause, though I leave your house immediately; when you see me next, you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

Don M. Ah! 'twill be the same thing, if I know a rascal from Don Philip: but, if you please, sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with this gentleman's leave, I'm resolved to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend, the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

Don P. Very well, sir; I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Lookye! sir, since your undertaking (though you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by, though I question if a man, that stoops to do such base injuries, dares defend 'em with his sword. However, now, at least, you're warned; but be assured your next attempt—

Don P. Will startle you, my spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cuffed. Though you won't take my word against him, sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath; which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately: if he can out-face the law, too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb, then, you think me. [Exit.]

Don M. Ah! poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face, however. Ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, sir, that's all he has for't, indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed. (*Apart to Trap.*)

Trap. I warrant ye, sir. [Exit.]

Don M. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero! man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter, immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies, sir.

Don M. Well said, my lad—Oh! my heart's going to dance again: pr'ythee, let's in before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory. [Exeunt.]

Enter OCTAVIO, with a letter.

Oct. Rosara false! distraction! Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour, to try how far my love can bear: and yet, methinks, she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away; and if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think; the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound them. [Enter VILETTA.] Now, dear Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's

Oct. Viletta! [over.]

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she's just going to be married.

Oct. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

Vil. Heyday! what's all this for?

Oct. My brains are turned, Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but believe you had any at all; if you have three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

Oct. Don't flatter me, Viletta.

Vil. Faith, sir, (I'll be very plain,) you are, to me, the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

Oct. No, don't say so, Viletta.

Vil. Then pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport: you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by-and-by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again. Hist! here's company; good b'ye. [Exit.]

Re-enter DON PHILIP, with his sword drawn, and TRAPPANTI.

Don P. Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more: but pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage; I protest, the keen looks of that instrument have quite frightened it away. Pray put it up, sir.

Don P. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest: discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five, ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

Don P. Here, friend; will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him? [Exit Servant.]

Oct. Don Philip!

Don P. Octavio! This is fortunate, indeed, the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

Oct. What's the matter?

Don P. You'll see presently; but, pr'ythee, how stands your affair with your mistress?

Oct. The devil take me if I can tell ye. I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me, and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses, too, it is with her own consent; and yet begs, by all means, to see me as soon as her wedding's over. Isn't it very pretty?

Re-enter a Servant.

Don P. Something gay, indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently. [Exit.]

Oct. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting. Well now, how stands your affair? Have you seen your mistress yet?

Don P. No; I can't get admittance to her.

Oct. How so?

Don P. When I came to pay my duty, here, to the old gentleman—

Oct. Here!

Don P. Ay; I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robbed me of my portmanteau, and, by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle; he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Oct. Death and hell! (*Aside.*) What sort of fellow was this rascal?

Don P. A little pert coxcomb; by his impudence and dress, I guess him to be some French page.

Oct. Confusion! my friend at last my rival, too. Yet hold! my rival is my friend, he owns he has not seen her yet. (*Aside.*)

Don P. You seem concerned.

Oct. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

Don P. What's the matter?

Oct. Let me conjure ye, by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more!

Don P. You amaze me! [dote on.]

Oct. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately

Don P. Is't possible? Nay, then, be easy in thy thoughts, Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou'rt my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's. I know not why, but—I can't help thinking that

my fortune still resolves, spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy. [your's.]

Oct. Quit but Rosara, I'll engage she shall be

Don P. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest friend.

Oct. Dear Philip, let me embrace ye. But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately, and swear the robbery against him?

Don P. I was just going about it, but my accidental meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me; but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so, because I understood the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Oct. That's right! the least delay might have lost all; besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

Don P. Right! [quite wrong.]

Trap. Sir, with humble submission, that will be

Oct. Why so?

Trap. Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying his pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the meantime you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

Don P. Ha! there's reason in that; all your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Oct. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, sir.

Don P. By no means; rather wait a little in the street: be within call, and leave the management to me.

Oct. Be careful, dear Philip.

Don P. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Oct. But, harkye! here lives an alguazil at the next house; suppose I should send him to you, to secure the spark in the meantime?

Don P. Do so; we must not lose a moment.

Oct. I won't stir from the door.

Don P. You'll soon hear of me; away.

[Exit Octavio.]

Trap. So now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle. (Aside.) Basta! here comes our party.

Don P. Stand aside till I call for you. (Trappanti retires.)

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Well, sir! what service have you to command me now, pray?

Don P. Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer for you; all I beg is but your patient hearing.

Don M. Well, sir, you shall have it.—Here he comes, bring him to trial as soon as you please.

Re-enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flora. So Trappanti has succeeded; he's come without the officers. (Apart to Hypolita.)

Hyp. Hearing, sir, you were below, I didn't care to disturb the family by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search; let me see your warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

Don M. Ay, where's your officer?

Flora. I thought to have seen him march in state, with an alguazil before him.

Don P. I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, though 'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think

this gentleman's a magistrate: in the meantime—Oh! here, I have prevailed with an alguazil to wait upon ye.

Enter an Alguazil.

Alg. Did you send for me, sir?

Don P. Ay, secure that gentleman.

Don M. Hold, hold! sir, all things in order; this gentleman is yet my guest; let me be the first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. (They whisper.)

Hyp. Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me. Ruined, past redemption! (Apart to Flora.)

Flora. Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion; bear up, for shame! (Apart.)

Hyp. Impossible! I am dashed, confounded; if thou hast any courage left, shew it quickly; go speak, before my fears betray me. (Apart.)

Don M. If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess 'twill surprise me, indeed.

Flora. Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you'd produce 'em.

Don P. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one. Hey! Trappanti! [Re-enter TRAPPANTI.] Now, sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks: then there's life again. (Aside.) Is this your witness, sir?

Don P. Yes, sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

Don P. Ha, ha! You are very merry, sir.

Don M. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain. But come, friend, what say you to the business? Have ye any proof to offer upon oath, that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

Don P. Speak boldly. [do speak?]

Trap. Ay, sir; but shall I come to no harm if I

Don M. Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe, sir?

Don M. I'll give thee my word of honour; speak boldly to the question.

Trap. Well, sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour will be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

Don M. How, friend?

Don P. Secure me, rascal?

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak. [friend?]

Don M. I warrant thee. What is it you say,

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hand, claps five pistoles in my palm, (here they are,) shuts my fist close upon 'em; "My dear friend," says he, "you must do me a piece of service:" upon which, sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

Don P. What means the rascal?

Don M. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

Don P. Confusion!

Flora. Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

Hyp. Oh, ho!

Trap. Upon this, sir, I began to demur: "Sir," says I, "this business will never hold water; don't

let me undertake it, I must beg your pardon ;” gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

Don M. Very well!

Don P. Villain!

Flora and Hyp. Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts: “Now, dog!” says he, “you shall do it, or within two hours rot upon the dunghill you came from.”

Don P. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

Don M. Nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on, friend. (*To Trappanti.*)

Trap. Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage; so prudently pretended out of fear to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury: but now, sir, being under protection and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

Don M. Ay, this is evidence, indeed!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don P. Dog! Villain! Did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up, not three hours ago, at the same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady, you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

Trap. Oh, lud! oh, lud! sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words: he threatened to stab me if I wouldn’t swear against my master: I told him, at first, sir, I was not fit for his business: I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman’s sword at his breast, out of my window.

Trap. Lookye there, sir!

Don P. D——n!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don M. Really, my friend, thou’rt almost turned fool in this business. If thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? You may go, friend. [*Exit Alguazil.*]

Flora. Ha, ha!

Don P. Sir, you’re imposed on: defer the marriage but an hour.

Don M. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in hopes to defer it altogether.

Don P. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope or thought, but that of serving you.

Don M. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man. Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

Don M. Is he so? Then, sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no further service, I believe it may be time for you to go. Come, son, now let’s wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman’s trouble altogether. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. Sir, I’ll wait on ye.

Don P. Confusion! I’ve undone my friend. (*Walks about.*)

Flora. Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece. (*Apart.*)

Trap. Sir, I believe it won’t be mended in haste.

[*Apart. Exeunt Flora and Trappanti.*]

Hyp. Sir!

Don P. Ha! alone! if we’re not prevented now— (*Aside.*) Well, sir—

Hyp. I suppose you don’t think the favours you have designed me, are to be put up without satisfaction; therefore, I shall expect to see you early to-morrow, near the Prado, with your sword in your hand: in the meantime, sir, I’m a little more

in haste to be the lady’s humble servant than your’s. (*Going.*) [such easy terms.]

Don P. Hold! sir, you and I can’t part upon *Hyp.* Sir!

Don P. You’re not so near the lady, sir, perhaps, as you imagine. (*Locks the door.*)

Hyp. What d’ye mean?

Don P. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

Don P. Come, sir—draw!

Hyp. My ruin now has caught me; this was the very spite of fortune. (*Aside.*)

Don P. Come, sir, my time’s but short.

Hyp. And mine’s too precious to be lost on anything but love; besides, this is no proper place, To-morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

Don P. No, now, sir, if you please—Draw, villain, or expect such usage as I am sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, sir, may bear anything to make sure of his mistress; you know it is not fear that—

Don P. No evasion, sir; either this moment confess your villany, your name, and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—Within there!

Don P. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, and this minute is thy last. (*Seizes her, and holds a sword to her breast.*)

Hyp. Sir! (*Trembling.*)

Don P. Villain! be quick, confess, or—

Hyp. Hold, sir! I own I dare not fight with you.

Don P. No, I see thou art too poor a villain; therefore, be speedy, as thou hopest I’ll spare thy life.

Hyp. Nay, then, sir—Mercy! mercy! (*Throws herself at his feet.*) And, since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

Don P. Thy love! What art thou? Speak.

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successful passion.

Don P. Nay, then, I must forgive thee; (*raises her*) for I have known, too well, the misery not to pity—anything in love. Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far: you must defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. Sir, on my knees.

Don P. Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, sir—

[name and family.]

Don P. Nay, then, discover quick! Tell me thy

Hyp. Hold! sir—

Don P. Speak, or thou diest.

Hyp. Sir, I will—(*A noise at the door.*) Ha! they are entering. Oh! for a moment’s courage! Come on, sir. (*Breaks from him and draws, retiring till DON MANUEL, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, and Servants rush in and part them.*)

Don M. Knock him and down! Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the meantime, secure him in the cellar.

Don P. Hear me but one word, sir!

Don M. Stop his mouth—out with him. [*They hurry him off.*] Come, dear son, be pacified.

Hyp. A villain!

Flora. Why should he be concerned, now he’s secure? Such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

Hyp. I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me; but—

Enter ROSARA.

Don M. Look! here’s my daughter in a fright to see for you.

Hyp. Then I’m composed again.

Ros. I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, sir? (*To Hyp.*) [heal.]

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can

Don M. Ah! well said, my little champion!

Hyp. Oh! madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you. (*Apart to Rosara.*)

Ros. Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband. (*Apart.*)

Hyp. Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear 'em again—(*Apart.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. What, in the name of roguery, can this new master of mine be? He's either a fool or bewitched, that's positive. First, he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her. Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions, in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service, to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him! What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, 'does a little puzzle my wit. There's but one way in the world I can solve it: he must certainly have some secret reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes, with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro, he has business with you.

Trap. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Ros. Who's Don Pedro, pray?

Hyp. Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name. Where's your father, madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune; he seemed in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunned when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart; methinks I am possessed with the very spirit of disobedience. Now could I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman.

Enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Ah! my little conqueror! let me embrace thee—That ever I should live to see this day! this most triumphant day, this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life, too, sir. (*Embraces.*)

Don M. Ay, my cares are over. Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world; for I've done all my business in this: got as many children as I could; and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work. Lookye here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of 'em; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

Don M. Much good may do thy heart and soul with 'em; and heaven bless you together. I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children; but, thank my stars, 'tis over, now—Now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him? (*Apart to Hypolita.*)

Don M. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die when we have done our best; sooner or later, old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common w—s,

must die! Nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I've married my child, I've lost my companion—I've parted with my girl! Her heart's gone another way now; she'll forget her old father! I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning. I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now! (*Weeps.*)

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy, till he is downright melancholy. (*Aside.*)

Ros. What's the matter, sir?

Don M. Ah! my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. Oh! sir, we shall be better friends than ever.

Don M. Uh! uh! shall we? Wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, heaven bless thee, give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting! Be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live. Hang these melancholy thoughts, they are the worst company in the world at a wedding. Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day at least; stir your servants, call in your neighbours, let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

Don M. Ha! shall we be merry, then?

Hyp. Merry, sir! ah! as beggars at a feast. What, shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

Don M. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour! thou shalt have thy humour! Hey! within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah! my joy flows again; I can't bear it.

Enter several Servants.

Serv. Did you call, sir?

Don M. Call, sir! ay, sir; what's the reason you are not all out of your wits, sir? Don't you know that your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

1 Serv. Yes, sir, and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders. [*couragement.*]

Hyp. You see, sir, they only want a little en-

Don M. Ah! there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after. Here, sirrah, cook! look into the Roman history, see what Mark Anthony had for supper, when Cleopatra first treated him with *chere entiere*: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking—Go.—And, d'ye hear? One of you step to Monsieur Vendevin, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for it.

1 Serv. How much will you please to have, sir?

Don M. Too much, sir! I'll have everything upon the outside of enough to-day. Go you, sirrah, run to my nephew, Don Lewis, give my service, and tell him to bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is as it should be! now it begins to look like a wedding.

Don M. Ah! we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy. [*your cue.*]

Hyp. Here comes Flora; now, madam, observe

Enter FLORA.

Flora. Your servant, gentlemen; I need not wish you joy, you have it, I see: Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Psha! pr'ythee, don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flora. My business won't be deferred, sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flora. I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flora. Your ear, sir. (*They whisper.*)

Don M. What's the matter now, 'tro?

Ros. The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

Don M. Troth, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't disturb 'em, sir; we shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip? (*Apart to Flora.*)

Flora. I drew the servants out of the way, while he made his escape; what we do we must do quickly: come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with 'em presently. (*Aside.*)

Hyp. (*Aloud.*) Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flora. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

Don M. Eh!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

Flora. Not, sir?

Hyp. No, sir. Lookye! don't put on your pert airs to me; egad! I shall use you very scurvily.

Flora. Use me!—You little son of a w—, draw.

Hyp. Oh! sir, I am for you. (*They fight, and Don Manuel interposes.*)

Ros. Ah! help! murder! [*Runs out.*]

Don M. Within there! help! murder! Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

Don M. Friends, and quarrel! for shame.

Flora. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Don M. Better words, sir. (*To Flora.*)

Flora. Why, sir, d'ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

Don M. What d'ye mean, sir?

Flora. That he has cheated me as well as you; but I'll have my revenge immediately. [*Exit.*]

Don M. Eh! what's all this? What is it? my heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here, you! (*To a Servant.*) Bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, sir.

Don M. A coach!

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Sir, sir! bless me! What's the matter, sir? Are not you well?

Don M. Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir.

Don M. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octavio.

Don M. To me?

Vil. No, sir, to my mistress; he charged me to deliver it immediately; for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

Don M. How! let's see it; there's what I promised thee, begone. What can this be, now? (*Reads.*) "*The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.*" OCTAVIO." Oh! my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands. I am frightened—I dare not think on't.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal! to be out of the way when my life's at stake: pr'ythee, do thou go and see if thou canst get me any post-horses.

Don M. Post-horses!

Re-enter ROSARA.

Ros. Oh! dear sir, what was the matter?

Don M. Eh!

Ros. What made 'em quarrel, sir?

Don M. Child!

Ros. What was it about, sir? You look con-

Don M. Concerned! [*cerned.*]

Ros. I hope you are not hurt, sir. (*To Hyp. who minds her not.*) What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me. (*To Don M.*)

Don M. A—speak!—a—go to him again; try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear sir, what's the matter?

Don M. Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal. [*horses, sir?*]

Don M. But what occasion have you for post-

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, sir.

Don M. Pray, what is't?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, sir.

Don M. Another time, sir; pray satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, sir! when you see a man's out of humour.

Don M. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolved to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir, what is't you'd have?

Don M. Lookye, sir—in short—I—I have received a letter.

Hyp. Well, sir.

Don M. I wish it may be well, sir.

Hyp. Bless me, sir! what's the matter with you?

Don M. Matter, sir! in troth, I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye; but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir. (*Gives the letter.*)

Enter DON LEWIS.

Don L. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

Don M. I am glad to see you, nephew.

Don L. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprising news.

Don M. Pray what is it?

Don L. Why, first your servant told me, my young cousin was to be married to-day to Don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your doors, who should I meet but Don Philip with the corrigidore, and several witnesses to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is in short a rank impostor.

Don M. Dear nephew, don't torture me: are ye sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

Don L. Know him, sir? were not we school-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

Don M. But are you sure you mayn't have forgot him neither? [*forgot you, sir.*]

Don L. You might as well ask me if I had not

Don M. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever: is that he?

Don L. That, sir? No, nor in the least like him. But, pray, why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

Don M. Oh, oh, oh, oh! my poor child!

Ros. Oh! (*Seems to faint.*)

Don M. Ah! look to my child.

Don L. Is this the villain then, that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband; and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall

be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

Don M. Oh!

Don L. Nay, then, within there! Such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, and VILETTA.

Oh! gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married to the impostor.

Don P. How!

Oct. Confusion!

[your justice.

Don P. That's the person, sir, and I demand

Oct. And I.

Trap. And I.

Flora. And all of us.

Don M. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately:—first, sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

Don L. That, sir, I presume my oath will prove.

Oct. Or mine.

Flora. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine, too, sir.

Don M. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flora. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him: he confessed to me at Toledo, he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance; which he refusing to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or haven't the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst: I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

Don M. Ingenuity! abandoned villain! But, sir, before you send him to gaol, I desire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That can't be, sir; since he has married the lady, her fortune's lawfully his: all we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

Don M. Oh! that ever I was born.

Hyp. Return the jewels, sir! if you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to gaol before me.

Don M. Oh! that I were buried! Will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it, sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come, sir, if you please; I must desire to take your deposition in writing. (*Goes to the table with Flora.*)

Don P. Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought you to.

Don M. Pray forbear, sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, madam. (*Aside to Rosara.*)

Ros. Oh, sir! how wretched have you made me! is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands? this my reward for filial duty? (*To Don M.*)

Don M. Ah! my poor child!

Ros. But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have told me, my vows and person, in justice and honour, were the wronged Octavio's.

Don M. Oh, oh!

Oct. Can she repent her falsehood, then, at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too. Oh! my poor undone Rosara! (*Goes to her.*) Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man!

Don M. Oh! don't insult me! I deserve the worst you can say. I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

Vil. So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in a rage, the old gentlemen out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged. The merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life. (*Apart to Hyp.*)

Cor. Well, sir, have you anything to say before I make your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, sir: gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am likely to undergo, in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring, first, the officers may withdraw,) to offer something to the general quiet.

Oct. What can this mean?

[gone.

Don P. Psha! some new contrivance; let's be

Don L. Stay a moment, it can be no harm to hear him. Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without.

[*Exeunt Officers.*

Vil. What's to be done now, 'trow?

Trap. Some smart thing, I warrant ye; the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith.

Flora. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him: that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends; and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

Don M. Ay, 'tis time he were hanged, indeed; for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your sordid avarice, and breach of promise here, have justly brought upon you: therefore, sir, if you are injured, you may thank yourself for it.

Don M. Nay, dear sir, I do confess my blindness, and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropped out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well, sir, (however little you have deserved it,) yet, for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself, by signing this paper, to keep your first promise, and give her, with her full fortune, to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

Don M. Sir, I don't know how to answer you: for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way, to make room for him?

Hyp. Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning, but an immediate power, too, to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune: these jewels, which I received from you, I give him free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him, with her person.

Don M. This is unaccountable, I must confess; but still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged in contract to part with his—

Don P. That, sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. Now, sir, it only stops at you.

Don M. Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned, I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you.

Don P. And, sir, let me, too, warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore, take heed, expect no second mercy! for be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am proved one, spare me not; I ask but this—use me as you find me.

Don P. That you may depend on,

Don M. There, sir. (*Gives Hyp. the writing signed.*)

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

Don P. I know not that; do my friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve: but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

Don P. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark in pity of my woman's weakness.

Don P. Whither wouldst thou carry me?

Hyp. The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus, justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving goodness that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita, prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love. (*All seem amazed.*) Oh! Philip, Hypolita is—your's for ever. (*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*)

Don P. It is, it is, Hypolita! And yet 'tis she! I know her by the busy pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and she alone can give. (*Embraces her eagerly.*)

Don M. Have I then been pleased, and plagued, and frightened out of my wits, by a woman all this while? Odsbud! she is a notable contriver! Stand clear, ho! for if I have not a fair brush at her lips; nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too, ods-winds and thunder! she is not the good-humoured girl I take her for.

Hyp. Come, sir, I won't balk your good humour. (*He kisses her.*) And now I have a favour to beg of you; you remember your promise: only your blessing here, sir. (*Octavio and Ros. kneel.*)

Don M. Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and so, children, heaven bless ye together; and now my cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your love, sir.

Don P. My friend successful, too! Then my joys are double: but how this generous attempt was started first, how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here's one that, at more leisure, shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland,

Don P. How! she? [too.]

Flora. Trusty Flora, sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

Don M. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, faith! Odzooks! we shall have them make campaigns, shortly.

Don P. In Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice, too, confederate I can't say; for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not, indeed, madam. But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your ladyship; and if you had not parted with your money—

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist, when he had so many pistoles held against him? (*Shews money.*)

Don M. Ay, ay, well said, lad.

Vil. Eh! A tempting bait, indeed! let him offer to marry me again, if he dares. (*Aside.*)

Don P. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable, however, and I'll think of thee.

Oct. Nay, I am his debtor, too.

Trap. Ah! there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Oct. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, sir, I find by my constitution, that it is as natural to be in love as a hungry, and that I haven't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish; yet, methinks, it's better than no dinner at all. Upon which considerations, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here—to admit me into her good graces.

Don M. A pleasant rogue, faith! Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why, then, in plain terms, let me a lease for life—Marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something; I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child; I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand; and now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

Don M. Odzooks! and well thought of, I'll send for one presently. Here, you, sirrah, run to father Benedick again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is dropped to pieces; but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

Don P. Now, my Hypolita!

Let our example teach mankind to love;

From thine the fair their favours may improve:

Oh! never let a virtuous mind despair,

For constant hearts are love's peculiar care.

[*Exeunt.*]

COUNT OF NARBONNE;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY ROBERT JEPHSON.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT OF NARBONNE
AUSTIN

THEODORE
FABIAN

RENCHILD
COUNTESS

ADELAIDE
JAQUELINE

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, speaking to an Officer; followed by FABIAN.

Count. Not to be found! Is this your faithful service?

How could she pass unseen? By hell, 'tis false! Thou hast betray'd me.

Offi. Noble sir, my duty— [ply not.

Count. Your fraud, your negligence—away! re- Find her within this hour; else, by my life, The gates of Narbonne shall be clos'd against thee. Then make the world thy country. [*Exit Officer.* Fabian, stay!

Misfortunes fall so thick upon my head, They will not give me time to think—to breathe.

Fab. Heav'n knows, I wish your peace; but am to learn

What grief more fresh than my young lord's decease, A sorrow but of three days past, can move you.

Count. Oh! bitter memory! gone, gone for ever! The pillar of my house, my only son!

Fab. 'Twas terrible, indeed!

Count. Ay, was it not?

And then, the manner of it! think on that. Disease, that robb'd me of two infant sons, Approaching slow, bade me prepare to lose them; I saw my lilies drooping; and, accustom'd To see them dying, bore to see them dead: But, oh! my Edmund!—Thou remember'st, Fabian, How blithe he went to seek the forest's sport?

Fab. 'Would I could not remember!

Count. That curs'd barb (My fatal gift) that dash'd him down the cliff, [gled, Seem'd proud of his gay burden. Breathless, man- They bore him back to me. Fond man! I hop'd This day his happy match with Isabel Had made our line perpetual; and, this day, The unfruitful grave receives him. Yes, 'tis fate! That dreadful denunciation 'gainst my house, No prudence can avert, nor pray'rs can soften.

Fab. Think not on that; some visionary's dream. What house, what family could e'er know peace, If such enthusiasts' ravings were believ'd, And frenzy deem'd an insight of the future?

But may I dare to ask, is it of moment To stir your anger thus, that Isabel Has left the castle?

Count. Of the deepest moment: My best hope hangs on her; some future time I may instruct thee why.—These cares unhinge me: Just now, a herald from her angry father Left me this dire election—to resign My titles, and this ample seignior, (Worthy a monarch's envy,) or to meet him, And try my right by arms. But, pr'ythee, tell (Nor let a fear to wound thy master's pride Restrain thy licens'd speech,) hast thou e'er heard My father Raymond—(cast not down thine eye)— By any indirect or bloody means, Procur'd that instrument, Alphonso's will, That made him heir to Narbonne?

Fab. My best lord, At all times would I fain withhold from you Intelligence unwelcome, but most now. At seasons such as this, a friendly tongue Should utter words like balm; but what you ask—

Count. I ask to be inform'd of. Hast thou known From childhood up to man, and canst thou fear [me I am so weak of soul, like a thin reed, To bend and stagger at each puny blast? No; when the tempest rages round my head, I give my branches wider to the air, And strike my root more deeply. To thy tale: Away with palliatives and compliments! Speak plainly.

Fab. Plainly, then, my lord, I have heard What, for the little breath I have to draw, I would not, to the black extent of rumour, Give credit to. But you command me speak.—

Count. Thy pauses torture me. Can I hear worse Than this black scroll contains? this challenge here, From Isabella's father, haughty Godfrey? In broad and unambiguous words he tells me, My father was a murderer, and forg'd Alphonso's testament.

Fab. From Palestine That tale crept hither; where, foul slander says, The good Alphonso, not, as we believe,

Died of a fever, but a venom'd draught,
Your father, his companion of the cross,
Did with his own hand mingle; his hand, too,
Assisted by some cunning practisers,
Model'd that deed, which, barring Godfrey's right,
And other claims from kindred, nam'd Count Ray-
Lord of these fair possessions. [mond

Count. Ah! I have it;

'Tis Godfrey's calumny; he has coin'd this lie;
And his late visit to the Holy Land,
No doubt, has furnish'd likelihood of proof,
To give his fiction colour.

Fab. Sure, 'tis so!

Count. He, too, has forg'd this idle prophecy,
(To shake me with false terrors,) this prediction,
Which, but to think of, us'd to freeze my veins;
"That no descendant from my father's loins,
Should live to see a grandson; nor heaven's wrath
Cease to afflict us, till Alphonso's heir
Succeeded to his just inheritance."
Hence, superstition mines my tottering state,
Loosens my vassals' faith, and turns their tears,
Which else would fall for my calamities,
To gloomy pause, and gaping reverence:
While all my woes, to their perverted sense,
Seem but the marvellous accomplishment
Of revelation, out of nature's course.

Fab. Reason must so interpret. Good, my lord,
What answer was return'd to Godfrey's challenge?

Count. Defiance.

Fab. Heaven defend you!

Count. Heaven defend me!

I hope it will, and this right arm to boot.
But, hark! I hear a noise. Perhaps my people
Have found the fugitive. Haste! bid them enter.

[Exit Fabian.]

She ey'd me with abhorrence; at the sound
Of love, of marriage, fled indignant from me.
Yet must I win her: should she meet my wish,
Godfrey would prop the right he strives to shake;
Securing thus to his fair daughter's issue,
All that now hangs on the sword's doubtful point.

Re-enter an Officer.

Now, what tidings?

Where is the lady?

Offi. We have search'd in vain
The castle round; left not an aisle or vault
Unvisited.

Count. Damnation!

Offi. Near the cloister,
From whence, by the flat door's descent, a passage
Beneath the ground leads onward to the convent,
We heard the echo of a falling weight,
And sought it by the sound.

Count. Well, and what then?

Offi. The unsettled dust left us no room to doubt
The door had just been rais'd.

Count. She has escap'd,
And by confed'racy: to force that bar,
Without more aid, had baffled twice her strength.
Go on.

Offi. We enter'd; with resistance bold

Enter FABIAN and Attendants, with THEODORE.
This peasant push'd us backward from the spot.
My arm was rais'd to smite him, but respect
For something in his aspect check'd the blow.
He, chiding, parleying by turns, gave time
For whosoever had descended there
(The lady doubtless) to elude our search:
The rest himself will tell.

Count. (To Theodore.) Ah! what art thou?

Theo. It seems, thy prisoner: disengage me first
From their rude grasp, and I may tell thee more.

Count. Unhand him. I should know thee; I have seen
Features like thine. Answer me, wert thou found
As these men say?

Theo. I was.

Count. And what thy purpose?

Theo. Chance brought me there.

Count. And did chance lead thee, too,
To aid a fugitive?

Theo. They saw not that.

[hands,

Count. They saw it not! How! could her delicate
Weak, soft, and yielding, to the gentlest touch,
Sustain that pond'rous mass? No; those tough arms,
Thy force, assisted; else, thou young dissembler—

Theo. She had been seiz'd, and by compulsion
Where I stand now. [brought

Count. Thou dost avow it, then;

Boast it even to my face, audacious stripling!
Such insolence, and these coarse rustic weeds,
Are contradictions. Answer me, who art thou?

Theo. Less than I should be; more than what I

Count. Hence with this saucy ambiguity. [seem.
What is thy name, thy country? That mean habit,
Which should teach humbleness, speaks thy con-
dition.

Theo. My name is Theodore; my country, France;
My habit little suited to my mind,
Less to my birth, yet fit for my condition.

Count. Oh! thou art, then, some young adventurer,
Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,
Who, scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,
No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,
Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,
To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.

Theo. There is a source of reverence for thee here,
Forbids me, though provok'd, retort thy taunts.

Count. If I endure this more, I shall grow vile
Even to my hands.

Theo. Hold! let me stop thy wrath.

I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,
Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee
From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,
Or me to bear (poor as I seem) with honour,
I will cut short thy interrogatories,
And on this theme give thee the full extent
Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.

Count. Do it.

Theo. Without a view to thwart thy purpose,
(Be what it might,) was I within thy walls.
In a dim passage of the castle aisles,
Musing alone, I heard a hasty tread,
And breath drawn short, like one in fear of peril.
A lady enter'd; fair she seem'd, and young,
Guiding her timorous footsteps by a lamp;
"The lord, the tyrant of this place," she cried,
"For a detested purpose follows me;
Aid me, good youth!" then, pointing to the ground,
"That door," she added, "leads to sanctuary."
I seiz'd an iron hold, and, while I tugg'd
To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title.

Count. The lady Isabel?

Theo. The same. A gleam,
Shot from their torches who pursued her track,
Prevented more; she hasten'd to the cave,
And vanish'd from my sight.

Count. And did no awe,
No fear of him she call'd this castle's lord,
Its tyrant, chill thee?

Theo. Awe, nor fear, I know not,
And trust shall never; for I know not guilt. [I;

Count. Then, thou, it seems, art master here, not
Thou canst control my projects, blast my schemes,
And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.
Nay, should my daughter choose to fly my castle,
Against my bidding, bars and bolts were vain:
This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore!
Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.

Theo. Thy daughter! Oh! I were, indeed, too
Could I but live to render her a service! [blest'd,

Count. My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy
service. [done,

Theo. Wherefore am I to blame? What I have
Were it to do again, again I'd do it.
And may this arm drop palsied by my side,
When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction!

Count. Indeed!

Theo. Indeed. Frown on! Ask thy own heart,
Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,
Hunted and trembling, wouldst thou tamely pause,
Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,

And weigh each possibility of danger?
No; the instinctive nobleness of blood
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,
And instant gratify its generous ardour. [look,

Count. I must know more of this. His phrase, his
His steady countenance, raise something here,
Bids me beware of him. (*Aside.*) I have no time
To bandy idle words with slaves like thee.

I doubt not thy intent was mischievous;
Booty, perhaps, or blood. Till more inquiry
Clear, or condemn him, hold him in your guard.
Give none admittance. Take him from my sight.

Theo. Secure in her integrity, my soul
Casts back thy mean suspicions, and forgives thee.

Count. Away with him! [*Theodore is led out.*
What means this heaviness?

My heart, that like a well-trimm'd gallant bark,
Was wont to mount the waves, and dash them off
In ineffectual foam, now seems to crack,
And let in each assailing tide to sink me.

I must not yield to this dull lethargy.
Good Fabian, hie thee to St. Nicholas';
Bid holy Austin straight repair to me. [*Exit Fabian.*

His sanctity, and reverend character,
His pious eloquence, made engines for me,
Might save a world of anguish to my soul,
And smooth my unwelcome purpose to Hortensia.
But how prevail with him? Ambition? No;
The world is dead in him, and gold is trash
To one who neither needs nor values it.

Interest and love shall wear the guise of conscience;
I must pretend nice scruples, which I feel not,
And make him mediate for me with the church.

Yet he reveres the Countess; and, I fear,
Will spy more sin, in doubts that wound her quiet,
Than in my stifling them. But see, she comes,
With downcast eye, and sad dejected mien.

I will not yet disclose it. [*Enter the COUNTESS.*]
Where's my child,

My all of comfort now, my Adelaide?

Countess. Dear as she is, I would not have her all;
For I should then be nothing. Time has been,
When, after three long days of absence from you,
You would have question'd me a thousand times,
And bid me tell each trifle of myself;
Then, satisfied at last that all were well,
At last, unwilling turn to meaner cares.

Count. This is the nature still of womankind;
If fondness be their mood, we must cast off
All grave-complexion'd thought, and turn our souls
Quite from their tenour to wild levity;
Vary with all their humours, take their hues,
As unsubstantial Iris from the sun:
Our bosoms are their passive instruments;
Vibrate their strain, or all our notes are discord.

Countess. Oh! why this new unkindness? From
Never till now fell such ungentle words, [thy lips
Nor ever less was I prepar'd to meet them.

Count. Never till now was I so urg'd, beset,
Hemm'd round with perils.

Countess. Ay, but not by me.

Count. By thee, and all the world. But yesterday,
With uncontrollable and absolute sway,
I rul'd this province, was the unquestion'd lord
Of this strong castle, and its wide domains,
Stretch'd beyond sight around me; and but now,
The axe, perhaps, is sharp'ning, may hew down
My perish'd trunk, and give the soil I sprung from,
To cherish my proud kinsman Godfrey's roots.

Countess. Heaven guard thy life! His dreadful
summons reach'd me.

This urg'd me hither. On my knees I beg,
(And I have mighty reasons for my prayer,)
Oh! do not meet him on this argument:
By gentler means strive to divert his claim;
Fly this detested place, this house of horror,
And leave its gloomy grandeur to your kinsman.

Count. Rise, fearful woman! What! renounce
my birthright?

Go forth, like a poor, friendless, banish'd man,
To gnaw my heart in cold obscurity?

Thou weak adviser! Should I take thy counsel,
Thy tongue would first upbraid—thy spirit scorn
me. [world?

Countess. No, on my soul! Is Narbonne all the
My country is where thou art; place is little:
The sun will shine, the earth produce its fruits,
Cheerful and plenteously, where'er we wander.
In humbler walks, bless'd with my child and thee,
I'd think it Eden in some lonely vale,
Nor heave one sigh for these proud battlements.

Count. Such flowery softness suits not matron lips;
But thou hast mighty reasons for thy prayer:
They should be mighty reasons, to persuade
Their rightful lord to leave his large possessions.
A soldier challeng'd, to decline the combat! [sons?

Countess. And are not prodigies, then, mighty rea-
The owl mistakes his season, in broad day
Screaming his hideous omens; spectres glide,
Gibbering and pointing as we pass along;
While the deep earth's unorganized caves
Send forth wild sounds, and clamours terrible: [air
These towers shake round us, though the untroubled
Stagnates to lethargy: our children perish,
And new disasters blacken every hour.
Blood shed unrighteously, blood unappeas'd,
(Though we are guiltless,) cries, I fear, for ven-
geance. [blood?

Count. Blood shed unrighteously! have I shed
No; nature's common frailties set aside,
I'll meet my audit boldly.

Countess. Mighty Lord!
Oh! not on us, with justice too severe,
Visit the sin not ours.

Count. What can this mean?
Something thou would reveal that's terrible. [heart;

Countess. Too long, alas! it has weigh'd upon my
A thousand times I have thought to tell thee all;
But my tongue falter'd, and refus'd to wound thee.

Count. Distract me not, but speak.

Countess. I must. Your father
Was wise, brave, politic; but mad ambition,
(Heaven pardon him!) it prompts to desperate
deeds,— [and ease me.

Count. I scarce can breathe. Pr'ythee, be quick,

Countess. Your absence on the Italian embassy
Left him, you know, alone to my fond care.
Long had some hidden grief, like a slow fire,
Wasted his vitals; on the bed of death,
One object seem'd to harrow up his soul,
The picture of Alphonso in the chamber:
On that his eye was set. Methinks I see him;
His ashy hue, his grisled, bristling hair,
His palms wide spread. For ever would he cry,
"That awful form—how terrible he frowns!
See how he bares his livid, leprous breast,
And points the deadly chalice!"

Count. Ah! even so! [grasp them close,

Countess. Sometimes he'd seize my hands, and
And strain them to his hollow, burning eyes;
Then falter out, "I am, I am a villain!
Mild angel, pray for me;—stir not, my child;
It comes again;—oh! do not leave my side."

At last, quite spent with mortal agonies,
His soul went forth—and heaven have mercy on him!

Count. Enough! Thy tale has almost iced my blood.
Let me not think. Hortensia, on thy duty,
Suffer no breath like this to pass thy lips:
I will not taint my noble father's honour,
By vile suspicions suck'd from nature's dregs,
And the loose ravings of distemper'd fancy.

Countess. Yet, oh! decline this challenge!

Count. That hereafter.

Meantime, prepare my daughter to receive
A husband of my choice. Should Godfrey come,
(Strife might be so prevented,) bid her try
Her beauty's power. Stand thou but neuter, fate!
Courage and art shall arm me for mankind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter FABIAN and JAQUELINE.

Fab. No, no, it cannot be. My lord's commands
Were absolute, that none should visit him.

Jaq. What need he know it?

Fab. But perchance he should?

The study of my life has been his pleasure;
Nor will I risk his favour, to indulge
Such unavailing curiosity.

Jaq. Call it not so; I have kind counsel for him;
Which, if he follow it, may serve to speed
The hour of his deliverance, and appease
The unjustly anger'd Count.

Fab. Pray be content;
I dare not do it. Have this castle's walls
Hous'd thee nine years, and art thou yet to learn
The temper of the Count? Serv'd and obey'd,
There lives not one more gracious, liberal;
Offend him, and his rage is terrible;
I'd rather play with serpents. But, fair Jaqueline,
Setting aside the comeliness and grace
Of this young rustic, which, I own, are rare,
And baits to catch all women, pr'ythee, tell,
Why are you thus solicitous to see him?

Jaq. In me, 'twere base to be indifferent:
He was my life's preserver, nay, preserv'd
A life more precious: yes, my dear young mistress!
But for his aid, the eternal sleep of death
Had clos'd the sweetest eyes that ever beam'd.
Aloof, and frighted, stood her coward train,
And saw a furious band of desperate slaves,
Inur'd to blood and rapine, bear her off.

Fab. What! when the gang of outlaw'd Thiery
Rush'd on her chariot near the wood of Zart,
Was he the unknown youth who succour'd her?
All good betide him for it.

Jaq. Yes, 'twas he. [sword,
From one tame wretch he snatch'd a half-drawn
And dealt swift vengeance on the ruffian crew.
Two at his feet stretch'd dead, the rest, amaz'd,
Fled, muttering curses, while he bore her back,
Unhurt but by her fears.

Fab. He should be worshipp'd,
Have statues rais'd to him; for, by my life,
I think there does not breathe another like her.
It makes me young to see her lovely eyes:
Such charity! such sweet benevolence!
So fair, and yet so humble! prais'd for ever,
Nay, wonder'd at, for nature's rarest gifts,
Yet lowlier than the lowest.

Jaq. Is it strange,
Fair Adelaide and I, thus bound to him,
Are anxious for his safety? What offence
(And, sure, 'twas unintended) could provoke
The rigorous Count thus to imprison him?

Fab. My lord was ever proud and choleric;
The youth, perhaps, unus'd to menaces,
Brook'd them but ill, and darted frown for frown:
This stirr'd the Count to fury. But fear nothing;
All will be well; I'll wait the meetest season,
And be his advocate.

Jaq. Meantime, repair to him;
Bid him be patient; let him want no comfort,
Kind care can minister. My lady comes.
May I assure her of your favour to him?

Fab. Assure her that the man who sav'd her life,
Is dear to Fabian as his vital blood. [Exit.

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. I sent thee to his prison. Quickly tell me,
What says he? does he know my sorrow for him?
Does he confound me with the unfeeling crew,
Who act my father's bidding? Can his love
Pity my grief, and bear this wrong with patience?

Jaq. I strove in vain to enter. Fabian holds him,
By the Count's charge, in strictest custody;
And, fearful to awake his master's wrath,
Though much unwilling, bars me from his presence.

Adel. Unkind old man! I would myself entreat him,
But fear my earnest look, these starting tears,
Might to the experience of his prying age
Reveal a secret, which in vain I strive
To hide from my own breast.

Jaq. Alas! dear lady,
Did not your tongue reveal it, your chang'd mien,
Once lighter than the airy wood-nymph's shade,

Now turn'd to pensive thought and melancholy—
Involuntary sighs—your cheek, unlike
Its wonted bloom, as is the red-vein'd rose
To the dim sweetness of the violet—
These had too soon betray'd you. But, take heed!
The colour of our fate too oft is ting'd,
Mournful or bright, but from our first affections.

Adel. Foul disproportion draws down shame on
But where's the crime in fair equality? [love;
Mean birth presumes a mind uncultivate,
Left to the coarseness of its native soil,
To grow like weeds, and die like them, neglected;
But he was born my equal; lineag'd high,
And titled as our great ones.

Jaq. How easy is our faith to what we wish!
His story may be feign'd.

Adel. I'll not mistrust him. [me,
Since the bless'd hour that brought him first to save
How often have I listen'd to the tale!
Gallant, generous youth!

Thy sport, misfortune, from his infant years!
Wilt thou pursue him still?

Jaq. Indeed, 'tis hard. [walls

Adel. But, oh! the pang, that these ungrateful
Should be his prison! Here, if I were aught,
His presence should have made it festival; [trance,
These gates, untouch'd, had leap'd to give him en-
And songs of joy made glad the way before him.
Instead of this, think what has been his welcome!
Dragg'd by rude hands before a furious judge,
Insulted, menac'd, like the vilest slave,
And doom'd, unheard, to ignominious bondage.

Jaq. Your father knew not of his service to you?

Adel. No; his indignant soul disdain'd to tell it.
Great spirits, conscious of their inborn worth,
Scorn by demand to force the praise they merit;
They feel a flame beyond their brightest deeds,
And leave the weak to note them, and to wonder.

Jaq. Suppress these strong emotions: the Count's
Is quick to find offence. Should he suspect [eye
This unpermitted passion, 'twould draw down
More speedy vengeance on the helpless youth,
Turning your fatal fondness to his ruin. [me!

Adel. Indeed, I want thy counsel. Yet, oh! leave
Find if my gold, my gems, can ransom him.

Had I the world, it should be his as freely. [you;

Jaq. Trust to my care. The Countess comes to seek
Her eye is this way bent. Conceal this grief;
All may be lost if you betray such weakness. [Exit.

Adel. Oh, love! thy sway makes me unnatural.
The tears, which should bedew the grave, yet green,
Of a dear brother, turning from their source,
Forget his death, and fall for Theodore.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. Come near, my love! When thou art
from my side,

Methinks I wander like some gloomy ghost,
Who, doom'd to tread alone a dreary round,
Remembers the lost things that made life precious,
Yet sees no end of cheerless solitude.

Adel. We have known too much of sorrow; yet,
'twere wise [vish'd,

To turn our thoughts from what mischance has ra-
And rest on what it leaves. My father's love—

Countess. Was mine, but is no more. 'Tis past,
'tis gone.

That ray, at least, I hop'd would never set, [shades:
My guide, my light, through fortune's blackest
It was my dear reserve, my secret treasure;
I stor'd it up, as misers hoard their gold,
Sure counterpoise for life's severest ills:
Vain was my hope; for love's soft sympathy,
He pays me back harsh words, unkind reproof,
And looks that stab with coldness.

Adel. Oh! most cruel!

And, were he not my father, I could rail;
Call him unworthy of thy wondrous virtues;
Blind, and unthankful for the greatest blessing [him
Heaven's ever-bounteous hand could shower upon

Countess. No, Adelaide; we must subdue such
Obedience is thy duty, patience mine. [thoughts:

Just now, with stern and peremptory briefness,
He bade me seek my daughter, and dispose her
To wed, by his direction.

Adel. The saints forbid!

To wed by his direction! Wed with whom?

Countess. I know not whom. He counsels with

Adel. I hope he cannot mean it. [himself.

Countess. 'Twas his order.

Adel. Oh! madam, on my knees—

Countess. What would my child? [eyes?

Why are thy hands thus rais'd? Why stream thine

Why flutters thus thy bosom? Adelaide,

Speak to me! tell me, wherefore art thou thus?

Adel. Surprise and grief—I cannot, cannot speak.

Countess. If 'tis a pain to speak, I would not urge

But can my Adelaide fear aught from me? [thee.

Am I so harsh?

Adel. Oh, no! the kindest, best!

But would you save me from the stroke of death,

If you would not behold your daughter, stretch'd

A poor pale corse, and breathless at your feet,

Oh! step between me and this cruel mandate! [step.

Countess. But this is strange! I hear your father's

He must not see you thus: retire this moment.

I'll come to you anon.

Adel. Yet, ere I go,

Oh! make the interest of my heart your own;

Nor, like a senseless, undiscerning thing,

Incapable of choice, nor worth the question,

Suffer this hasty transfer of your child:

Plead for me strongly, kneel, pray, weep for me;

And angels lend your tongue the power to move

him! [Exit.

Countess. What can this mean, this ecstasy of pas-

Can such reluctance, such emotions, spring [sion?

From the mere nicety of maiden fear?

The source is in her heart; I dread to trace it.

Must, then, a parent's mild authority

Be turn'd a cruel engine, to inflict

Wounds on the gentle bosom of my child?

And am I doom'd to register each day

But by some new distraction? Edmund! Edmund!

In apprehending worse even than thy loss,

My sense, confus'd, rests on no single grief;

For that were ease to this eternal pulse, [low.

Which, throbbing here, says blacker fates must fol-

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE and AUSTIN, meeting

Count. Welcome, thrice welcome! By our holy

mother,

My house seems hallow'd, when thou enter'st it.

Tranquillity and peace dwell ever round thee;

That robe of innocent white is thy soul's emblem,

Made visible in unstain'd purity.

Once more thy hand.

Aust. My daily task has been,

So to subdue the frailties we inherit,

That my fair estimation might go forth,

Nothing for pride, but to an end more righteous:

For not the solemn trappings of our state,

Tiaras, mitres, nor the pontiff's robe,

Can give such grave authority to priesthood,

As one good deed of grace and charity. [rand.

Count. We deem none worthier. But to thy er-

Aust. I come commission'd from fair Isabel.

Count. To me, or to the Countess?

Aust. Thus, to both:

For your fair courtesy and entertainment,

She rests your thankful debtor. You, dear lady,

And her sweet friend, the gentle Adelaide,

Have such a holy place in all her thoughts,

That 'twere irreverence to waste her sense

In wordy compliment.

Countess. Alas! where is she?

Till now I scarce had power to think of her;

But 'tis the mournful privilege of grief,

To stand excus'd from kind observances,

Which else, neglected, might be deem'd offence.

Aust. She dwells in sanctuary at St. Nicholas'.

Why she took refuge there—

Count. Retire, Hortensia.

I would have private conference with Austin;

No second ear must witness.

Countess. May I not,

By this good man, solicit her return?

Count. Another time; it suits not now. Retire.

[Exit Countess.

You come commission'd from fair Isabel?

Aust. I come commission'd from a greater power,

The Judge of thee, and Isabel, and all.

The offer of your hand in marriage to her,

With your propos'd divorce from that good lady,

That honour'd, injur'd lady you sent hence,

She has disclos'd to me.

Count. Which you approve not:

So speaks the frowning prelude of your brow.

Aust. Approve not! Did I not protest against it,

With the bold fervour of enkindled zeal,

I were the pander of a love like incest,

Betrayer of my trust, my function's shame,

And thy eternal soul's worst enemy. [son;

Count. Yet let not zeal, good man, devour thy rea-

Hear first, and then determine. Well you know,

My hope of heirs has perish'd with my son;

Since now full sev'nteen years, th' unfruitful curse

Has fall'n upon Hortensia. Are these signs,

(Tremendous signs, that startle nature's order!)

Graves casting up their sleepers, earth convuls'd,

Meteors that glare, my children's timeless deaths,

Obscure to thee alone? I have found the cause.

There is no crime our holy church abhors,

Not one high heav'n more strongly interdicts,

Than that commixture, by the marriage rite,

Of blood too near, as mine is to Hortensia.

Aust. Too near of blood! Oh! specious mockery!

Where have these doubts been buried twenty years?

Why wake they now? And am I closetted

To sanction them? Take back your hasty words,

That call'd me wise or virtuous; while you offer

Such shallow fictions to insult my sense,

And strive to win me to a villain's office. [wives,

Count. The virtue of our churchmen, like our

Should be obedient meekness. Proud resistance,

Banding high looks, a port erect and bold,

Are from the canon of your order, priest.

Learn this: (for here I will be teacher, Austin:)

Our temp'ral blood must not be stirr'd thus rudely:

A front that taunts, a scanning, scornful brow,

Are silent menaces, and blows unstruck.

Aust. Not so, my lord; mine is no priestly pride:

When I put off the habit of the world,

I had lost all that made it dear to me,

And shook off, to my best, its heat and passions.

But can I hold in horror this ill deed,

And dress my brow in false, approving smiles?

No: could I carry lightning in my eye,

Or roll a voice like thunder in your ears,

So should I suit my utterance to my thoughts,

And act as fits my sacred ministry.

Count. Oh! father, did you know the conflict here,

How love and conscience are at war within me,

Most sure you would not treat my grief thus harshly.

I call the saints to witness, were I master,

To wive the perfect model of my wish,

For virtue and all female loveliness,

I would not rove to an ideal form,

But beg of heav'n another like Hortensia.

Yet we must part.

Aust. And think you to excuse

A meditated wrong to excellence,

By giving it acknowledgment and praise?

Rather pretend insensibility;

Feign that thou dost not see like other men;

So may abhorrence be exchang'd for wonder,

Or men from cursing fall to pity thee. [shake me.

Count. You strive in vain; no pow'r on earth can

I grant my present purpose seems severe;

Yet are there means to smooth severity,

Which you, and only you, can best apply. [side:

Aust. Oh, no! the means hang there, there by your

Enwring your fingers in her flowing hair,

And with that weapon drink her heart's best blood;

So shall you kill her, but not cruelly,
 Compar'd to this delib'rate, ling'ring murder. [her;
Count. Away with this perverseness! Get thee to
 Tell her my heart is her's; here, deep engrav'd,
 In characters indelible, shall rest
 The sense of her perfections. Why I leave her
 Is not from cloy'd or fickle appetite,
 (For infinite is still her pow'r to charm,)
 But heav'n will have it so.

Aust. Oh! name not heav'n!
 'Tis too profane abuse.

Count. Win her consent,
 (I know thy sway is boundless o'er her will,) Then join my hand to blooming Isabel.
 Thus will you do to all most worthy service;
 The curse, averted thus, shall pass from Narbonne;
 My house again may flourish; and proud Godfrey,
 Who now disputes, will ratify my title,
 Pleas'd with the rich succession to his heirs.

Aust. Has passion drown'd all sense, all memory?
 She was affianc'd to your son, young Edmund.

Count. She never lov'd my son. Our importunity
 Won her consent, but not her heart, to Edmund.

Aust. Did not that speak her soul pre-occupied?

Count. Ah! thou hast rous'd a thought: this Theo-
 Some undivulg'd and deep-felt preference? [dore!
 (Dull that I was not to perceive it sooner!)
 He is her paramour! by heav'n, she loves him!
 Her coldness to my son, her few tears for him,
 Her flight, this peasant's aiding her; all, all,
 Make it unquestionable;—but he dies.

Aust. Astonishment! What does thy frenzy mean?

Count. I thank thee, priest! thou serv'st me
 'gainst thy will.
 That slave is in my pow'r. Come, follow me.
 Thou shalt behold the minion's heart torn out;
 Then to his mistress bear the trembling present.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter ADELAIDE, followed by JAQUELINE.

Jaq. Where do you fly? Heav'n's! have you lost
 all sense? [feel;

Adel. Oh! would I had; for then I should not
 But I have sense enough to know I'm wretched,
 To see the full extent of misery,
 Yet not enough to teach me how to bear it.

Jaq. I did not think your gentleness of nature
 Could rise to such extremes.

Adel. Am I not tame?
 What are these tears, this wild, dishevell'd hair?
 Are these fit signs for such despair as mine?
 Women will weep for trifles, baubles, nothing;
 For very frowardness will weep as I do:
 A spirit rightly touch'd would pierce the air,
 Call down invisible legions to his aid,
 Kindle the elements. But all is calm;
 No thunder rolls, no warning voice is heard;
 To tell my frantic father this black deed,
 Will sink him down to infinite perdition.

Jaq. Rest satisfied, he cannot be so cruel
 (Rash as he is) to shed the innocent blood
 Of a defenceless, unoffending youth.

Adel. He cannot be so cruel? Earth and heav'n!
 Did I not see the dreadful preparations?
 The slaves, who tremble at my father's nod,
 Pale and confounded, dress the fatal block?
 But I will fly, fall prostrate at his feet;
 If nature is not quite extinguish'd in him, [him.
 My pray'rs, my tears, my anguish, sure, will move

Jaq. Move him, indeed! but to redoubled fury:
 He dooms him dead for loving Isabel;
 Think, will it quench the fever of his rage,
 To find he durst aspire to charm his daughter?

Adel. Did I hear right? for loving Isabel?
 I knew not that before. Does he then love her?

Jaq. Nothing I heard distinctly; wild confusion
 Runs through the castle: ev'ry busy fool,
 All ignorant alike, tells diff'rent tales.

Adel. Away, it cannot be. I know his truth.
 Oh! I despise myself, that for a moment
 (Pardon me, love!) could suffer mean suspicion

Usurp the seat of gen'rous confidence.
 Think all alike unjust, my Theodore,
 When ev'n thy Adelaide could join to wrong thee!

Jaq. Yet be advis'd—

Adel. Oh! leave me to my grief.
 To whom shall I complain? He but preserv'd
 My life a little space, to make me feel
 Th' extremes of joy and sorrow. Ere we met
 My heart was calm as the unconscious babe.

Enter FABIAN. [mands

Fab. Madam, my lord comes this way, and com-
 To clear these chambers; what he meditates
 'Tis fit indeed were private. My old age
 Has liv'd too long, to see my master's shame.

Adel. His shame, eternal shame! Oh! more than
 cruel!

How shall I smother it? Fabian, what means he?
 My father—him I speak of—this young stranger—

Fab. My heart is rent in pieces! Deaf to reason,
 He hears no counsel but from cruelty.

Good Austin intercedes and weeps in vain.

Jaq. There's comfort yet, if he is by his side.

Look up, dear lady! Ha! that dying paleness—

Adel. It is too much! Oh, Jaqueline!

Jaq. She faints;

Her gentle spirits could endure no more.

Ha! paler still! Fabian, thy arm; support her.

She stirs not yet.

Fab. Soft! bear her gently in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, followed by AUSTIN.

Aust. I do believe thee very barbarous;
 Nay, fear thy reason touch'd; for such wild thoughts,
 Such bloody purposes, could ne'er proceed
 From any sober judgment; yet thy heart
 Will sure recoil at this.

Count. Why, think so still;
 Think me both ruffian-like and lunatic;
 One proof, at least, I'll give of temperate reason—
 Not to be baited from my fix'd design
 By a monk's ban or whining intercession.

Aust. Thou canst not mean to do it?

Count. Trust thine eyes.

Thy balt! bring forth the pris'ner; bid my marshal
 Prepare an axe. The ceremony's short;
 One stroke, and all is past. Before he die,
 He shall have leave to thank your godliness
 For speeding him so soon from this bad world.

Aust. Where is the right, the law, by which you

Count. My will's the law. [doom him?

Aust. A venerable law!

The law by which the tiger tears the lamb,
 And kites devour the dove. A lord of France,
 Dress'd in a little delegated sway,
 Strikes at his sovereign's face, while he profanes
 His function's trusted for the gen'ral good.

Count. I answer not to thee.

Aust. Answer to heav'n:

When call'd to audit in that sacred court,
 Will that supremacy accept thy plea,

"I did commit foul murder, for I might?" [earth,

Count. Soar not too high; talk of the things of
 I'll give thee ear. Has not thy penitent,
 Young Isabel, disclos'd her passion to thee?

Aust. Never.

Count. Just now, her coldness to my son,
 You said, bespoke her heart pre-occupied.

The frail and fair make you their oracles;

Pent in your close confessionals, you sit,

Bending your rev'rend ears to am'rous secrets.

Aust. Scoffer, no more! stop thy licentious tongue!
 Turn inward to thy bosom, and reflect—

Count. That is, be fool'd. Yet will I grant his life
 On one condition.

Aust. Name it.

Count. Join my hand

To Isabel.

Aust. Not for the world.

Count. He dies.

Enter THEODORE, guarded. [first,
 Come near, thou wretch! When call'd before me

With most unwonted patience I endur'd
Thy bold avowal of the wrong thou didst me;
A wrong so great, that, but for foolish pity,
Thy life that instant should have made atonement;
But now, convicted of a greater crime,
Mercy is quench'd: therefore, prepare to die.

Theo. I was a captive long 'mongst infidels,
Whom falsely I deem'd savage, since I find
Ev'n Tunis and Algiers, those nests of ruffians,
Might teach civility to polish'd France,
If life depends but on a tyrant's frown. [not;

Count. Out with thy holy trumpery, priest! delay
Or, if he trusts in Mahomet, and scorns thee,
Away with him this instant.

Aust. Hold, I charge you!

Theo. The turban'd misbeliever makes some shew
Of justice in his deadly processes;
Nor drinks the sabre blood thus wantonly,
Where men are valued less than nobler beasts.
Of what am I accus'd?

Count. Of insolence;
Of bold, presumptuous love, that dares aspire
To mix the vileness of thy sordid lees
With the rich current of a baron's blood. [youth,

Aust. My heart is touch'd for him. Much-injur'd
Suppress awhile this swelling indignation;
Plead for thy life.

Theo. I will not meanly plead;
Nor, were my neck bow'd to his bloody block,
If love's my crime, would I disown my love.

Count. Then, by my soul, thou diest!

Theo. And let me die:
With my last breath I'll bless her. My spirit, free
From earth's encumb'ring clogs, shall soar above
Anxious, as once in life, I'll hover round her, [thee.
Teach her new courage to sustain this blow,
And guard her, tyrant! from thy cruelty,

Count. Ah! give me way!

Aust. Why, this is madaess, youth:
You but inflame the rage you should appease. [so:
Theo. He thinks me vile. 'Tis true, indeed, I seem
But though these humble weeds obscure my outside,
I have a soul disdains his contumely;
A guiltless spirit that provokes no wrong,
Nor from a monarch would endure it, offer'd:
Uninjur'd, lamb-like; but a lion, rous'd.
Know, too, injurious lord, here stands before thee
The equal of thy birth.

Count. Away, base clod!
Obey me slaves. What, all amaz'd with lies? [face
Aust. Yet hear him, Narbonne: that ingenuous
Looks not a lie. Thou saidst thou wert a captive—
Turn not away; we are not all like him.

Theo. My story's brief. My mother and myself,
(I then an infant,) in my father's absence,
Were on our frontiers seiz'd by Saracens.

Count. A likely tale! a well-devis'd imposture!
Who will believe thee?

Aust. Go on, say all.

Theo. To the fierce bashaw, Hamet,
That scourge and terror of the Christian coasts,
Were we made slaves at Tunis.

Aust. Ha! at Tunis?
Seiz'd with thy mother? Lives she, gentle youth?

Theo. Ah! no, dear saint; fate ended soon her
In pity ended! On her dying couch, [woes,
She pray'd for blessings on me.

Aust. Be thou blessed!

Oh! fail not, nature, but support this conflict!
'Tis not delusion sure. It must be he.
But one thing more; did she not tell thee, too,
Thy wretched father's name?

Theo. The lord of Clarinsal.
Why dost thou look so eagerly upon me?
If yet he lives, and thou know'st Clarinsal,
Tell him my tale.

Aust. Mysterious Providence!

Count. What's this? the old man trembles and
turns pale. (Aside.)

Theo. He will not let his offspring's timeless
Walk unappeas'd; but on this cruel head [ghost

Exact full vengeance for his slaughter'd son.

Aust. Oh! Giver of all good! Eternal Lord,
Am I so bless'd, at last, to see my son?

Theo. Let me be deaf for ever, if my ears
Deceive me now! Did he not say his son? [thee,

Aust. I did, I did! let this, and this, convince
I am that Clarinsal, I am thy father. [eyes?

Count. Why works this foolish moisture to my
Down, nature! what hast thou to do with ven-
geance? (Aside.)

Theo. Oh, sir! thus bending, let me clasp your
Now, in this precious moment, pay at once knees;
The long, long debt of a lost son's affection. [hold

Count. Destruction seize them both! Must I be-
Their transports, ne'er perhaps again to know
A son's obedience, or a father's fondness? (Aside.)

Aust. Dear boy! what miracle preserv'd thee
To give thee back to France? [thus,

Theo. No miracle,
But common chance. A warlike bark of Spain
Bore down, and seiz'd our vessel, as we rov'd
Intent on spoil (for many times, alas!

Was I compell'd to join their hated league,
And strike with infidels). My country known,
The courteous captain sent me to the shore;
Where vain were my fond hopes to find my father;
'Twas desolation all; a few poor swains
Told me, the rumour ran he had renounc'd

A hated world, and here, in Languedoc,
Devoted his remains of life to heav'n. [my pray'rs,

Aust. They told thee truth; and heav'n shall have
My soul pour'd out in endless gratitude,
For this unhop'd, immeasurable blessing. [tale;

Count. Thus far, fond man! I have listen'd to the
And think it, as it is, a gross contrivance,
A trick, devis'd to cheat my credulous reason,
And thaw me to a woman's milkiness. [guage,

Aust. And art thou so unskill'd in nature's lan-
Still to mistrust us? Could our tongues deceive,
Credit, what ne'er was feign'd, the genuine heart:
Believe these pangs, these tears of joy and anguish.

Count. Or true, or false, to me it matters not.
I see thou hast an int'rest in his life, [him
And by that link I hold thee. Wouldst thou save
(Thou know'st already what my soul is set on,)
Teach thy proud heart compliance with my will:

If not—but now no more. Hear all, and mark me,
Keep special guard that none, but by my order,
Pass from the castle. By my hopes of heav'n,
His head goes off who dares to disobey me!

Farewell! if he be dear to thee, remember. [Exit.

Aust. If he be dear to me! my vital blood!
Image of her my soul delighted in,
Again she lives in thee! Yes, 'twas that voice,
That kindred look, rais'd such strong instinct here,
And kindled all my bosom at thy danger.

Theo. But must we bear to be thus tamely coop'd
By such insulting, petty despotism?
I look to my ungarded side in vain;
Had I a sword—

Aust. Think not of vengeance now;
A mightier arm than thine prepares it for him.
Pass but a little space, we shall behold him
The object of our pity, not our anger.

Yes, he must suffer; my rapt soul foresees it;
Empires shall sink, the pond'rous globe of earth
Crumble to dust, the sun and stars be quench'd!
But oh! Eternal Father, of thy will,
To the last letter, all shall be accomplish'd.

Theo. So let it be! but if his pride must fall,
Ye saints, who watch o'er loveliness and virtue,
Confound not with his crimes her innocence!
Make him alone the victim; but with blessings,
Bright and distinguish'd, crown his beauteous
daughter,

The charming Adelaide, my heart's first passion!
Aust. Oh! most disastrous love. My son, my son,
Thy words are poniards here. Alas! I thought
(So thought the tyrant, and for that he rag'd,)
The vows exchang'd 'tween Isabel and thee,
Thwarted the issue of his wild designs.

Theo. I knew not Isabel, beyond a moment
Pass'd in surprise and haste. [him,

Aust. Oh! had malignant fortune toil'd to blast
Thus had she snar'd him in this fatal passion!
And does young Adelaide return thy love?

Theo. Bless'd pow'rs, she does! How can you
frown and hear it?

Her gen'rous soul, first touch'd by gratitude,
Soon own'd a kinder, warmer sympathy.
Soft as the fanning of a turtle's plumes,
The sweet confession met my enraptur'd ears.

Aust. What can I do? Come near, my Theo-
Dost thou believe my affection? [dore;

Theo. Can I doubt it?

Aust. Think what my bosom suffers, when I tell
It must not, cannot be. [thee,

Theo. My love for Adelaide!

Aust. Deem it delicious poison; dash it from
Thy bane is in the cup. [thee:

Theo. Oh! bid me rather
Tear out my throbbing heart; I'd think it mercy,
To this unjust, this cruel interdiction.
That proud, unfeeling Narbonne, from his lips
Well might such words have fallen; but thou, my
father—

Aust. And fond, as ever own'd that tender name.
Not I, my son, not I prevent this union,
To me 'tis bitterness to cross thy wish;
But nature, fate, and heav'n, all, all forbid it.
We must withdraw where heav'n alone can hear us:
Then must thou stretch thy soul's best faculties,
Call ev'ry manly principle to steel thee,
And, to confirm thy name, secure thy honour,
Make one great sacrifice of love to justice. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—A Chamber.

ADELAIDE discovered.

Adel. Woe treads on woe. Thy life, my Theo-
dore, [stroke,
Thy threaten'd life, snatch'd from th' impending
Just gave a moment's respite to my heart;
And now a mother's grief, with pangs more keen,
Wakes ev'ry throbbing sense, and quite o'erwhelms
Her soul wrapp'd up in his, to talk thus to her! [me.
Divorce her, leave her, wed with Isabel,
And call on heav'n to sanctify the outrage!
How could my father's bosom meditate
What savage tongues would falter ev'n to speak?
But see, he comes—

Enter AUSTIN and JAQUELINE.

Oh! let me bend to thank you;
In this extreme distress, from you alone [fort.
(For my poor heart is in vain) can she hope com-

Aust. How heard she the ill tidings? I had hopes
His cooler reason would subdue the thought;
And heav'n, in pity to her gentle virtues, [them.
Might spare her knowing how he meant to wrong

Jaq. The rumour of the castle reach'd her first;
But his own lips confirm'd the barb'rous secret.
Sternly but now he enter'd her apartment, [sence!
And, stamping, frown'd her women from her pre-
After a little while they had pass'd together,
His visage flush'd with rage and mingled shame,
He burst into the chamber where we waited,
Bade us return, and give our lady aid;
Then, covering his face with both his hands,
Went forth like one half-craz'd.

Adel. Oh! good, kind father,
There is a charm in holy eloquence,
(If words can medicine a pang like this,)
Perhaps may sooth her. Sighs and trickling tears,
Are all my love can give. As I kneel by her,
She gazes on me, clasps me to her bosom,
Cries out, "My child, my child!" then, rising quick,
Severely lifts her streaming eyes to heav'n,
Laughs wildly, and half sounds my father's name;
Till, quite o'erpower'd, she sinks from my embrace,
While, like the grasp of death, convulsions shake
her. [her heart,

Aust. Remorseless man! this wound would reach
And when she falls, his last, best prop falls with her.
And see, the beauteous mourner moves this way:

Time has but little injur'd that fair fabric;
But cruelty's hard stroke, more fell than time,
Works at the base, and shakes it to the centre.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. Will, then, these dreadful sounds ne'er
leave my ears? [liv'd

"Our marriage was accurs'd; too long we have
In bonds forbid; think me no more thy husband;
Th' avenging bolt, for that incestuous name,
Falls on my house, and spreads the ruin wide."
These were his words.

Adel. Oh! ponder them no more!
Lo! where the blessed minister of peace,
He whose mild counsels wont to charm your care,
Is kindly come to cheer your drooping soul.
And see, the good man weeps.

Countess. What! weep for me? [core,

Aust. Ay, tears of blood from my heart's inmost
And count them drops of water from my eyes,
Could they but wash out from your memory
The deep affliction you now labour with.

Countess. Then still there is some pity left in man:
I judg'd you all by him, and so I wrong'd you.
I would have told my story to the sea,
When it roar'd wildest; bid the lioness,
Robb'd of her young, look with compassion on me;
Rather than hop'd, in any form of man,
To find one drop of human gentleness.

Aust. Most honour'd lady—

Countess. Pray you come not near me,
I'm contagion all! some wicked sin,
Prodigious, unrepented sin, has stain'd me.
Father, 'twould blast thee but to hear the crimes,
This woman, who was once the wife of Raymond,
This curs'd, forsaken woman, here has acted.

Aust. What sland'rous tongue dare thus profane
your virtue?

Madam, I know you well; and, by my order,
Each day, each hour, of your unspotted life
Might give as fair a lesson to the world,
As churchmen's tongues can preach, or saints could
practise. [Hortensia!

Countess. He charges me with all. Thou, poor
What guilt, prepost'rous guilt, is thine to answer!

Adel. In mercy, wound not thus your daughter's

Aust. A villain or a madman might say this. [soul.

Countess. What shall I call him? He, who was
my husband;

My child, thy father; he'll disclaim thee, too.
But let him cast off all the ties of nature,
Abandon us to grief and misery,
Still will I wander with thee o'er the world:

I will not wish my reason may forsake me,
Nor sweet oblivious dullness steep my sense,
While thy soft age may want a mother's care,
A mother's tenderness, to wake and guard thee.

Adel. And if the love of your dear Adelaide,
Her rev'rence, duty, endless gratitude
For all your angel goodness, now can move you,
Oh! for my sake, (lest quite you break my heart,)
Wear but a little outside shew of comfort;
Awhile pretend it, though you feel it not,
And I will bless you for deceiving me. [thus:

Countess. I know 'tis weakness, folly, to be mov'd
And these, I hope, are my last tears for him.

Alas! I little knew, deluded wretch!
His riotous fancy glow'd with Isabel;
That not a thought of me possess'd his mind,
But coldness and aversion; how to shun me,
And turn me forth a friendless wanderer.

Aust. Lady, for your peace,
Think conscience is the deepest source of anguish:
A bosom free, like your's, has life's best sunshine;
'Tis the warm blaze in the poor herdsman's hut,
That, when the storm howls o'er his humble thatch,
Brightens his clay-built walls, and cheers his soul.

Countess. Oh! father, reason is for mod'rate
sorrows, [fresh,

For wounds which time has balm'd; but mine are
All bleeding fresh, and pain beyond my patience.
Ungrateful! cruel! how have I deserv'd it?

Thou tough, tough heart, break for my ease at once!

Aust. I scarce, methinks, can weigh him with him—
Vexations strange have fall'n on him of late, [self;
And his distemper'd fancy drives him on
To rash designs, where disappointment mads him.

Countess. Ah, no! his wit is settled and most sub-
Pride and wild blood are his distemper, father. [tle;
But here I bid farewell to grief and fondness:
Let him go kneel, and sigh to Isabel:
And may he as obdurate find her heart,
As his as been to me.

Aust. Why, that's well said;
'Tis better thus, than with consuming sorrow
To feed on your own life. Give anger scope:
Time, then, at length, will blunt this killing sense;
And peace, he ne'er must know again, be your's.

Countess. I was a woman full of tenderness;
I am a woman stung by injuries.

Narbonne was once my husband—my protector;
He was—what was he not?—He is my tyrant;
The unnatural tyrant of a heart that lov'd him.

With cool, delib'rate baseness, he forsakes me;
With scorn as steadfast shall my soul repay it.

Aust. You know the imminent danger threatens
From Godfrey's fearful claim? [him,

Countess. Too well I know it;
A fearful claim indeed!

Aust. To-morrow's sun
Will see him at these gates; but trust my faith,
No violence shall reach you. The rash Count
(Lost to himself) by force detains me here.

Vain is his force: our holy sanctuary,
Whate'er betide, shall give your virtue shelter;
And peace, and piety alone, approach you.

Countess. Oh! that the friendly bosom of the
Would close on me for ever! [earth

Aust. These ill thoughts
Must not be cherish'd. That all-righteous Pow'r,
Whose hand inflicts, knows to reward our patience:
Farewell! command me ever as your servant,
And take the poor man's all, my pray'rs and bless-
ing. [Exit.

Adel. Will you not strive to rest? Alas! 'tis long,
Since you have slept. I'll lead you to your couch;
And gently touch my lute, to wake some strain,
May aid your slumbers.

Countess. My sweet comforter!
I feel not quite forlorn, when thou art near me.

Adel. Lead on my arm.

Countess. No, I will in alone,
My sense is now unapt for harmony.
But go thou to Alphonso's holy shrine;
There, with thy innocent hands devoutly rais'd,
Implore his sainted spirit to receive
Thy humble supplications, and to avert
From thy dear head the still impending wrath,
For one black deed, that threatens all thy race. [Exit.

Adel. For thee my pray'rs shall rise, not for my-
And ev'ry kindred saint will bend to hear me. [self,
But oh! my flutt'ring breast!—'Tis Theodore!
How sad and earnestly he views that paper!
It turns him pale. Beshrew the envious paper!
Why should it steal the colour from that cheek,
Which danger ne'er could blanch? He sees me not.
I'll wait; and should sad thoughts disturb his quiet,
If love has pow'r, with love's soft breath dispel
them. [Exit.

Enter THEODORE, with a paper.

Theo. My importunity at last has conquer'd:
Weeping, my father gave, and bade me read it.
" 'Tis there," he cried, "the myst'ry of thy birth;
There view thy long divorce from Adelaide."
Why should I read it? Why, with rav'nous haste,
Gorge down my bane? The worst is yet conceal'd;
Then wherefore eager for my own destruction?
Inquire a secret, which, when known, must sink me?
My eye starts back from it; my heart stands still;
And ev'ry pulse and motion of my blood,
With prohibition strong as sense can utter,
Cries out "Beware!"—But does my sight deceive?
Is it not she? Up, up, you black contents:

A brighter object meets my ravish'd eyes.

Now let the present moment, love, be thine!

For ill, come when it may, must come untimely.

Re-enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. Am I not here unwish'd for?

Theo. My best angel!

Were seas between us, thou art still where I am.

I bear thy precious image ever round me,

As pious men the relics they adore.

Scarce durst I hope to be so blest to see thee,

But could not wish a joy beyond thy presence. [tune

Adel. Oh! Theodore, what wondrous turns of for-
Have giv'n thee back to a dear parent's arms?

And spite of all the horrors which surround me,

And worse, each black, eventful moment threatens,

My bosom glows with rapture at the thought

Thou wilt at last be bless'd.

Theo. But one way only

Can I be bless'd. On thee depends my fate.

Lord Raymond, harsh and haughty as he is,

And adverse to my father's rigid virtue,

When he shall hear our pure unspotted vows,

Will yield thee to my wishes; but, curs'd stars!

How shall I speak it?

Adel. What?

Theo. That holy man,
That Clarinsal, whom I am bound to honour,
Perversely bids me think of thee no more.

Adel. Alas! in what have I offended him? [them;

Theo. Not so; he owns thy virtues, and admires

But with a solemn earnestness that kills me,

He urges some mysterious, dreadful cause,

Must sunder us for ever.

Adel. Oh! then fly me,
I am not worth his frown. Begone this moment;
Leave me to weep my mournful destiny,

And find some fairer, happier maid, to bless thee.

Theo. Fairer than thee! Oh! heav'n's, the deli-
cate hand

Of nature, in her daintiest mood, ne'er fashion'd

Beauty so rare. Love's roseate deity, [mould

Fresh from his mother's kiss, breath'd o'er thy

That soft, ambrosial hue. Fairer than thee!

'Twere blasphemy in any tongue but thine,

So to disparage thy unmatch'd perfections.

Adel. No, Theodore, I dare not hear thee longer;
Perhaps, indeed, there is some fatal cause.

Theo. There is not, cannot be. 'Tis but his pride,
Stung by resentment, 'gainst thy furious father.

Adel. Ah! no; he is too gen'rous, just, and good,
To hate me for th' offences of my father.

But find the cause. At good Alphonso's tomb

I go to offer up my orisons;

There bring me comfort, and dispel my fears;

Or teach me (oh! hard thought!) to bear our part-
ing. [Exit.

Theo. She's gone; and now, firm fortitude, support
For here I read my sentence, life or death. [me!

(Takes out the paper and reads.)

Thou art the grandson of the good Alphonso,

And Narbonne's rightful lord.—Ha! is it so?

Then has this boist'rous Raymond dar'd insult me,

Where I alone should rule: yet not by that

Am I condemn'd to lose her. Thou damn'd scroll!

I fear thou hast worse poison for my eyes.

Long were the champions, bound for Palestine,

(Thy grandsire then their chief,) by adverse winds

Detain'd in Naples; where he saw and lov'd,

And wedded, secretly, Vicenza's daughter;

For, till the holy warfare should be clos'd,

They deem'd it wise to keep the rite conceal'd.

The issue of that marriage was thy mother;

But the same hour that gave her to the world,

For ever clos'd the fair one's eyes who bare her.

Foul treason next cut short thy grandsire's thread;

Poison'd he fell—

(Theodore pauses; re-enter AUSTIN from behind.)

Aust. By Raymond's felon father;

Who, adding fraud to murder, forg'd a will,

Devising to himself and his descendants,

Thy rights, thy titles, thy inheritance.

Theo. Then I am lost.

Aust. Now think, unkind young man,
Was it for nought I warn'd thee to take heed,
And smother in its birth this dang'rous passion?
Th' Almighty arm, red for thy grandsire's murder,
Year after year has terribly been stretch'd
O'er all the land, but most this guilty race.

Theo. The murderer was guilty, not his race.

Aust. Great crimes, like this, have lengthen'd
punishments.

Why speak the fates by signs and prodigies?
Why one by one falls this devoted line,
Accomplishing the dreadful prophecy,
That none should live t' enjoy the fruits of blood?
But wave this argument. Thou wilt be call'd
To prove thy right,
By combat with the Count.

Theo. In arms I'll meet him;
To-morrow, now—

Aust. And, reeking with his blood,
Offer the hand which shed it to his daughter?

Theo. Ha! [dore,

Aust. Does it shake thee?—Come, my Theo—
Let not a gust of love-sick inclination
Root, like a sweeping whirlwind, from thy soul
All the fair growth of noble thoughts and virtue,
Thy mother planted in thy early youth;
Oh! rashly tread not down the promis'd harvest,
They toil'd to rear to the full height of honour!

Theo. Would I had liv'd obscure in penury,
Rather than thus!—Distraction!—Adelaide!

Re-enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. Oh! whither shall I fly?

Theo. What means my love?
Why thus disturb'd?

Adel. The castle is beset;
The superstitious, fierce, inconstant people,
Madder than storms, with weapons caught in haste,
Menace my father's life; rage, and revile him;
Call him the heir of murd'rous usurpation;
And swear they'll own no rightful lord but God-
frey. [power

Aust. Blind wretches! I will hence, and try my
To allay the tumult. Follow me, my son! [Exit.

Adel. Go not defenceless thus; think on thy safety:
See yonder porch opes to the armoury;
There coats of mailed proof, falchions, and casques,
And all the glittering implements of war,
Stand terribly arrang'd.

Theo. Heavens! 'twas what I wish'd.
Yes, Adelaide, I go to fight for him:
Thy father shall not fall ingloriously;
But, when he sees this arm strike at his foes,
Shall own, thy Theodore deserv'd his daughter. [Exeunt.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

*Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, FABIAN, AUSTIN,
and Attendants, with Prisoners.*

Count. Hence to a dungeon with those mutinous
slaves;
There let them prate of prophecies and visions;
And when coarse fare and stripes bring back their
Perhaps I may relent, and turn them loose [senses,
To new offences, and fresh chastisement.

[Exeunt Officers, &c.

Fab. You bleed, my lord!

Count. A scratch—death! to be bay'd [fangs,
By mongrels! curs! They yelp'd, and shew'd their
Growl'd, too, as they would bite. But was't not poor,
Unlike the generous strain of Godfrey's lineage,
To stir the rabble up in nobles' quarrels,
And bribe my hinds and vassals to assault me.

Aust. They were not stirr'd by Godfrey.

Count. Who, then, stirr'd them?
Thyself, perhaps. Was't thou? And yet I wrong
thee; [and shrunk,
Thou didst preach peace; and straight they crouch'd
More tam'd by the persuasion of thy tongue,
Than losing the hot drops my steel drew from them.

Aust. I might, perhaps, have look'd for better
thanks,

Than taunts to pay my service—but no matter.
My son, too, serv'd thee nobly; he bestrode thee,
And drove those peasants back, whose staves and
But for his aid, had shiver'd that stout frame: [clubs,
But both, too well accusom'd to thy transports,
Nor ask, nor hope thy courtesy.

Count. Your pardon!

I knew my life was sav'd, but not by whom;
I wish'd it not, yet thank him. I was down, [ber,
Stunn'd in the inglorious broil; and nought remem-
More than the shame of such a paltry danger.
Where is he?

Aust. Here. (Theodore advances.)

Count. (Starting.) Ha! angels shelter me!

Theo. Why starts he thus?

Count. Are miracles renew'd?
Art thou not risen from the mould'ring grave?
And in the awful majesty of death,
'Gainst nature, and the course of mortal thought,
Assum'st the likeness of a living form,
To blast my soul with horror?

Theo. Does he rave?

Or means he thus to mock me?

Count. Answer me!

Speak, some of you, who have the power to speak;
Is it not he?

Fab. Who, good my lord?

Count. Alphonso.

His form, his arms, his air, his very frown.
Lord of these confines, speak—declare thy plea—

Theo. Dost thou not know me, then? [sure.

Count. Ha! Theodore?

This sameness, not resemblance, is past faith.
All statues, pictures, or the likeness kept
By memory, of the good Alphonso living,
Are faint and shadowy traces to this image!

Fab. Hear me, my lord, so shall the wonder cease.
The very arms he wears, were once Alphonso's.
He found them in the stores, and brac'd them on,
To assist you in your danger.

Count. 'Tis most strange.

I strive, but cannot conquer this amazement:
I try to take them off; yet still my eyes
Again are drawn, as if by magic, on him.

Aust. Hear you, my son? (Apart to Theo.)

Theo. Yes, and it wakes within me
Sensations new till now.

Aust. To-morrow's light [pleas'd you
Will shew him wonders greater. (Apart.) Sir, it
(Wherefore you best can tell,) to make us here
Your prisoners; but the alarm of danger
Threw wide your gates, and freed us. We return'd
To give you safeguard. May we now depart?

Count. Ay, to the confines of the furthest earth;
For here thy sight unhinges Raymond's soul.
Be hid, where air or light may never find thee;
And bury, too, that phantom. [Exit, with Attend.

Theo. Insolence!

Too proud to think our kindness! yet, what horror
Shook all his frame, when thus I stood before him!

Aust. The statue of thy grandsire
(The very figure as thou stood'st before him,
Arm'd just as thou art), seem'd to move and live;
That breathing marble, which the people's love
Rear'd near his tomb, within our convent's walls.
Anon I'll lead thee to it.

Theo. Let me hence,

To shake these trappings off.

Aust. Wear them, and mark me.

Ere night, thy kinsman, Godfrey, will be master
Of all thy story:—

He is brave and just, [reason
And will support thy claim. Should proof and
Fail with the usurper, thou must try thy sword
(And heaven will strike for thee) in combat with him.
The conscious flash of this thy grandsire's mail,
Worse than the horrors of the fabled Gorgon,
That curdled blood to stone, will shrink his sinews,
And cast the wither'd boaster at thy feet. [blood:

Theo. Grant it, ye powers! but not to shed his
The father of my Adelaide, that name—

Aust. Is dearer far than mine; my words are air;
My counsels pass unmark'd. But come, my son!
To-night my cell must house thee. Let me shew
The humble mansion of thy lonely father, [thee
Proud once, and prosperous; where I've wept, and
And lost in cold oblivion of the world, [pray'd,
Twice nine long years; thy mother and thyself,
And God, were all my thoughts.

Theo. Ay, to the convent!

For there my love, my Adelaide, expects me.

[*Aside. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, and FABIAN.

Count. By hell, this legend of Alphonso's death
Hourly gains ground.

Fab. They talk of nought besides;
And their craz'd notions are so full of wonder,
There's scarce a common passage of the times,
But straight their folly makes it ominous. [source,

Count. Fame, that, like water, widens from its
Thus often swells, and spreads a shallow falsehood.
At first a twilight tale of village terror,
The hair of boors and beldams bristled at it;
(Such bloodless fancies wake to nought but fear:)
Then, heard with grave derision by the wise,
And, from contempt, unsearch'd and unrefuted,
It pass'd upon the laziness of faith,
Like many a lie, gross, and impossible.

Fab. A lie believ'd, may, in the end, my lord,
Prove fatal as a written gospel truth.
Therefore—

Count. Take heed; and ere the lightning strike,
Fly from the sulphurous clouds. I am not dull;
For, bright as ruddy meteors through the sky,
The thought flames here, shall light me to my safety.
Fabian, away! Send hither to me straight,
Renchild and Thybalt. [*Exit Fabian.*] They are
young and fearless.

Thy flight, ungrateful Isabel, compels me [ness;
To this rude course. I would have all with kind-
Nor stain the snow-white flower of my true-love
With spots of violence. But it must be so.
This lordly priest, this Clarinsal, or Austin,
Like a true churchman, by his calling tainted,
Prates conscience; and in craft abets Earl Godfrey,
That Isabel may wed his upstart son.
Let Rome dart all her lightnings at my head,
Till her grey pontiff singe in his own fires:
Spite of their rage, I'll force the sanctuary,
And bear her off this night beyond their power;
My bride, if she consents; if not, my hostage.

Enter two Officers.

Come hither, sirs. Take twenty of your fellows;
Post ten at the great gate of Nicholas;
The rest, by two's, guard every avenue
Leads from the convent to the plain or castle.
Charge them (and as their lives shall answer it,)
That none but of my train pass out, or enter.

1 Offi. We will, my lord, about it instantly.

Count. Temper your zeal, and know your orders
Take care they spill no blood: no violence, [first.
More than resisting who would force a passage:
The holy drones may buzz, but have no stings.
I mean to take a bauble from the church,
A reverend thief stole from me. Near the altar
(That place commands the centre of the aisle,)
Keep you your watch. If you espy a woman,
(There can be only she,) speed to me straight;
You'll find my station near Alphonso's porch.
Be swift as winds, and meet me presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Convent.*

ADELAIDE veiled, rising from before the statue of
Alphonso.

Adel. Alas! 'tis mockery to pray as I do. [wings,
Thoughts fit for heaven, should rise on seraph's
Unclogg'd with aught of earth; but mine hang here;
Beginning, ending all in Theodore.
Why comes he not? 'Tis torture for th' unblest'd,
To suffer such suspense as my heart aches with.

What can it be—this secret, dreadful cause,
This shaft unseen, that's wing'd against our love?
Perhaps—I know not what. At yonder shrine
Bending, I'll seal my irrevocable vow:
Hear, and record it, choirs of saints and angels!
If I am doom'd to sigh for him in vain,
No second flame shall ever enter here;
But, faithful to thy fond, thy first impression,
Turn thou, my breast, to every sense of joy,
Cold as the pale-ey'd marbles which surround me.
(*She withdraws.*)

Enter AUSTIN and THEODORE.

Aust. Look round, my son! This consecrated place
Contains the untimely ashes of thy grandsire.
With all the impious mockery of grief, [him.
Here were they laid by the dire hand which sped
There stands his statue; were a glass before thee,
So would it give thee back thy outward self.

Theo. And may the power which fashion'd thus
my outside,
With all his nobler ornaments of virtue
Sustain my soul! till generous emulation
Raise me, by deeds, to equal his renown,
And—

Aust. To avenge him. Not by treachery,
But, casting off all thoughts of idle love,
Of love ill-match'd, unhappy, ominous—
To keep the memory of his wrongs; do justice
To his great name, and prove the blood you spring
from.

Theo. Oh! were the bold possessor of my rights
A legion arm'd, the terrors of his sword
Resistless as the flash that strikes from heaven,
Undaunted would I meet him. His proud crest
Should feel the dint of no unpractis'd edge.
But, while my arm assails her father's life,
The unnatural wound returns to my own breast,
And conquest loses Adelaide for ever. [lost her.

Aust. The barbarous deed of Raymond's father
Theo. Pierce not my soul thus. Can you love
And coldly tell me, [your son,
Without one tear unmov'd thus, I must lose her?
But where, where is she? (*Looking out.*) Hea-
venly innocence!

See, the dear saint kneels at the altars' foot;
See, her white hands with fervent clasps are rais'd;
Perhaps for me. Have you a heart, my father,
And bid me bear to lose her? Hold me not—
I come, I fly, my life, my all! to join thee. [*Exit.*]

Aust. Return, return, rash boy!—Pernicious
chance!

One glance from her will quite destroy my work,
And leave me but my sorrow for my labour. [*Exit.*]

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE.

Count. Am I turn'd coward, that my tottering
knees
Knock as I tread the pavement? 'Tis the place;
The sombrous horror of these long-drawn aisles.
My footsteps are beat back by nought but echo,
Struck from the caverns of the vaulted dead;
Yet now it seem'd as if a host pursued me, [like.
The breath that makes my words, sounds thunder-
Sure 'twas a deep-fetch'd groan. No—hark, again!
Then 'tis the language of the tombs; and see!—

(*Pointing to the statue of Alphonso.*)

Like their great monarch, he stands rais'd above
Who's there? [them.

Enter two Officers.

1 Offi. My lord, where are you?

Count. Here—speak, man! [cheeks
Why do you shake thus? Death! your bloodless
Send fear into me. You, sir, what's the matter?

2 Offi. We have found the lady.

Count. My good fellows, where?

1 Offi. Here, from this spot, you may yourself
Her face is towards the altar. [behold her;

Count. (*Looking out.*) Blasts upon me!
Wither my eyes for ever!—Ay, 'tis she;
Austin with Theodore; he joins their hands:—

Destruction seize them ! Oh ! dull, tardy fool !
My love and my ambition both defeated !
A marriage in my sight ! Come forth, come forth !
(*Draws a dagger.*)

Arise, grim vengeance, and wash out my shame !
Ill-fated girl ! a bloody Hymen waits thee ! [*Exit.*]

1 *Offi.* His face is black with rage—his eyes flash
I do not like this service. [*fire;*]

2 *Offi.* No, nor I.

1 *Offi.* Heard you that shriek ?—It thunders. By
my soul,

I feel as if my blood were froze within me.

Speak to me. See, he comes. (*Officers retire.*)

Re-enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, with a bloody
dagger.

Count. The deed is done.

Hark ! the deep thunder rolls. I hail the sign ;
It tells me, in loud greetings, I'm reveng'd.

Re-enter THEODORE, with his sword drawn.

Theo. Where, where's the assassin ?

Count. Boy, the avenger's here.

Behold, this dagger smokes with her heart's blood !
That thou stand'st there to brave me, thank that
mail,

Or, traitor, thou hadst felt me. But 'tis done.

Theo. Oh ! monstrous, monstrous !

Count. Triumph now o'er Narbonne ;

Boast, how a stripling and a monk deceiv'd
The easy Count ; but, if thou lov'st thy bride,
Take that, and use it nobly. (*Drops the dagger.*)

Theo. 'Gainst thy heart,
Barbarian, would I use it : but look there ;
There are ten thousand daggers.

Aust. (*Without.*) Ring out the alarm ;
Fly all ; bring aid, if possible, to save her.

Re-enter ADELAIDE, wounded, and supported by
AUSTIN. Some of the Count's Attendants enter
with lighted torches.

Count. Ha ! lightning shiver me !

Adel. My lord ! my father !

Oh ! bear me to his feet.

Aust. Thou man of blood,

Past utterance lost, see what thy rage has done !

Count. Ruin ! despair ! my child ! my Adelaide !
Art thou the innocent victim of my fury ?

Adel. I am, indeed. I know not my offence ;
Yet sure 'twas great, when my life answers it.
Will you forgive me now ?

Count. Oh ! misery ;

Had I unnumber'd lives, I'd give them all,
To lengthen thine an hour. What frenzy seiz'd me ?
That veil, the glimmering light, my rage, deceiv'd
Unnatural wound ! detested parricide ! [*me.*]
Good youth, in pity strike this monster dead !

Adel. Listen not to his ravings. (*To Theo.*)

Alas ! my Theodore,
I struggle for a little gasp of breath ;
Draw it with pain ; and sure, in this last moment,
You will observe me.

Live, I charge you :

Forget me not, but love my memory.

If I was ever dear to thee, my father,

(Those tears declare I was,) will you not hear me,
And grant one wish to your expiring child ?

Count. Speak, tell me quickly, thou dear suffer-
ing angel !

Adel. Be gentle to my mother ; her kind nature
Has suffer'd much ; she will need all your care :
Forsake her not ; and may the All-merciful
Look down with pity on this fatal error ;
Bless you—and—oh !— (*Dies.*)

Count. She dies in prayer for me ;
Prays for me, while her life streams from my stroke.
What prayers can rise for such a wretch as I am ?
Seize me, ye fiends ! rouse all your stings and tor-
ments !

See, hell grows darker as I stalk before them.

Theo. (*After looking at Adelaide's body.*) 'Tis my
black destiny has murder'd thee.

Stand off. (*They hold him.*) I will not live.

This load of being is intolerable ;

And, in a happier world my soul shall join her.

[*Rushes out.*]

Aust. Observe, and keep him from all means of
death.

Enter the COUNTESS, FABIAN, and other Attendants.

Countess. Whence were those cries ? what meant
that fearful bell ?

Who shall withhold me ? I will not return.

Is there a horror I am stranger to ? [*tience,*]

Aust. There is ; and so beyond all mortal pa-
I can but wish you stripp'd of sense and thought,
That it may pass without destroying you.

Countess. What is it ? speak.

Aust. (*Looking towards the body.*) Turn not your
For there, alas— [*eyes that way,*]

Countess. Oh ! Lord of earth and heaven !

Is it not she ? my daughter, pale and bleeding !
She's cold, stark cold : can you not speak to me ?
Which of you have done this ?

Count. 'Twas ease till now ;

Fall, fall, thick darkness, hide me from that face !

Aust. Rise, madam, 'tis in vain. Heaven com-
fort her ! [*breast?*]

Countess. Shall I not strive to warm her in my
She is my all ; I have nothing left but her.

You cannot force me from her. Adelaide !

My child, my lovely child ! thy mother calls thee.
She hears men ot—she's dead !—Oh ! God, I know
thee—

Tell me, while I have sense, for my brain burns ;
Tell me—yet what avails it ? I'll not curse—

There is a power to punish.

Count. Look on me !

Thou hadst much cause to think my nature cruel ;
I wrong'd thee sore, and this was my last deed.

Countess. Was thine ? thy deed ? Oh ! execrable
monster !

Oh ! greatly worthy of blood-stain'd sire !

A murderer he, and thou a parricide !

Why did thy barbarous hand refrain from me ?

I was the hated bar to thy ambition !

A stab like this had set thee free for ever ;

Sav'd thee from shame, upbraiding, perjuries ;

But she—this innocent—what had she done ?

Count. I thank thee. I was fool enough, or
To think of life one moment, to atone [*coward,*]
By deep repentance, for the wrongs I did thee.
But, hateful to myself, hated by thee,
By heaven abandon'd, and the plague of earth,
This, this remains, and all are satisfied.

(*Stabs himself.*)

Forgive me, if 'tis possible—but—oh !— (*Dies.*)

Countess. (*After looking distractedly.*) Where am
I ? Ruin and pale death surround me.

I was a wife ; there, gasping, lies my husband !

A mother, too ; there breathless lies my child !

Look down, oh ! heaven, look down with pity on
I know this place ; [*them.*]

I'll kneel once more. Hear me, great God of
Nature !

For this one boon let me not beg in vain ;

Oh ! do not mock me with the hopes of death ;

These pangs, these struggles, let them be my last ;

Release thy poor, afflicted, suffering creature ;

Take me from misery too sharp to bear,

And join me to my child !

(*Falls on the body of Adelaide.*)

Aust. Heaven comfort thee !

Hard was your lot, you lovely innocents ;

But palms, eternal palms, above shall crown you.

For this rash man—yet mercy's infinite.

You stand amaz'd. Know, this disastrous scene,

Ending the fatal race, ooncludes your sorrows.

To-morrow meet me round this sacred shrine ;

Then shall you hear, at full, a tale of wonder ;

The rightful lord of Narbonne shall be own'd ;

And heaven, in all its ways, be justified. [*Exeunt.*]

LOVE MAKES A MAN;

OR, THE FOP'S FORTUNE:

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY COLLEY CIBBER.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

THE GOVERNOR
DON DUART
DON ANTONIO
DON CHARINO
DON LEWIS

CARLOS
CLODIO
SANCHO
MONSIEUR
JAQUES

PEDRO
GUSMAN
ISIDOR
GUISEPPE
SERVANTS

ANGELINA
ELVIRA
LOUISA
HONORIA
ISABELLA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter DON ANTONIO and DON CHARINO.

Ant. Without compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honoured in your alliance.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly; but, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by-the-by; for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask them. [two sons?

Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of them shall marry my daughter Angelina?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey them both, and (with my allowance,) take to her lawful husband which of them

Ant. Content. [she pleases.

Cha. And you farther promise that the person by her and me so chosen, be it elder or younger, shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession of at least three parts of your estate. This you positively promise—

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why, then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is it a match?

Ant. A match.

Cha. That's enough: Carlos, the elder, you say, is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study?

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

Cha. But Clodio, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of France; a sprightly fellow, eh?

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

Cha. Well, how far either of them may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleased where I am. (*Knocking.*) Hark! what noise without?

Ant. Odso! 'tis they—they're come. I have expected them these two hours. Well, sirrah, who's without? [*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. 'Tis Sancho, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books. [study?

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole

Ant. Never without them, sir; 'tis his humour.

Enter SANCHO, laden with books.

San. Pedro, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts: I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ah! Sancho, where's my Carlos? Speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

San. Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employed, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir. (*Gives Ant. the letter.*)

Cha. Pray, sir, what sort of life may your master lead?

San. Life, sir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, dines with Tully, drinks tea at Helicon, sups with Seneca; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and, after six hours' conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, Carlos will be here presently. Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink, too, sir?

Ant. And drink too, sir; and, pray, see your master's chamber ready. (*Knocking.*) Well, sir, who's at the gate?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Monsieur, sir, from my young master, Clodio.

Enter MONSIEUR.

Ant. Well, Monsieur, what says your master? when will he be here?

Mons. Sire, he vill be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Mons. Sire, me come to provide de pulville, and de essence for his hair, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided, then?

Mons. Sire, he was enragé, and did break his bottel d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for Monseigneur le Dauphin.

Ant. Well, sir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll help you to some oil for his hair.

Mons. Sire, me tank you.

[*Exit.*]

Cha. A very notable spark, this Clodio. What noise is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, sir, now; now observe their several dispositions.—

Enter CARLOS.

Car. My father! sir, your blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, Carlos; and now, pray, know this gentleman, Charino, sir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all.

Clo. (*Within.*) La Valiere! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubbed and clothed; they're hot, and have out-stripped the wind.

Cha. Ay, marry, sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

Enter CLODIO.

Clo. Where's my father? Ah! my dear dad—

Ant. Ah! my dear Clody, thou'rt welcome!

Clo. Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. (*To Cha.*)

Cha. Sir, I—I—I like you.

Clo. Thy hand: I'm your eternal friend.

Cha. Faith! thou art a pretty-humoured fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

Ant. Your brother, Clody.

Clo. Odso! I beg his pardon with all my heart. Ha, ha, ha! Did ever mortal see such a book-worm? Brother, how is't?

Car. I'm glad you are well, brother. (*Reads.*)

Clo. What, does he draw his book upon me? Then I will draw my wit upon him. Gad! I'll puzzle him. Hark you! brother; pray, what's Latin for a sword-knot?

Car. The Romans wore none, brother.

Clo. No ornaments upon their swords, sir?

Car. Oh! yes, several; conquest, peace, and honour: an old unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no man in Europe wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifty louis-d'ors in Paris. There, sir! feel him—try him, sir.

Car. I have no skill, sir.

Clo. No skill, sir! why, this sword would make a coward fight. Aha! sa, sa! rip—ha! there I had him! (*Fencing.*)

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my clothes, brother.

Clo. Cut them! Ah, ah! No, no; they are cut already, brother, to the grammar rules exactly. Psha! pr'ythee, man, leave off this college air.

Car. No, brother, I think it wholesome, the soil and situation pleasant.

Clo. A put, by Jupiter! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country. (*Aside.*) Sir, I mean the air of your clothes; I would have you change your tailor, and dress a little more *en cavalier*: lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, eh?

Cha. Faith! a pretty fellow!

Enter MONSIEUR.

Mons. Sire, here be de several sort of de jessamine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to make your choice.

Clo. Mum! sir: I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will despatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant.

[*Exit.*]

Cha. Faith! he's a pretty fellow!

Ant. Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpose, I'm afraid: but use your pleasure, sir.

Car. Plato differs from Socrates in this. (*Musing*)

Ant. Come, come, pr'ythee, Carlos, lay them by; let them agree at leisure. What, no hour of interruption?

Car. Man's life, sir, being so short, and then, the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this world, Carlos, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This, now, would turn to some account.

Car. This, sir, may be done from what I've read; for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it, than Virgil in his Georgicks? And for the cure of herds, his Bucolicks are a master-piece; but when his art describes the commonwealth of bees, their industry, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment, inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravished with it: then I reap, indeed, my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

Ant. Heyday! Georges, and Blue-sticks, and bees'-wax! What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

[*from it.*]

Car. No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me

Ant. But can you find, amongst all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shaped, healthy bride? Answer me that, eh, sir?

Car. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient Spartan dames, the Roman ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a Portia, or a Cornelia, crowned with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had lived, and tasted of their lawful, envied love. But when I meet a Messalina, tired and unsated in her foul desires; a Clytemnestra, bathed in her husband's blood; an impious Tullia, whirling her chariot over her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties. Comparing, then, the numerous guilty with the easy count of

those that die in innocence, I detest and loath them as ignorance or atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve, then, not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Car. What debt, good sir?

Ant. Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandsire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

Car. Nor would I: my laboured studies, sir, may prove, in time, a living issue.

Ant. Very well, sir; and so, I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from Adam till this time, to be my grand-child.

Car. I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave mayn't shame the family.

Cha. A sad fellow, this! this is a very sad fellow! (*Aside.*)

Ant. So, in short, you would not marry an empress?

Car. Oh! sir, the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir; be it your care to swell your heap of wealth; marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather would inform it with a soul. I tire you, sir: your pardon and your leave. Lights there! for my study. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness! a stupid wise rogue! I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay; he's the match for my money, and my girl's, too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell them a piece of our mind?

Ant. This minute, sir; and here comes my young rogue, in the very nick of his fortune.

Enter CLODIO.

Clody, a word—

Clo. To the wise is enough. Your pleasure, sir?

Ant. In the meantime, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit. (*To Cha.*)

Cha. I'll do't. Hark you! friend—(*Whispers a Servant.*)

Enter SANCHO, behind.

San. I doubt my master has found but rough welcome; he's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason. I must find it out. (*Stands aside.*)

Clo. Sir, you could not have stated anything more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's, sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into her's in the cutting of a caper.

Cha. Well, pursue and conquer; though let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she: I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith! thou art a pleasant rogue! Egad! she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the ladies, sir. In Paris, I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

Cha. Ah! silly, envious rogues! Pr'ythee, what do you do to the ladies?

San. Positively, nothing. (*Aside.*)

Clo. Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs, the princes, could not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really conversed with princes?

Clo. Conversed with them! Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge. Let me see: there was I and

Prince Grandmont, Duke de Bongrace, Duke de Bellegrade, (*Bellegrade—yes, yes, Jack was there,*) Count de l'Esprit, Marshal Bombard, and that pleasant dog, the Prince de Hautenbas. We six, now, were all at supper, all in good humour; champagne was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards. Now, sir, there happened to be the self-same number of ladies, (*after the fatigue of a ballet, diverting themselves with ratafia and the spleen,*) so dull, they were not able to talk, though it were scandalously, even of their best friends. So, sir, after a profound silence, at last, one of them gaped. "Oh, gad!" says she, "would that pleasant dog, Clody, were here, to *badiner* a little." "Eh!" says a second, and stretched. "Ah! *mon Dieu!*" says a third, and waked. "Could not one find him?" says a fourth, and leered. "Oh! burn him!" says a fifth, "I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again," in a pet. "Did you so?" says a sixth, "*Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently," in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I received a billet in four words: "*Chien, nous vous demandons,*" subscribed "Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas."

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the princes you supped with.

Clo. Every soul of them the individual wife, or sister of every man in the company, split me! Ha,

Cha. and Ant. Ha, ha, ha! [*ha, ha!*]

San. Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily! (*Aside.*) [*boy?*]

Ant. Well, and didst thou make a night on't,

Clo. Yes, egad! and morning, too, sir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all soused upon their knees, kissed round, burned their com-modes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy, Clody! Nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

Cha. I like him the better for't. You remember the conditions, sir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part them. You see Carlos has given over the world: I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a shelf of new books.

Cha. Ay, ay; get you the writings ready, with your other son's hand to them; for, unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

Ant. I know it, sir: they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cha. Why, then, come along, my lad; and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, sir. *Allons! Hey! suivons l'amour.* (*Sings.*) [*Exeunt all but Sancho.*]

San. How! my poor master to be disinherited, for Monsieur Sa-sa there; and I a looker-on, too! If we have studied our majors and our minors, our antecedents and consequences, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don Lewis, shall hear of it; for though he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he used to be, we may chance to have a rubber with them first. Here he comes, *profecto.*

Enter DON LEWIS.

Lewis. Sancho, where's my boy Carlos? What, is he at it? Is he at it? Deep, deep, I warrant him. Sancho, a little peep now—one peep at him, through the key-hole: I must have a peep.

San. Have a care, sir, he's upon a magical point.

Lewis. What, has he lost anything?

San. Yes, sir, he has lost with a vengeance!

Lewis. But what, what, what sirrah? what is't?

San. Why, his birth-right, sir; he is di—di—dis—disinherited. (*Sobbing.*)

Lewis. Ha! how, when, what, where, who, what dost thou mean?

San. His brother, sir, is to marry Angelina, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

Lewis. This must be a lie, sirrah; I will have it a lie.

San. With all my heart, sir; but here comes my old master and the pickpocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter DON ANTONIO, and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, sir, this paper has your full instructions: pray, be speedy, sir; I don't know but we may couple them to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, sir, I defy the law to give him his title again. *[Exit.]*

San. What think you now, sir?

Lewis. Why, now, methinks, I'm pleased. This is right—I'm pleased—must cut that lawyer's throat, though; must bone him; ay, I'll have him boned and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

Lewis. Oh! mighty well, mighty well! Let's feel your pulse: feverish! *(Whistles.)*

Ant. You are merry, brother.

Lewis. It's a lie.

Ant. How, brother?

Lewis. A d—d lie! I am not merry. *(Smiling.)*

Ant. What are you, then?

Lewis. Very angry.

Ant. Hi, hi, hi! at what, brother?

Lewis. Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What settlement, good brother? I find he has heard of it. *(Aside.)*

Lewis. What do you think I have done? I have—this deep head of mine has disinherited my eldest son, because his understanding's an honour to my family, and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy—a puppy.

Ant. Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

Lewis. Do you so, sir? Why, then, I must tell you, flat and plain, my boy Carlos must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless Carlos had a soul to value his fortune. Harkye! brother, do you know what learning is?

Lewis. What if I don't, sir; I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough. Though I can speak no Greek, I love and honour the sound of it, and Carlos speaks it loftily; egad! he thunders it out, sir: and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of Hesiod, or Iliad, or any of the Greek poets, ods-heart! it would have made your hair stand an end: sir, he has read such things in my hearing—

Ant. But did you understand them, brother?

Lewis. I tell you, no. What does that signify? The very sound's sufficient comfort to an honest man.

Ant. Fie, fie! I wonder you talk so; you that are old, and should understand.

Lewis. Should, sir! Yes, and do, sir. Sir, I'd have you to know, I have studied; I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord; rare music! You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

Lewis. A sad dog! I'll buy a prettier fellow in a penny-worth of gingerbread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure. Here comes one I must talk with. Well, brother, what news?

Enter DON CHARINO.

Cha. Oh! to our wishes, sir; Clody's a right bait for a girl, sir. Noble Don Lewis, I am your humble servant, Come, what say you? Shall I prevail with

you to settle some part of your estate upon young Clody?

Lewis. Clody!

Cha. Ay, your nephew, Clody.

Lewis. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

Lewis. Why, look you! I haven't much land to spare, but I have an admirable horse-pond; I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

Ant. Come, let him have his way, sir; he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

Cha. Ripe and ready, sir; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

Lewis. Hark you! sir, do you suppose my Carlos shall—

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, sir; and so, good-morrow to your patience, brother. *[Exit with Cha.]*

Lewis. Sancho!

San. Sir?

Lewis. Fetch me some gunpowder; quick, quick.

San. Sir?

Lewis. Some gunpowder, I say; a barrel—quickly. And, d'ye hear? three-pennyworth of ratsbane. Eh! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir,) e'en let me try if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow them up indeed, sir.

Lewis. Psha! impossible! he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

San. So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road. Hark! he rings: I must wait upon him. *[Exit.]*

Lewis. I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, Carlos, let them go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet. That old fool, thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between them; nay, to plague them, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter DON ANTONIO and SANCHE.

Ant. Sir, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No inheritance, sir?

Ant. Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for. You talk like a fool, a coxcomb! trouble him with land!

San. Must master Clodio have all, sir?

Ant. All, all: he knows how to use it: he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies; his business is altogether above stairs. *(Bell rings.)* Go, see what he wants.

San. A father, I'm sure! *[Exit.]*

Ant. What, will none of my rogues come near me now? Oh! here they are. *[Enter Servants and the Cook.]* Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be married this morning; will that spur you, sir?

Cook. Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had: I was not sure of it half-an-hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do. Hey! Pedro, Gusman! Come, stir, ho! *[Exit.]*

Ant. Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Library.—CARLOS discovered.

Car. *(Noise within.)* What a perpetual noise these people make! I have forgotten to eat and sleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into study.

What a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleasure is eating! Sancho!

Enter SANCHO.

San. Did you call, sir?

Car. Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

San. The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

Car. And is it thus at every dinner?

San. No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone. Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Sancho?

San. No, sir; but he spits French like a magpie, and that's more in fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. Again that noise! Pr'ythee, tell me, Sancho, are there any princes to dine here?

San. Some there are as happy as princes, sir: your brother's married to-day. All the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes, too: all open, sir.

Car. Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

San. Old Charino's daughter, sir, the great heiress: a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry!

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes! such looks! such a pair of pretty plump pouting lips! such softness in her voice! such music, too! and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck—Ah!

Car. Why, thou art in love, Sancho.

San. Ay, so would you be, if you saw her, sir.

Car. I don't think so.

San. Ods me! sir, sir! here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

Enter DON CHARINO and ANGELINA.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, sir.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair; such sweetness in her look, such modesty! If we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasured virtues there.

San. So, the book's gone! (*Aside.*)

Cha. Come, pr'ythee, put on a brisker look. Odsheart! dost thou think, in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought, perhaps, had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, sir.

Car. A wonder!

Cha. Look you! his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exceptions to. What, in the name of Venus, would the girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the world, I made him, sir, my choice: nay, though he be your's, I cannot say I am highly pleased with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him than disobedience.

Cha. Oh! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

Car. Such understanding in so soft a form! Happy, happy brother! I have gazed too much. Reach me an Ovid! [*Exit with San.*]

Cha. I say, put on your best looks, hussy! for here he comes, faith!

Enter CLODIO.

Ah! my dear Clody!

Clo. My dear, dear dad! (*Embracing.*) Ha! *ma princesse! êtes vous là donc?* Ah! *Non, non. Je ne m'y connois gueres, &c.* (*Sings.*) Look, look, look o'slyboots! what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.

Enter DON ANTONIO and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, Clody! my noble brother, welcome; my fair daughter, I give you joy.

Clo. And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chantons, dansons! Hey! L'autre jour.* (*Sings and dances.*)

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome.

Enter DON LEWIS.

What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome, too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

Lewis. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor nobody's welcome, and you are all a

Cha. What, sir? [*parcel of—*]

Lewis. Miserable wretches! sad dogs!

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty: but he'll dine and be good company for

Lewis. A strange lie, that. [*all this.*]

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Testy! Ha, ha!

Lewis. Don't laugh, my dear rogue! pr'ythee, don't laugh, now; faith! I shall break thy head, if thou dost. [*me, dear uncle!*]

Clo. Gadso! why, then, I find you are angry at

Lewis. Angry at thee, eh, puppy! Why, what, what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog! get out of my sight, or—

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far. [*w—!*]

Lewis. Angry at him! a son of a—son's son of a

Cha. Ha, ha! poor, peevish—

Lewis. I'd fain have somebody poison him. (*To himself.*) Ah! that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropped to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen-ware? I must speak to her. Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

Lewis. (*To Ang.*) Ah—ah—ah! madam—I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yoked to you; one of understanding, too. I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's skull's extremely thick; and if he should have a thing shaped like a child, you can make nothing of it but a tailor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

Lewis. Will nobody take that troublesome dog out of my sight? I can't stay where he is. I'll go see my poor boy Carlos. I've disturbed you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

Lewis. That lady's health, I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps, sit by her at table, too.

Clo. Ha, ha! b'ye, nuncle.

Lewis. Puppy, good b'ye. [*Exit.*]

Ang. An odd-humoured gentleman.

Ant. Very odd, indeed, child; I suppose, in pure spite, he'll make my son Carlos his heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says Carlos is; sure, there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? The priest stays for us. When Carlos has signed the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, sir.

Clo. *Allons, ma chère princesse.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Study.*

CARLOS, DON LEWIS, and SANCHO, discovered.

Lewis. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then, I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

Lewis. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books, too?

Lewis. No, no; he has a book, a fine one, too.

called the Gentleman's Recreation; or, the Secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters: such a creature! a beauty in folio! Would thou hadst her in thy study, Carlos, though it were but to new-clasp

San. He has seen her, sir.

[her.

Lewis. Well, and—and—

San. He flung away his book, sir.

Lewis. Did he, faith? Would he had flung away his humour, too, and spoken to her.

Car. Must my brother, then, have all?

Lewis. All, all.

San. All that your father has, sir.

Car. And that fair creature, too?

San. Ay, sir.

Lewis. Eh!

Car. He has enough, then. (*Sighing.*)

Lewis. He have her, Carlos! Why, would—would—that is—eh?

Car. May not I see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

Lewis. I can't bear this. Sheart! I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

Car. I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning, too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet, I long to wish her joy. Oh! were I born to give it, too!

Lewis. Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith! she is a good-humoured creature, she'll take it

Car. Do you think so, uncle?

[kindly.

Lewis. I'll to her, and tell you.

Car. Do, sir. Stay, uncle; will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

Lewis. 'Fend a fiddle-stick! Let me alone; I'll

Car. Nay, but, sir—dear uncle!

[—I'll—

Lewis. A hum, a hum!

[Exit.

Enter DON ANTONIO and Lawyer with a writing.

Ant. Where's my son?

San. There, sir, casting a figure what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. Carlos, how dost thou do? Come hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, sir?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child; only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment. I think you write a reasonable good hand, Carlos.

Car. Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother Clodio.

Car. Is it no more, sir?

Law. That's all, sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else. Look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you always shall have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but, if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have it done before the lady, too: there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

[thing to me.

Ant. With all my heart, child; it's the same

Car. You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do anything thou hast a mind to. [*Exit with Car. and Lawyer.*

San. Now has he undone himself for ever. Ods-heart! I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—A Dining-room.

Enter DON CHARINO with ANGELINA, CLODIO, DON LEWIS, Ladies, and Priest.

Cha. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done. Are you ready, sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall despatch them presently, immediately; for, in truth, I am hungry.

Clo. Egad! I warrant you, the priest and I could both fall to without saying grace. Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long, too?

Ang. I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily. Sir, you look melancholy. (*To Don L.*)

Lewis. Sweet swelling blossom! Ah! that I had the gathering of thee; I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow. Ah! thou hast missed a man (but that he is so bewitched to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy—

Ant. Can he talk, sir?

[to a woman.

Lewis. Like an angel—to himself; the devil a word

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks—

Lewis. Why, so I think, too; but the boy's bewitched, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

Clo. Look, look! old testy will fall in love by-and-by; he's hard at it, split me!

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you!

Clo. So, here my father comes? Eh! my brother, too! that's a wonder: broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter DON ANTONIO, CARLOS, and the Lawyer.

Lewis. Odso! here he is; that's he; a little inclining to the lean or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, Carlos, 'twas your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before them all, and give your brother joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the lady, sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, Carlos.

Car. Forbid it, love! (*Aside.*) Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't, sir.

[grace?

Car. Should I not thank her for so unmerited a

Ant. Ay, and welcome, Carlos.

Lewis. Now, my boy; give her a gentle twist by the finger; lay your lips softly, softly, close and plump to her. (*Apart to Car.*)

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady. (*Salutes Ang.*) Dissolving softness! Oh! the drowning joy! Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down. But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine! this the mere scholar I was told of! (*Aside.*) I find, sir, you have experienced love; you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw the enlivening light before.

Ang. Ha! before! (*Aside.*)

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, Carlos; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Car. Oh! yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty, (if possible,) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha! What do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

Lewis. Stand clear, I do; and that sweet creature, too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, Carlos; pr'y-thee, leave thy studying, man.

Car. I leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, what man was, was but my argument; I am now on the proof; I find, I feel myself a man—

Lewis. He has it, he has it! my boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you—

Lewis. Stand out of the way, puppy.

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech

to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, oh! I should turn and tear him like an offended lion.

Clo. Come, come, will you sign, brother?

Lewis. Time enough, puppy.

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

Lewis. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, Carlos. Come, come, your hand, man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shewn me land, I had resigned it free, and proud to have bestowed it to your pleasure; but you have opened to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, even to a churlish avarice of love.

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir?

Car. Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, than yield one foot of land—if she be tied to't.

Lewis. Ah! Carlos. What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder! Is this gentleman your brother, sir? *(To Clodio.)*

Clo. Eh! No, my—madam, not quite—that is, he is a little akin by the—Plague on him! would he were buried! I can't tell what to say to him, split

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, eh? *[me!]*

Car. Neither: I should not blindly say I will not seal. Let me entreat a moment's pause; for, even yet, perhaps, I may. *(Sighing.)*

Ang. Forbid it, fortune!

Ant. Oh! may you so, sir?

Clo. Ay, sir, eh! What, you are come to yourself, I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time; he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but, I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting them: I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your necessity of peace requires them.

Cha. Why, ay, there's some civility in this.

Clo. The fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, imposed on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that. Egad! I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is married presently, the dinner will be spoiled; and, then, nobody will be able to eat it.

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it, sure, to ask, if honour be the parent of my love. If you can love for love, and think your heart rewarded there—

Ang. Need I then speak? To say, I am far from hating you—I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer.

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was proposed me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cha. Beyond patience! This is downright insolence, roguery, villany, treachery! Part them!

Ang. Part them!

Clo. Ay, ay; part them, part them!

Lewis. Doll, dum, dum! *(Sings, and draws in their defence.)*

Cha. Call an officer! I'll have them forced asunder.

Ang. Nay, then, I'm reduced to take protection here. *(Goes to Carlos.)*

Car. Oh! ecstasy of heart! transporting joy!

Lewis. Lorro, dorrol, loll! *(Sings and dances.)*

Cha. A plot! a plot against my honour! Murder, treason, gunpowder! I'll be revenged. *[Exit.]*

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadso! What, then, I find I must lug out upon this business. *Allons! the lady, sir.*

Lewis. Lorro, dorrol, loll! *(Presenting his point to Clodio.)*

Car. Hold, uncle! Come, brother, sheath your anger. I'll do my best to satisfy you all: but, first, I would entreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors! thou art no son of mine.

[Exit.]

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir. For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birthright—

Clo. No halves; no halves, sir; the whole lady.

Car. Why, then, the whole, if you like the terms. *[quick.]*

Clo. What terms? what terms? Come, quick,

Car. The first is this: *(snatches Don L.'s sword)* win her, and wear her; for, on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

Lewis. Gramercy! Carlos, to him, boy! Egad! this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever poised in anger yet; 'tis sharp, I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence! I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wert thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you! brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, dy'e see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business. *[a coward, too.]*

Car. Away, trisler! I would be loth to prove thee

Clo. Coward! why then really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a w—. *Allons! (They fight, and Clodio is disarmed.)*

Car. There, sir, take your life, and mend it.

Ang. Are you wounded, sir?

Car. Only in my fears for you; how shall we bestow us, uncle?

Lewis. Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us. *[Exeunt with Angelina.]*

Clo. Gadso! I never fenced so ill in all my life; never in my life, split me!

Enter MONSIEUR.

Mons. Sire, here be de trompette, de hauteboy, de musique, de maiter danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to have de masque begin.

Clo. Ha! What does this puppy say now?

Mons. Sire, de musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but tell them—plague on them, tell them, they are not ready tuned.

Mons. Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then, tell them that my brother's wise again, and has spoiled all, and I am bubbled, and so I sha'n't be married till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarmed me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am done, that's all.

[Exeunt.]

Enter DON CHARINO, DON ANTONIO, Officers, and Servants.

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize them all.

Ant. Carry them this minute before a —. How now! What all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heiress! I am abused! I am cheated! I am robbed! I am ravished, murdered, and flung into a ditch!

Ant. Who let them out? Which way went they, villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at the door not six minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, sir. Run you to the port, sirrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

[*Exeunt Officers and Servants.*]

Enter SANCHO, drunk.

San. Ban, ban, Ca-caliban. (*Sings.*)

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

San. Son, sir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, sirrah?

San. Daughter, sir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, sir, they told me just now, sir—that she's—she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master! why, they say he is—

Ant. Where, sirrah?

San. Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog, discover him, or—

San. Sir, I will—I will.

Ant. Where is he, villain?

San. Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is—he is—upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal!

San. If I do, sir, I wish this may be my poison. (*Drinks.*)

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll.—So sir, have you found him?

Re-enter Servant with CLODIO, and MONSIEUR.

Clo. Ay, sir, have you found them?

Serv. Yes, sir, I had a sight of them; but they were just got on board a small vessel before I could overtake them.

Cha. Death and furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, sirrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that: but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother? [*them.*]

Clo. Be as smart as they, sir; follow them, follow

Cha. Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue them through all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you by the northern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell them they must hoist sail immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box—cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither. [*Exit Monsieur.*]

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity—we're in haste. *Allons! hey! Je vole.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—Lisbon.

Enter ELVIRA, DON DUART, and Governor.

Elv. Dear brother, let me entreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

Duart. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incensed him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him. To whom is all this fury, nephew? [*pose me.*]

Duart. To you, sir, or any man that dares op-

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunned by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you

would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

Duart. Yes, so I might be a general. Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will: I'm every hour followed with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punished with as much severity as his, that is a stranger to my blood.

Duart. Punish me! You, nor your office, dare not do't. Fire and furies! I'm tutored here like a mere school-boy! Women shall judge of injuries in honour. For you, sir—I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*]

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. 'Would he were not my brother. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter DON MANUEL, ANGELINA, and Sailors.

Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

Sail. Sir, she's your's; you fought, and well deserve her. [*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Enter Governor.

Gov. Noble Don Manuel! welcome to Lisbon. I see you are fortunate: for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

Man. She is, indeed, lord governor: these ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended with such incredible valour; and by two men scarcely armed too.

Gov. Is't possible!

Man. Nay, and scarcely had we secured our hard-won prize, before an Algerine grappled us; when the same two, dreading to see this lovely creature made a prize to infidels, gallantly boarded her; but instantly—

Ang. Alas!

Gov. What then, sir?

Man. She quitted us, and crowding all the sail she could, escaped our slower vessel.

Gov. And carried those brave gentlemen away—

Man. No, my lord; for as they stood upon the deck disarmed and ready to be fettered, on a sudden (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leaped into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful, indeed.

Man. Had not our own safety hindered (at that time another ship pursuing us) I would have taken them up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! I am now friendless, miserable, and a slave.

Man. Take comfort, fair one; perhaps you yet again may see them; they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they could not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last hope, I brook a wretched being; but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive them; but—

Gov. Alas! poor lady! misery but weeps the more when she is gazed on.—I leave you—your servant, sir.— [*Exit.*]

Man. Now, my fair captive, though I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore, the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Ang. This has engaged me, sir, to hear.

Man. These three years have I honourably loved a noble lady; her name Louisa, the beauteous

niece of great Ferrara's Duke: sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languished in a hopeless constancy. Now, I would a while entreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour; and (as I'm sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and, in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour, me, or my unwearied love, 'twould be a generous act would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, sir, as one distressed like me can give, shall willingly be paid.

Man. I'll study to deserve this goodness: for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait upon you to the lady, till when I am your guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Church.—The Vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out, CARLOS and DON LEWIS rising near LOUISA and HONORIA. Louisa observing Carlos.

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? The crowd's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy softness in his look! (Aside.)

Hon. Cousin! Donna Louisa!

Lou. Even in his devotions too, such graceful adorations—so sweet a—(Aside.)

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Psha! time enough. Pr'ythee, let's walk a little this way.

Car. To what are we reserved?

Lewis. For no good, I'm afraid. My ill luck don't use to give over when her hand's in. One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another. Drowning we have escaped miraculously; would the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely saved from one, smells d—y rank of the other. Though I am obliged to thee, Carlos, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: 'faith, I were just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackerel. But 'tis pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning.

Car. These are light wants to me. Oh! I could wish the fate that saved us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had buried us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a lover! I'll have him dogged. Jaques! (Whispers Jaques.)

Lewis. A most unhappy loss, indeed! But come, don't despair, boys; the ship that took us was a Portuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet?

Car. Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune.

Lewis. Why, now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famished?

Lou. Did you observe those strangers that have walked by us!

Hon. Not much; but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of them, the younger, seemed concerned for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concerned; his looks as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion. I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it—sir—sir—

Lewis. Would you speak with me, madam?

Lou. If you please, with your friend—not to in-

Car. Your pleasure, lady? [interrupt you, sir.

Lou. You seem a stranger, sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceived, in want: pardon my freedom. If I have erred, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance. (Gives him money.)

Lewis. Take it, boy.

Car. A bounty so unmerited, and from a hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder. But give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as a bribe to any evil you would have me practice, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty—only thus: be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observed; farewell. Jaques! Will you walk, cousin?

[Exit with Honoria.]

Lewis. Let's see:—Odsheart! follow her, man. Why, 'tis all gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

Lewis. I'll first have a better title to't—no, 'tis all thine, boy. I hold a hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you. I say, follow her; since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispossessed her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

Lewis. Pr'ythee, follow her now; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me entreat you rather to employ them, sir, with mine, in search of Angelina's fortune.

Lewis. Well, dear Charles, don't chide me now; I do love thee, and will follow thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Street.

Enter DON ANTONIO and DON CHARINO.

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother; such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore, my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government, to search and take them up, wherever we can find them.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be choused out of my daughter; I shall expect her sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law—(Walks about.)

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and your's, and—how now, where's Clody? Oh! here he comes—

Enter CLODIO, searching his pockets.

How now? what's the matter, boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me!

Ant. What's the matter? (Louder.)

Clo. The best joint in Christendom.

Ant. Clody!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Psha! a trifle; get thee another, man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not shew my face at Paris without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in Paris: I'll go to Paris, split me! (Aside.)

Cha. Paris! Why, you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in Europe there.

Cha. Joints! My son-in-law, that should have been, seems strangely altered for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

Ant. Come along, Clody. *[Exit with Charino.]*

Clo. Sir, I must look a little; I'll follow you presently. My poor, pretty box! Ah! plague o' my sea voyage!

Enter a Page hastily, with a flambeau.

Page. By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

Clo. Ha! why, thou art pert, my love; pr'ythee, who is thy master, child?

Page. The valiant Don Duarte, sir, nephew to the governor of Lisbon.

Clo. Well, child; and what, does he eat every man he meets?

Page. No, sir; but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that! Is this he, child? You may look as terrible as you please; I must banter you, split me! *(Aside.)*

Enter DON DUART, stalking up to Clodio.

Duart. Do you know me, sir?

Clo. Heigho! *(Looks carelessly on him.)*

Duart. Do you know me, sir?

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, sir, did you?

Duart. Sir, in Lisbon, no man asks me a question covered. *(Strikes off Clodio's hat.)* Now, you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, sir—Hi, hi! I like you mightily.—You are not a bully, sir?

Duart. You are saucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted. Thou art really the most extraordinary—humph!—that ever I met with. Now, sir, do you know me? split me!

Duart. Know thee! take that, peasant! *(Strikes him, and both draw.)*

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, sir. *Allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. *(They fight.)*

Allons! to our better acquaintance, sir—Ha, ha! *(Don D. falls.)* he has it! never pushed better in my life, never in my life, split me!

Page. Oh! my master's killed! help, ho! murder! help!

Clo. Eh! why, faith, child, that's very true, as thou sayest; and so, the devil take the hindmost. *[Exit.]*

Enter Officers.

1 Off. How now! Who's that cries murder?

Page. Oh! my master's murdered! some of you follow me: this way he took; let's after him. Help! murder! help! *[Exit.]*

2 Off. 'Tis Don Duarte.

1 Off. So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, 'faith, sir. Come, let's carry the body to the surgeon's: you pursue the murderer; I'll warrant him some civil gentleman. Ye need not make too much haste; for if he does escape, 'tis no great matter. Come along. *[Exeunt with the body.]*

Enter CARLOS and DON LEWIS.

Lewis. Come along, Carlos; I'm sure 'tis she, by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain has played her no foul play, she sha'n't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now, fortune guide us! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter JACQUES and Bravoes.

Jacques. That's he, the tallest: be sure you spare his person; only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1 Brav. What must be done with the old fellow?

Jacques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how. Follow softly; we shall snap them as they turn the corner. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CLODIO, hastily.

Clo. Ah, pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! What shall I do? If they take me, I shall be hanged, split me. Ha! a door open! 'faith I'll in at a venture. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Bravoes, with CARLOS in a chair; some hauling in DON LEWIS.

Lewis. Oh, my poor boy, Carlos! Carlos! help! murder! *[used.]*

1 Brav. Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well

Lewis. Sir, I will not hold my peace. Dogs, rogues, villains, help, murder!

1 Brav. Nay, then, by your leave, old gentleman. So, bring him along.

Lewis. Aw, aw, aw! *(They gag him.)* *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—A Chamber.—ELVIRA and ISABELLA.

Elv. Is not my brother come home yet?

Isa. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go, send and seek him; go all of ye every where: I'll not rest till your return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read them without a taper. *[Exit Isabella.]*

Enter CLODIO, stealing in.

Clo. Ah, poor Clody! what will become of thee? Thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent. Followed behind, stopped before, and beset on both sides! Ah, pox o' my wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let me see—where am I? An odd sort of a house, this; all the doors open, and nobody in't; no noise, no whisper, no dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a woman's voice! *[Julia!]*

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano!

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house: she can't see my unfortunate face, however. 'Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither would you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever, by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone—'Twas coming, 'faith! *(Aside.)*

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, though justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one and not the other?

Clo. Being provoked, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hanged in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me. Egad! I have a rare tongue! I have a rare tongue, 'faith! *(Aside.)*

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore, I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a Castilian?

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call 'um—in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation we Portuguese most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam? Am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you. Enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites them.

Clo. D'ye think, madam, you can persuade them?

Elv. Fear not; I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. (*Retires.*)

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps, my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of? How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter Officers, ISABELLA, Page, and PEDRO.

Page. Oh! madam, madam! my master's killed.

Elv. What sayest thou?

Pedro. Your brother, madam, my master, young Don Duart's dead; he just now quarrelled with a gentleman, who unfortunately killed him in the

Elv. Ah, me! [street.]

1 Off. We are informed, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it, to apprehend him.

Clo. Eh! Why, what the devil! Am I safer than I would be now? Exactly: I have nicked the house to a hair: just so I did at Paris, too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's, that had three writs against me. This d—d closet, too, has ne'er a chimney to creep out at. Ah, poor Clody! (*Retires.*)

Elv. Oh, my unhappy brother! such an end as this, thy haughty mind did long since prophecy; and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vowed, or thou wilt fall unrevenged. (*Aside.*)

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's my unhappy niece? Alas! your brother lies at a surgeon's yonder, past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late—he's dead! he's dead!

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cured; but justice may again overtake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him. (*Aside.*)

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elv. Oh, forbear! Search for the murderer, and take order for my brother's funeral, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore, I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leave. Farewell. [*Exit with Servants, &c.*]

Clo. Eh! what, are they gone away without me; and by her contrivance too? Gadso!

Elv. Whoever thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't! (*Aside.*)

Elv. Fly with the utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty. (*Aside.*)

Elv. And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

Clo. Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the door now; farewell for ever. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again. All in good time, child. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*Louisa's House.*

Enter LOUISA and JAKUES.

Lou. Were they both seized?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders; when they are entered, bar all the doors; and, on your lives, let every one be mute, as I directed. I must retire a while. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bravoes, who let CARLOS out of the chair, while others throw down DON LEWIS, gagged and bound.

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you; but now, pray, let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? Where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another. [*Jakes holds up his lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*] You seem not to know me, sir. All dumb, and vanished! My fortune's humorous; she sports with me.

Lewis. Aw, aw! [you?]

Car. What's here? a fellow prisoner! Who are

Lewis. Aw, aw!

Car. Do you speak no other language?

Lewis. Aw, aw, aw! (*Louder.*)

Car. Nay, that's the same.

Lewis. Oh! (*Sighing.*)

Car. Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he could.—[*Enter JAKUES, who releases DON LEWIS.*—Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

Lewis. Sir, your humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again? What a plague, are you all dumb? [*Exit JAKUES.*] Well, sir, and pray what are—Carlos! ah! my dear boy!

Car. My uncle! Nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! How came you hither, sir?

Lewis. Faith, like a corpse into a church, boy, with my heels foremost; but, pr'ythee, how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the man that seized us: they forced me into a chair, and brought me.

Lewis. Well, but what is all this for? What would they have? [formed of.]

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be in-

Lewis. The sons of w— won't speak neither. Heyday! what's to be done now?

Enter JAKUES and Servants, with a banquet.

Car. More riddles yet; I dream, sure. (*Jakes invites Don Lewis to take his chair.*)

Lewis. For me? Sir, your most humble servant. (*Sits.*) Carlos, sit down, boy. Ha, ha, ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! Is this all the business? Puppies! did they think I would not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't.

Car. Amazement all! What can it end in?

Lewis. Never trouble thy head, pr'ythee: fall to, man. Delicate food, truly. Here—Dumb! pr'ythee, give us a glass of wine, to wet the way a little. Come, Carlos, here's, here's—honest Dumb's health to thee. (*Drinks.*) Dumb's a very honest fellow, 'faith.

Car. What harmony's this? (*A flourish.*)

Lewis. Rare music indeed; let's eat and hear it. Mighty fine, truly—I have not made a heartier meal a great while. (*Jakes offers a night-cap and gown to Don Lewis.*) Well, and what's to do now, lad? For me, boy? Odso! we lie, here, do we?—mighty well that again, 'faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging;) nay, I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his friends welcome. Well, but it's time enough yet; sha'n't we crack a bottle first? Carlos is melancholy. (*Jakes shakes his head.*) What, that's as much as to say, If I won't go, I shall be carried. Sir, your humble servant. (*Puts on the gown.*) Well, Carlos, good night, since they won't

let me have a mind to stay any longer. I'll give a pistole, though, to know what this will come to! Dumb, come along. *[Exit with Jaques.]*

Car. I'm buried in amazement. *(Music is heard.)* Ha! more music! *(DON LEWIS appears above.)*

Lewis. So, at last, I have groped out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder! to the watch. But, mum, the door opens.—*[Enter LOUISA.]*—Eh! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before? Dumb's a sly dog: 'tis she, 'faith—tum, dum, dum. Here will be fine work presently! toll, dum, di, dum. Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amazed, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy: for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your beauty. *[you, sir.]*

Lou. I have forgotten that; but I confess I saw

Car. Why then was I forced hither? If you relieve me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you could not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I could not trust you to my fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you—besides, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offered in too plain a dress, (as I confess I'm little practised in the rules of graced behaviour,) rather think me ignorant than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. How could you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude—at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance—Pray be seated, sir; nay, I'll have it so. Suppose yourself the man so loved, where could you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I could love again, my eyes would tell her; if not, I would not seem to understand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a sense of woman's love. Think you we have no invention? You would not understand her! how would you avoid it? When even her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune, should be your's: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. *(Gives him jewels.)*

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

Lou. Fie, I could chide you now; you would not sure be thought so slow of apprehension.

Car. I would not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there could be such an one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain—I cannot speak it—yet you must know, I am this creature so reduced for you.

Car. Monstrous! *(Aside, and rising.)*

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; though I confess you fair to a perfection; but when that beauty fades, (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? No, an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though distressed, a stranger, and in want, I thus return them thankless. Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name revered to ages.

Lou. Oh! say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tie, and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be your's.

Car. Madam, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! Oh! why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, my faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my

Lou. I cannot part with you. *[fortune.]*

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason.

Lou. Ungrateful! Will you go? Take heed! for you have proved I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. *[Exit.]*

Lou. Oh, torture! left! refused! despised! Have I thrown off my pride for this! Oh, insupportable! If I am not revenged, may all the—well.

Lewis. What a plague, are all these fine things come to nothing, then! Poor soul! she's in great heat truly. Ah, silly rogue! Now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again; I have a great mind, 'faith—Od! she's a hummer. A strange mind, I haven't had such a mind a great while—Eh!—ay; I'll do't, faith—if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! *(As he is getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.)*

Lou. Who waits there?—*[Enter JAQUES.]*—Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barred, madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. *[Exit Jaques.]* Ah! *(Don Lewis drops down.)*

Lewis. Odso, my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

Lewis. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

Lewis. Finishing.

Lou. Who shewed, who brought you hither?

Lewis. Dumb, honest Dumb. *[away.]*

Lou. Will you begone, sir? I have no time to fool

Lewis. Yes, but you have! what, don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? What is't you take me for?

Lewis. A delicate piece of work, truly, but not finished; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir!

Lewis. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance. Pray be seated, madam—nay, I'll have it so.—Ah! *(Mimics her behaviour to Carlos.)*

Lou. Confusion! have I exposed myself to this wretch, too!—had witness to my folly—nay, I deserve it.

Lewis. So, so, I shall bring her to terms presently. *(Aside.)* You have a world of pretty jewels here, madam; but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. *(Mimics again.)*

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter Bravoes and JAQUES.

Lewis. Eh! *(Rising.)*

Jaq. Did your ladyship call, madam?

Lewis. I don't like her looks, 'faith. *(Aside.)*

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagged, tied neck and heels, and locked into a garret; away with him!

Lewis. Dumb, Dumb! Help, Dumb, Dumb! stand by me, Dumb! A pox of my finishing, aw, aw! *(They gag him, and carry him off.)*

Lou. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge. *[Exit.]*

Enter CARLOS in the dark.

Car. What can this woman mean? The doors all barred; the lights put out; the servants mute: would the worst would shew itself. Ha! yonder's a light; I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room.*

Enter ANGELINA, with a light.

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were alarmed with the cries of one that called for help; I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here, appeared of honest thought. What can this mean? No matter what, since nothing but the loss of him I love, can worse befall me! Hark, what noise? Is the door fast? Ah! (*Going to shut the door.*)

Enter CARLOS and JAQUES, listening.

Car. Ha, another lady! and alone!

Ang. Ha, that voice! My Carlos—Oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost love, my living Angelina! (*Embraces her.*)

Jaq. Say you so, sir? this shall to my lady. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Oh! let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twere death indeed to part; but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restored.

Ang. Oh! I were happy, blessed above my sex, could but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

Enter JAQUES and LOUISA at a distance.

Jaq. They are there.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit Jaques, and Louisa listens.*]

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond: for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. Oh! thou engaging softness! thy courage has revived me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has saved us, may now protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted. (*Aside.*)

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer, that made me captive, proved a worthy man, and placed me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what end?

Ang. He said, to be the advocate of his successful love; for he confessed he wooed her honourably. [*tale.*]

Car. Is't possible? Oh! I could tell thee such a

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. This is no time: let it suffice, the doors are barred against me; this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you; but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me; till when, may heaven support thy innocence!

Ang. Follow me. [*Exeunt hastily.*]

Lou. Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there?—
[*Enter JAQUES.*—Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden;—fly.—*Exit Jaques.*—Revenge, like a viper, gnaws upon my quiet, and I must change its food, or leave my being; no, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch, that destined fool he dotes

on. Ha! she is returned; yonder she passes; with what assured contentment in her looks!—

Re-enter JAQUES.

Now, have you brought him?

Jaq. Madam, we made what haste we could, but the gentleman reached the mount before us, and escaped over the garden wall.

Lou. Escaped, villain! Durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your ladyship had called me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? (*Aside.*)

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants! Well, 'tis no matter; go. [*Exit Jaques.* He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he promised to be here again; and if he keep his word, he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter DON DUART, disguised, with a Servant.

Duart. Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, sir, at a house of entertainment; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter CLODIO.

Duart. I scarce remember him; I would not willingly mistake. I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the Grand Signior—Hold! let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here;—umb—umb—umb—(*Counts his money.*) Seven pistoles, by Jupiter.

Duart. 'Tis the same. Leave me. [*Exit Servant.*] Your servant, sir.

Clo. Sir, your humble servant.

Duart. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business—

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

Duart. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you; but at present, am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir. Hey, Madona! (*Calls.*)

Duart. A very frank humoured gentleman; I'll know him farther. (*Aside.*) I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal?

Clo. No, sir; I am a kind of a—what d'ye call'em—a sort of a here—and—there; I am a stranger no where.

Duart. Have you travelled far, sir?

Clo. My tour of Europe, or so, sir; I came this summer from Rome.—[*Enter a Servant with wine.*]—So, so! here's the wine! Come, sir, to our better acquaintance. 'Faith, I like you mightily. *Allons!*

Duart. I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travelled through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies. You fared well in France, I hope?

Clo. Yes, 'faith, as far as my pocket would go: but no money, no mademoiselle; no ducat, no dutchess; no pistole, no princess. By the way, let me tell you, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart rate, too.

Duart. But, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encouraged you to advance your own fortune by marriage?

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me!

Duart. How so, sir?

Clo. Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dressed, 'faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes me in, with a d—d long stride, and a sharp stomach, says a short grace, and whipped her up like an oyster.

Duart. You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt; for you

must know, sir, though I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging here in Lisbon. [sir.]

Duart. That I know you have; be not amazed,

Clo. Eh! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me. Pray, sir, if it be no offence—may I beg the favour to know who you are?

Duart. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend: I am your debtor, sir. You fought a gentleman they call Don Duart—I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you killed him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, sir, is there no joke in all this?

Duart. Sir, you may trust to my sincerity; I ask for no return, but to be informed how I may do you service. (*Offers him a purse.*)

Clo. Sir, your health; I take your word, though I decline your money. I'll give you information presently. (*Drinks.*) Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? That is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

Duart. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unsullied; but, pray sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, sir—twelve thousand pistoles, you say?

Duart. I speak the least, sir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I had killed her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turned, poor soul! hurried me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, 'faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

Duart. Confusion! (*Aside.*)

Clo. Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

Duart. Let me consider, sir—Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then? but this requires my farther search. (*Aside.*) May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why, sir, you don't suppose I banter a lady of her quality!

Duart. D—n! (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I'll take your letter; but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into this house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

Duart. With all my heart.

Clo. Allons! Entrez. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*Louisa's House.*

LOUISA and JAKUES discovered.

Lou. Is the lady seized?

Jaqu. Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

Lou. Let them be ready to produce her, as I directed. When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time: away! [*Exit Jaques.*] Had he not loved another, methinks I could have borne this usage—Hark, what noise! they have him sure! How now!

Enter JAKUES.

Jaqu. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in. Revenge, I thank thee now.— [*Enter CARLOS.*]—So, sir, you are returned, it seems; you can love, then! You have a heart, I find, though not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love. I'll help your search: if she be here, be sure she's safe. Open that door there. (*Door opens, and discovers two Bravoes with ANGELINA; a handkerchief on her neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*) Now, sir, is this

Car. My Angelina! [the lady?]

Lou. If you approach, she dies.

Ang. Oh, miserable meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms; now scorn my love, my passion, and my fortune. [innocence.]

Car. Oh, cruelty of fate! that could betray such

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool! thus to provoke thy ruin. End her. (*To the Bravoes.*)

Car. Oh, hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learned from you to use my pity. On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refused—

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, anything that life can do to save her.

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclined to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean,) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! if revenge alone can save your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment.

Lou. How he disarms my anger! But must my rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorred ingratitude: be witness, heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause. See at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crushed, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

Lou. He buries my revenge in blushes. Release the lady—go. [*Exeunt Bravoes.*] And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love: love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. (*Joins their hands.*)

Car. My Angelina! do I then live to hold thee thus? But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to heaven, and this our kind preserver.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. (*Raises them.*) But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely, to supply your present wants, or any future means proposed to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never ending peace reward your wondrous bounty! But I have been too busy in my joy; I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you disposed of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe. Who waits there?—[*Enter JAKUES.*]—Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit Jaques.*] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incensed me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter DON LEWIS, JAKUES bowing to him.

Lewis. Pr'ythee, honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! I tell thee it's very well as it is—only my jaws ache a little: but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter. My dear Carlos, I must buss thee, 'faith! Madam, your humble servant. I beg your pardon, d'ye see: you understand me. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are all friends, sir.

Lewis. I hope we are, madam: I am an honest old fellow, 'faith; though now and then I am a little odd, too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle.

Lewis. What, my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! 'faith, I must smell thee. (*Salutes Angelina.*) Od! she's a delicate nosegay! Well, 'faith, I am heartily joyed to see thee, child.

Ang. I thank you, sir; and wish I may deserve your love: our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about—

Lewis. Does not signify three-pence; when fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came. I tell you, I am glad to see you.
Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Madam, here's the lord governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lou. At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unreasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it. Some strangers, here below, upon their offered oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of them affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship, made me refuse their search, till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they. Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concerned. Would you avoid them?

Car. No, we must be found: let them have entrance. We have an honest cause, and would provoke its trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit Jaques.*] My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist them.

Gov. You may command me, madam; though there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they could urge against them, I found in their complaints more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter DON CHARINO, DON ANTONIO, and CLODIO.

Cha. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cha. I demand justice.

Gov. That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ay, that's she, my lord, I am witness.

Car. My father! Sir, your pardon and your blessing.

Ant. Why, truly, Charles, I begin to be a little reconciled to the matter: I wish you well, though I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here, is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction; but, however, heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cha. This is all contrivance—roguery! I am abused! I say, deliver my daughter! she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hanged; therefore, no more delays, sir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know, in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I am quite of another opinion; and so, once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher. [*violence?*]

Gov. Does your daughter, sir, complain of any

Cha. Your lordship knows young girls never complain when the violence is over: he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. (*To Cha. kneeling.*) Sir, you are my father, who bred me, cherished me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep them hitherto within the bounds of honour and of virtue, let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferred, to her mistaken parents' choice, her being your's without a dower, not to bestow my person where those affections ne'er can follow: I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought.

Clo. No! that's very odd.

Ang. But here my heart's subdued, even to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly wooed and won me, and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter

has made an honourable and happy choice: this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cha. My lord, I don't want advice: I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. My lord, here's a stranger without inquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *Ah! mon cher ami.*—[*Enter DON DUART, disguised.*]—Well, what news, my dear? Has she answered my letter?

Duart. There, sir—This to your lordship. (*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*)

Gov. Married to-night! and to this gentleman, sayest thou? I'm amazed.

Duart. Here is her choice, my lord.

Clo. (*Reading the letter.*) Um—um—*charms—irresistible—excuse—so soon—passion—blushes—consent—provision—children—settlement—marriage.* If this is not plain, the devil's in't.—Hold! here's more, 'faith. (*Reads to himself.*)

Gov. 'Tis very sudden—But give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, 'faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Harkye! my dear dad that should have been—this business is all at an end; for, look you, I find your daughter's engaged; and, to tell you the truth, so am I, 'faith. If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me! And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the Lady Elvira's wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

Duart. Thy house! ha, ha! Well said, puppy.

Clo. Ha! old Testy!

Cha. What dost thou mean, man? (*To Clo.*)

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have, myself, an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surprised at it. [*to reconcile us all.*]

Ang. Blessed news! This seems a forward step

Cha. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broken to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turned tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with Carlos's name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold! I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution. [*the way.*]

Clo. Come, ladies, if you please, I will shew you

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This wedding's an odd thing.

Duart. Ha, ha! if it should be a lie, now! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Elvira's Apartment.*

Enter ELVIRA and Servant.

Elv. Are the officers ready? [*ders.*]

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's or-

Elv. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death revenged.

Enter CLODIO, Governor, DON ANTONIO, ANGELINA, CARLOS, DON CHARINO, and DON LEWIS.

Clo. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nicked your man, 'faith—I'm always critical—to a minute: you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here. My lord—

Gov. Give you joy, madam.

Clo. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own, too—this Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, 'faith.

Clo. This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son; this my wife that should have been; this my elder brother; and this my noble uncle, Don Cholerio Snapshorto de Testy.

Lewis. Puppy!

Clo. Peevish.

Lewis. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but, truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman; because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking: those that know him, generally give him the title of Don Dismallo Thickskullo de Halfwitto.

Clo. Well said, nuncle. Ha, ha!

Enter a Servant and DON DUART, as a Priest.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we have no occasion yet.

Gov. You have surprised us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprise you more, my lord.

Gov. Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor fool, she's modest; but I have a cure for that.—Well, my princess, why that demure look, now?

Elv. I was thinking, sir—

Clo. I know what you think of—you don't think at all—you don't know what to think—you neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste: you haven't the right use of one of your senses—in short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nicked it?

Elv. I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me. Within there! Seize him! (*Several Officers rush in, who seize Clodio, and bind him.*)

Duart. Ha!

Gov. What can this mean? [already?]

Clo. Gad me! what, is my deary in her frolics

Elv. And now, my lord, your justice on that mur-

Gov. How, madam! [derer.

Clo. That b—, my fortune!

Lewis. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you don't carry the jest too far; but if there be any real hopes of his having a halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing but a reprieve can save him. (*Aside to Elv.*)

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Cha. Of murder, say you, madam?

Elv. The murder of my brother.

Duart. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. (*Aside.*)

Lewis. So, now I am a little easy; the puppy will be hanged.

Gov. Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

Clo. Ay, I shall be hanged, I believe.

Cha. Nay, then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am convinced that my friend Clody is disposed of; and so, without compliment, do you see, children, heaven bless you together. (*Joins Carlos and Angelina's hands.*) [ought.

Car. This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we

Ant. Well, brother, I thank you, however. Carlos is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor Clody's ill fortune I could never have suspected.

Lewis. Why, you would be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you Dismal would be hanged.—(*Aside.*) I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me.—Clody, how dost thou do? Ha! why you are tied!

Clo. I hate this old fellow, split me! (*Aside.*)

Lewis. Thou hast really made a sad blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot; and instead of that, it is like to be one under the left ear.

Clo. I'd fain him die. (*Aside.*)

Lewis. Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however. Let me see; you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin. Look you; take you no care about the surgeons; you shall not be anatomized: I'll get the body off with a wet finger—(*aside*) though, methinks, I'd fain see the inside of the puppy, too.

Clo. Oh! rot him! I can't bear this. (*Aside.*)

Lewis. Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engaged, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee; nay, I'll rise on purpose—though you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock, neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turned off.

Clo. Oh! curses consume him! (*Aside.*)

Gov. I am convinced, madam, the fact appears too plain.

Lewis. Yes, yes; he'll suffer.

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir!

Clo. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Clo. Why, then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me!

Elv. Now, my lord, your justice.

Duart. Hold, madam! that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue. (*Discovers himself.*)

Elv. My brother! Oh! let my wonder speak my joy. (*Clodio and his friends seem surprised.*)

Gov. Don Duart living and well! How came this strange recovery?

Duart. My body's health the surgeon has restored; but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot distempered blood, which lately rendered me offensive to mankind, his just, resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past; and, by reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy change!

Gov. Release the gentleman. [this a little.

Clo. Here, Testy, pr'ythee, do so much as untie

Lewis. Why, so I will, sirrah! I find thou hast done a mettled thing; and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shocked at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir; and blush to think how much I owe you, for a brother thus restored.

Clo. Madam, your very humble servant; it is mighty well as it is.

Duart. We are, indeed, his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my sake, give him such returns of love as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you; and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

Duart. This modesty commends you, sir.

Ant. Sir, you have proposed like a man of honour; and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my brother well; and as I once offered him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

Lewis. Nay, then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to Carlos, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

Duart. Sister!

Elv. This is no trifle, brother: allow me a convenient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

Lewis. So, now it will be a wedding again, 'faith!

Car. Come, my Angelina,

Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,

And the distressful voyage of our loves

Ends not alone in safety, but reward.

Now we unlade our freight of happiness,

Of which, from thee alone my share's deriv'd;

For all my former search in deep philosophy,

Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:

But love, in one soft moment, taught me more

Than all the volumes of the learn'd could reach;

Gave me the proof, when nature's birth began,

To what great end th' Eternal form'd a man. [*Exeunt.*]

CYMON;

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE, IN THREE ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MERLIN
CYMON
DORUS

LINCO
DAMON
DORILAS

HYMEN
CUPID
KNIGHTS

SHEPHERDS
URGANDA
SYLVIA

FATIMA
DORCAS
SHEPHERDESSES

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Urganda's Palace.*

Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.

Urg. But hear me, Merlin; I beseech you, hear me.

Mer. Hear you! I have heard you; for years have heard your vows, your protestations. Have you not allured my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded for its constancy, what have you done? Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy! an idiot.

Urg. Even this I can bear from Merlin.

Mer. You have injured me, and must bear more.

Urg. I'll repair that injury.

Mer. Then send back your favourite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

Urg. How can you imagine that such a poor, ignorant object as Cymon is, can have any charms for me?

Mer. Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; of this the success of rakes and fools is proof sufficient.

Urg. You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's state of mind, and friendship for his father, have induced me to endeavour at his cure.

Mer. False, prevaricating Urganda! love was your inducement. Have you not stolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while a hundred knights are in search after him? Does not everything about you prove the consequence of your want of honour and faith to me? You were placed on this happy spot, to be the guardian of its peace and innocence; but now, at last, by your example, the once happy lives of the Arcadians are embittered with envy, passion, vanity, selfishness, and inconstancy: and whom are they to curse for this change? Urganda; the lost Urganda.

Urg. I beseech you, Merlin, spare me.

Mer. Yes; I'll converse with you no more, because I will be no more deceived. I cannot hate you, though I shun you; yet, in my misery, I have this consolation, that the pangs of my jealousy are at least equalled by the torments of your fruitless passion.

Still wish and sigh, and wish again;
Love is dethron'd; revenge shall reign!
Still shall my pow'r your vile arts confound,
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[*Exit.*

Urg. "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!" What mystery is couched in these words? What can he mean?

Enter FATIMA, looking after Merlin.

Fat. I'll tell you, madam, when he is out of hearing. He means mischief, and terrible mischief, too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and cutting my tongue out. I wish we were out of his clutches.

Urg. Don't fear, Fatima.

Fat. I can't help it; he has great power, and is mischievously angry.

Urg. Here is your protection. (*Shews her wand.*) My power is at least equal to his. (*Muses.*) "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"

Fat. Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoken in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake. Think a little to clear us from this old mischief-making conjurer. What will you do, madam?

Urg. What can I do, Fatima?

Fat. You might very easily settle matters with him, if you could as easily settle them with yourself.

Urg. Tell me how?

Fat. Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow. (*Urganda shakes her head.*) I thought so; but before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, madam.

Urg. I am in love, Fatima. (*Sighs.*)

Fat. And poor reason may stay at home: me exactly! Ay, ay, we are all alike; but with this difference, madam, your passion is surely a strange one; you have stolen away this young man, who, bating his youth and figure, has not one circumstance to create affection about him. He is half an idiot, madam, which is no great compliment to your wisdom, your beauty, or your power.

Urg. I despise them all; for they can neither relieve my passion, nor awaken his.

Fat. Cymon is incapable of being touched with anything; nothing gives him pleasure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies: he'll make a sad lover, indeed, madam.

Urg. I can wait with patience for the recovery of his understanding; it begins to dawn already.

Fat. Where, pray?

Urg. In his eyes.

Fat. Eyes! Ha, ha, ha; Love has none, madam; the heart only sees, on these occasions. Cymon was born a fool, and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

Urg. Don't make me despair, Fatima.

Fat. Don't lose your time, then; 'tis the business of beauty to make fools, and not cure them. Even I, poor I, could have made twenty fools of wise men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool sensible. Oh! 'tis a sad way of spending one's time.

Urg. Silence, Fatima! my passion is too serious to be jested with.

Fat. Far gone, indeed, madam; and yonder goes the precious object of it.

Urg. He seems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

Fat. He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us. I'll leave you to make the most of him. (*Going.*)

Urg. Stay, Fatima, and help me to divert him.

Fat. A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant! but I'm at your service.

Enter CYMON, melancholy.

Cymon. Heigho! (*Sighs.*)

Fat. What's the matter, young gentleman?

Cymon. Heigho!

Urg. Are you not well, Cymon?

Cymon. Yes, I am very well.

Urg. Why do you sigh, then?

Cymon. Eh! (*Looks foolish.*)

Fat. Do you see it in his eyes now, madam?

Urg. Pr'ythee, be quiet. What is it you want? tell me, Cymon; tell me your wishes, and you shall

Cymon. Shall I?

[have them.]

Urg. Yes, indeed, Cymon.

Fat. Now for it.

Cymon. I wish—heigho!

Urg. These sighs must mean something. (*Aside to Fatima.*)

Fat. I wish you joy, then; find it out, madam. (*Apart.*)

Urg. What do you sigh for? (*To Cymon.*)

Cymon. I want—(*Sighs.*)

Urg. What, what, my sweet creature? (*Eagerly.*)

Cymon. To go away.

Fat. Oh, la! the meaning's out.

Urg. Where would you go?

Cymon. Anywhere.

Urg. Had you rather go anywhere, than stay with me? [anybody.]

Cymon. I had rather go anywhere than stay with

Urg. Will you love me if I let you go?

Cymon. Anything, if you'll let me go; pray, let me go.

Fat. I'm out of all patience! what the deuce would you have, young gentleman? Had you one grain of understanding, or a spark of sensibility in you, you would know and feel yourself to be the happiest of mortals.

Cymon. I had rather go, for all that.

Fat. The picture of the whole sex! Oh! ma-

dam, fondness will never do: a little coquetry is the thing: I bait my hook with nothing else; and I always catch fish. (*Aside to Urg.*)

Urg. I will shew him my power, and captivate his heart through his senses.

Fat. You'll throw away your powder and shot.

INCANTATION.—URGANDA.

Hither, spirits, that aid me, hither!

Whither stays my love? ah! whither?

Alas! this heart must faithful prove,

Though still he flies Urganda's love.

(*Urganda waves her wand, and the scene changes to a magnificent Garden. Cupid and the Loves descend. Ballet by Loves and Zephyrs. During the dance, Cymon stares vacantly, grows inattentive, and at last, falls asleep.*)

Urg. Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his insensibility; and yet, what a beautiful simplicity!

Fat. Turn him out among the sheep, madam, and think of him no more; 'tis all labour in vain, as the song says, I assure you.

Urg. Cymon, Cymon! what, are you dead to these entertainments?

Cymon. Dead! I hope not. (*Starts.*)

Urg. How can you be so unmoved?

Cymon. They tired me so, that I wished them a good night, and went to sleep. But where are they?

Urg. They are gone, Cymon.

Cymon. Then let me go too. (*Gets up.*)

Fat. The old story!

Urg. Whither would you go? Tell me, and I'll go with you, my sweet youth.

Cymon. No, I'll go by myself.

Urg. And so you shall; but where?

Cymon. Into the fields.

Urg. But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

Cymon. Why, how can I tell till I try? you won't let me choose.

AIR.—CYMON.

You gave me, last week, a young linnet,

Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

Oh! how it did flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den;

Then so merry was he,

And because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

Urg. And would you return to me again? [to.]

Cymon. Yes, I would; I've no where else to go

Fat. Let him have his humour; when he is not confined, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please. 'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

Urg. I'll follow your advice. [*Exit Fatima.*] Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

Cymon. And shall I let my linnet out, too?

Urg. And take this, Cymon, wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. (*Gives him a nosegay.*) Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

AIR.—URGANDA.

One adieu before you leave me,

One sigh, although that sigh deceive me;

Oh! let me think you true!

Cruel! thus Urganda flying;

Cruel! this fond heart denying;

One sigh, one last adieu.

Though my ardent vows be slighted,

Though my love be unrequited,

Oh! hide it from my view!

Let me feel not I'm forsaken;

Rather let me die mistaken,

Than breathe one last adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A rural Prospect.**Enter PHOEBE and DAPHNE.*

Phoebe. What, to be left and forsaken! and see the false fellow make the same vows to another, almost before my face! I can't bear it, and I won't. Oh! that I had the power of our enchantress yonder.—I would play the devil with them all.

Daph. And yet, to do justice to Sylvia, who makes all this disturbance among you, she does not in the least encourage the shepherds, and she can't help their falling in love with her.

Phoebe. May be so; nor can I help hating and detesting her, because they do fall in love with her.

Linco. (*Singing without.*) "*Care flies from the lad that is merry.*"

Daph. Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt sorrow. If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, you may get some information from him.

Enter LINCO, singing.

Linco. What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it; I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

AIR.—LINCO.

*Care flies from the lad that is merry,**Whose heart is as sound**And cheeks are as round,**As round and as red as a cherry.**Phoebe.* What, are you always thus?

Linco. Ay, or heaven help me! What, would you have me do as you do? walking with your arms across, thus—heighoing by the brook-side among the willows. Oh! fie for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and sighing after one fellow a-piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, following you like—like—you shall have the simile another time.

Daph. No; pr'ythee, Linco, give it us now.

Linco. You shall have it; or what's better, I'll tell you what you are not like—you are not like our shepherdess Sylvia; she's so cold, and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you; frost and fire, that's all.

Daph. Don't imagine that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is. I am as happy as she is miserable.

Linco. Good lack! I'm sorry for it.*Daph.* What, sorry that I am happy?*Linco.* Oh! no, prodigious glad.*Phoebe.* That I am miserable?

Linco. No, no; prodigious sorry for that, and prodigious glad of the other.

Phoebe. Pr'ythee, be serious a little.

Linco. No; heaven forbid! If I am serious, 'tis all over with me. I must laugh at something; shall I be merry with you?

Daph. The happy shepherdess can bear to be laughed at. [*without a sigh.*]

Linco. Then Sylvia might take your shepherd*Daph.* My shepherd! what does the fool mean?

Phoebe. Her shepherd! Pray, tell us, Linco. (*Eagerly.*)

Linco. 'Tis no secret, I suppose. I only met her Damon and Sylvia together just now, walking to—

Daph. What, my Damon?

Linco. Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia's Damon, if she would put up with him.

Daph. Her Damon! I'll make her to know—a wicked slut! a vile fellow! Come, sister, I'm ready to go with you—we'll be revenged. If our old governor continues to cast a sheep's eye at me, I'll have her turned out of Arcadia, I warrant you; a base, mischievous— [*Exit.*]

Phoebe. This is some comfort, however—ha, ha, ha! in seeing one's sister as miserable as one's self. [*Exit.*]

Linco. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! how the pretty, sweet-tempered creatures are ruffled.

AIR.—LINCO.

*This love puts 'em all in commotion;**For preach what you will,**They cannot be still,**No more than the wind or the ocean.* [*Exit.*]ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A rural Prospect.**SYLVIA discovered lying upon a bank. Enter MERLIN.*

Mer. My art succeeds, which hither has conveyed,

To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.

Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,

And make him warm, and sensible, and kind;
Her yet cold heart, with passion's sighs shall move,
Melt as he melts, and give him love for love.

This magic touch shall to these flowers impart

(Touches a nosegay in her hand.)

A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart. [*Exit.*]

Enter CYMON, with his bird.

Cymon. Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry. (*Bird flies.*) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you; much good may it do you, Bob. What a sweet place this is! Hills and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and sun, and birds! Dear me! 'tis just as if I had never seen it before. (*Whistles about till he sees Sylvia, then stops and sinks his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of astonishment.*) Oh, la! what's here? 'Tis something dropped from the heavens, sure; and yet, 'tis like a woman, too! Bless me! is it alive? (*Sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it. I don't know what's the matter with me. I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes. If it should look gentle, and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it. Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of. It feels oddly to me; and yet I don't dislike it.

AIR.—CYMON.

*All amaze!**Wonder, praise!**Here for ever could I gaze!**A little nearer to—**What is't I do?**Fie, for shame! I am possess'd;**Something creeping in my breast**Will not let me stay or go.**Shall I wake it? No, no, no!*

I am glad I came abroad! I have not been so pleased ever since I can remember. But, perhaps, it may be angry with me. I can't help it, if it is. I had rather see her angry with me than Urganda smile upon me. Stay, stay! (*Sylvia stirs.*) La! what a pretty foot it has! (*Retires. Sylvia raises herself from the bank.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,**Fold me in thy downy arms,**Let not care awake to grieve me,**Lull it with thy potent charms.**I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,**Quitting young the parent's nest,**Find each bird a bird of prey;**Sorrow knows not where to rest.*

(*Sylvia sees Cymon with emotion, while he gazes strongly on her, and retires, pulling off his cap.*)

Syl. Who's that? (*Speaks gently and confused.*)*Cymon.* 'Tis I. (*Bows and hesitates.*)*Syl.* What's your name?*Cymon.* Cymon.*Syl.* What do you want, young man?*Cymon.* Nothing, young woman.*Syl.* What are you doing there?

Cymon. Looking at you there. What eyes it has! (*Aside.*)

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cymon. Not I, indeed! I wish you don't do me some. Art thou a fairy, pray?

Syl. No; I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cymon. I don't know that: you have bewitched me, I believe. I wish you'd speak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What, the enchantress? Do you belong to her?

Cymon. I had rather belong to you; I would not desire to go abroad, if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cymon. So she says. If I were to stay here always, I should not be called the simple Cymon.

Syl. Nor I the hard-hearted Sylvia.

Cymon. Sylvia, Sylvia! what a sweet name! I could sound it for ever!

Syl. I shall never see you again. I wish I had not seen you now.

Cymon. If you did but wish as I do, all the enchantresses in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another. (*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

Syl. We shall be seen, and separated for ever. I must go.

Cymon. When shall I see you again? In half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon. No, no; it must be three quarters of an hour.

Cymon. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. Anywhere, my sweet Cymon!

Cymon. In the grove, by the river there.

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it. (*Gives him the nosegay enchanted by Merlin.*) I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cymon. And here is one for you, too; which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it; take it, my sweet Sylvia! (*Gives her Urganda's nosegay.*)

DUETT.—SYLVIA and CYMON.

Syl. Take this nosegay, gentle youth!

Cymon. And you, sweet maid, take mine:

Syl. Unlike these flowers be thy fair truth;

Cymon. Unlike these flowers be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay,

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair, for a time, their transient charms appear;

But truth, unchang'd, shall bloom for ever here.

[*Each pressing their hearts. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Urganda's Palace.

Enter URGANDA.

Urg. With what anxiety I watch his return! And how mean is that anxiety for an object so insensible! Oh, love! is it not enough to make thy votaries despicable in others' eyes! Must we also despise ourselves?

Enter FATIMA.

Well, Fatima, is he returned?

Fat. He has no feelings but those of hunger; when that pinches him he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

Urg. Indeed, Fatima, his insensibility and ingratitude astonish and distract me. Yet am I only a greater slave to my weakness, and more incapable of relief.

Fat. Why, then, I may as well hold my tongue; but before I would waste all the prime of my womanhood in playing such a losing game, I would—but I see you don't mind me, madam; and, therefore, I'll say no more. I know the consequence, and must submit.

Urg. What can I do in my situation? But see where Cymon approaches! he seems transported. Look, look, Fatima! he is kissing and embracing my nosegay; it has had the desired effect, and I am happy: we'll be invisible, that I may observe his transports. (*Waves her wand, and retires with Fatima.*)

Enter CYMON, hugging a nosegay.

Cymon. Oh! my dear, sweet, charming nosegay! To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, (*kisses it*) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. (*Kisses it.*)

Fat. What does he say? (*Apart.*)

Urg. Hush, hush! all transport, and about me. What a change is this! (*Apart.*)

Cymon. With this I can want for nothing. I possess everything with this. Oh! the dear, dear nosegay! and the dear, dear giver of it!

Urg. The dear, dear giver! Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind! Heigho! (*Apart.*)

Fat. I'm all amazement! in a dream! But is that your nosegay? (*Apart.*)

Urg. Mine! How can you doubt it? (*Apart.*)

Fat. Nay, I'm near-sighted. (*Apart.*)

Cymon. She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by these flowers. Oh! I shall lose my wits with pleasure!

Fat. 'Tis pity to lose them the moment you have found them. (*Apart.*)

Urg. Oh! Fatima, I never was proud of my power till this transporting moment! (*Apart.*)

Cymon. Where shall I put it? Where shall I conceal it from everybody? I'll keep it in my bosom, next my heart, all the day; and at night, I will put it upon my pillow, and talk to it, and sigh to it, and swear to it, and sleep by it, and kiss it for ever and ever.

AIR.—CYMON.

What exquisite pleasure!

This sweet treasure,

From me they shall never

Sever.

In thee, in thee,

My charmer I see;

I'll sigh, and caress thee,

I'll kiss thee, and press thee,

Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever.

(*Urganda and Fatima come forward. Cymon puts the nosegay in his bosom, and looks confused and astonished.*)

Urg. Pray, what is that you would kiss and press to your bosom for ever and ever? (*Smiles.*)

Cymon. Nothing but—but—nothing.

Urg. What were you talking to?

Cymon. Myself, to be sure; I had nothing else to talk to.

Urg. Yes, but you have, Cymon. There is something in your bosom, next your heart.

Cymon. Yes, so there is.

Urg. What is it, Cymon? (*Smiles.*)

Fat. Now his modesty is giving way; we shall have it at last. (*Aside.*)

Cymon. Nothing but a nosegay.

Urg. That which I gave you? Let me see it.

Cymon. What, give a thing, and take it away again?

Urg. I would not take it away for the world.

Cymon. Nor would I give it you for a hundred worlds.

Fat. See it, by all means, madam. I have my reasons. (*Aside to Urganda.*)

Urg. I must see it, Cymon; and, therefore, no delay. I will see it, or shut you up for ever.

Cymon. What a stir is here about nothing! Now are you satisfied? (*Holds the nosegay at a distance. Urganda and Fatima look at one another with surprise.*)

Fat. I was right.

Urg. And I am miserable!

Cymon. Have you seen it enough?

Urg. That is not mine, Cymon.

Cymon. No; 'tis mine.

Urg. Who gave it you?

Cymon. A person.

Urg. What person—male or female?

Cymon. La! how can I tell?

Fat. Finely improved, indeed! a genius! (*Aside.*)

Urg. I must dissemble. (*Aside.*) Lookye! Cymon, I did but sport with you; the nosegay was your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

Cymon. Indeed, but I did not, I only gave it for this; which, as it is so much finer and sweeter, I thought would not vex you.

Urg. Heigho! (*Aside.*)

Fat. Vex her! Oh! not in the least. But you should not have given away her present to a vulgar creature.

Cymon. How dare you talk to me so? I would have you to know she is neither ugly nor vulgar. No, she is—

Fat. Oh! she! your humble servant, young Simplicity! La! how can you tell whether it is male or female? (*Cymon appears confused.*)

Urg. Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon: I give you leave to follow your own inclinations. I'll have him watched; this office be your's, my faithful Fatima. (*Apart to Fatima*) [*Exit Fatima.*

Cymon. Then I am happy, indeed.

Urg. Cymon, I would that you could love with constancy like mine; but this you never can.

Cymon. Oh! yes, I can love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Dorcas's Cottage.

SYLVIA at the door, with Cymon's nosegay in her hand.

Syl. The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel Cymon in my heart and mind. Ever since I have seen him, I wander without knowing where, I speak without knowing to whom, and I look without knowing at what. Now I dread to lose him, and now again I think him mine for ever!

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*Oh! why should we sorrow, who never knew sin?
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from heaven to lighten my care!*
(*Linco is seen listening.*)

Enter LINCO.

Linco. If you were as wicked, shepherdess, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt justice herself, unless she were deaf, as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

Linco. Oh! but I did though; and, notwithstanding I come as the deputy of a deputy governor, to bring you before my principal, for some complaints made against you by a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, though I lose my place for it: there are not many such friends, shepherdess.

Syl. What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they persecute me so?

Linco. You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

Syl. I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies. (*As they are going, Dorcas calls from the cottage.*)

Dor. Where are you going, child? Who is that with you, Sylvia?

Linco. Now shall we be stopped by this good old woman, who will know all, and can scarce hear anything.

Dor. I'll see who you have with you.

Enter DORCAS, from the house.

Lin. 'Tis I, dame; your kinsman Linco. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. Oh! is it you, honest Linco? (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now?

Linco. The governor desires to speak with Sylvia; a friendly inquiry that's all. (*Loud.*)

Dor. For what? for what? Tell me that. I

have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither. He is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdesses. Fine doings, indeed! No such doings when I was young. If he wants to examine anybody, why don't he examine me! I'll give him an answer, for him to be as inquisitive as he pleases.

Linco. But I am your kinsman, dame; and you dare trust me, sure. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. Thou art the best of 'em, that I'll say for thee; but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case. I have gone through great difficulties myself, I can assure you, in better times than these. Why must not I go too?

Linco. We shall return to you again—before you can get there. (*Loud.*)

Syl. You may trust us, mother: my own innocence, and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough

Dor. Eh! what? [*for me.*

Linco. She says you may trust me with her innocence. (*Loud.*)

Dor. Well, well, I will then. Thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child. (*Kisses Sylvia.*) When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woe-ful day for me. Well, well, go thy ways with Linco. I dare trust thee any where. I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest kinsman along with you,

Linco. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

Dor. Before what?

Linco. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

[*Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.*

Dor. Heaven shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature that ever blessed old age! What a comfort she is to me! All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her? I wish I had gone too. I'd have talked to him, and to the purpose. We had no such doings when I was a young woman; they never made such a fuss with me.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*When I were young, though now I'm old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown up so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!*

*When I were fair, though now so so,
No hearts were given to rove;
Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
But all was faith and love.
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two.* [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Magistrate's House.

Enter DORUS and DAPHNE.

Dorus. This way, this way, damsel. Now we are alone, I can hear your grievances; and will redress them, that I will. You have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

Daph. I want words, your honour and worship, to thank you fitly.

Dorus. Smile upon me, damsel; smile and command me. Your hand is whiter than ever, I protest. You must indulge me with a chaste salute. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Daph. La! your honour. (*Courtesies.*)

Dorus. You have charmed me, damsel, and I can deny you nothing. Another chaste salute; 'tis a perfect cordial. (*Kisses her hand.*) Well, what

shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent wicked—(*Kisses her hand.*) I'll send her packing this very day; this hand, this lily hand, has signed her fate. (*Kisses it.*)

Enter LINCO.

Linco. No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

Dorus. You are too bold, Linco. Do your duty, and know your distance. Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

Linco. In the justice-chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

Dorus. Why did not you tell me so?

Linco. I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female causes at one time.

Dorus. You thought! I won't have you think, but obey. Deputies must not think for their superiors.

Linco. Must not they? What will become of our poor country! (*Going.*)

Dorus. No more impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

Linco. In the twinkling of your honour's eye. [*Exit.*]

Daph. I leave my griefs in your worship's hands.

Dorus. You leave 'em in my heart, damsel; they soon shall be changed into pleasures. Wait for me in the next room. Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

Re-enter LINCO, with SYLVIA.

Daph. Here she comes. See how like an innocent she looks—But I'll begone. I trust in your worship. I hate the sight of her; I could tear her eyes out. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. (*Gazes at Sylvia.*) Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem! that—She does not look so mischievous as I expected. (*Aside, and turning from her.*)

Linco. Bear up, sweet shepherdess! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance. (*Apart to Sylvia.*)

Syl. The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak. (*Apart.*)

Dorus. Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

Linco. The good old woman is so deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

Dorus. What, at your thinking again! Young shepherdess, I hear—I hear—hem! Her modesty pleases me. (*Aside.*) What is the reason, I say—hem! that—that I hear—She has very fine features. I protest she disarms my anger. (*Aside, and turning from her.*)

Linco. Now is your time; speak to his reverence. (*Apart to Sylvia.*)

Dorus. Don't whisper the prisoner.

Syl. Prisoner! Am I a prisoner, then?

Dorus. No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel—hem, hem! charged, damsel—I don't know what to say to her. (*Aside.*)

Syl. With what, your honour?

Linco. If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure. (*Aside.*)

Syl. What is my crime?

Linco. A little too handsome, that's all.

Dorus. Hold your peace. Why don't you look up in my face, if you are innocent? (*Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.*) I can't stand it; she has turned my anger, my justice, and my whole scheme, topsy-turvy. (*Aside.*) Reach me a chair, Linco.

Linco. One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. (*Reaches a chair for Dorus.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*From duty if the shepherd stray,
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
And innocence will bleed.* (*Kneels.*)

Dorus. I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin; and they sha'n't hurt thee. This is a melting ditty, indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia. (*Embraces her.*)

Re-enter DAPHNE. *Dorus and she start at seeing each other.*

Daph. Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

Dorus. How now! What presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of

Daph. May I be permitted— [*justice?*]

Dorus. No, you may not be permitted. I'll come to you presently.

Daph. I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. I'm glad she's gone. Linco, you must send her away; I won't see her now.

Linco. And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

Dorus. No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid! What a sin should I have committed to please that envious, jealous-pated shepherdess! Linco, comfort the damsel. Dry your eyes, Sylvia. I will call upon you myself, and examine Dorcas myself, and protect you myself, and do everything myself. I profess she has bewitched me—I am all agitation. (*Aside.*) I'll call upon you to-morrow, perhaps to-night, perhaps in half-an-hour. Take care of her, Linco. She has bewitched me; and I shall lose my wits, if I look on her any longer. Oh! the sweet, lovely, delightful creature! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Linco. Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia. Justice has taken up the sword and scales again, and your rivals shall cry their eyes out. The day's our own, so come along.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Country.

Enter FATIMA.

Fat. Truly, a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon. I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about to find out his haunts: not so foolish neither, for he is so much improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have some female to sharpen his intellects; for love, among many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I must make no noise, for fear of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things in pairing time. (*Looks through the bushes.*)

Enter MERLIN, unperceived.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor of a faithless mistress. I must torment her a little for her good. (*Aside.*)

Fat. There they are; our fool has made no bad choice. Upon my word, a very pretty couple, and will make my poor lady's heart ache.

Mer. I shall twinge your's a little before we part. (*Aside.*)

Fat. Well said, Cymon! upon your knees to her! Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly describe this rival of ours; she is much too handsome to live long; she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the black tower; the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice. (*Takes out a pocket-book.*)

Mer. May be so; but we will prevent the prophecy if we can. (*Aside.*)

Fat. (*Writes.*) "She is of a good height, about my size, a fine shape, delicate features, charming hair, heavenly eyes, not unlike my own; with such a sweet smile!" She must be burnt alive! yes, yes, she must

be burnt alive. (*Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.*) Who's there? bless me! nobody. I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture. (*Writes, and Merlin waves his wand over her head.*) Now let me see what I have written. Bless me, what's here? all the letters are as red as blood—my eyes fail me! sure I am bewitched. (*Reads and trembles.*) "*Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon; Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia: as for Fatima, wild beasts, the black tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.*" (*Drops the book.*) I have not power to stir a step. I knew what would come of affronting that devil, Merlin. (*Merlin becomes visible to her.*)

Mer. True, Fatima, and I am here at your call.

Fat. Oh, most magnanimous Merlin! don't set your wit to a poor, foolish, weak woman.

Mer. Why then will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? but we will be better friends for the future. Mark me, Fatima—(*Holds up his wand.*)

Fat. No conjuration, I beseech your worship, and you shall do anything with me.

Mer. I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

Fat. Will nothing else content your fury?

Mer. Silence, babbler!

Fat. (*Finds great difficulty in speaking at first.*) I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever. Oh! my poor tongue, I thought I never should have wagged thee again. What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb.

Mer. You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia. I will be their protector against all her arts, though she has leagued herself with the demons of revenge; we have no power but what results from our virtue.

Fat. I had rather lose anything than my speech.

Mer. As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind,) I will shew my gratitude, and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accomplishment.

Fat. What, shall I talk more than ever?

Mer. (*Smiles.*) That would be no accomplishment, Fatima: no, I mean that you should talk less. When you return to Urganda, she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

Fat. And may I, without offence to your worship?

Mer. Silence, and mark me well—observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions must be confined to two words, yes and no. I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

Fat. Not very clearly indeed. (*Aside.*)

Mer. Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb for ever.

Fat. Heaven preserve me! what will become of me?

Mer. Remember what I say; as you obey or neglect me, you will be punished or rewarded. Farewell. (*Bows.*) Remember me, Fatima. [*Exit.*]

Fat. What a polite devil it is; and what a woe!ful plight am I in! this confining my tongue to two words is much worse than being quite dumb; I had rather be stunted in anything than in my speech. Heigho! there never sure was a tax upon the tongue before. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter CYMON.

Cymon. Shall I rejoice or grieve at the change my heart feels? thou hast given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and till they forsake me, I must be Sylvia's. Are the new pains, or the strange delights that agitate me, the greater? Oh! love, it is thy work.

Enter SYLVIA.

She is here; but pensive! Oh! my Sylvia, why this

drooping mien? Has not Merlin discovered all that was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his protection? What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely blessed?

Syl. Thy wishes are fulfilled then; take my hand, and with it a heart which, till you had touched, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love.

Cymon. Transporting maid! (*Kisses her hand.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd;
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?*

*The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet
May;*

*Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove,
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?*

Cymon. Thus then I seize my treasure, will protect it with my life, and will never resign it but to heaven, who gave it to me. (*Embraces her.*)

Enter DAMON and DORILAS on one side, and DORUS and his followers on the other, who start at seeing CYMON and SYLVIA.

Damon. Here they are!

Syl. Ha! bless me! (*Starts.*)

Dorus. Fine doings, indeed! (*Cymon and Sylvia stand amazed and ashamed.*)

Doril. Your humble servant, modest madam Sylvia! [*tutor!*]

Damon. You are much improved by your new

Dorus. But I'll send her and her tutor where they shall learn better. I am confounded at their assurance! Why don't you speak, culprits?

Cymon. We may be ashamed without guilt; ashamed for those who have watched and surprised us. [*dent varlet?*]

Dorus. Did you ever hear or see such an impu-

Damon. Shall we seize them, your worship, and drag 'em to Urganda?

Dorus. Let me first speak with that damsel. (*As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.*)

Cymon. That damsel is not to be spoken with.

Dorus. Here's impudence in perfection! Do you know who I am, stripling?

Cymon. I know you to be one stationed by the laws to cherish innocence; but having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither observe the one, nor protect the other.

Dorus. I am astonished! What, are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of?

Cymon. As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

Dorus. Seize them both this instant.

Cymon. That is sooner said than done, governor. (*As they approach on both sides to separate them, he snatches a staff from one of the Shepherds, and beats them back.*)

Dorus. Fall on him, but don't kill him; for I must make an example of him.

Cymon. In this cause I am myself an army; see how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

AIR.—CYMON.

Come on, come on,

A thousand to one;

I dare you to come on.

Though unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong,

Has given me a charm,

Will not suffer me to fall;

Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,

*To guard my precious all. (*Looks at Sylvia.*)*

Come on, come on, &c.

(*Cymon drives off the party of Shepherds on one side. Dorus and his party surround Sylvia.*)

Dorus. Away with her, away with her!

Syl. Protect me, Merlin! Cymon! Cymon! where art thou, Cymon?

Dorus. Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting to mind his mistress; away with her to Urganda, away with her. *(They hurry her off.)*

Enter Shepherds, running across, disordered and beaten by Cymon.

Damon. 'Tis the devil of a fellow! how he has laid about him! *[Looking back. Exit.]*

Doril. There is no way but this to avoid him. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter CYMON, in confusion and out of breath.

Cymon. I have conquered, my Sylvia! Where art thou? my life, my love, my valour, my all? What, gone? torn from me? then I am conquered, indeed! *(He runs off, and returns several times during the symphony of the following song.)*

AIR.—CYMON.

Torn from me, torn from me: which way did they take her?

*To death they shall bear me,
To pieces shall tear me,
Before I'll forsake her!*

*Though fast bound in a spell,
By Urganda and hell,
I'll burst through their charms,
Seize my fair in my arms;
Then my valour shall prove,
No magic like virtue, like virtue and love!*

SCENE III.—A Palace.

Enter URGANDA and FATIMA.

Urg. Yes! No! Forbear this mockery. What can it mean? I will not bear this trifling with my passion! Why don't you speak? *(Fatima shakes her head.)* Won't you speak!

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Go on then.

Fat. No.

Urg. Will you say nothing but no?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Distracting, treacherous Fatima! Have you seen my rival?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Thanks, dear Fatima! Well, now go on.

Fat. No.

Urg. This is not to be borne. Was Cymon with *[her?*

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are they in love with each other?

Fat. Yes. *(Sighs.)*

Urg. Where did you see my rival? *(Fatima shakes her head.)* Are you afraid of anybody?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are you not afraid of me too?

Fat. No.

Urg. Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me *[that.]*

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Very handsome?

Fat. Yes, yes.

Urg. How handsome? handsomer than I, or you?

Fat. Yes—No—*(Hesitating.)*

Urg. I shall go distracted! Leave me.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. She has a spell upon her, or she could not do thus. Merlin's power has prevailed—he has enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally disappointed. This is the completion of my misery! Bravura, Urganda! Despair and shame confound me.

Enter DORUS.

Dorus. May I presume to intrude upon my sovereign's contemplations?

Urg. Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt share it.

Dorus. I am gone; and Sylvia shall go too. *(Going.)*

Urg. Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is she? Speak, speak; and give me life or death.

Dorus. She is without, and attends your mighty will.

Urg. Then I am a queen again! Forgive me, Dorus, I knew not what I said; but now I am raised again! Sylvia is safe?

Dorus. Yes, and I am safe too; which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

Urg. And Cymon—has he escaped?

Dorus. Yes, he has escaped from us; and, what is better, we have escaped from him.

Urg. Where is he?

Dorus. Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

Urg. Well, no matter; I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury. Let 'em prepare my victim instantly for death.

Dorus. For death! Is not that going too far?

Urg. Nothing is too far; she makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but hers can appease me. *(Dorus going.)* Stay, Dorus—I have a richer revenge: she shall be shut up in the black tower till her beauties are destroyed, and then I will present her to this ungrateful Cymon. Let her be brought before me, and I will feast my eyes, and ease my heart, with this devoted Sylvia. No reply; but obey.

Dorus. It is done. This is going too far. *(Aside.)*
[Exit, shrugging up his shoulders.]

Re-enter DORUS, with SYLVIA.

Urg. Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dared to be the rival of Urganda?

Syl. I am the happy maid who possess the affections of Cymon.

Urg. Thou vain rash creature! I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy. *(Waves her wand, and the Scene changes to the Black Rocks.)*

Syl. I am still unmoved. *(Smiles.)*

Urg. Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment will be closed in a tower, where thou shalt never see Cymon, or any human being more.

Syl. While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about me, to scorn your power, or, what is more, your cruelty. *(Music. Urganda waves her wand, and the Black Tower appears.)*

Urg. Open the gates, and enclose her insolence for ever.

Furies enter, who seize Sylvia, and put her in the Tower.

Now let Merlin release you if he can. *(It thunders; the Tower sinks, and Merlin appears in the place where the Tower sunk. All shriek, and run off, except Urganda, who is struck with terror.)*

Mer. "Still shall my power your arts confound, And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound."

(Urganda waves her wand.)

Wretched Urganda! your power is gone.

Urg. In vain I wave this wand, I feel my power is gone. Thus I destroy the small remains of my sovereignty.

Forgive my errors, and forget my name;

Oh! drive me hence with penitence and shame;

From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly,

Beholding them, my shame can never die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A splendid Amphitheatre.

A grand entrée of the Knights of different Orders of Chivalry.

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadia still shall be,

Ever happy, while virtuous and free.

[Exeunt.]

BON TON;

OR, HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LORD MINIKIN
SIR JOHN TROTLEY
COLONEL TIVY

JESSAMY
DAVY
MIGNON

LADY MINIKIN
MISS TITTUP
GYMP

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter LADY MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP.

Lady M. It is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and you know, matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

Miss T. But pray, have you made any new discoveries of my lord's gallantry?

Lady M. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney-coach, with a minx in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn your's, Tittup, for I shall never bear to see one of that colour again.

Miss T. Sure she does not suspect me. (*Aside.*) And where was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Lady M. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his [carriage.

Miss T. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the Colonel's carriage?

Lady M. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's lover! (*Takes her by the hand.*) Oh, fie, Tittup!

Miss T. Pooh, pooh! love and friendship are very fine names, to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintances: we know their names, indeed; talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors; but we never let 'em in, you know.

Lady M. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss T. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education. We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if after I were married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady M. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. But, is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband should create such indifference? for certainly, in every other eye, his lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady M. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turned: if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss T. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady M. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues. Poor girl! go on!

Miss T. He is a very handsome man.

Lady M. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss T. He has wit.

Lady M. He is a lord, and a little goes a great [way.

Miss T. He has great good nature.

Lady M. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss T. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady M. Was a great one—but he games, and, if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hanged; and so, exit my Lord Minikin. And now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin Sir John Trotley, Baronet, enter; where is he, pray?

Miss T. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets and newspapers against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady M. I am a great favourite; but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous idea of things. Is it not pleasant to hear him abuse everybody, and everything, and yet always finishing with a "You'll excuse me, cousin!" Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? One of the knots of his tie hanging down his left shoulder, and his fringed cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust through his gold button-hole, which looked exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar:—"Niece Tittup," cries he, drawing himself up, "I protest against this manner of conducting yourself both at home and abroad."—"What are your objections, Sir John?" answered I, a little pertly.—"Various and manifold," replied he; "I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round the vortex of pantheons, operas, festinos, coteries, masquerades, and all the devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after. You'll excuse me, cousin!" and so he left me.

Lady M. Oh, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs. Pewitt.

Lady M. Poor Pewitt! If she can but be seen at public places, with a woman of quality; she's the happiest of plebeians. (*Reads the card.*) "*Mrs. Pewitt's respects to Lady Minikin, and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Filligree's ball this evening. Lady Daisey sees masks.*" We'll certainly attend her. *Gymp.* put some message-cards upon my toilet, I'll send her an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to-day, again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady Pettitoes, and if she should unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprained ancle.

[*Exit Gymp.*]

Miss T. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained ancle.

Lady M. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it; and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home. I am horribly low spirited to-day. Do send your Colonel to play at chess with me: since he belonged to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like everything that loves my Titty.

Miss T. I know you do, my dear lady.

Lady M. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her. (*Aside.*) Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken. My lord shall know every tittle that has passed. What a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine, spirited, gallant soldier my Colonel is! My Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; my lord likes me, and I like my lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect. What a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months! We went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family; but half-a-year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripened our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter COLONEL TIVY.

Col. T. May I hope, madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss T. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections?

Col. T. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss T. Oh fie, Colonel!

[*say.*]

Col. T. By my honour, madam, I mean what I

Miss T. By your honour, Colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? Don't I know that you fine gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table? and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with.

Col. T. How can you, miss, treat me so cruelly? Have I not absolutely foresworn dice, mistress, everything, since I dared to offer myself to you?

Miss T. Yes, Colonel: and when I dare to receive you, you may return to everything again, and not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. T. Give me but your consent, madam, and your life to come—

Miss T. Do you get my consent, Colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. T. How shall I get your consent?

Miss T. By getting me in the humour.

Col. T. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss T. Oh! there are several ways; I am very good-natured.

Col. T. Are you in the humour now?

Miss T. Try me.

Col. T. How shall I?

Miss T. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military? How shall I?—I'll tell you how: when you have a subtle, treacherous, polite enemy to deal with, never stand shilly-shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword; march, beat drum,—dub, dub, a-dub—present, fire, puff puff,—'tis done! they fly, they yield—Victoria! Victoria! (*Running off.*)

Col. T. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel! (*Bringing her back.*)

Miss T. No, no, no; I have no time to be killed now: besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and my lord is low-spirited, and wants me at picquet; my uncle is in an ill-humour, and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. T. And will you, miss?

Miss T. Will I!—no, I never do as I am bid: but you ought; so go to my lady.

Col. T. Nay, but, miss—

Miss T. Nay, but, Colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you should be broke, and then my maid won't accept of you; so march, Colonel!—lookye, sir! I will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. What a mad devil it is! Now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I should be d—ly vexed at this! But she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can. Tol, lol, lol, &c. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY.

Sir J. Hold your tongue, Davy; you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I would live here for ever.

Sir J. More shame for you. Live here for ever! What, among thieves and pickpockets? What a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation! what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I should not have known the place again, nor the

people. All the signs, that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down; not a bob or a tie-wig to be seen; all the degrees, from the Parade in St. James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow; Mr. Wisp will do it for me; your honour and I look like Philistines among them.

Sir J. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovations; all confusion, and no distinction! The streets now are as smooth as a turn-pike-road! no ratling and exercise in the hackney-coaches; those who ride in them are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachman must pull to wake them when they are to be set down: what luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour; 'feckins, I like it hugely.

Sir J. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is everything to delight my eye, and cherish my heart?

Sir J. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and squeezing; such a power of fine sights: fine shops full of fine things; and then such fine illuminations all of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless: they talk of country girls; these here look more healthy and rosy by half.

Sir J. Sirrah! they are prostitutes: and are civil to delude and destroy you.

Davy. Bless us, bless us! How does your honour know all this? Were they as bad in your time?

Sir J. Not by half, Davy: in my time, there was a sort of decency in the worst of women; but the harlots now watch like tigers for their prey; and drag you to their dens of infamy.—See, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth. (*Shews his neckcloth.*)

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would not have hurt you.

Sir J. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope; for I have not had half my bellyful yet.

Sir J. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate; you sha'n't go out again to night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can look over my things, and see they don't cheat you.

Davy. Your honour then won't keep your word with me?

Sir J. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take sixpen'oth at one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow. [*piece, Davy?*]

Sir J. Well, well, so I did. Is it a moral

Davy. Oh! yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called the "Rival Cannanites; or the Tragedy of Braggadocia."

Sir J. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my word; there's money for you. (*Gives him money.*) But come straight home, for I shall want to go to bed.

Davy. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir J. This fellow would turn rake and macaroni if he were to stay here a week longer. Bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step! My niece, Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and be-devilled, that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what can be expected from the young women of these times, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals! They lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gaming, and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are

all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattle-snake tippets. *O tempora, O mores!* [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Lord Minikin's Dressing-room.*

LORD MINIKIN discovered in his dressing-gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.

Lord M. Pr'ythee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortured all day under thy infernal fingers? Give me my clothes.

Mignon. Ven you lose your money, my lor, you no goot humour; the devil may dress your cheveu for me! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. That fellow's an impudent rascal; but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Oh, my head!—a chair, Jessamy! I must absolutely change my wine-merchant; I can't taste his champagne without disordering myself for a week. Heigho!

Enter MISS TITTUP.

Miss T. What makes you sigh, my lord?

Lord M. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss T. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you. By your looks, my lord, I am afraid Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord M. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, and I am vapoured like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss T. Like something very fine, to be sure: but pray keep your simile for the next time; and harkye! a little prudence will not be amiss; Mr. Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse. (*Half aside.*)

Jes. Oh! pray don't mind me, madam.

Lord M. Gadso! Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jes. I shall, my lord. Miss thinks that everybody is blind in the house but herself.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Miss T. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town-talk.

Lord M. And so I will, my dear; and therefore, to prevent surprise, I'll lock the door.

Miss T. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord M. Prudence, child, prudence; I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss T. You are not in possession yet, my lord. I cannot stay two minutes; I only came to tell you that Lady Minikin saw us yesterday, in the hackney-coach: she did not know me, I believe; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord M. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me?

Miss T. No, no, make yourself easy; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord M. You have given me spirits again.

Miss T. Her pride is alarmed, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord M. Her pride, then, has been alarmed ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss T. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise; should she ever be convinced that we have a *tendre* for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord M. We should be envied, and she would be laughed at, my sweet cousin.

Miss T. Nay, I would have her mortified too; for though I love her ladyship sincerely, I cannot say but I love a little mischief as sincerely; but, then, if my uncle Trotley should know of our affairs, he is so old-fashioned, prudish, and out-of-the-way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord M. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain; I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again. He has a fine fortune to leave behind him.

Miss T. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physician, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord M. What can we do with the barbarian?

Miss T. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him; I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him, and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes turned in, have given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord M. Then you must affront him, or you'll never get the better of him.

Sir J. (*Knocking without.*) My lord, my lord, are you busy? [uncle!]

Miss T. Heavens! 'tis that detestable brute, my

Lord M. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss T. What shall we do, my lord?

Sir J. Nay, my lord, my lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you.

Lord M. Oh! Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers, and open the door.

Miss T. Stay, stay, my lord; I would not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman: put me up the chimney; any where.

Lord M. (*Aloud.*) I'm coming, Sir John! Here, here! get behind my great chair; he sha'n't see you, and you may see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him. (*Puts her behind the chair, and opens the door.*)

Enter SIR JOHN.—(*During this scene Lord Minkin turns the chair, as Sir John moves, to conceal Miss T.*)

Sir J. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have broken in upon you: I heard you talking pretty loud. What have you nobody with you? what were you about, cousin? (*Looking about.*)

Lord M. A particular affair, Sir John: I always lock myself up to study my speeches, and speak them aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir J. (*Sits down.*) Ay, ay, 'tis the best way. I am sorry I disturbed you; you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord M. I am rather obliged to you, Sir John; intense application to these things ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir J. May be so: I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. Excuse me, Sir John: I love your frankness. But why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir J. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way: and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, everything and everybody are in masquerade: your men and manners, too, are as much frittered and fricasied, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord. But to the point; I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Lord M. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can shew her. (*Lord M. and Miss T. make signs at each other.*)

Sir J. She must deserve it, though, before she shall have it; and I would have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Lord M. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir J. And therefore ought to be concealed; 'tis their interest to conceal them; when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be a scarcity of husbands; and then taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord M. Well said, Sir John. Ha, ha!—your niece shall wear a horseman's coat and jack-boots to please you. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. You may sneer, my lord; but for all that, I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen them too, and wish from my heart that she is not much the worse for the journey—you'll excuse me.

Lord M. But why in a passion, Sir John? Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the road?

Sir J. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it yourself. This comes of your travelling; all the town know how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me,—that my niece suffers by the bargain; prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord M. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button-hole; but I don't choose to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir J. I wish that he who first changed long neckcloths for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I would give him. (*Rises.*)

Lord M. Pr'ythee, baronet, don't be so horridly out-of-the-way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte*, at the same time that we imported our neighbour's rouge and their morals.

Sir J. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surprised, my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband: your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord M. Will you have her, Sir John? she is much at your service.

Sir J. Profligate! What did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord M. Convenience. Marriage is not, now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who marry for love, and such old-fashioned stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir J. I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley, Baronet. (*Whistles and walks about.*) Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have provided for her?

Lord M. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir J. May be so, and yet make a d—d bad husband for all that. You'll excuse me! What estate has he, pray?

Lord M. He's a colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir J. Here's morals! a happy man when his brother has broken his neck! A happy man! Mercy on me!

Lord M. Why, he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John—

Sir J. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; I sha'n't hinder her. I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for them, not I; I can't live among you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice; I will neither rob nor be robbed; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broken his neck—you'll excuse me! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. Indeed, my lord, you have undone me;

not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive! But no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll e'en make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him for the future, as if he were a poor relation.

Lord M. (Kneeling and kissing her hand.) I must kneel and adore you for your spirit, my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter SIR JOHN.

Sir J. (Starts.) One thing I had forgot—

Miss T. Ha! he's here again!

Sir J. Why, what the devil!—Heigho! my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation. Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my lord; and your arguments have prevailed, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord!

Lord M. (Smiling and mocking him.) You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir J. Oh! yes, my lord; but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time. Miss Lucretia, how do you, child? You are to be married soon: I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss T. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thanking—and—and—wishing me joy—in his foolish manner. (*Hesitating.*)

Sir J. Is that all! But how came you here, child? Did you fly down from the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss T. How can you talk so, Sir John? You really confound me with your suspicions; and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I sha'n't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run. You'll excuse me, uncle!

[*Exit, running.*]

Sir J. A fine hopeful young lady that, my lord.

Lord M. She's well bred, and has wit.

Sir J. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my lord, you'll excuse me, that your marrying your lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her—

Lord M. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world; and I never contend with ignorance and passion. Live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the meantime, command my house. I must away immediately to Lady Filligree's; and I am sorry you won't make one with us. Here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my uncle want for anything. You'll excuse me, Sir John. Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Sir J. The world's at an end! Here's fine work! here are precious doings! This lord is a pillar of the state, too! no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters. Heigho! And then, my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is blessed with! Let me consider—should I tell the good woman of these pranks, I may only make more mischief, and, mayhap, go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous. Poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing, to keep up her spirits; and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a plague to her!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Lady Minikin's Apartment.*

LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY discovered.

Lady M. Don't urge it, Colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening; though I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among the servants; and, perhaps, from the mistake, break off your match with Tittup.

Col. T. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, madam: therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me. You must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier, as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady M. But it has not capitulated, and, perhaps, never will; however, Colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think. Keep your eyes upon me at the ball; I think I may expect that; and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing. I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast as you can: Gyp will let us in the back way—No, no! my heart misgives me!

Col. T. Then I am miserable!

Lady M. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, Colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit: meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet. (*Throws down her glove.*)

Col. T. (Seizing her.) Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and, if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward. (*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*)

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY.

Sir J. May I presume, cousin—

Lady M. Ha! (*Squalls.*)

Sir J. Mercy upon us! what are we at now?

Lady M. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room without first knocking at the door? You have frightened me out of my wits.

Sir J. I am sure you have frightened me out of mine.

Col. T. Such rudeness deserves death.

Sir J. Death, indeed! for I never shall recover myself again. All pigs of the same sty! all studying for the good of the nation! (*Aside.*)

Lady M. We must soothe him, and not provoke him. (*Apart to the Colonel.*)

Col. T. I would cut his throat, if you'd permit me. (*Apart to Lady M.*)

Sir J. The devil has got his hoof in the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me, too. (*Going.*)

Lady M. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir J. No mistake, my lady; I am thoroughly convinced. Mercy on me!

Lady M. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident. You must know, that the moment you was at the door, I had promised the Colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup; this threw him into such a rapture, that upon my promising my interest with you, and wishing him joy, he fell upon his knees, and—and—(*laughing*)—ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir J. Ay, ay; fell upon your knees, and—and—ha, ha! A very good joke, 'faith! and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my lord is wishing joy; and I wish him joy, and you, with all my heart.

Lady M. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and though my resentment is curbed by my regard, my tears cannot

be restrained; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. *[Exit.]*

Col. T. I reverence you, sir, as a relation to that lady; but, as her slanderer, I detest you. Her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied: you know what I mean; take your choice—time, place, sword, or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please. I am a soldier, Sir John. *[Exit.]*

Sir J. Very fine, truly! and so, between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut: they are guilty of all sorts of iniquity, and when they are discovered, no humility, no repentance! The ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords. That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and JESSAMY.

Sir J. There is no bearing this! what a land are we in! Upon my word, Mr. Jessamy, you should look well to the house; there are certainly rogues about it: for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a Touch at the Times, and they had a pluck at my watch; but I heard of their tricks, and had it sewed to my pocket.

Jes. Don't be alarmed, Sir John, 'tis a very common thing; and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be picked up by privateers of all kinds. Ha, ha!

Sir J. Not be alarmed when I am robbed! Why, they might have cut my throat. I sha'n't sleep a wink all night; so, pray, lend me some weapon of defence; for I am sure, if they attack me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jes. I'll lend you my duelling-pistols, Sir John. Be assured there's no danger; there's robbing and murder cried every night under my window; but it no more disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch at my bed's head.

Sir J. Well, well; be that as it will, I must be upon guard. What a dreadful place this is! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob; no wonder that murder ensues. Sad, sad, sad! Well, let me but get over to-night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to-morrow. How long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home?

Jes. 'Tis impossible to say the time, sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company, and the nature of the entertainment; for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir J. Why, what the devil, do you make one at these masqueradings?

Jes. I seldom miss, sir; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do: I was always reckoned an incomparable mask.

Sir J. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure. *(Aside.)*

Jes. An odd, ridiculous accident happened to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drunk a little too freely of the champagne, I believe—

Sir J. You'll be hanged, I believe. *(Aside.)*

Jes. Wit flew about—in short, I was in spirits: at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing; and who do you think I danced a minuet with? He, he, he! Pray, guess, Sir John.

Sir J. Danced a minuet with! *(Aside.)*

Jes. My own lady, that's all. The eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well, and I believe I am pretty tolerable: after the

dance I was running into a little coquetry and small talk with her.

Sir J. With your lady? Chaos is come again! *(Aside.)*

Jes. With my lady. But, upon my turning my hand thus, *(conceitedly)* egad! she caught me; whispered me who I was. I would fain have laughed her out of it, but it would not do: "No, no, Jessamy," says she, "I am not to be deceived: pray, wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go barefaced, as shew that hand and diamond ring."

Sir J. What a sink of iniquity! Prostitution on all sides, from the lord to the pickpocket. *(Aside.)* Pray, Mr. Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh! Mr. Jessamy?

Jes. A little whist or so: but I am tied up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir J. I wish you were tied up somewhere else. *(Aside.)* I shall go to my room: and let my lord and lady, and my niece Tittup know, that I beg they will excuse ceremony; that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jes. I shall certainly obey your commands. What poor ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are! *(Aside, and exit.)*

Sir J. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever. Oh! I wish it were morning! This comes of visiting my relations! *[Enter DAVY, drunk.]* So, you wicked wretch, you! where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour. London for ever.

Sir J. And did I not order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself and tie your hair up like a monkey?

Davy. And, therefore, I did it: no pleasing the ladies without this. My lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashioned codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir J. Here's an imp of the devil! He is undone, and will poison the whole country. Sirrah, get everything ready; I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir? I want to go to bed myself, sir. *[sirrah!]*

Sir J. Why, how now! you are drunk, too,

Davy. I am a little, your honour; because I have been drinking.

Sir J. That is not all: but you have been in bad company, sirrah!

Davy. Indeed, your honour's mistaken; I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir J. The fellow does not understand me. Where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking, to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking, too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body; it makes one so good-natured.

Sir J. There is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish. *[ship.]*

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your wor-

Sir J. Get away, you beast, you! and sleep off the debanchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better: give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant; if not, provide yourself with another. *(Struts about.)*

Sir J. Here's a reprobate! This is the completion of my misery! But, harkye, villain! go to bed, and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal, you! *[Exit.]*

Davy. That for you, old codger! *(Snapping his*

fingers.) I know the law better than to be frightened with moonshine. I wish that I were to live here all my days. This is life, indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy: they are as happy as their master; they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a-wenching with as much ease and tranquillity, as if they were going to a sermon. Oh! 'tis a fine life! [*Exit, reeling.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Lord Minikin's house.*

Enter LORD MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP, in masquerade dresses, lighted by JESSAMY.

Lord M. Set down the candles, Jessamy; and should your lady come home, let me know. Be sure you are not out of the way.

Jes. I have lived too long with your lordship to need the caution. Who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. (*Pulling off her mask.*) Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and will certainly be observed. I am most inconceivably frightened, I can assure you. My uncle Trotley has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch. Pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings till he goes into the country. I find that my English heart, though it has ventured so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedoms of warmer climes. (*Lord M. takes her by the hand.*) If you will not desist, my lord, we are separated for ever. The sight of the precipice turns my head; I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can. Pray, be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord M. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation. Let the weak, bashful, coyish winner be intimidated with these faint alarms; but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and, like the eagle in the midst of storms, thus pounce upon his prey. (*Takes hold of her.*)

Miss T. Dear Mr. Eagle, be merciful; pray, let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

Lord M. If I do, my dove, may I be cursed to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Jes. (*Without, knocking.*) My lord, my lord!

Miss T. (*Screams.*) Ah!

Lord M. Who's there?

Jes. (*Peeping.*) 'Tis I, my lord; may I come in?

Lord M. D—n the fellow! What's the matter?

Jes. Nay, not much, my lord; only my lady's come home.

Miss T. Then I'm undone! What shall I do? I'll run into my own room.

Lord M. Then she may meet you.

Jes. There's a dark deep closet, my lord. Miss may hide herself there.

Miss T. For heaven's sake! put me into it; and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord. What an escape have I had! (*Goes into the closet.*)

Lord M. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out. Lock the door on the inside. Come softly to my room, Jessamy.

Jes. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never be liberal to me again. [*Exeunt, on tiptoe.*]

Enter GYMP, lighting in LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY, in masquerade dresses.

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the Colonel; I know you mean nothing but innocence; but I'm sure there will be bloodshed, for my lord is certainly in the house. I'll take my affidavit that I heard—

Col. T. It can't be, I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade: I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady M. He's too busy, and too well employed

to think of home. But don't tremble so, *Gymp.* There is no harm, I assure you. The Colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure, it is proper that you talk together. I know you mean nothing but innocence; but, indeed, there will be bloodshed.

Col. T. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that. I know you mean nothing but innocence; but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his own room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady M. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancied this. Can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lud! my lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady M. This frightened fool has made me as ridiculous as herself. Hark! Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs. Now I am in the field I find I am a coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be bloodshed.

Col. T. I'll slip down with *Gymp* this back way, then. (*Going.*)

Gymp. Oh, dear! my lady, there is something coming up them, too.

Col. T. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady M. Run into the closet.

Col. T. (*Runs to the closet.*) There's no retreat; the door is locked.

Lady M. Behind the chimney-board, *Gymp.*

Col. T. I shall certainly be taken prisoner. (*Gets behind the chimney-board.*) You'll let me know when the enemy's decamped.

Lady M. Leave that to me. Do you, *Gymp*, go down the back-stairs, and leave me to face my lord; I think I can match him at hypocrisy. (*Sits down.*)

Enter LORD MINIKIN.

Lord M. What, is your ladyship so soon returned from Lady Fillagree's?

Lady M. I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertained in a tête-à-tête with a lady in crimson: such sights, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord M. (*Seated.*) You find, at least, that the lady, whoever she was, could not engage me to stay, when I found your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady M. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity; and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself. (*Pretends to weep.*)

Lord M. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady M. I think, my lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness and your brutality will only expose us to the servants. Where is Tittup, pray?

Lord M. I left her with the Colonel; a masquerade to young folks upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives. (*Takes hold of her hand.*)

Lady M. False man! I had as lieve a toad touched me. (*Aside.*)

Lord M. She gives me the frisoone. I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her. (*Aside.*) I am aguish to-night. He, he! Do, my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family tête-à-tête, by way of novelty. (*Rings.*)

Enter JESSAMY.

Let them take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady M. What shall I do? (*Aside, and greatly*

alarmed.) Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion; I am going to my own chamber, and my lord won't stay here by himself. *[Exit Jes.]*

Lord M. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto. A good escape, faith! *(Aside.)*

Lady M. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin to agree to anything that would afford him so little pleasure. I shall retire to my own apartment.

Lord M. Well, if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, though possessed of the greatest treasure. *(Bows.)* I wish your ladyship a good night. *(He takes one candle, and Lady Minikin the other.)* May I presume—*(Salutes her.)*

Lady M. Your lordship is too obliging. Nasty man! *(Aside.)*

Lord M. Disagreeable woman! *(Aside.)*

[They wipe their lips, and exeunt.]

Miss T. *(Peeping out of the closet.)* All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here, I cannot guess: I long to be relieved; I wish my lord were come—but I hear a noise. *(Shuts the door.)*

Col. T. *(Peeping over the chimney-board.)* I wonder my lady does not come. I would not have Miss Tittup know of this; 'twould be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss T. *(Comes forward.)* What would my Colonel say, to find his bride that is to be, in this critical situation?

Enter LORD MINIKIN, in the dark.

Lord M. Now to release my prisoner. *(Comes forward.)*

Enter LADY MINIKIN.

Lady M. My poor Colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieged in garrison: I must release him. *(Going towards the chimney.)*

Lord M. Hist, hist!

Miss T. }

Lord M. } Here, here!

Col. T. }

Lord M. This way.

Lady M. Softly. *(Lord M. lays hold of Lady M. and the Colonel of Miss T.)*

Sir J. *(Without.)* Lights this way, I say; get a blunderbuss.

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY, in his night-cap, and sword drawn, with JESSAMY.

Jes. Indeed, you dreamt it, there is nobody but the family. *(All stand and stare.)*

Sir J. Give me the candle, I'll ferret them out, I warrant. Bring a blunderbuss, I say: they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half-hour; there must be mischief. I have watched them into this room. Ho, ho! are you there? If you stir, you are dead men; *(they retire)* and *(seeing the Ladies)* women, too! Egad—eh! What's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatched in this righteous town! you'll excuse me, cousins.

Lord M. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir J. Well, but, harkye! my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners? Here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mightily glad that I

have brought you a candle to set all to rights again: you'll excuse me gentlemen and ladies.

Enter GYMP, with a light.

Gymp. What in the name of mercy is the matter?

Sir J. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs. Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord M. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? May not Lady Minikin and I, and the Colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir J. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded; I'll settle this matter in a moment. As for you, Colonel, though you have not deserved plain dealing from me, I will now be serious: you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me: 'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me, if she marry you; and if I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. T. Plain dealing is a jewel; and to shew you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence; and I am, ladies, your most obedient, humble servant. I shall see you, my lord, at the club to-morrow? *[Exit.]*

Lord M. *Sans doute, mon cher Colonel!* I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir J. Mylord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord M. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir J. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told what you have always turned a deaf ear to—that the dissipation of your fortune and morals must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance; as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord M. The bumpkin is no fool, and is d—d satirical. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. You are silent, ladies. If repentance has subdued your tongues, I shall have hopes of you. A little country air might, perhaps, do as well: as you are distressed, I am at your service. What say you, my lady?

Lady M. However appearances have condemned me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances. My mind has been tainted, but not profligate; your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir J. Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time? *[murmur.]*

Lord M. For ever, dear Sir John, without a

Sir J. Well, miss, and what say you?

Miss T. Guilty, uncle. *(Curtsying.)*

Sir J. Guilty! the devil you are! of what?

Miss T. Of consenting to marry one whom my heart does not approve, and coquetting with another, which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and everything but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir J. Thus, then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another under this, I sally forth a knight-errant, to rescue distressed damsels from those monsters, foreign vices and *bon ton*, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here will assist me in so desperate an undertaking. You'll excuse me, sirs! *[Exeunt.]*

LOVERS' VOWS;

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS:

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.—BY MRS. INCHBALD.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT CASSEL
BARON WILDENHAIM
MR. ANHALT
FREDERICK
VERDUN

LANDLORD
COTTAGER
FARMER
COUNTRYMAN
HUNTSMEN

AGATHA FRIBURG
AMELIA WILDENHAIM
COTTAGER'S WIFE
COUNTRY GIRL
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A high Road; a town at a distance. A small inn on one side the road, and a cottage on the other.*

The Landlord of the inn leads AGATHA FRIBURG by the hand out of his house.

Land. No, no; no room for you any longer. It is the fair to-day in the next village; as great a fair as any in the German dominions. The country people, with their wives and children, take up every corner we have.

Agatha. You will turn a poor sick woman out of doors, who has spent her last farthing in your house?

Land. For that very reason; because she has spent her last farthing.

Agatha. I can work.

Land. You can hardly move your hands.

Agatha. My strength will come again.

Land. Then you may come again.

Agatha. What am I to do? where shall I go?

Land. It is fine weather, you may go anywhere.

Agatha. Who will give me a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger?

Land. Sick people eat but little.

Agatha. Hard, unfeeling man, have pity.

Land. When times are hard, pity is too expensive for a poor man. Ask alms of the different people that go by.

Agatha. Beg! I would rather starve.

Land. You may beg, and starve, too. What a fine lady you are! Many an honest woman has been obliged to beg: why should not you? (*Agatha sits down upon a large stone, under a tree.*) For instance: here comes somebody; and I will teach you how to begin. (*A Countryman, with working tools, crosses the road.*) Good day, neighbour Nicholas!

Countr. Good day! (*Stops.*)

Land. Won't you give a trifle to this poor woman? (*Countryman takes no notice, but walks off.*) That would not do; the poor man has nothing himself but what he gets by hard labour. Here comes a rich farmer; perhaps he will give you something.

Enter Farmer.

Good morning to you, sir! Under yon tree sits a poor woman in distress, who is in need of your charity.

Far. Is she not ashamed of herself? Why don't she work?

Land. She has had a fever. If you would but pay for one dinner—

Far. The harvest has been but indifferent, and my cattle and sheep have suffered by a distemper.

[*Exit.*

Land. My fat, smiling face was not made for begging: you'll have more luck with your thin, sour one; so, I'll leave you to yourself. [*Exit.*

Agatha. (Rises and comes forward.) Oh, Providence! thou hast till this hour protected me, and hast given me fortitude not to despair. Receive my humble thanks, and restore me to health, for the sake of my poor son, the innocent cause of my sufferings, and yet my only comfort. *(Kneeling.)* Oh! grant that I may see him once more! See him improved in strength of mind and body; and that, by thy gracious mercy, he may never be visited with afflictions great as mine. *(After a pause.)* Protect his father, too, merciful Providence, and pardon his crime of perjury to me! Here, in the face of heaven, (supposing my end approaching, and that I can but a few days longer struggle with want and sorrow,) here, I solemnly forgive my seducer for all the ills, the accumulated evils, which his allurements, his deceit and cruelty, have for twenty years past drawn upon me.

Enter a country Girl, with a basket.

Agatha. (Near fainting.) My dear child, if you could spare me a trifle—

Girl. I have not a farthing in the world: but I am going to market to sell my eggs, and as I come back I'll give you threepence. And I'll be back as soon as ever I can. *[Exit.]*

Agatha. There was a time when I was as happy as this country girl, and as willing to assist the poor in distress. *(Retires to the tree, and sits down.)*

Enter FREDERICK, dressed in a German soldier's uniform, with a knapsack on his shoulders; he appears in high spirits, and stops at the door of the inn.

Fred. Halt! stand at ease! It is a very hot day. A draught of good wine will not be amiss. But first, let me consult my purse. *(Takes out a couple of pieces of money, which he turns about in his hand.)* This will do for a breakfast; the other remains for my dinner; and in the evening, I shall be at home. *(Calls out.)* Ah! hallo, landlord! *(Takes notice of Agatha, who is leaning against the tree.)* Who is that? A poor sick woman! She don't beg; but her appearance makes me think she is in want. Must one always wait to give till one is asked? Shall I go without my breakfast now, or lose my dinner? The first, I think, is the best. Ay, I don't want a breakfast, for dinner-time will soon be here. To do good satisfies both hunger and thirst. *(Going towards her with the money in his hand.)* Take this, good woman. *(She stretches her hand for the gift, looks steadfastly at him, and cries out with astonishment and joy.)*

Agatha. Frederick!

Fred. Mother! *(With amazement and grief.)* Mother! for God's sake, what is this? how is this? and why do I find my mother thus? Speak!

Agatha. I cannot speak, dear son! *(Rising, and embracing him.)* My dear Frederick! the joy is too great: I was not prepared—

Fred. Dear mother, compose yourself: *(leans her head against his breast)* now, then, be comforted. How she trembles! she is fainting.

Agatha. I am so weak, and my head so giddy: I had nothing to eat all yesterday.

Fred. Good heavens! Here is my little money, take it all. Oh! mother, mother! *(Runs to the inn.)* Landlord, landlord! *(Knocking violently at the door.)*

Enter Landlord.

Land. What is the matter?

Fred. A bottle of wine; quick, quick!

Land. (Surprised.) A bottle of wine! for who?

Fred. For me. Why do you ask? Why don't you make haste?

Land. Well, well, Mr. Soldier; but can you pay for it?

Fred. Here is money; make haste, or I'll break every window in your house.

Land. Patience, patience! *[Exit.]*

Fred. You were hungry yesterday, when I sat down to a comfortable dinner. You were hungry, when I partook of a good supper. Oh! why is so much bitter mixed with the joy of my return?

Agatha. Be patient, my dear Frederick. Since I see you, I am well; but I have been very ill: so ill that I despaired of ever beholding you again.

Fred. Ill, and I were not with you? I will, now, never leave you more. Look, mother, how tall and strong I am grown. These arms can now afford you support. They can, and shall, procure you subsistence.

Enter Landlord, from the house, with a small pitcher.

Land. Here is wine; a most delicious nectar. It is only Rhenish; but it will pass for the best old hock. *(Aside.)*

Fred. (Impatiently snatching the pitcher.) Give it me.

Land. No, no; the money first. One shilling and two-pence, if you please. *(Fred. gives him the money.)*

Fred. This is all I have. Here, here, mother! *(While she drinks, Landlord counts the money.)*

Land. Three halfpence too short! However, one must be charitable. *[Exit.]*

Agatha. I thank you, my dear Frederick! Wine revives me: wine, from the hand of my son, gives me almost a new life.

Fred. Don't speak too much, mother. Take your time.

Agatha. Tell me, dear child, how you have passed the five years since you left me.

Fred. Both good and bad, mother. To-day plenty, to-morrow not so much; and, sometimes, nothing at all.

Agatha. You have not written to me this long while.

Fred. Dear mother, consider the great distance I was from you! and then, in the time of war, how often letters miscarry! Besides—

Agatha. No matter, now I see you. But have you obtained your discharge?

Fred. Oh! no, mother. I have leave of absence only for two months; and that for a particular reason. But I will not quit you so soon, now I find you are in want of my assistance.

Agatha. No, no, Frederick; your visit will make me so well, that I shall, in a very short time, recover strength to work again; and you must return to your regiment, when your furlough is expired. But you told me leave of absence was granted you for a particular reason—what reason?

Fred. When I left you, five years ago, you gave me everything you could afford, and all you thought would be necessary for me. But one trifle you forgot, which was, the certificate of my birth from the church-book. You know, in this country, there is nothing to be done without it. At the time of parting from you, I little thought it could be of that consequence to me, which, I have since found, it would have been. Once I became tired of a soldier's life, and in the hope I should obtain my discharge, offered myself to a master to learn a profession; but his question was, "Where is your certificate from the church-book of the parish in which you were born?" It vexed me that I had not it to produce, for my comrades laughed at my disappointment. My captain behaved kinder, for he gave me leave to come home to fetch it; and you see, mother, here I am. *(During this speech Agatha is confused and agitated.)*

Agatha. So, you are come for the purpose of fetching your certificate from the church-book?

Fred. Yes, mother.

Agatha. Oh, oh!

Fred. What is the matter? (*She bursts into tears.*) For heaven's sake, mother, tell me what's the matter?

Agatha. You have no certificate.

Fred. No!

Agatha. No. The laws of Germany excluded you from being registered at your birth, for—you are a natural son.

Fred. (*Starts. After a pause.*) So! And who is my father?

Agatha. Oh! Frederick, your wild looks are daggers to my heart. Another time.

Fred. (*Endeavouring to conceal his emotion.*) No, no; I am still your son, and you are still my mother. Only tell me, who is my father?

Agatha. When we parted, five years ago, you were too young to be intrusted with a secret of so much importance; but the time is come, when I can, in confidence, open my heart, and unload that burthen with which it has long been oppressed. And yet, to reveal my errors to my child, and sue for his mild judgment on my conduct—

Fred. You have nothing to sue for; only explain this mystery.

Agatha. I will, I will. But my tongue is locked with remorse and shame. You must not look at me.

Fred. Not look at you! Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so.

Agatha. Then listen to me, and take notice of that village, (*pointing*) of that castle, and of that church. In that village I was born; in that church I was baptized. My parents were poor, but reputable farmers. The lady of that castle and estate requested them to let me live with her, and she would provide for me through life. They resigned me; and, at the age of fourteen, I went to my patroness. She took pleasure to instruct me in all kinds of female literature and accomplishments, and three happy years had passed under her protection, when her only son, who was an officer in the Saxon service, obtained permission to come home: I had never seen him before; he was a handsome young man—in my eyes, a prodigy: for he talked of love, and promised me marriage. He was the first man who had ever spoken to me on such a subject. His flattery made me vain, and his repeated vows—Don't look at me, dear Frederick! I can say no more. (*Frederick, with his eyes cast down, takes her hand, and puts it to his heart.*) Oh, oh! my son! I was intoxicated by the fervent caresses of a young, inexperienced, capricious man; and did not recover from the delirium till it was too late.

Fred. (*After a pause.*) Go on. Let me know more of my father.

Agatha. When the time drew near that I could no longer conceal my guilt and shame, my seducer prevailed on me not to expose him to the resentment of his mother. He renewed his former promises of marriage at her death: on which relying, I gave him my word to be secret; and I have, to this hour, buried his name deep in my heart.

Fred. Proceed, proceed! give me full information: I will have courage to hear it all. (*Greatly agitated.*)

Agatha. His leave of absence expired, he returned to his regiment, depending on my promise, and well assured of my esteem. As soon as my situation became known, I was questioned, and received many severe reproaches; but I refused to confess who was my undoer; and for that obstinacy was turned from the castle. I went to my parents; but their door was shut against me. My mother, indeed, wept as she bade me quit her sight for

ever; but my father wished increased affliction might befall me.

Fred. (*Weeping.*) Be quick with your narrative, or you'll break my heart.

Agatha. I now sought protection from the old clergyman of the parish. He received me with compassion. On my knees I begged forgiveness for the scandal I had caused to his parishioners; promised amendment; and he said he did not doubt me. Through his recommendation I went to town, and, hid in humble lodgings, procured the means of subsistence by teaching to the neighbouring children what I had learnt under the tuition of my benefactress. To instruct you, my Frederick, was my care and my delight; and, in return for your filial love, I would not thwart your wishes when they led to a soldier's life; but I saw you go from me with an aching heart. Soon after, my health declined, I was compelled to give up my employment; and, by degrees, became the object you now see me. But, let me add, before I close my calamitous story, that—when I left the good old clergyman, taking along with me his kind advice and his blessing, I left him with a firm determination to fulfil the vow I had made of repentance and amendment; I have fulfilled it—and now, Frederick, you may look at me again. (*Fred. embraces her.*)

Fred. But my father all this time? (*Mournfully.*) I apprehend he died.

Agatha. No: he married.

Fred. Married!

Agatha. A woman of virtue; of noble birth and immense fortune. Yet, (*weeps*) I had written to him many times; had described your infant innocence and wants; had glanced obliquely at former promises—

Fred. (*Rapidly.*) No answer to those letters?

Agatha. Not a word. But, in the time of war, you know, letters miscarry.

Fred. Nor did he ever return to this estate?

Agatha. No: since the death of his mother, this castle has only been inhabited by servants; for he settled as far off as Alsace, upon the estate of his wife.

Fred. I will carry you in my arms to Alsace. No: why should I ever know my father, if he is a villain. My heart is satisfied with a mother. No, I will not go to him; I will not disturb his peace; I leave that task to his conscience. What say you, mother, can't we do without him? (*Struggling between his tears and his pride.*) We don't want him. I will write directly to my captain. Let the consequence be what it will, leave you again I cannot. Should I be able to get my discharge, I will work all day at the plough, and all the night with my pen. It will do, mother, it will do. Heaven's goodness will assist me; it will prosper the endeavours of a dutiful son for the sake of a helpless mother.

Agatha. (*Presses him to her breast.*) Where could be found such another son?

Fred. But tell me my father's name, that I may know how to shun him.

Agatha. Baron Wildenhaim.

Fred. Baron Wildenhaim! I shall never forget it. Oh! you are nearly fainting. Your eyes are cast down. What's the matter? speak, mother!

Agatha. Nothing particular: only fatigued with talking. I wish to take a little rest.

Fred. I did not consider that we have been all this time in the open road. (*Goes to the inn, and knocks at the door.*) Here, landlord!

Enter Landlord.

Land. Well, what is the matter now?

Fred. Make haste, and get a bed ready for this good woman.

Land. (*With a sneer.*) A bed for this good woman! Ha, ha, ha! She slept, last night, in that pent-house; so she may to-night.

[*Exit, shutting the door.*]

Fred. You are an infamous—(*Goes back to his mother.*) Oh! my poor mother! (*Runs to the cottage at a little distance, and knocks.*) Ah! hallo! Who is there?

Enter Cottager.

Cot. Good day, young soldier! What is it you want?

Fred. Good friend, look at that poor woman. She is perishing in the public road. It is my mother. Will you give her a small corner in your hut? I beg for mercy's sake! heaven will reward you.

Cot. Can't you speak quietly? I understand you very well. (*Calls at the door of the hut.*) Wife, shake up our bed; here is a poor sick woman wants it.

Enter Wife.

Why could not you say all this in fewer words? Why such a long preamble? Why for mercy's sake, and heaven's reward? Why talk about reward for such trifles as these? Come, let us lead her in; and welcome she shall be to a bed, as good as I can give her, and to our homely fare.

Fred. Ten thousand thanks and blessings on you!

Wife. Thanks and blessings! Here's a piece of work, indeed, about nothing! Good sick lady, lean on my shoulder. (*To Fred.*) Thanks and reward, indeed! Do you think husband and I have lived to these years, and don't know our duty? Lean on my shoulder.

[*Exeunt into the cottage.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the cottage.

AGATHA, Cottager, his Wife, and FREDERICK, discovered. Agatha reclining upon a wooden bench; Frederick leaning over her.

Fred. Good people, have you nothing to give her? Nothing that's nourishing?

Wife. Run, husband, run, and fetch a bottle of wine from the landlord of the inn.

Fred. No, no; his wine is as bad as his heart: she has drunk some of it, which, I am afraid, has turned to poison.

Cot. Suppose, wife, you look for a new-laid egg?

Wife. Or a drop of brandy, husband: that mostly cures me.

Fred. Do you hear, mother? will you, mother? (*Agatha makes a sign with her hand as if she could not take anything.*) She will not. Is there no doctor in this neighbourhood?

Wife. At the end of the village, there lives a horse-doctor. I have never heard of any other.

Fred. What shall I do? She is dying: my mother is dying. Pray for her, good people.

Agatha. Make yourself easy, dear Frederick; I am well, only weak: some wholesome nourishment—

Fred. Yes, mother, directly—directly. (*Aside.*) Oh! where shall I—no money—not a farthing left.

Wife. Oh, dear me! Had you not paid the rent yesterday, husband—

Cot. I then should know what to do. But, as I hope for mercy, I have not a penny in my house.

Fred. Then I must—(*Aside.*) Yes, I will go and beg. But should I be refused—I will then—I leave my mother in your care, good people. Do all you can for her, I beseech you! I shall soon be with you again. [*Exit in haste and confusion.*]

Cot. If he should go to our parson, I am sure he would give him something.

Agatha. (*Having revived by degrees, rises.*) Is that good old man still living who was minister here some time ago?

Wife. No: it pleased Providence to take that worthy man to heaven two years ago. We have lost in him both a friend and a father. We shall never get such another.

Cot. Wife, wife, our present rector is likewise a very good man.

Wife. Yes, but he is so very young.

Cot. Our late parson was once young, too.

Wife. (*To Agatha.*) This young man being tutor in our Baron's family, he is very much beloved by them all; and so the Baron gave him this living in consequence.

Cot. And well he deserved it for his pious instructions to our young lady; who is, in consequence, good and friendly to everybody.

Agatha. What young lady do you mean?

Cot. Our Baron's daughter.

Agatha. Is she here?

Wife. Dear me! don't you know that? I thought everybody had known that. It is almost five weeks since the Baron and all his family arrived at the castle.

Agatha. Baron Wildenhaim?

Wife. Yes, Baron Wildenhaim.

Agatha. And his lady?

Cot. His lady died in France, many miles from hence; and her death, I suppose, was the cause of his coming to this estate; for the Baron has not been here till within these five weeks ever since he was married. We regretted his absence much, and his arrival has caused great joy.

Wife. (*To Agatha.*) By all accounts, the Baroness was very haughty, and very whimsical.

Cot. Wife, wife, never speak ill of the dead. Say what you please against the living, but not a word against the dead.

Wife. And yet, husband, I believe the dead care the least what is said against them; and so, if you please, I'll tell my story. The late Baroness was, they say, haughty and proud; and they do say, the Baron was not so happy as he might have been; but he, bless him, our good Baron is still the same as when a boy. Soon after madam had closed her eyes, he left France, and came to Wildenhaim, his native country.

Cot. Many times has he joined in our village dances. Afterwards, when he became an officer, he was rather wild, as most young men are.

Wife. Yes, I remember when he fell in love with poor Agatha, Friburg's daughter: what a piece of work that was! It did not do him much credit. That was a wicked thing.

Cot. Have done: no more of this. It is not well to stir up old grievances.

Wife. Why, you said I might speak ill of the living. 'Tis very hard, indeed, if one must not speak ill of one's neighbours, dead nor alive.

Cot. Who knows whether he was the father of Agatha's child? She never said he was.

Wife. Nobody but him, that I am sure. I would lay a wager—no, no, husband, you must not take his part; it was very wicked. Who knows what is now become of that poor creature? She has not been heard of this many a year. May be, she is starving for hunger. Her father might have lived longer, too, if that misfortune had not happened. (*Agatha faints*)

Cot. See here! help! she is fainting: take hold.

Wife. Oh, poor woman!

Cot. Let us take her into the next room.

Wife. Oh, poor woman! I am afraid she will not live. Come, cheer up, cheer up! You are with those who feel for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the castle.*

A table spread for breakfast. Several Servants in livery disposing the equipage. Enter BARON WILDENHAIN, attended by a Gentleman in waiting.

Baron W. Has not Count Cassel left his chamber yet?

Gent. No, my lord; he has but now rung for his valet.

Baron W. The whole castle smells of his perfumery. Go, call my daughter hither. [*Exit Gent.*] And am I, after all, to have an ape for a son-in-law? No, I shall not be in a hurry: I love my daughter too well. We must be better acquainted before I give her to him. I shall not sacrifice my Amelia to the will of others, as I myself was sacrificed. The poor girl might, in thoughtlessness, say yes, and afterwards be miserable. What a pity she is not a boy! The name of Wildenhaim will die with me. My fine estates, my good peasants, all will fall into the hands of strangers. Oh! why were not my Amelia a boy?

Enter AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Amelia. (*Kissing the Baron's hand.*) Good morning, dear my lord!

Baron W. Good morning, Amelia! Have you slept well?

Amelia. Oh! yes, papa. I always sleep well.

Baron W. Not a little restless last night?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Amelia, you know you have a father, who loves you; and, I believe, you know you have a suitor, who is come to ask permission to love you. Tell me candidly how you like Count Cassel.

Amelia. Very well.

Baron W. Do not you blush when I talk of him?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. No! I am sorry for that. (*Aside.*) Have you dreamt of him?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Have you not dreamt at all to-night?

Amelia. Oh! yes; I have dreamt of our chaplain, Mr. Anhalt.

Baron W. Ha, ha! As if he stood before you and the Count to ask for the ring.

Amelia. No, not that. I dreamt we were all still in France; and he, my tutor, just going to take his leave of us for ever. I awoke with the fright, and found my eyes full of tears.

Baron W. Psha! I want to know if you can love the Count. You saw him at the last ball we were at in France; when he capered round you; when he danced minuets; when he—but I cannot say what his conversation was.

Amelia. Nor I either. I do not remember a syllable of it.

Baron W. No! Then I do not think you like him.

Amelia. I believe not.

Baron W. But I think proper to acquaint you, he is rich, and of great consequence:—rich, and of consequence; do you hear?

Amelia. Yes, dear papa. But my tutor has always told me, that birth and fortune are inconsiderable things, and cannot give happiness.

Baron W. There he is right. But if it happens that birth and fortune are joined with sense and virtue—

Amelia. But is it so with Count Cassel?

Baron W. Hem, hem! (*Aside.*) I will ask you a few questions on this subject; but be sure to answer me honestly. Speak the truth.

Amelia. I never told an untruth in my life.

Baron W. Nor ever conceal the truth from me, I command you.

Amelia. (*Earnestly.*) Indeed, my lord, I never will.

Baron W. I take you at your word. And now reply to me truly: do you like to hear the Count spoken of?

Amelia. Good or bad?

Baron W. Good—good.

Amelia. Oh! yes; I like to hear good of everybody.

Baron W. But do not you feel a little fluttered when he is talked of?

Amelia. No. (*Shaking her head.*)

Baron W. Are not you a little embarrassed?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Don't you wish sometimes to speak to him, and have not the courage to begin?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Do not you wish to take his part, when his companions laugh at him?

Amelia. No: I love to laugh at him myself.

Baron W. Provoking! (*Aside.*) Are not you afraid of him when he comes near you?

Amelia. No, not at all. Oh! yes; once. (*Recollecting herself.*)

Baron W. Ah! now it comes!

Amelia. Once at a ball he trod on my foot; and I was so afraid he should tread on me again.

Baron W. You put me out of patience. Hear me, Amelia! to see you happy is my wish. But matrimony, without concord, is like a duetto badly performed; for that reason, nature, the great composer of all harmony, has ordained, that when bodies are allied, hearts should be in perfect unison. However, I will send Mr. Anhalt to you—

Amelia. Do, papa.

Baron W. He shall explain to you my sentiments. (*Rings.*) A clergyman can do this better than—

Enter Servant.

Go directly to Mr. Anhalt, tell him I shall be glad to see him for a quarter of an hour, if he is not engaged. [*Exit Servant.*]

Amelia. (*Calls after him.*) Wish him a good morning from me.

Baron W. (*Looking at his watch.*) The Count is a tedious time dressing. Have you breakfasted, Amelia?

Amelia. No, papa. (*They sit down to breakfast.*)

Baron W. How is the weather? Have you walked this morning?

Amelia. Oh! yes: I was in the garden at five o'clock; it is very fine.

Baron W. Then I'll go out shooting. I do not know in what other way to amuse my guest.

Enter COUNT CASSEL.

Count C. Ah! my dear Colonel! Miss Wildenhaim, I kiss your hand.

Baron W. Good morning, good morning! though it is late in the day, Count. In the country, we should rise earlier. (*Amelia offers the Count a cup of tea.*)

Count C. It is Hebe herself, or Venus, or—

Amelia. Ha, ha, ha! Who can help laughing at his nonsense?

Baron W. (*Rather angry.*) Neither Venus, nor Hebe, but Amelia Wildenhaim, if you please.

Count C. (*Sitting down to breakfast.*) You are beautiful, Miss Wildenhaim. Upon my honour, I think so! I have travelled, and seen much of the world, and yet I positively admire you.

Amelia. I am sorry I have not seen the world.

Count C. Wherefore?

Amelia. Because I might then, perhaps, admire you.

Count C. True; for I am an epitome of the world. In my travels, I learnt delicacy in Italy; *hauteur* in

Spain; in France, enterprise; in Russia, prudence; in England, sincerity; in Scotland, frugality; and in the wilds of America, I learnt love.

Amelia. Is there any country where love is taught?

Count C. In all barbarous countries. But the whole system is exploded in places that are civilized.

Amelia. And what is substituted in its stead?

Count C. Intrigue.

Amelia. What a poor, uncomfortable substitute!

Count C. There are other things: song, dance, the opera, and war. (*Since the entrance of the Count, the Baron has removed to a table at a little distance.*)

Baron W. What are you talking of there?

Count C. Of war, Colonel.

Baron W. (*Rising.*) Ay, we like to talk on what we don't understand.

Count C. (*Rising.*) Therefore, to a lady, I always speak of politics; and to her father, on love.

Baron W. I believe, Count, notwithstanding your sneer, I am still as much of a proficient in that art as yourself.

Count C. I do not doubt it, my dear Colonel, for you are a soldier; and, since the days of Alexander, whoever conquers men, is certain to overcome women.

Baron W. An achievement to animate a poltroon.

Count C. And, I verily believe, gains more recruits than the king's pay.

Baron W. Now we are on the subject of arms, should you like to go out a shooting with me for an hour before dinner?

Count C. Bravo, Colonel! A charming thought! This will give me an opportunity to use my elegant gun: the butt is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. You cannot find better work, or better taste. Even my coat-of-arms is engraved.

Baron W. But can you shoot?

Count C. That I have never tried—except with my eyes, at a fine woman.

Baron W. I am not particular what game I pursue. I have an old gun; it does not look fine; but I can always bring down my bird.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Anhalt begs leave—

Baron W. Tell him to come in. I shall be ready in a moment. [*Exit Servant.*]

Count C. Who is Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia. Oh! a very good man. (*With warmth.*)

Count C. A good man! In Italy, that means a religious man; in France, it means a cheerful man; in Spain, it means a wise man; and in England, it means a rich man. Which good man of all these is Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia. A good man in every country except England.

Count C. And give me the English good man before that of any other nation.

Baron W. And of what nation would you prefer your good woman to be, Count?

Count C. Of Germany. (*Bowing to Amelia.*)

Amelia. In compliment to me?

Count C. In justice to my own judgment.

Baron W. Certainly. For have we not an instance of one German woman, who possesses every virtue that ornaments the whole sex; whether as a woman of illustrious rank, or in the more exalted character of a wife and a mother?

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. I come by your command, Baron—

Baron W. Quick, Count; get your elegant gun.

I pass your apartments, and will soon call for you.

Count C. I fly. Beautiful Amelia, it is a sacrifice I make to your father, that I leave for a few hours his amiable daughter. [*Exit.*]

Baron W. My dear Amelia, I think it scarcely necessary to speak to Mr. Anhalt, or that he should speak to you, on the subject of the Count; but as he is here, leave us alone.

Amelia. Good morning, Mr. Anhalt. I hope you are very well. [*Exit.*]

Baron W. I'll tell you in a few words why I sent for you. Count Cassel is here, and wishes to marry my daughter.

Anhalt. (*Much concerned.*) Really!

Baron W. He is—he—in a word, I don't like him.

Anhalt. (*With emotion.*) And Miss Wildenhaim—

Baron W. I shall not command, neither persuade her to the marriage. I know too well the fatal influence of parents on such a subject. Objections, to be sure, if they could be removed—but when you find a man's head without brains, and his bosom without a heart, these are important articles to supply. Young as you are, Anhalt, I know no one so able to restore, or to bestow, those blessings on his fellow-creatures, as you. (*Anhalt bows.*) The Count wants a little of my daughter's simplicity and sensibility. Take him under your care while he is here, and make him something like yourself. You have succeeded to my wish in the education of my daughter. Form the Count after your own manner; I shall then have what I have sighed for all my life—a son.

Anhalt. With your permission, Baron, I will ask one question. What remains to interest you in favour of a man whose head and heart are good for nothing?

Baron W. Birth and fortune. Yet, if I thought my daughter absolutely disliked him, or that she loved another, I would not thwart a first affection; no, for the world I would not. (*Sighing.*) But that her affections are already bestowed is not probable.

Anhalt. Are you of opinion that she will never fall in love?

Baron W. Oh, no! I am of opinion that no woman ever arrived at the age of twenty without that misfortune. But this is another subject. Go to Amelia; explain to her the duties of a wife, and of a mother: if she comprehends them as she ought, then ask her if she thinks she could fulfil those duties as the wife of Count Cassel.

Anhalt. I will—but—I—Miss Wildenhaim—(*confused*)—I—I shall—I—I shall obey your commands.

Baron W. Do so. (*Sighs.*) Ah! so far this weight is removed; but there lies still a heavier next my heart. You understand me. How is it, Mr. Anhalt—have you not yet been able to make any discoveries on that unfortunate subject?

Anhalt. I have taken infinite pains; but in vain. No such person is to be found.

Baron W. Believe me, this burthen presses on my thoughts so much, that many nights I go without sleep. A man is sometimes tempted to commit such depravity when young! Oh! Anhalt, had I, in my youth, had you for a tutor—but I had no instructor but my passions; no governor but my own will. [*Exit.*]

Anhalt. This commission of the Baron's, in respect to his daughter, I am—(*Looks about.*) If I should meet her now, I cannot—I must recover myself first, and then prepare. A walk in the fields, and a fervent prayer—after these, I trust, I shall return as a man, whose views are solely placed on a future world; all hopes in this, with fortitude resigned. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An open Field.*

FREDERICK, alone, with a few pieces of money, which he turns about in his hands.

Fred. To return with this trifle, for which I have stooped to beg! return to see my mother dying! I would rather fly to the world's end. (*Looking at the money.*) What can I buy with this? It is hardly enough to pay for the nails that will be wanted for her coffin. My great anxiety will drive me to distraction. However, let the consequence of our affliction be what it may, all will fall upon my father's head; and may he pant for heaven's forgiveness as my poor mother—(*At a distance is heard the firing of a gun, then the cry of 'hallo, hallo!' Gamekeepers and Sportsmen run across the stage. Fred. looks about.*) Here they come! a nobleman, I suppose, or a man of fortune. Yes, yes; and I will once more beg for my mother. May heaven send relief!

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM, followed slowly by COUNT CASSEL.

Baron W. Quick, quick, Count! Ay, ay, that was a blunder, indeed! Don't you see the dogs? There they run; they have lost the scent. [*Exit.*]

Count C. So much the better, Colonel, for I must take a little breath. (*Leans on his gun. Fred. goes up to him with great modesty.*)

Fred. Gentleman, I beg you will bestow from your superfluous wants, something to relieve the pain, and nourish the weak frame of an expiring woman.

Re-enter BARON WILDENHAIM.

Count C. What police is here! that a nobleman's amusements should be interrupted by the attack of vagrants.

Fred. (*To the Baron.*) Have pity, noble sir, and relieve the distress of an unfortunate son, who supplicates for his dying mother.

Baron W. (*Taking out his purse.*) I think, young soldier, it would be better if you were with your regiment on duty, instead of begging.

Fred. I would with all my heart; but at this present moment my sorrows are too great. (*Baron W. gives something.*) I entreat your pardon. What you have been so good as to give me is not enough.

Baron W. (*Surprised.*) Not enough!

Fred. No, it is not enough.

Count C. The most singular beggar I ever met in all my travels.

Fred. If you have a charitable heart, give me one dollar.

Baron W. This is the first time I was ever dictated by a beggar what to give him.

Fred. With one dollar you will save a distracted man.

Baron W. I don't choose to give any more. Count, go on. [*Exit Count: as the Baron follows, Frederick seizes him by the breast, and draws his sword.*]

Fred. Your purse, or your life!

Baron W. (*Calling.*) Here, here! seize and secure him. (*Some of the Gamekeepers enter, lay hold of Frederick, and disarm him.*)

Fred. What have I done?

Baron W. Take him to the castle, and confine him in one of the towers. I shall follow you immediately.

Fred. One favour I have to beg, one favour only. I know that I am guilty, and am ready to receive the punishment my crime deserves. But I have a mother who is expiring for want—pity her, if you cannot pity me; bestow on her relief. If you will send to yonder hut, you will find that I do

not impose on you a falsehood. For her it was I drew my sword; for her I am ready to die.

Baron W. Take him away, and imprison him where I told you.

Fred. Woe to that man to whom I owe my birth! [*Exit.*]

Baron W. (*Calls another Gamekeeper.*) Here, Frank, run directly to yonder hamlet, inquire in the first, second, and third cottage, for a poor, sick woman; and, if you really find such a person, give her this purse. [*Exit Gamekeeper.*] A most extraordinary event! and what a well-looking youth! something in his countenance and address which struck me inconceivably! If it is true, that he begged for his mother—but, if he did, for the attempt upon my life he must die. Vice is never half so dangerous as when it assumes the garb of morality. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the castle.*

AMELIA WILDENHAIM discovered.

Amelia. Why am I so uneasy, so peevish? who has offended me? I did not mean to come into this room. In the garden I intended to go. (*Going, turns back.*) No, I will not—yes, I will, just go and look if my auriculas are still in blossom, and if the apple-tree is grown which Mr. Anhalt planted. I feel very low-spirited; something must be the matter. Why do I cry? Am I not well?

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Ah! good morning, my dear sir!—Mr. Anhalt, I meant to say. I beg pardon.

Anhalt. Never mind, Miss Wildenheim; I don't dislike to hear you call me as you did.

Amelia. In earnest?

Anhalt. Really. You have been crying. May I know the reason? The loss of your mother still!

Amelia. No; I have left off crying for her.

Anhalt. I beg pardon if I have come at an improper hour; but I wait upon you by the commands of your father.

Amelia. You are welcome at all hours. My father has more than once told me, that he who forms my mind, I should always consider as my greatest benefactor. And my heart tells me the same.

Anhalt. I think myself amply rewarded by the good opinion you have of me.

Amelia. When I remember what trouble I have sometimes given you, I cannot be too grateful.

Anhalt. (*Aside.*) Oh, heavens! (*To Amelia.*) I—I come from your father with a commission. If you please we will sit down. (*Places chairs, and they sit.*) Count Cassel is arrived.

Amelia. Yes, I know.

Anhalt. And do you know for what reason?

Amelia. He wishes to marry me.

Anhalt. Does he? (*Hastily.*) But, believe me, the Baron will not persuade you. No, I am sure he will not.

Amelia. I know that.

Anhalt. He wishes that I should ascertain whether you have an inclination—

Amelia. For the Count, or for matrimony, do you mean?

Anhalt. For matrimony.

Amelia. All things that I don't know, and don't understand, are quite indifferent to me.

Anhalt. For that very reason I am sent to you to explain the good and the bad of which matrimony is composed.

Amelia. Then I beg first to be acquainted with the good.

Anhalt. When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. When such a wedded pair find thorns

in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root. Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while melancholy and discord they leave far behind. Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other, weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region, where he shall meet his still surviving partner among trees and flowers, which themselves have planted in the fields of eternal verdure.

Amelia. (*Rising.*) You may tell my father I'll marry.

Anhalt. (*Rising.*) This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject. When convenience and fair appearance, joined to folly and ill humour, forge the fetters of matrimony, they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other, at variance in their opinions, their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most where they should most unite; torment where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger, and hatred, they take their daily journey till one of these also sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in acclamations of joy, "Oh! liberty, dear liberty!"

Amelia. I will not marry.

Anhalt. You mean to say you will not fall in love.

Amelia. Oh! no. I am in love.

Anhalt. Are in love! (*Starting.*) And with the Count?

Amelia. I wish I were.

Anhalt. Why so?

Amelia. Because he would, perhaps, love me again.

Anhalt. (*Warmly.*) Who is there that would not?

Amelia. Would you?

Anhalt. I—I—me—I—I am out of the question.

Amelia. No; you are the very person to whom I have put the question.

Anhalt. What do you mean?

Amelia. I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (*Confused.*)

Anhalt. Understand you! As to that, I am not dull.

Amelia. I know you are not. And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you?

Anhalt. Teach me what?

Amelia. Whatever I know and you don't.

Anhalt. There are some things I had rather never know.

Amelia. So, you may remember, I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it: but now I have learnt it, it gives me a great deal of pleasure; and (*hesitating*) perhaps, who can tell but that I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me?

Anhalt. Woman herself is a problem.

Amelia. And I'll teach you to make her out.

Anhalt. You teach?

Amelia. Why not? None but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one. I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

Anhalt. This is nothing to the subject.

Amelia. What is the subject?

Anhalt. Love.

Amelia. (*Going up to him.*) Come, then, teach it me; teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

Anhalt. (*Turning from her.*) Psha!

Amelia. Ah! you won't. You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

Anhalt. You misconstrue—you misconceive everything I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

Amelia. A very proper subject for the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal. (*Courtesying.*)

Anhalt. Again you misconceive and confound me.

Amelia. Ay, I see how it is: you have no inclination to experience with me "the good part of matrimony:" I am not the female with whom you would like to go "hand in hand uphill, and through labyrinths;" with whom you would like to "root up thorns;" and with whom you would delight to "plant lilies and roses." No; you had rather call out, "Oh! liberty, dear liberty!"

Anhalt. Why do you force from me what it is villanous to own? I love you more than life. Oh! *Amelia*, had we lived in those golden times which the poets picture, no one but you—but, as the world is changed, your birth and fortune make—our union is impossible. To preserve the character and, more, the feelings of an honest man, I would not marry you without the consent of your father. And could I, dare I, propose it to him?

Amelia. He has commanded me never to conceal or disguise the truth. I will propose it to him. The subject of the Count will force me to speak plainly, and this will be the most proper time, while he can compare the merit of you both.

Anhalt. I conjure you not to think of exposing yourself and me to his resentment.

Amelia. It is my father's will that I should marry. It is my father's wish to see me happy. If, then, you love me as you say, I will marry, and will be happy—but only with you. I will tell him this. At first he will start; then grow angry; then be in a passion: in his passion he will call me "undutiful;" but he will soon recollect himself, and resume his usual smiles, saying, "Well, well, if he love you, and you love him, in the name of heaven, let it be." Then I shall hug him round the neck, kiss his hands, run away from him, and fly to you; it will soon be known that I am your bride, the whole village will come to wish me joy, and heaven's blessing will follow.

Enter VERDUN.

(*Discontented.*) Ah! is it you?

Ver. Without vanity, I have taken the liberty to enter this apartment the moment the good news reached my ears.

Amelia. What news?

Ver. Pardon an old servant, your father's old butler, gracious lady, who has had the honour to carry the Baron in his arms; and afterwards, with humble submission, to receive many a box o' the ear from you—if he thinks it his duty to make his congratulations with due reverence on this happy day, and to join with the muses in harmonious tunes on the lyre.

Amelia. Oh! my good butler, I am not in a humour to listen to the muses and your lyre.

Ver. There has never been a birth-day, nor wedding-day, nor christening-day, celebrated in your family, in which I have not joined with the muses in full chorus. In forty-six years, three hundred and ninety-seven congratulations on different occasions have dropped from my pen. To-day, the

three hundred and ninety-eighth is coming forth; for heaven has protected our noble master, who has been in great danger.

Amelia. Danger! My father in danger! What do you mean?

Ver. One of the gamekeepers has returned to inform the whole castle of a base and knavish trick, of which the world will talk, and my poetry hand down to posterity.

Amelia. What, what is all this?

Ver. The Baron, my lord and master, in company with the strange Count, had not been gone a mile beyond the lawn, when one of them—

Amelia. What happened? Speak, for heaven's sake!

Ver. My verse shall tell you.

Amelia. No, no; tell us in prose.

Anhalt. Yes, in prose.

Ver. Ah! you have neither of you ever been in love, or you would prefer poetry to prose. But excuse (*pulls out a paper*) the haste in which it was written. I heard the news in the fields; always have paper and a pencil about me, and composed the whole forty lines crossing the meadows and the park in my way home. (*Reads.*)

*Oh! muse, ascend the forked mount,
And lofty strains prepare,
About a Baron and a Count
Who went to hunt the hare.*

*The hare she ran with utmost speed,
And sad and anxious looks,
Because the furious hounds, indeed,
Were near to her, gadzooks!*

*At length, the Count and Baron bold
Their footsteps homeward bended;
For why, because, as you were told,
The hunting it was ended.*

*Before them straight a youth appears,
Who made a piteous pother,
And told a tale, with many tears,
About his dying mother.*

*The youth was in severe distress,
And seem'd as he had spent all;
He look'd a soldier by his dress,
For that was regimental.*

*The Baron's heart was full of ruth,
And from his eye fell brine, oh!
And soon he gave the mournful youth
A little ready rhino.*

*He gave a shilling, as I live,
Which, sure, was mighty well;
But to some people if you give
An inch—they'll take an ell.*

*The youth then drew his martial knife,
And seiz'd the Baron's collar;
He swore he'd have the Baron's life,
Or else another dollar.*

*Then did the Baron, in a fume,
Soon raise a mighty din,
Whereon came butler, huntsman, groom,
And eke the whipper-in.*

*Maugre this young man's warlike coat,
They bore him off to prison;
And held so strongly by his throat,
And almost stopp'd his whizzen.*

*Soon may a neckcloth, call'd a rope,
Of robbing cure this elf;
If so, I'll write, without a trope,
His dying speech myself.*

*And had the Baron chanc'd to die,
Oh! grief to all the nation!
I must have made an elegy,
And not this fine narration.*

MORAL.

*Henceforth, let those who all have spent,
And would by begging live,
Take warning here, and be content
With what folks choose to give.*

Amelia. Your muse, Mr. Butler, is in a very inventive humour this morning.

Anhalt. And your tale too improbable even for fiction.

Ver. Improbable! It's a real fact.

Amelia. What, a robber in our grounds at noon-day? Very likely, indeed!

Ver. I don't say it was likely: I only say it is true

Anhalt. No, no, Mr. Verdun; we find no fault with your poetry; but don't attempt to impose it upon us for truth.

Amelia. Poets are allowed to speak falsehood, and we forgive your's.

Ver. I won't be forgiven, for I speak truth; and here the robber comes, in custody, to prove my words. "I'll write his dying speech myself."

[*Exit.*]

Amelia. Look! as I live, so he does. They come nearer: he's a young man, and has something interesting in his figure. An honest countenance, with grief and sorrow in his face. No, he is no robber. I pity him! Oh! look how the keepers drag him unmercifully into the tower. Now they lock it. Oh! how that poor unfortunate man must feel!

Anhalt. (*Aside.*) Hardly worse than I do.

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM.

Amelia. A thousand congratulations, my dear papa.

Baron W. For heaven's sake, spare your congratulations. The old butler, in coming up stairs, has already overwhelmed me with them.

Anhalt. Then, it is true, my lord? I could hardly believe the old man.

Amelia. And the young prisoner, with all his honest looks, is a robber?

Baron W. He is: but I verily believe, for the first and last time. A most extraordinary event, Mr. Anhalt. This young man begged; then drew his sword upon me; but he trembled so when he seized me by the breast, a child might have overpowered him. I almost wish he had made his escape; this adventure may cost him his life, and I might have preserved it with one dollar; but now to save him would set a bad example.

Amelia. Oh! no, my lord, have pity on him! Plead for him, Mr. Anhalt.

Baron W. Amelia, have you had any conversation with Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia. Yes, my lord.

Baron W. Respecting matrimony?

Amelia. Yes; and I have told him—

Anhalt. (*Very hastily.*) According to your commands, Baron—

Amelia. But he has conjured me—

Anhalt. I have endeavoured, my lord, to find out—

Amelia. Yet, I am sure, dear papa, your affection for me—

Anhalt. You wish to say something to me in your closet, my lord?

Baron W. What the devil is all this conversation? You will not let one another speak; I don't understand either of you.

Amelia. Dear father, have you not promised you will not thwart my affections when I marry, but suffer me to follow their dictates?

Baron W. Certainly.

Amelia. Do you hear, Mr. Anhalt?

Anhalt. I beg pardon; I have a person who is waiting for me; I am obliged to retire. *[Exit.]*

Baron W. (*Calls after him.*) I shall expect you in my closet. I am going there immediately. (*Retiring towards the opposite door.*)

Amelia. Pray, my lord, stop a few minutes longer: I have something of great importance to say to you.

Baron W. Something of importance; to plead for the young man, I suppose. But that's a subject I must not listen to. *[Exit.]*

Amelia. I wish to plead for two young men. For one, that he may be let out of prison; for the other, that he may be made a prisoner for life. (*Looks out.*) The tower is still locked. How dismal it must be to be shut up in such a place; and perhaps—(*Calls*) Butler! Butler! come this way. I wish to speak to you. This young soldier has risked his life for his mother, and that accounts for the interest I take in his misfortunes.

Enter VERDUN.

Pray, have you carried anything to the prisoner to eat?

Ver. Yes.

Amelia. What was it?

Ver. Some fine black bread, and water as clear as crystal.

Amelia. Are you not ashamed? Even my father pities him. Go directly down to the kitchen, and desire the cook to give you something good and comfortable; and then go into the cellar for a bottle of wine.

Ver. Good and comfortable, indeed!

Amelia. And carry them both to the tower.

Ver. I am willing at any time, dear lady, to obey your orders; but, on this occasion, the prisoner's food must remain bread and water. It is the Baron's particular command.

Amelia. Ah! My father was in the height of passion when he gave it.

Ver. Whatsoever his passion might be, it is the duty of a true and honest dependant to obey his lord's mandates. I will not suffer a servant in this house, nor will I myself give the young man anything except bread and water. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll read my verses to him.

Amelia. Give me the key of the cellar; I'll go myself.

Ver. (*Gives the key.*) And there's my verses; carry them with you, they may comfort him as much as the wine. [*Amelia throws them down, and exit*] Not take them! Refuse to take them!

"I must have made an elegy,
And not this fine narration."

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Prison in one of the towers of the castle.

FREDERICK discovered.

Fred. How a few moments destroy the happiness of man. When I, this morning, set out from my inn, and saw the sun rise, I sung with joy. Flattered with the hope of seeing my mother, I formed a scheme how I would with joy surprise her. But, farewell all pleasant prospects: I return to my native country, and the first object I behold is my dying parent; my first lodging a prison; and my next walk will perhaps be—Oh! merciful Providence! have I deserved all this?

Enter AMELIA, with a basket, speaking as she enters.

Amelia. Wait there, Francis, I shall soon be back.

Fred. (*Hearing the door open, and turning round.*) Who's there?

Amelia. You must be both hungry and thirsty, I fear.

Fred. Oh, no! neither.

Amelia. Here's a bottle of wine, and something to eat. I have often heard my father say that wine is quite a cordial to the heart.

Fred. A thousand thanks, dear stranger. Ah! could I prevail on you to have it sent to my mother, who is upon her death-bed, under the roof of an honest peasant called Hubert. Take it hence, my kind benefactress, and save my mother.

Amelia. But first assure me that you did not intend to murder my father.

Fred. Your father! heaven forbid. I meant but to preserve her life who gave me mine. Murder your father! No, no; I hope not.

Amelia. And I thought not; or, if you had murdered any one, you had better have killed the Count; nobody would have missed him.

Fred. Who, may I inquire were those gentlemen whom I hoped to frighten into charity?

Amelia. Ay, if you only intended to frighten them, the Count was the very person for your purpose. But you caught hold of the other gentleman: and could you hope to intimidate Baron Wildenhaim?

Fred. Baron Wildenhaim! Almighty powers!

Amelia. What's the matter?

Fred. The man to whose breast I held my sword—(*Trembling.*)

Amelia. Was Baron Wildenhaim—the owner of this estate; my father.

Fred. (*With emotion.*) My father!

Amelia. Good heaven, how he looks! I am afraid he's mad. Here, Francis, Francis! *[Exit.]*

Fred. (*Agitated.*) My father! Eternal Judge! thou dost not slumber. The man against whom I drew my sword this day, was my father. One moment longer, and provoked, I might have been the murderer of my father! My hair stands on end! My eyes are clouded! I cannot see anything before me! (*Sinks down into a chair.*) If Providence had ordained that I should give the fatal blow, who would have been most in fault? I dare not pronounce—(*After a pause.*) That benevolent young female who left me just now, is then, my sister; and I suppose the fop who accompanied my father—

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Welcome, sir! By your dress, you are of the church, and consequently a messenger of comfort. You are most welcome, sir.

Anhalt. I wish to bring comfort, and avoid up-braidings; for your own conscience will reproach you more than the voice of a preacher. From the sensibility of your countenance, together with a language and address superior to the vulgar, it appears, young man, you have had an education which should have preserved you from a state like this.

Fred. My education I owe to my mother. Filial love, in return, has plunged me into the state you see. A civil magistrate will condemn according to the law: a priest, in judgment, is not to consider the act itself, but the impulse which led to the act.

Anhalt. I shall judge with all the lenity my religion dictates: and you are the prisoner of a nobleman who compassionates you for the affection which you bear towards your mother; for he has sent to the village where you directed him, and has found the account you gave relating to her true. With this impression in your favour, it is my advice, that you endeavour to see and supplicate the Baron for your release from prison, and all the peril of his justice.

Fred. (*Starting.*) I—I see the Baron!—I supplicate for my deliverance! Will you favour me with his name? Is it not Baron—

Anhalt. Baron Wildenhaim.

Fred. Baron Wildenhaim! He lived formerly in Alsace?

Anhalt. The same. About a year after the death of his wife, he left Alsace; and arrived here a few weeks ago, to take possession of this his paternal estate.

Fred. So! his wife is dead; and that generous young lady who came to my prison just now is his daughter?

Anhalt. Miss Wildenhaim, his daughter.

Fred. And that young gentleman I saw with him this morning is his son?

Anhalt. He has no son.

Fred. (*Hastily.*) Oh! yes, he has—(*Recollecting himself.*)—I mean him that was out shooting to-day.

Anhalt. He is not his son.

Fred. (*To himself.*) Thank heaven!

Anhalt. He is only a visitor.

Fred. I thank you for this information; and if you will undertake to procure me a private interview with Baron Wildenhaim—

Anhalt. Why private? However, I will venture to take you for a short time from this place, and introduce you; depending on your innocence, or your repentance; on his conviction in your favour, or his mercy towards your guilt. Follow me. [*Exit.*]

Fred. I have beheld an affectionate parent in deep adversity.—Why should I tremble thus? Why doubt my fortitude in the presence of an unnatural parent in prosperity? [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM and AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Baron W. I hope you judge more favourably of Count Cassel's understanding since the private interview you have had with him. Confess to me the exact effect of the long conference between you.

Amelia. To make me hate him.

Baron W. What has he done?

Amelia. Oh! told me of such barbarous deeds he has committed.

Baron W. What deeds?

Amelia. Made vows of love to so many women, that, on his marriage with me, a hundred female hearts will at least be broken.

Baron W. Psha! do you believe him?

Amelia. Suppose I do not; is it to his honour that I believe he tells a falsehood?

Baron W. He is mistaken merely.

Amelia. Indeed, my lord, in one respect I am sure he speaks truth. For our old butler told my waiting-maid of a poor young creature who has been deceived, undone; and she and her whole family involved in shame and sorrow by his perfidy.

Baron W. Are you sure the butler said this?

Amelia. See him, and ask him. He knows the whole story, indeed he does; the names of the persons, and every circumstance.

Baron W. Desire he may be sent to me.

Amelia. (*Calls.*) Order old Verdun to come to the Baron directly.

Baron W. I know tale-bearers are apt to be erroneous. I'll hear from himself the account you speak of.

Amelia. I believe it is in verse.

Baron W. In verse!

Amelia. But, then, indeed, it's true.

Enter VERDUN.

Verdun, pray have you not some true poetry?

Ver. All my poetry is true—and, so far, better than some people's prose.

Baron W. But I want prose on this occasion, and command you to give me nothing else. (*Verdun bows.*) Have you heard of an engagement

which Count Cassel is under to any other woman than my daughter?

Ver. I am to tell your honour in prose?

Baron W. Certainly. (*Verdun appears uneasy and loth to speak.*) Amelia, he does not like to divulge what he knows in the presence of a third person: leave the room. [*Exit Amelia.*]

Ver. No, no; that did not cause my reluctance to speak.

Baron W. What then?

Ver. Your not allowing me to speak in verse; for here is the poetic poem. (*Holding up a paper.*)

Baron W. How dare you pretend to contend with my will? Tell me, in plain language, all you know of the subject I have named.

Ver. Well then, my lord, if you must have the account in quiet prose, thus it was: Phœbus, one morning, rose in the east, and having handed in the long-expected day, he called up his brother Hy-men—

Baron W. Have done with your rhapsody.

Ver. Ay; I knew you'd like it best in verse:

*There liv'd a lady in this land,
Whose charms the heart made tingle;
At church she had not given her hand,
And therefore still was single.*

Baron W. Keep to prose.

Ver. I will, my lord; but I have repeated it so often in verse, I scarcely know how. Count Cassel, influenced by the designs of Cupid in his very worst humour,

*Count Cassel woo'd this maid so rare,
And in her eye found grace;
And if his purpose was not fair—*

Baron W. No verse.

Ver. It probably was base.

I beg your pardon, my lord; but the verse will intrude, in spite of my efforts to forget it. 'Tis as difficult for me at times to forget, as 'tis for other men at times to remember. But in plain truth, my lord, the Count was treacherous, cruel, forsworn.

Baron W. I am astonished!

Ver. And would be more so, if you would listen to the whole poem. Pray, my lord, listen to it.

Baron W. You know the family? All the parties?

Ver. I will bring the father of the damsel to prove the veracity of my muse. His name is Baden. Poor old man!

*The sire consents to bless the pair,
And names the nuptial day,
When, lo! the bridegroom was not there,
Because he was away.*

Baron W. But tell me: had the father his daughter's innocence to deplore?

Ver. Ah! my lord, ah! and you must hear that part in rhyme. Loss of innocence never sounds well except in verse.

*For, ah! the very night before,
No prudent guard upon her,
The Count he gave her oaths a score,
And took in change her honour.*

MORAL.

*Then you, who now lead single lives,
From this sad tale beware;
And do not act as you were wives,
Before you really are.*

Enter COUNT CASSEL.

Baron W. (*To Verdun.*) Leave the room instantly.

Count C. Yes, good Mr. Family Poet, leave the room, and take your doggerels with you.

Ver. Don't affront my poem, your honour; for I am indebted to you for the plot.

"*The Count he gave her oaths a score,
And took in change her honour.*" [Exit.]

Baron W. Count, you see me agitated.

Count C. What can be the cause?

Baron W. I'll not keep you in doubt a moment. You are accused, young man, of being engaged to another woman, while you offer marriage to my child.

Count C. To only one other woman?

Baron W. What do you mean?

Count C. My meaning is, that when a man is young and rich, has travelled, and is no personal object of disapprobation; to have made vows but to one woman, is an absolute slight upon the rest of the sex.

Baron W. Without evasion, sir, do you know the name of Baden? Was there ever a promise of marriage made by you to his daughter? Answer me plainly; or must I take a journey to inquire of the father.

Count C. No; I dare say, he can tell you no more than you already know; and which I shall not contradict.

Baron W. Amazing insensibility! And can you hold your head erect while you acknowledge perfidy?

Count C. My dear Baron, if every man who deserves to have a charge such as this brought against him, was not permitted to look up, it is a doubt whom we might not meet crawling on all fours. (*He accidentally taps Baron W. on the shoulder.*)

Baron W. (*Starts.*) Yet—nevertheless—the act is so atrocious—

Count C. But nothing new.

Baron W. (*Faintly.*) Yes—I hope—I hope it is new.

Count C. What, did you never meet with such a thing before?

Baron W. (*Agitated.*) If I have, I pronounced the man who so offended—a villain.

Count C. You are singularly scrupulous. I question if the man thought himself so.

Baron W. Yes he did.

Count C. How do you know?

Baron W. (*Hesitating.*) I have heard him say so.

Count C. But he ate, drunk, and slept, I suppose?

Baron W. (*Confused.*) Perhaps he did.

Count C. And was merry with his friends; and his friends as fond of him as ever?

Baron W. Perhaps—perhaps they were.

Count C. And perhaps he now and then took upon him to lecture young men for their gallantries?

Baron W. Perhaps he did.

Count C. Why, then, after all, Baron, your villain is a mighty good, prudent, honest fellow; and I have no objection to your giving me that name.

Baron W. But do you not think of some atonement to the unfortunate girl?

Count C. Did your villain atone?

Baron W. No: when his reason was matured, he wished to make some recompense: but his endeavours were too late.

Count C. I will follow his example, and wait till my reason is matured, before I think myself competent to determine what to do.

Baron W. And till that time, I defer your marriage with my daughter.

Count C. Would you delay her happiness so long? Why, my dear Baron, considering the fashionable life I lead, it may be these ten years before my judgment arrives to its necessary standard.

Baron W. I have the head-ach, Count. These tidings have discomposed, disordered me. I beg your absence for a few minutes.

Count C. I obey.—And let me assure you, my lord, that although, from the extreme delicacy of your honour, you have ever through life shuddered at seduction, yet there are constitutions, and there are circumstances, in which it can be palliated.

Baron W. (*Violently.*) Never!

Count C. Not in a grave, serious, reflecting man, such as you, I grant; but in a gay, lively, inconsiderate, flimsy, frivolous coxcomb, such as myself, it is excusable: for me to keep my word to a woman, would be deceit: 'tis not expected of me. It is in my character to break oaths in love; as it is in your nature, my lord, never to have spoken anything but wisdom and truth. [Exit.]

Baron W. Could I have thought a creature so insignificant as that, had power to excite sensations such as I feel at present! I am, indeed, worse than he is, as much as the crimes of a man exceed those of an idiot.

Enter AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Amelia. I heard the Count leave you, my lord, and so I am come to inquire—

Baron W. (*Sitting down, and trying to compose himself.*) You are not to marry Count Cassel; and now mention his name to me no more.

Amelia. I won't; indeed I won't; for I hate his name.—But thank you, my dear father, for this good news. (*Sits on the opposite side of the table.—After a pause.*) And who am I to marry?

Baron W. I can't tell.

Amelia. I never liked the Count.

Baron W. No more did I.

Amelia. (*After a pause.*) I think love comes just as it pleases, without being asked.

Baron W. It does so.

Amelia. And there are instances, where, perhaps, the object of love makes the passion meritorious.

Baron W. To be sure there are.

Amelia. For example; my affection for Mr. Anhalt as my tutor.

Baron W. Right.

Amelia. (*Sighing.*) I should like to marry.

Baron W. So you shall. It is proper for every body to marry.

Amelia. Why, then, does not Mr. Anhalt marry?

Baron W. You must ask him that question yourself.

Amelia. I have.

Baron W. And what did he say?

Amelia. Will you give me leave to tell you what he said?

Baron W. Certainly.

Amelia. And what I said to him?

Baron W. Certainly.

Amelia. And won't you be angry?

Baron W. Undoubtedly not.

Amelia. Why, then—you know you commanded me never to disguise or conceal the truth.

Baron W. I did so.

Amelia. Why, then, he said—

Baron W. What did he say?

Amelia. He said—he would not marry me without your consent for the world.

Baron W. (*Starting.*) And, pray, how came this the subject of your conversation?

Amelia. (*Rising.*) I brought it up.

Baron W. And what did you say?

Amelia. I said, that birth and fortune were such old-fashioned things to me, I cared nothing about either: and that I had once heard my father declare he should consult my happiness in marrying me beyond any other consideration.

Baron W. I will once more repeat to you my sentiments.—It is the custom in this country for the children of nobility to marry only with their equals; but as my daughter's content is more dear to me than an ancient custom, I would bestow you on the first man I thought calculated to make you happy: by this I do not mean to say that I should not be severely nice in the character of the man to whom I gave you; and Mr. Anhalt, from his obligations to me, and his high sense of honour, thinks too nobly—

Amelia. Would it not be noble to make the daughter of his benefactor happy?

Baron W. But when that daughter is a child, and thinks like a child—

Amelia. No, indeed, papa, I begin to think very like a woman: ask him if I don't.

Baron W. Ask him! You feel gratitude for the instructions you have received from him, and you fancy it love.

Amelia. Are there two gratitudes?

Baron W. What do you mean?

Amelia. Because I feel gratitude to you; but that is very unlike the gratitude I feel towards him.

Baron W. Indeed!

Amelia. Yes; and then he feels another gratitude towards me. What's that?

Baron W. Has he told you so?

Amelia. Yes.

Baron W. That was not right of him.

Amelia. Oh! if you did but know how I surprised him!

Baron W. Surprised him!

Amelia. He came to me by your command, to examine my heart respecting Count Cassel. I told him that I would never marry the Count.

Baron W. But him?

Amelia. Yes, him.

Baron W. Very fine, indeed! And what was his answer?

Amelia. He talked of my rank in life; of my aunts and cousins; of my grandfather, and great grandfather; of his duty to you; and endeavoured to persuade me to think no more of him.

Baron W. He acted honestly.

Amelia. But not politely.

Baron W. No matter.

Amelia. Dear father, I shall never be able to love another; never be happy with any one else. *(Throwing herself on her knees.)*

Baron W. Rise, I command you.

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. My lord, forgive me! I have ventured, on the privilege of my office, as a minister of holy charity, to bring the poor soldier, whom your justice has arrested, into the adjoining room; and I presume to entreat you will admit him to your presence, and hear his apology or supplication.

Baron W. Anhalt, you have done wrong. I pity the unhappy boy; but you know I cannot, must not forgive him.

Anhalt. I beseech you, then, my lord, to tell him so yourself: from your lips he may receive his doom with resignation.

Amelia. Oh! father, see him, and take pity on him; his sorrows have made him frantic.

Baron W. Leave the room, Amelia. *(On her attempting to speak, he raises his voice.)* Instantly! *[Exit Amelia.]*

Anhalt. He asked a private audience: perhaps he has some confession to make that may relieve his mind, and may be requisite for you to hear.

Baron W. Well, bring him in; and do you wait in the adjoining room till our conference is over: I must, then, sir, have a conference with you.

Anhalt. I shall obey your commands. *(He goes to the door, and re-enters with FREDERICK.—Exit.)*

Baron W. I know, young man, you plead your mother's wants in excuse for an act of desperation; but powerful as this plea might be in palliation of a fault, it cannot extenuate a crime like your's.

Fred. I have a plea for my conduct even more powerful than a mother's wants.

Baron W. What's that?

Fred. My father's cruelty.

Baron W. You have a father, then?

Fred. I have, and a rich one: nay, one that's reputed virtuous and honourable: a great man, possessing estates and patronage in abundance; much esteemed at court, and beloved by his tenants; kind, benevolent, honest, generous—

Baron W. And with all those great qualities abandons you?

Fred. He does, with all the qualities I mention.

Baron W. Your father may do right; a dissipated, desperate youth, whom kindness cannot draw from vicious habits, severity may.

Fred. You are mistaken. My father does not discard me for my vices: he does not know me; has never seen me. He abandoned me, even before I were born.

Baron W. What do you say?

Fred. The tears of my mother are all that I inherit from my father. Never has he protected or supported me—never protected her.

Baron W. Why don't you apply to his relations?

Fred. They disown me, too. I am, they say, related to no one. All the world disclaim me, except my mother; and there again I have to thank my father.

Baron W. How so?

Fred. Because I am an illegitimate son. My seduced mother has brought me up in patient misery. Industry enabled her to give me an education; but the days of my youth commenced with hardship, sorrow, and danger. My companions lived happy around me, and had a pleasing prospect in their view, while bread and water only were my food, and no hopes joined to sweeten it.—But my father felt not that!—

Baron W. *(Aside.)* He touches my heart.

Fred. After five years' absence from my mother, I returned this very day, and found her dying in the streets for want: not even a hut to shelter her, or a pallet of straw.—But my father feels not that! He lives in a palace, sleeps on the softest down, enjoys all the luxuries of the great; and, when he dies, a funeral sermon will praise his great benevolence, his Christian charities.—

Baron W. *(Greatly agitated.)* What is your father's name?

Fred. He took advantage of an innocent young woman; gained her affection by flattery and false promises; gave life to an unfortunate being, who was on the point of murdering his father.

Baron W. Who is he?

Fred. Baron Wildenhaim.—*(Baron W. expresses surprise.)*—In this house did you rob my mother of her honour; and in this house I am a sacrifice for the crime.—I am your prisoner. I will not be free: I am a robber; I give myself up. You shall deliver me into the hands of justice. You shall accompany me to the spot of public execution: you shall hear in vain the chaplain's consolation and injunctions: you shall find how I, in despair, will, to the last moment, call for retribution on my father.—

Baron W. Stop! Be pacified—

Fred. And when you turn your head from my extended corse, you will behold my weeping mother—need I paint how her eyes will greet you?

Baron W. Desist, barbarian, savage, stop!

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. What do I hear? What is this? Young man, I hope you have not made a second attempt?

Fred. Yes; I have done what it was your place to do; I have made a sinner tremble.

[Points to Baron W. and exit.]

Anhalt. What can this mean? I do not comprehend—

Baron W. He is my son! he is my son! Go, Anhalt—advise me—help me—Go to the poor woman, his mother. He can shew you the way. Make haste—speed to protect her—

Anhalt. But what am I to—

Baron W. Go—your heart will tell you how to act. *[Exit Anhalt.]* Who am I? what am I? Mad—raving—no—I have a son, a son! The bravest—I will—I must—oh!—*(With tenderness.)* Why have I not embraced him yet? why not pressed him to my heart? Ah! see—*(Looking after him.)* He flies from the castle!—Who's there? Where are my attendants?

Enter Servants.

Follow him—bring the prisoner back. But observe my command: treat him with respect; treat him as my son, and your master. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Inside of the Cottage.*

AGATHA FRIBURG, *Cottager and his Wife, discovered.*

Agatha. Pray, look and see if he is coming.

Cot. It is of no use. I have been in the road; have looked up and down; but neither see nor hear anything of him.

Wife. Have a little patience.

Agatha. I wish you would step out once more: I think he cannot be far off.

Cot. I will; I will go. *[Exit.]*

Wife. If your son knew what heaven had sent you, he would be here very soon.

Agatha. I feel so anxious—

Wife. But why? I should think a purse of gold, such as you have received, would make anybody easy.

Agatha. Where can he be so long? He has been gone four hours. Some ill must have befallen him.

Wife. It is still broad day-light: don't think of any danger. This evening we must all be merry: I'll prepare the supper. What a good gentleman our Baron must be! I am sorry I ever spoke a word against him.

Agatha. How did he know I was here?

Wife. Heaven only can tell. The servant that brought the money was very secret.

Agatha. *(Aside.)* I am astonished! I wonder! Oh! surely, he has been informed; why else should he have sent so much money?

Re-enter Cottager.

Well, not yet?

Cot. I might look till I am blind for him; but I saw our new rector coming along the road; he calls in sometimes: may be, he will this evening.

Wife. He is a very good gentleman; pays great attention to his parishioners; and where he can assist the poor, he is always ready.

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. Good evening, friends.

Both. Thank you, reverend sir. *(They run to fetch a chair.)*

Anhalt. I thank you, good people.—I see you have a stranger here.

Cot. Yes, your reverence; it is a poor sick woman, whom I took in doors.

Anhalt. You will be rewarded for it.—*(To Agatha.)* May I beg leave to ask your name?

Agatha. Ah! if we were alone—

Anhalt. Good neighbours, will you leave us alone for a few minutes? I have something to say to this poor woman.

Cot. Wife, do you hear? come along with me.

[Exeunt Cottager and his Wife.]

Anhalt. Now—

Agatha. Before I tell who I am, what I am, and what I was, I must beg to ask, are you of this country?

Anhalt. No; I was born in Alsace.

Agatha. Did you know the late rector personally, whom you have succeeded?

Anhalt. No.

Agatha. Then you are not acquainted with my narrative?

Anhalt. Should I find you to be the person whom I have long been in search of, your history is not altogether unknown to me.

Agatha. That you have been in search of! Who gave you such a commission?

Anhalt. A man, who, if it so prove, is much concerned for your misfortunes.

Agatha. How? Oh! sir, tell me quickly—whom do you think to find in me?

Anhalt. Agatha Friburg.

Agatha. Yes, I am that unfortunate woman; and the man who pretends to take concern in my misfortunes is—Baron Wildenhaim: he who betrayed me, abandoned me and my child, and killed my parents. He would now repair our sufferings with this purse of gold. *(Takes out the purse.)* Whatever may be your errand, sir, whether to humble or to protect me, it is alike indifferent; I, therefore, request you to take this money to him who sent it: tell him my honour has never been saleable; tell him, destitute as I am, even indigence will not tempt me to accept charity from my seducer. He despised my heart, I despise his gold; he has trampled on me, I trample on his representative. *(Throws the purse on the ground.)*

Anhalt. Be patient: I give you my word, that when the Baron sent this present to an unfortunate woman, for whom her son had supplicated, he did not know that woman was Agatha.

Agatha. My son! what of my son?

Anhalt. Do not be alarmed: the Baron met with an affectionate son, who begged for his sick mother, and it affected him.

Agatha. Begged of the Baron? of his father?

Anhalt. Yes; but they did not know each other; and the mother received the present on the son's account.

Agatha. Did not know each other? Where is my son?

Anhalt. At the castle.

Agatha. And still unknown?

Anhalt. Now he is known: an explanation has taken place; and I am sent here by the Baron, not to a stranger, but to Agatha Friburg; not with gold! his commission was, "do what your heart directs you."

Agatha. How is my Frederick? How did the Baron receive him?

Anhalt. I left him just in the moment the discovery was made. By this time your son is, perhaps, in the arms of his father.

Agatha. Oh! is it possible, that a man, who has been twenty years deaf to the voice of nature, should change so suddenly?

Anhalt. I do not mean to justify the Baron; but he has loved you; and fear of his noble kindred alone, caused his breach of faith to you.

Agatha. But to desert me wholly, and wed another—

Anhalt. War called him away: wounded in the field, he was taken to the adjacent seat of a nobleman, whose only daughter, by anxious attention to his recovery, won his gratitude; and, influenced by the will of his worldly friends, he married. But no sooner was I received into the family, and admitted to his confidence, than he related to me your story; and, at times, would exclaim in anguish, "The proud, imperious Baroness avenges the wrongs of my deserted Agatha." Again, when he presented me with this living, and I left France to take possession of it, his last words, before we parted, were, "The moment you arrive at Wildenheim, make all inquiries to find out my poor Agatha." Every letter I afterwards received from him contained, "Still, still no tidings of my Agatha." And fate ordained it should be so till this fortunate day.

Agatha. What you have said has made my heart overflow. Where will this end?

Anhalt. I know not yet the Baron's intentions; but your sufferings demand immediate remedy; and one way only is left. Come with me to the castle. Do not start: you shall be concealed in my apartments till you are called for.

Agatha. I go to the Baron's!—No.

Anhalt. Go for the sake of your son. Reflect, that his fortune may depend upon your presence.

Agatha. And he is the only branch on which my hope still blossoms; the rest are withered. I will forget my wrongs as a woman, if the Baron will atone to the mother; he shall have the woman's pardon, if he will merit the mother's thanks.—*(After a struggle.)*—I will go to the castle; for the sake of my Frederick, go even to his father. But where are my good host and hostess, that I may take leave, and thank them for their kindness?

Anhalt. *(Taking up the purse which Agatha had thrown down.)* Here, good friend! Good woman!

Enter the Cottager and his Wife.

Wife. Yes, yes, here am I.

Anhalt. Good people, I will take your guest with me. You have acted an honest part; and, therefore, receive this reward for your trouble. *(He offers the purse to the Cottager, who puts it by, and turns away.—To the Wife.)* Do you take it.

Wife. I always obey my pastor. *(Taking it.)*

Agatha. Good b'ye. For your hospitality to me, may ye enjoy continued happiness.

Cot. Fare you well, fare you well.

Wife. If you find friends and get health, we won't trouble you to call on us again: but if you should fall sick, or be in poverty, we shall take it very unkind if we don't see you. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

BARON WILDENHAIM and FREDERICK discovered.

Baron W. Been in battle, too! I am glad to hear it. You have known hard services; but now they are over, and joy and happiness will succeed. The reproach of your birth shall be removed; for I will acknowledge you my son and heir to my estate.

Fred. And my mother—

Baron W. She shall live in peace and affluence. Do you think I would leave your mother unprotected? No; about a mile from this castle, I have an estate, called Weldendorf; there she shall live, and call her own whatever it produces: there she shall reign, and be sole mistress of the little paradise: there her past sufferings shall be changed to peace and tranquillity. On a

summer's morning, we, my son, will ride to visit her; pass a day, a week with her; and, in this social intercourse, time will glide pleasantly.

Fred. And pray, my lord, under what name is my mother to live, then?

Baron W. *(Confused.)* How?

Fred. In what capacity? As your domestic, or as—

Baron W. That we will settle afterwards.

Fred. Will you allow me, sir, to leave the room a little while, that you may have leisure to consider now?

Baron W. I do not know how to explain myself in respect to your mother, more than I have done already.

Fred. My fate, whatever it may be, shall never part me from her: this is my firm resolution, upon which I call heaven to witness. My lord, it must be Frederick of Wildenheim, and Agatha of Wildenheim; or Agatha Friburg, and Frederick Friburg. *[Exit.]*

Baron W. Young man! Frederick! *(Calling after him.)* Hasty, indeed! would make conditions with his father! No, no; that must not be. I just now thought how well I had arranged my plans—had relieved my heart of every burden, when, a second time, he throws a mountain upon it. Stop, friend conscience, why do you take his part? For twenty years thus you have used me, and been my torture.

Enter Mr. ANHALT.

Ah! Anhalt, I am glad you are come. My conscience and myself are at variance.

Anhalt. Your conscience is in the right.

Baron W. You don't know yet what the quarrel is.

Anhalt. Conscience is always right—because it never speaks unless it is so.

Baron W. Ay, a man of your order can more easily attend to its whispers, than an old warrior. The sound of cannon has made him hard of hearing. I have found my son again, Mr. Anhalt, a fine brave young man; I mean to make him my heir; am I in the right?

Anhalt. Perfectly.

Baron W. And his mother shall live in happiness. My estate, Weldendorf, shall be her's; I'll give it to her, and she shall make it her residence. Don't I do right?

Anhalt. No.

Baron W. *(Surprised.)* No! And what else should I do?

Anhalt. Marry her.

Baron W. *(Starting.)* I marry her!

Anhalt. Baron Wildenheim is a man who will not act inconsistently; as this is my opinion, I expect your reasons if you do not.

Baron W. Would you have me marry a beggar?

Anhalt. *(After a pause.)* Is that your only objection?

Baron W. I have more—many more.

Anhalt. May I beg to know them likewise?

Baron W. My birth.

Anhalt. Go on.

Baron W. My relations would despise me.

Anhalt. Go on.

Baron W. 'Sdeath! are not these reasons enough I know no other.

Anhalt. Now, then, it is my turn to state mine for the advice I have given you. But first I presume to ask a few questions. Did Agatha, through artful insinuation, gain your affection? or did she give you cause to suppose her inconstant?

Baron W. Neither. But for me she were always virtuous and good.

Anhalt. Did it cost you trouble and earnest entreaty to make her otherwise?

Baron W. Yes.

Anhalt. You pledged your honour?

Baron W. (*Confused.*) Yes.

Anhalt. Called God to witness?

Baron W. Yes.

Anhalt. The witness you called at that time was the Being who sees you now. What you gave in pledge was your honour, which you must redeem; therefore, thank heaven that it is in your power to redeem it. By marrying Agatha the ransom's made: and she brings a dower greater than any princess can bestow—peace to your conscience. If you then esteem the value of this portion, you will not hesitate a moment to exclaim,—Friends, wish me joy, I will marry Agatha! (*Baron W. in great agitation, walks backwards and forwards, then takes Anhalt by the hand.*)

Baron W. Friend, wish me joy—I will marry Agatha.

Anhalt. I do wish you joy.

Baron W. Where is she?

Anhalt. In the castle—in my apartments here. I conducted her through the garden to avoid curiosity.

Baron W. Well, then, this is the wedding-day. This very evening you shall give us your blessing.

Anhalt. Not so soon, not so private. The whole village was witness of Agatha's shame; the whole village must be witness of Agatha's re-established honour. Do you consent to this?

Baron W. I do.

Anhalt. Now the quarrel is decided. Now is your conscience quiet?

Baron W. As quiet as an infant's. I only wish the first interview was over.

Anhalt. Compose yourself. Agatha's heart is to be your judge.

Enter AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Baron W. Amelia, you have a brother.

Amelia. I have just heard so, my lord; and rejoice to find the news confirmed by you.

Baron W. I know, my dear Amelia, I can repay you for the loss of Count Cassel; but what return can I make to you for the loss of half your fortune?

Amelia. My brother's love will be ample recompense.

Baron W. I will reward you better. Mr. Anhalt, the battle I have just fought, I owe to myself: the victory I gained I owe to you. A man of your principles, at once a teacher and an example of virtue, exalts his rank in life to a level with the

noblest family; and I shall be proud to receive you as my son.

Anhalt. (*Falling on his knees, and taking Baron W.'s hand.*) My lord, you overwhelm me with confusion, as well as with joy.

Baron W. My obligations to you are infinite; Amelia shall pay the debt. (*Gives her to him.*)

Amelia. Oh! my dear father! (*Embracing Baron W.*) what blessings have you bestowed on me in one day! (*To Anhalt.*) I will be your scholar still, and use more diligence than ever to please my master.

Anhalt. His present happiness admits of no addition.

Baron W. Nor does mine. And there is yet another task to perform that will require more fortitude, more courage than this has done! A trial that—(*Bursts into tears.*)—I cannot prevent them—Let me—let me—A few minutes will bring me to myself. Where is Agatha?

Anhalt. I will go and fetch her. [*Exit.*]

Baron W. Stop! Let me first recover a little. (*Walks up and down, looks at the door through which Anhalt left the room.*) That door she will come from: that was once the dressing-room of my mother.—From that door I have seen her come many times—have been delighted with her lovely smiles. How shall I behold her altered looks! Frederick must be my mediator. Where is he? Where is my son? Now I am ready; my heart is prepared to receive her. Haste! haste! Bring her in. (*He looks steadfastly at the door. MR. ANHALT leads in AGATHA FRIBURG; Baron W. runs and clasps her in his arms; supported by him, she sinks into a chair; Baron W. kneels by her side, holding her hand.*)

Baron W. Agatha, Agatha, do you know this voice?

Agatha. Wildenhaim.

Baron W. Can you forgive me?

Agatha. Forgive you! (*Embracing him.*)

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. (*As he enters.*) I hear the voice of my mother! Ha!—Mother! Father!

[*Frederick throws himself on his knees by his mother; she clasps him in her arms. Amelia is placed by the side of her father, attentively viewing Agatha; Anhalt stands on the side of Frederick, with his hands gratefully raised to heaven.—Exeunt.*]

WAYS AND MEANS;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR DAVID DUNDER
OLD RANDOM
RANDOM
SCRUPLE

PAUL PEERY
CARNEY
TIPTOE
ROUNDLEE

QUIRK
PASSENGERS
BAILIFF
SERVANTS

LADY DUNDER
MRS. PEERY
HARRIET
KITTY

ACT I.—SCENE I.—An Anti-room in an inn.

PAUL PEERY discovered, in a chair, asleep; bar-bell ringing violently. Enter MRS. PEERY.

Mrs. P. Why, Paul! why, husband!

Paul. Eh! what? (Waking.)

Mrs. P. For shame, for shame, Mr. Peery! The bar-bell has been ringing this half-hour; and here you sleep like the rusty clapper of it, and scarce stir when you are pulled: and when you are, you only waddle about a little bit, and then stand still till you are pulled again.

Paul. Pr'ythee, wife, be quiet: you know, I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

Mrs. P. Were you! I wish I could find it out.

Paul. But what's the matter?

Mrs. P. Packets are the matter; diligences are the matter. Sea and land-cargoes and carriages. Four sea-sick gentlemen, from Calais; and four ladies, just stepped out of the mail-coach, from Canterbury. The men, I believe, are making inquiries for the machine to London.

Paul. Are they? Then shew 'em all into one room. I pity the poor gentlemen. Nothing is so dreadful as sea-sickness: so, put 'em all together; and they'll only be sick of one another, you know. (Bells rings.) Enter Waiter.

Wait. Two gentlemen in a post-chaise, with a servant, from London, sir. [Exit.]

Mrs. P. Run, Mr. Peery!

Paul. Ay, ay! You take care of the stage-coaches, and let me alone for the post-chaise gentry. Here, Lewis, John, William! shew a room, here, to the gentlemen, there. [Exit, bawling.]

Enter Waiter, shewing in one French and three English passengers, from the packet.

Wait. Walk in, gentlemen.

Mrs. P. Walk in, gentlemen, if you please. Welcome to England! welcome to Dover, gentlemen!

1 Pas. So! just six o'clock in the morning; be-

calmed at sea; not a wink all night—the devil take this packet, say I! I'm rumbled, and tumbled, and jumbled—

Mrs. P. I'm extremely sorry for it, sir; but—

Fr. Pas. Now, begar! it do me goot.

Mrs. P. I'm vastly happy to hear it: do you choose any refreshment, sir? [in all my life.]

Fr. Pas. Vous avez raison: I never vas so refresh

Mrs. P. I am very glad, indeed, sir.

2 Pas. I'm d—d sick.

Mrs. P. I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir.

Fr. Pas. Ma foi, madame have beaucoup de politesse.

2 Pas. Get me a glass of brandy—ti, tol, lol! I feel confounded qualmish, but—tol, lol, lol, la!—I don't like to own a sea-sickness; and—"Britons ever rule the waves." (Singing.)

Fr. Pas. Briton rule de vave! I tink de vave rule you, ma foi. Ha, ha!

2 Pas. Right, mounseer! in the present case, I grant you. Packet-sailing—mere plain water agrees best with your folks; but, when there is occasion to mix a little of our British spirit with it, why, it's always too much for a French stomach. Now that's the time when an Englishman never feels qualmish at all.

Enter Waiter, shewing in four Women.

Mrs. P. Servant, ladies.

1 Wom. Lard! this mail-coach is the worst conveyance in the world. It squeezes four people together, like two double letters.

Mrs. P. Disagreeable, to be sure, ma'am.

1 Pas. And that infernal packet!

Mrs. P. Nothing can be half so bad, sir.

2 Pas. But, then, the cabin—

Mrs. P. Except the cabin, your honour!

2 Wom. And riding backward in a coach!

Mrs. P. I can't conceive anything so shocking,

Fr. Pas. Voila la politesse encore! [ma'am.]

Mrs. P. Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen. But our house is so full at present, we have but one room to spare; the cloth is laid in it for breakfast, and it will be ready directly: hope you will excuse the—

I Pas. Oh! certainly, hostess: travellers, you know—if you'll give me leave, madam.

I Wom. Sir, you are very obliging. (*The Men hand the Women.*)

Mrs. P. Here, William, wait on the company.

Fr. Pas. Ah! c'est drole! pair and pair! two by two! [*Exeunt Men, handing out the Women.*]

Mrs. P. Shew 'em into Noah's ark, William, d'ye hear? (*Bell rings.*) Coming! Here, John, Lewis!—Coming! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the inn.*

Enter PAUL PEERY, with RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

Paul. This way, your honours, this way; one step at the door, if you please.

Rand. Step on, sir, if you please: pay the post-boy, and send in the servant (*Peery going*) and, harkye! landlord, what's the name of your house?

Paul. The Ship, your honour. The oldest and best established house in the town, sir.

Rand. Very well; then give us a better room, and get us some breakfast.

Paul. It shall be done, sir. I suppose, gentlemen, you mean to cross to Calais?

Scru. Psha!

Paul. You intend to take water, gentlemen?

Rand. No, sir; but we intend to take your wine. We may stay here some days, perhaps.

Paul. Thank your honours! everything shall be had to your satisfaction; and as far as a cellar and larder can go, I think, I—vastly obliged to your honours. Here, Lewis, William! breakfast for two in the Lion, there! [*Exit.*]

Rand. Well said, my thorough, clumsy, talkative inkeeper! And now, my dear Scruple, after our night's journey, welcome to Dover. Here we are, you see, not with the old, stale intention of taking a voyage to the continent; but a voyage to the island of love.

Scru. But suppose we should find neither wind nor tide in our favour?

Rand. Why, then, we shall be love-bound here a little, that's all. But, hang it! why anticipate evils? If we are to be unlucky, the less we think of it the better: confound all thinking, say I!

Scru. Confound thinking, Mr. Random! I'm sure it's high time to think, and that very seriously.

Rand. Heyday! Moralizing! "Confound thinking, Mr. Random!" Yes, sir, confound thinking! I'm sure, thinking would confound us; and most confoundedly, too, Mr. Scruple, at present.

Scru. Yet one can't help having one's doubts.

Rand. Poh! pr'ythee, don't doubt at all; doubting is mean and mechanical; and never entered the head or heart of a gentleman. Why, now, if you observe from our own daily experience, the people that doubted most were either our tailors, or tavern-keepers, or shoe-makers; or some such pitiful puppies. Zounds! man, don't be faint-hearted now; we shall never win our fair ladies at this rate; besides, haven't we all the reasonable hopes in the world? [*believe.*]

Scru. Why, we are sure of their good wishes, I

Rand. Certainly: and as to any trifling obstacles, such as father and mother, or so, chance must direct us. [*mention—*]

Scru. But may not those trifling obstacles you

Rand. Psha! doubting again! why, you are more of a mandarin, on a chimney-piece, than a man; there's no touching you but your head begins shaking. Consider, we attacked them at Bath, where they were, three weeks ago, on a visit to a female friend, without impertinent relations about them to give them advice, and made, I think, no inconsiderable progress.

Scru. Granted: but they were then suddenly called home to their father's, the baronet's, near

Dover, here; who hinted, in his letter, at no very distant match for both of them.

Rand. Oh! never fear, if the girls are averse to it; and they, at our parting, like simple damsels in romance, bewailed their cruel fate; while we, like true knights-errant, promised to rescue them from confinement. But you had more opportunities with your flame than I: why did not you marry her at

Scru. Because I loved her. [*once?*]

Rand. Well, that's some reason, too: you would have made a d—d unfashionable figure, I confess.

Scru. You mistake me: I had too much honour to impose on my Harriet's amiable simplicity, and have the utmost detestation for marrying merely to make a fortune. In these interested cases, if we keep up appearances, after marriage, the wife becomes a clog and incumbrance; if we throw off the mask, we are making a worthy woman, perhaps, miserable, who has afforded the only means of making her husband easy.

Rand. Mighty romantic, truly! and charming policy for a fellow without a guinea!

Scru. My policy was chosen from the proverb, Random; I thought honesty the best. I confessed to her my embarrassed circumstances—

Rand. Charming!

Scru. Told her I had nothing to boast of but my family; whom my imprudence had disobliged—

Rand. Excellent!

Scru. And thus, by candidly acknowledging myself unworthy her affections, I, undesignedly, insured them.

Rand. Pooh! this may do well enough for the grave, sentimental, elder sister; but Kitty's the girl for my taste; young, wild, frank, and ready to run into my arms, without the trouble of dying or sighing. Her mind full of fun, her eyes full of fire, her head full of novels, and her heart full of love—ay, and her pocket full of money, my boy!

Scru. Well, we must now find means to introduce ourselves to the family; I dread encountering the old folks, too; people in the country, here, are apt to be suspicious; they ask queer questions sometimes.

Rand. Oh! the mere effect of their situation; where they get more health than polish.

Scru. And yet, old country families—

Rand. Are like old country bacon—d—d fat and very rusty, Scruple. But come, let's to breakfast, and settle our plan over a cup of coffee. But where the devil's our scoundrel? we only hired him overnight, and have scarce set eyes on him since.

Scru. What, our joint lacquey? that we engaged for the expedition, to avoid inquiries; to wait on us both, dress us both, and fly on both our errands, like a shuttlecock between two battledores?

Rand. Yes; or like another Atlas, with all our world upon his shoulders. Only look at him, Scruple!

Enter TIPTOE, with a small portmanteau.

Tip. Gentlemen, shall I put down the luggage?

Scru. Ay, on this table.

Tip. (*Putting it down.*) Whew! It's enough to make a man faint to look at it.

Rand. Why, you scoundrel, it's all you have to bring in; and we have contrived, on purpose to make it easy, to put both our clothes in one portmanteau.

Tip. That's the very reason I complain, sir. You don't know how fatiguing it is to carry double.

Rand. A shrewd fellow this. He may be of use to us. (*Apart to Scru.*)—And now we have to inquire, pray, sir, what may your name be?

Tip. Tiptoe—Tiptoe, gentlemen, at your service. I have seen better days, no offence to your honours: honest Tiptoe once stood above the world; but now all the world stands upon Tiptoe.

Scru. And pray, sir, what were you formerly?

Tip. A decent young man, sir, that could dress wigs, write a running-hand, and preferred a sober, steady family. I shaved my old master, bottled off his wine, copied his papers, and kept the key of

his cabinet and cellar; in short, sir, I was his prime minister.

Scru. How came you to leave him, sir?

Tip. Ruined by party, sir; some of his papers were missing, and as I kept the key, I—

Rand. Began to be suspected; eh! honest Tiptoe?

Tip. Why, I can't tell how it was, sir; but the cabinet was against me; the whole house opposed me; and poor Tiptoe, like other great men—

Rand. Was turned out, I take it?

Tip. Oh, fie! no, sir; I resigned. I then fairly advertised my abilities—"Wants a place—can turn his hand to everything:" you, gentlemen, bid most for me; here I am, and I hope you'll have no cause to complain of my qualifications.

Scru. He'll make no bad ambassador for us, at least, Random; and now to breakfast, and our plan of operations. If they fail, farewell, dear, dear, little England! and yet I am wedded to thee—

Rand. Like modern husbands to their wives, Scruple: it's almost impossible to be seen in one another's company any longer. [*Exit with Scruple.*]

Tip. Very fine company I seem to have got into! hired, in one instant, by two men I had not heard of three moments; set out on a journey at four in the morning; and it had scarce struck five, when I began to suspect they were all sixes and sevens.— [*Enter French Waiter.*—Well, friend!

Fr. Wait. Serviteur, monsieur!

Tip. Friend! Oh, lord! no; it's the enemy. French waiters creep into shabby Dover inns, like French footmen into large London families. French footmen! more shame for their employers! who starve their own poor countrymen, to feed a set of skinny scoundrels, whose looks give the lie to their living, and prove their master's head in much nicer order than his heart. What, you come to carry up the portmanteau, I suppose?

Fr. Wait. Oui, de portmanteau, dat belong to—

Tip. Well, take it; and take care of it, too, monsieur; none of your old tricks of running away.

Fr. Wait. Never you fear; laissez moi faire. "Oh! de roast beef of old England!" [*Exit, singing.*]

Tip. There go all the worldly goods of my two poor masters; and here comes our inquisitive puppy of a landlord. Deuce take the fellow! he asked me more questions at the bar of the inn, than if I had been brought to the bar of the Old Bailey!

Enter PAUL PEERY.

Paul. Ah! my honest friend! sweet, honest Mr. Tiptoe, your servant.

Tip. (*Aside.*) How did he pick up my name, now?

Paul. I hope the two worthy gentlemen, I have shewn above stairs, have everything to their satisfaction? Though I say it, that should not say it, Paul Peery, of the Ship, was ever famous for giving satisfaction. Which of the two do you serve, my

Tip. Humph! Serve! Why—a— [*friend?*]

Paul. His honour in grey? or—

Tip. Ay.

Paul. Or the worthy gentleman in green?

Tip. Yes.

Paul. Humph! Two sweet gentlemen, indeed; and happy is one of 'em in a servant. You seem to give double the attendance of an ordinary footman.

Tip. Why, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, Tim Tiptoe was ever famous for giving satisfaction.

Paul. A close fellow! (*Aside.*) Well, I wish 'em success with all my heart, Mr. Tiptoe. You have lived with 'em a long while, I imagine?

Tip. Why, I have lived with 'em long enough, for that matter, Mr. Peery.

Paul. They are of property, no doubt!

Tip. Of such property, master Peery, it's impossible to describe it.

Paul. Indeed! and where may their property lie at this time? [*coast, at this time.*]

Tip. I believe all their property lies on the sea—

Paul. Oh, oh! the sea-coast! What, in ships, I

Tip. Yes; it's all in the Ship. [*imagine?*]

Paul. So, so! merchants! rich rogues, I'll lay my life. (*Aside.*) Ah! warm, warm! Good men, Mr. Tiptoe; trusted by everybody, I warrant.

Tip. Trusted for a great while, too, I promise you.

Paul. I hope they find everything to their liking. Must be civil here. (*Aside.*) I hope the room suits their honours? I should be sorry to give any offence. I have given 'em a room I give to the best of company.

Tip. Oh! excellent! make no apologies: your room is as good as your company, master Peery.

Rand. (*Without.*) D—n your house! Here, Tiptoe! Tiptoe, you scoundrel!

Tip. Coming directly, sir. You are right; you were always famous for giving satisfaction.

Rand. (*Without.*) Tiptoe!

Paul. Hark! is it your master?

Tip. 'Faith! I do not know. It's either his honour in grey, or the worthy gentleman in green. Good b'ye, master Peery.

Rand. (*Without.*) Tiptoe!

Tip. Coming, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Paul. Why, what the devil can these merchants do at Dover? A bit of a smuggling business, perhaps. They must be rich fellows by the servant's being so saucy; and then, they call about 'em, and abuse the house so kindly! Oh! your abusive fellows are the best customers in the world; for none pay so well at an inn as those who are always d—ing the waiters for ill-treatment. (*Bar-bellings.*)

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall, sir, has had business in the town before breakfast, and stopt in, whilst his horses put-to, to go back. [*Exit.*]

Paul. Ods my life! a rich man, a good-natured gentleman, and lives but a mile off: the only great man, I know, whose situation never keeps me at a great distance. An odd fellow, too; and takes more money from my house than a tax-gatherer; I can never keep a guest for his cursed kind invitations. But he pays well while he stays. So, William! wife! hostler! rub down the horses, and shew up Sir David Dunder. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PAUL PEERY with SIR DAVID DUNDER.

Sir D. Pooh! Paul, you're a blockhead—there's two of 'em you tell me?

Paul. Worth a plum a-piece, Sir David.

Sir D. Plums! figs! How's your wife, Paul, eh?

Paul. She's pretty—

Sir D. Be quiet; I know she is. And so, these two merchants are as rich as—

Paul. Anything, your honour.

Sir D. D—d good simile! very new, too. Have they taken care of the horses?

Paul. They're going to—

Sir D. Be quiet; I know it. Merchants! hazard! Vessels are lottery tickets; two blanks to a prize.

Paul. Right, your honour; and the sea—

Sir D. Is the worst wheel in the world for 'em, Paul; for when once they stick at the bottom, I would not give a farthing for the chance of their coming up. Where do they come from?

Paul. London: London merchants; and they—

Sir D. I know it, you blockhead—are respected all over the world. London merchants, Paul, are like London porter; a little heavy or so, sometimes; but stout, stiff, heady, old hogsheads, that keep up the vigour of a strong English constitution. Where are they going? [*any intelligence—*]

Paul. I can't tell, Sir David; but if you wish for

Sir D. You can't give it me. Tell 'em I wish to be introduced, d'ye hear? Sir David Dunder, Dunder Hall—you know the form—Bart: bloody hand, all that—wishes to—Who have we here?

Paul. The very men, Sir David; coming this way,

Sir D. Then do you get out on't. [*too.*]

Paul. So! two more guests going by his cursed invitations. [*Exit.*]

Sir D. (*Looking out.*) 'Gad! they are youngish men for merchants. Well, why the worse? They may be clever fellows, for all that. If so, the

younger the better; and a man must be clever, indeed, when his enemies can throw nothing but his youth in his teeth.—[Enter RANDOM and SCRUPLE.]

Rand. Nay, pr'ythee, Scruple, one turn on the quay, and—who is he? Egad! the same queer fellow we observed just now under the window.

Scru. Right; giving orders to his coachman.

Sir D. Gentlemen, your servant.

Rand. & Scru. Sir, your very obedient!

Sir D. My landlord tells me—honest Paul, here—you've just left London. Good journey, I hope. Our town of Dover is but an odd, whimsical, sort of a—eh! and, after the city, you think it a d—d dirty, dingy kind of a—humph!

Scru. Why, sir, at present, we can't say we are tired of the exchange.

Sir D. The Exchange! Oh, oh! Paul's right! (*Aside.*) I know it. The Exchange, as you say, for people in your situation is much pleasanter.

Scru. Sir! Our situation!

Sir D. Be quiet; my host has let me into your characters. [anything of—

Rand. The devil he has! And how should he know

Sir D. Nay, don't be angry; no harm: mere inuendo—didn't tell plump—talked of your dealings.

Scru. Dealings! [sumed to—

Rand. Why, zounds! the scoundrel has not pre-

Sir D. Must be rich—d—d crusty! (*Aside.*) You're right, though, can't be too cautious. I would not wish to pry. Mean nothing but respect, upon my soul! How many clerks do you keep?

Rand. & Scru. Clerks!

Sir D. Can't do without them, you know. Fine folks, though, all you, eh! Props of the public; bulwarks of Britain. Always brought forward as an example to the world. Been in the stocks lately,

Scru. Hell and the devil! [gentlemen?

Sir D. That's right, don't tell. I like you the better. You see what I know of you, and—

Rand. Sir, we suspect what you imagine, and—

Sir D. I know it. You wonder to see me so devilish distant. I live but a mile off: Lady Dunder, a sweet, fine, fat woman—my wife, by-the-by—will be happy to entertain gentlemen of—

Rand. How! Lady Dunder your wife? (*Hastily.*)

Scru. Is Lady Dunder your wife, sir? (*Hastily.*)

Sir D. Eh! my wife, my wife! Why, yes, I think so. She is not your's, is she?

Scru. Oh! you'll pardon us, sir; only we have heard the name of Sir David Dunder in this country, before. [known, I believe, everywhere.

Sir D. Like enough; the Dunders are pretty well

Rand. Certainly: indeed, you were the last person in our mouths, Sir David.

Sir D. Popped in apropos, eh! Never knew it otherwise. Just like Simon Spongy, our curate; never knocks but at dinner, and always comes in with the cloth. But we are notorious for hospitality to strangers of your stamp; and if you can spare a day or two at Dunder Hall—all in the family way, you know: Sir David, that's me; lady and two misses; two fine young women, upon my soul, as any in Kent; tall as hop-poles—will be happy to—eh!

Scru. Sir, you're particularly kind; but—

Rand. We'll attend you with pleasure, Sir David.

Sir D. Will you? that's right. It's close by; quite convenient. And if necessity obliges you to come to the coast here, why, 'tis but a mile. All in my power. I know your business, and we'll have the horses directly. We shall be at home time enough for a late breakfast. Here—eh! I'll step to coach myself; but don't, don't abuse honest Paul; meant no harm, upon my soul! mere inuendo—a slight sketch, but no profession specified. Paul is like other inn-keepers, blunders and talks: a d—d deal of the bull and mouth about him; but no more meaning than a split crow, or a spread eagle, egad! [*Exit.*

Rand. Give me your hand, my boy! the day's our own; the luckiest hit in the world!

Scru. Do you think so?

Rand. Think so! Zounds! what's the matter with you? Isn't the very man we have been following, the first man we have met? Hasn't he thrown open his doors to us, when we only hoped to get in at his window? Isn't he our father-in-law that is to be, and hasn't he given us an invitation?

Scru. Granted: and what then?

Rand. What then? Why, then, instead of reconnoitring the whole day round his wall, we have nothing to do but to walk in, whisk away with the girls, and be married immediately.

Scru. And is this to be our return, Mr. Random, for Sir David's kindness?

Rand. Why, how can you make a better, than by giving such a strong proof of your attachment to his family?

Scru. For shame, Random! basely endeavour to injure a man, whose hospitality has brought you under his roof! No, no; our reconnoitring plan, indeed! weak as you may think it, I should prefer going to his wall, as you say, I assure you.

Rand. Very likely; the weakest always go there. Remember, however, I scorn a mean action, as much as any man; but if a good marriage is the readiest road to the reconciliation with our friend, who can, if they choose, make us easy, I see no great injury offered to Sir David, nor his family.

Scru. Why, in that case, to be sure—

Rand. Ay, ay; no more of your cases now, good doctor; but follow my prescriptions, I entreat you. Besides, my father is expected from the south of France every day. He may arrive before we have brought matters to bear; and fathers are apt to spoil sport, you know. [*Enter TIPTOE.*]

Tip. The old gentleman, sir, with the old coach, is inquiring for you in the court-yard.

Scru. Oh! Sir David! *allons!* Follow us, sirrah. We haven't a moment to spare.

Rand. That's right, Scruple! stick close; for he seems so whimsical an old fellow, that he may get into his carriage, drive off, and forget he has ever given us an invitation. Come along, Tiptoe; quick, quick, you scoundrel! [*Exit with Scruple.*]

Tip. Quick! Zounds! I'm almost dead. All night, bumping down to Dover, on a ragged, raw-boned, post-horse, with a brace of pistols at my knees; and, as soon as we arrive, clapt up behind a queer, country coach, with a couple of leather straps in my hand, to be rattled back again. Ah! Tiptoe, Tiptoe! you must get into a sober family again, I see. My running-hand will be all I have left for it at last; for I shall be run off my feet, I find, in a fortnight. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Room in the Ship inn.

Enter ROUNDLEE and QUIRK.

Round. Why, I told you so, all along; but you have no more head than a smooth shilling.

Quirk. No, but I have a mouth, if you would let me open it.

Round. Yes, and then you'd shut it again; just as you do at my dinners; where you have been opening and shutting it, any time these ten years.

Quirk. What, and haven't I deserved it? haven't I filled more parchments for you than stomachs; more skins than bellies; and closed many an account before I could close my orifice? haven't I given you a character in the courts, good-humouredly establishing your reputation, before I regarded my own? Haven't I sworn for you, and roundly, too, Mr. Roundlee? [good swallow.

Round. Well, well, I always allowed you had a

Quirk. Wasn't I, when you were tottering, friend enough to take out a commission of bankruptcy against you? and didn't I kindly make myself a cruel creditor, and insist upon receiving three parts of your effects? [ruin with gratitude?

Round. And haven't I always acknowledged my

Quirk. No, nor anything else. I have dangled after half the heirs in town, without an acknow-

ledgment; making myself the imaginary friend of their imaginary wants, merely to introduce 'em to you, as a man of honour and secrecy.

Round. Ay, if required.

Quirk. Granted; it says so in the advertisement. And did not they come to you, when, if it was not for me, they would have been accommodated at a genteel end of the town? Instead of which, I trudged 'em through the Strand, towards the Bar, all winter long, with their boots and high collars, for fear of sore throats, to chew your tough chops in the back parlour. Then they'd clap you on the back, call you by your christian name, tell d—d lies, and swear you were an honest fellow, to make you come down with the ready. And who was the disinterested, moderate man, to settle a proper premium between the parties? Why, I, to be sure.

Round. And is there a worse security in the world than your fellows of fashion? Your snug man of business, when he puts his name to a note, is always punctual in his payment; or else we lock him in limbo; safe in the house of bondage. Now, your man of fashion always gets safe in another house; and if he can't duly pay, why he gets duly elected, and I have a false return for my money.

Quirk. That's not the case here, you know.

Round. No, but it's as bad. A pretty wild-goose chase we have had here! Rammed into a post-chaise, with more expense than speed; gaping at hops, through a cursed small-beer country, and after two youngsters, who, by this time, I take it, have hopped over to Calais. That's another genteel way of chousing an honest creditor. The coast of France is edged with English insolvents. Calais is a King's-bench, and Boulogne little more than a Marshalsea. A parcel of prodigal, web-footed spendthrifts come here, and take water like ducks—

Quirk. Yes, but they are lame ducks.

Round. While we, who have hatched 'em, like hens, in the shell of their dissipation, stand clucking complaints on the shore, without daring to follow.

Quirk. Come, come, accidents will happen.

Round. And who brought this accident about, but the dapper Mr. Quirk? with your plaguy politic pate! a thick Symond's-inn skull, only fit to peep through a pillory. You must be sending me your two fine St. James's gentlemen. D—e! there's more poor rogues, I believe, in that parish than in St. Giles's: all in a gang, too; knaves of clubs every one of them—and there my two youngsters, coaxed me over with a pretty refreshing story of friends in the country, and rich old fathers, with fine crazy constitutions; charming church-yard coughs, and pretty touches of the rheumatism; sweet bile, and delightful bad livers! It put one in spirits to hear them talk; and you, you booby, to back it.

Quirk. Why, I had it from the best authority. However, young Random's father is abroad for his health; and everybody says in a fine, fair way of dying; and then you'll be in a fair way of recovery. The report is current, my old lad.

Round. Yes, and the son got current cash for it; and now he must go abroad, too; with a cursed consumptive pocket, I warrant: and that other oily-tongued fellow, Mr. Scruple—

Quirk. But why call me in question? Could not you see for yourself? Didn't they ask you to dine with 'em? and weren't you foolish enough to drink, and grow open-hearted? and then, when Random told you he'd take you to Shooter's-hill in his phaë-

Round. Psha! no such thing. [ton—

Quirk. And introduce you to Peggy Pattens, who said you had fine eyes, if you did not squint, and a good walk, if you did not stoop—

Round. Hush!

Quirk. Didn't you chuckle, and whisper he was an honest fellow? and though I kept winking, and pulling your sleeve, did not you take notes which were due the day they set off, and give a draft for the three thousand?

Round. Zounds! it's enough to drive one mad to think on't! You got the warrant backed by the Sheriff of Canterbury?

Quirk. Yes, by the Sub; and all may be repaired at last. We have traced 'em truly to this house, and if the tide hasn't served, we may nab 'em yet. Come along, old Round. We'll pump the waiters, sound our host, and success, no doubt, will crown our inquiries. Come along! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An Apartment in Dunder Hall.
SIR DAVID DUNDER, LADY DUNDER, RANDOM, and SCRUPLE, discovered at breakfast.

Rand. We are only mortified, Sir David, as we have not had the pleasure of seeing the young ladies, that we are deprived of their company at breakfast.

Sir D. Psha! Nonsense! Mustn't mind that.—T'other cup, eh? (To Random.) Always the case with my girls.—Lump o' sugar? (To Scruple.)

Scru. Not any.

Lady D. They are taking their constant morning's round, gentlemen. They always breakfast before the rest of the family; and are generally breathing the air of the shrubbery, while Sir David and I are sipping our tea and chocolate.

Sir D. Be quiet, I know it. Picking posies, gathering daisies and daffy-down-dillies. Pretty pastoral girls, though, I assure you: very like mamma.

Lady D. Oh, Sir David!

Sir D. Hush! The very picture of my dear Lady Dunder. Not so plump, perhaps; but all in good time.—Bit more muffin?

Scru. The young ladies, Sir David, are happy in their resemblance of so accomplished a mother.

Sir D. Yes; like as three peas. My lady, indeed, has more of the marrow-fat. (All rise.)

Lady D. Why, people do flatter, I confess. None of our neighbours but are pretty partial to the Dunders. Not an assembly round, but my girls are first called out to move in a minuet; and always stand the head couples in a country-dance.

Rand. We make no doubt, madam. The charms which your ladyship's daughters must inherit—

Sir D. Be quiet. Asked everywhere, I promise you. Quite the delight of Dover. Acted all the tragedy parts, too, at my friend Thing-em-bob's. Harriet got great applause, upon my soul: but Kitty was so cursed comical!—did Desdemona one night; gets killed, you know, by a bolster.

Scru. An agreeable amusement! Gentlemen's playhouses are much to be wished for.

Sir D. Fine fun, isn't it? We had a touch of dramatics once ourselves, at the hall here; gutted a kitchen, and filled it with fly-flaps. All gentlemen-players, you know.

Rand. A kitchen! And how did your players perform? [flat as the dresser.

Sir D. Players! Pokers! Empty as pots; and as

Lady D. Oh, fie! Sir David! You know, Sir Simon Squab came down from London on purpose; and everybody said his Romeo was charming.

Sir D. Eh! 'gad! that's true; forgot Squab. True, deary; fine, very fine, indeed, for a gentleman: his figure, to be sure, wasn't so cleverly cut out for the character. A fat, fubsy phiz, sunk between a couple of round shoulders, and, d—me! he croaked like a toad in a hole. What do you say to a hop in the garden, eh? Look at the lawn?

Rand. Why, at present, Sir David—

Sir D. I know it—rather not. That's right: no nonsense: I hate excuses. Looks like rain; cursed cloudy; and all that. No ceremony here.

Scru. A little rest after a journey is—

Sir D. Right. By-the-by, talking of that, after a journey, I met with Kit—D'ye know Kit Skurry?

Rand. Never heard of him.

Scru. Nor I.

Sir D. An odd, harum-scarum, absent, flighty fish. Old friend of ours; but a d—d quiz: got acquainted in the queerest way in the world.

Lady D. I've heard Sir David mention—

Sir D. Be quiet. Coming from Paul's one night, where I picked you up in an odd sort of a strange

Scru. Why it was rather— [style—

Sir D. Hush! Got into my coach; all alone, dull as hell, dark as the devil: so, to amuse myself, fell

Rand. Entertaining, indeed! [fast asleep.

Sir D. Very—I know it. When the carriage came to the hill, rubbed my eyes to wake, out of one corner, and saw Skurry stuck up in the other. I thought coachy had crammed in a corpse.

Rand. It looked rather suspicious.

Sir D. Took him for dead, as I hope to live.

Rand. How did you behave?

Sir D. Sat still: frightened out of my wits, till I got home; and John came out with a candle.

Scru. And how did he explain?

Sir D. Easy enough. Got drunk upon business; going to town; popped into my carriage for the mail-coach, to secure a good place before the rest of the passengers; and, as the hostler crossed the yard in the dark, bid him shut the door, and be d—d to him. Made us monstrous merry, didn't it,

Lady D. Extremely. [love?

Sir D. Yes, my lady laughed till she was ready to—Go to the farm, eh? Peep at the pigs?

Lady D. Lard! Sir David, how you tease gentlemen to walk, who have scarcely recovered from the rattle of the road: your friends have no relish for pigs now; besides, it's so late, we shall hardly have time to dress for dinner.

Sir D. Eh! 'gad! that's true. No dinner without dressing. Won't walk? Well, do as you like: I leave you here with my dear Lady Dunder. (*To Lady D.*) Talk to 'em, deary, do; give 'em a sketch of the county. Some Dover scandal and Canterbury tales; quite in your way, lovey. She knows

Scru. Indeed! [all about you.

Sir D. Yes, I told all, just as I had it from Paul. Make her prattle to you, do you hear? Devilish deal of solid sense about her, I assure you.

Rand. That we are convinced of.

Sir D. I'll just take a turn, and abuse my people; see what's going on within and without; house and garden; farm and fire-side: look at the plate and the pantry; gape at the geese, and the ducks, and the dogs, and the hogs, and the logs. Must go—d—d sorry: must mind my little cutter of cabbages; an idle, eating, cheating dog! and would sooner be d—d than dig. He's of no more use in the garden than Adam: for he steals every apple he can find, and won't even take the pains of grafting a gooseberry-bush. [Exit.

Scru. I hope we don't detain your ladyship from walking?

Lady D. By no means: Sir David's horse-walks have given me a dislike to so fatiguing an exercise. I drive round the grounds in a whiskey, now and then; or a canter on a pony—

Rand. But, while Sir David is at his farm, your ladyship has probably your menagerie to attend. Is your ladyship fond of birds in that style?

Lady D. Oh! no, I prefer a little canary in my closet, to all the birds of the air in England.

Scru. No getting rid of her, I see. (*Aside.*) I wonder your ladyship has given up walking, too; the air of this garden is delightful.

Rand. Charming! And this lawn before the house here. (*Walking up to the glass-door with Scruple.*)

Enter KITTY, with flowers, HARRIET following.

Kitty. Oh! mamma, mamma! see what a big bundle of flowers I have got.

Lady D. Hush! Kitty—Consider!

Kitty. Eh! what, company? Oh, lud! Two Jemmies, I vow. Do, mamma, introduce us.

Lady D. For heaven's sake! girl—Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce—

Kitty. La! mamma, you are so round about always. I'll go and give 'em one of my best curtsies. You'll see now: I'll do it in half the time. (*Random and Scruple come forward. Kitty goes up to Random,*

begins curtsying, looks in his face, drops the flowers, and screams.) Oh!

Rand. Ah! the young lady's taken ill.

Lady D. Mercy on me! Why, girl! why, Kitty! What's the matter with you? (*They put her in a chair.*)

Kitty. Nothing, mamma—nothing—but something that— [I believe.

Rand. Something that was in the flowers, madam,

Kitty. Yes, yes; a great— [you dropt 'em.

Rand. A great wasp. I heard it buz by me, as

Kitty. Yes, a wasp: it was so. I declare it has so flurried me; seeing what I so little expected. (*Looking at Random.*)

Rand. How do you find yourself now, madam? A little flurried still, I'm afraid.

Lady D. And I to be without my smelling-bottle, too! Bless me! why, Harriet, you give no more assistance than—

Har. Excuse me, madam; but seeing my sister so suddenly taken ill—

Scru. Has quite affected Miss Harriet's spirits. One turn in the air will relieve them. If the young lady will give me leave to attend her into the garden.

Lady D. You're extremely kind, sir: go, my love. Poor, dear, sympathetic girl! The gentleman will assist you.

Scru. I'll take the tenderest care of her, be assured, madam. [Exit with Harriet.

Rand. If your ladyship would favour us with a little hartshorn—

Lady D. Lard! that I should be so stupid as to leave my salts on the dressing-table. I'll run for them myself in a minute. Sit still, Kitty, my dear; a little of Dalmahoy's pungent will relieve you presently, I warrant. [Exit.

Rand. And now, my dear Kitty!

Kitty. (*Rising.*) Hush, hush! Lud! you have frightened me out of my wits: I have hardly breath to ask you a question. Where did you come from? who brought you here? how long do you stay? and who do you go away with?

Rand. I came from London; brought here by your father; stay till to-night; and go away with you, my angel. So much for question and answer.

Kitty. With me! You might have asked my consent first, I think.

Rand. Nay, nay, we have no time for forms, now. Your mother will be back instantly, and we may want opportunities: your father knows nothing of me nor my friend; but picked us up at the inn with a common invitation: but delays might produce some cross accident to make our designs known, and defeat our plan. The family retires early, I find: we shall order a post-coach to the garden wall at eleven. Now, Kitty, if we could but find the outside of a certain chamber-door—

Kitty. Oh, gemini! you must not venture along the gallery. You and Mr. Scruple will be at the farther end of it. All the visitors will sleep there. Papa and mamma next to you, and Harriet and I beyond them. I would not venture out for the world.

Rand. No, but if Scruple and I were to venture.

Kitty. Oh! it would be to no purpose. We shall have nothing to do with it: you may creep about in the dark as much as you please, we won't assist you, I promise you. We won't—no, we won't even put a chair on the outside of the door, that you may know our room from the others.

Rand. Thanks, thanks! my dear, sweet, charming, bewitching, little—(*Embracing her.*)

Enter LADY DUNDER, hastily.

Lady D. Here are the salts,

Rand. That's right, madam; lean upon me: walking about will be of infinite service, I am certain.

Lady D. You're very good, indeed, Mr. Random. How are you now, Kitty?

Kitty. Recovered vastly. Much easier since you left us, mamma.

Lady D. Ay, ay, I knew it would be soon over. Foolish girl, to be in a flutter at such a trifle! but,

come, we have troubled Mr. Random too much already: we'll take our leave, and dress for the day. To be alarmed at an insect, indeed!

Kitty. La! mamma, why not? [ship imagines.

Rand. Certainly, there's more in it than your lady-

Lady D. Well, well; you're very good—but—ha, ha, ha! Sir David will laugh finely at this: tottering in a chair, and—you won't forget to tell it at dinner, I dare say.

Kitty. Well, I deserve to be laughed at, I see: foolish enough, to be sure. Come, mamma. (*Taking Lady D.'s arm, and looking archly at Random.*) You won't forget the chair, I dare say, Mr. Random.

[*Exit with Lady D.*

Rand. So! this even exceeds my warmest expectations. If Scruple follows Harriet up closely, our success is certain: but he is so shilly-shally. D—n it, if he lets her reflect, we are lost. Women were never born for reflection; and whenever they have any, it's generally used to turn all our schemes topsy-turvy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to Dunder Hall.*

HARRIET and SCRUPLE discovered.

Scru. Why, Harriet, why torture me with these needless objections?

Har. Needless! Good heavens! how can I accept your proposals? the indelicacy, the consequences which may follow; the steps, too, your friend is taking with my younger sister—

Scru. My life on't, are guided by honour; and the emergency, the occasion, everything conspires in urging us to take advantage of the moment. The scheme I have proposed is—

Har. In your present situation rash, even to madness: time, too, without so hasty a proceeding, may produce circumstances in our favour. A little delay—

Scru. Will occasion, perhaps, an eternal separation: you know my situation; know that, with prudence, (a virtue, which, I confess, I have hitherto neglected,) it may be essentially altered for the better: but the anxieties I shall suffer by delay; the engagements, which the commands of a father may oblige you to subscribe to; all convince me, if your regard continues, you will favour my warmest wishes. This very evening, Harriet—

Har. Impossible! Press me no further, I beseech you. The peace of a family depends on my conduct. Parents have ties on me, Mr. Scruple, which I should shudder to violate. [for you—

Scru. Absurd! Have not they proposed a match

Har. A detested one, I own: but a thousand accidents may prevent its going forward; and, till I see the strongest necessity for securing my own happiness, I dare not risk the happiness of others, so very, very near to me.

Scru. Still, still, Harriet, this delay!—why take pleasure in tormenting me?

Har. It is not in my nature: bred up in the country, I have imbibed notions, which the refinement of a town education might term romantic; for I have preferred happiness to splendour; nor have I blushed to own to you, the affections of an honest, generous mind, have much more weight with me, than the allurements of pomp and fortune: apprised of these sentiments, tempt me no more, I beg, sir; nor strive to take advantage of a partiality, which would be ill-placed on one who would recommend to me so inconsiderate a behaviour.

Scru. Confusion! But I am to blame, madam; I have relied too much on that partiality, which I see cannot surmount the slightest obstacles. I see I have offended; I shall soon quit a house, madam, where I find my presence is disagreeable. (*Going.*)

Har. Unkind! ungenerous man! you, too, who read my heart; who see its tenderness, and what this struggle costs me: but prudence urges your departure; go, then; I cannot, dare not, follow you: my actions are not at my disposal. Ah! if they were, I'd share my fortunes with you to be happy.

Scru. Dear, sweet simplicity! Oh! Harriet, forgive my petulance; pardon a passion, whose warmth consumes all bonds. Yes, yes, I will be prudent for your sake, Harriet; and yet I must not lose you; but wish and wait for happier times.

Har. The time will come, assure yourself. My father may put off this match.

Scru. If he should hasten it? [ness.

Har. Why, then—Nay, nay, you know my weak-

Scru. Then I will be content; you must at last be mine. (*Taking her hand.*) Till then, I'll watch with anxious care about you; still cherish hopes, still curb them at your bidding. Prudence shall chasten passion; prudence, like this fan, my Harriet, tempers the bosom's heat, but never chills it.

Har. Then keep it: (*giving the fan*) keep it as an emblem of your conduct; and when I claim it, which one day, no doubt, I shall, be it from difficulties removed or yet increasing, or from whatever cause, when once I take it, account me all your own.

Scru. My lovely girl! Oh! may that day—

Sir D. (*Without.*) Hallo! girls! plague on't! why, where the deuce—[*Enter SIR DAVID DUNDER.*—Oh! here you are! aha! got acquainted already—that's right: he's as pretty a promising sprig of a—what's he talking of? somewhat sensible—mentioning me? [David?

Scru. We were just talking of you, indeed, Sir

Sir D. Like enough; what, you've got my young puss in a corner?

Scru. I was explaining to Miss Harriet, sir—

Sir D. I know it: isn't she an apt scholar? had it all from me; sticks to a point, keeps close to a subject: harkye! Hal, got news for you—a letter

Har. About me, papa? [from London.

Sir D. Every tittle. Full of flames, settlements, constancy, contracts, peace, and pin-money—made up the match; here it is, (*shewing the letter*) as neat a mixture of love and law! nothing but harmony and business: just like a drum—all music and parchment. You'll stay the wedding, won't you?

Scru. That I'm afraid will be out of my power.

Sir D. Pooh! pr'ythee, 'twon't be long; make us monstrous happy: Random and you now, eh? shall make no noise about it. Just a snug party. Only a few friends, a roasted ox, a blind fiddler, and a hop in the hall.

Scru. May I ask the gentleman's name?

Sir D. Lord Snolts. D'ye know him?

Scru. His person only; which is by no means in his favour: his lordship is somewhat gummy, extremely short, too, Sir David.

Sir D. Ah! no great hopes of his growing neither. My lord will be five-and-forty come Lammas, I take it. [love.

Scru. Rather an advanced age to begin making

Sir D. Right; we sha'n't lose a moment: he has been making money, however, this long time; rich as a Rabbi.

Scru. Money, I fear, Sir David, is not the only ingredient necessary in matrimony.

Sir D. No! what else?

Scru. The power of Cupid, sometimes.

Sir D. Curse Cupid! he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches. A love match won't light you a candle, egad!

Scru. And yet a stupid, old, ugly husband, is—

Sir D. I know it: like a heavy old-fashioned piece of plate—always handsome when he's rich.

Har. (*After reading the letter.*) Be here tomorrow! Bless me, this is so sudden, so unexpected.

Sir D. Right! the best way in the world in these cases. All settled now, but the ceremony; that we'll finish as soon as possible. Marriage is a kind of cold bath, Hal! never stand trembling on the brink: dash away—one plunge, a slight shock, and business is over.

Har. But you know, papa, I have scarcely ever seen his lordship: it will be so hasty.

Sir D. Be quiet! I know it; married so myself,

Hal. Shouldn't have had my dear Lady Dunder, if I had not been hasty. All agreed on before we met; coupled in a quarter of an hour after I saw her; come together as people dance minnets; I bowed, she courtesied, and, egad! I had her by the left hand in a moment.

Scru. But the case here is different. Her ladyship had but little reason for wishing delay: if all husbands, indeed, had equal accomplishments—

Sir D. Eh! why something in that; men aren't all alike; everybody is not blessed with manner and style to—eh!—few such figures as I. But Hal, here, is grave, and studies the mind. My lord has told her his already, you know. So, as soon as he comes, why—

Har. Let me entreat you, sir, not to be so precipitate; let me take a little time to—

Sir D. Take time! Pooh, time steals too fast to be taken, now, Hal. My lord leaves London tomorrow; be here to dinner, to church, in the evening to—eh!—why, what ails you? Look as red, and as pale as—

[of the—
Har. The weather, sir; nothing more—the heat

Sir D. Odso, true; forgot that. Been broiling here in the sun, like a lot of negroes: we'll walk to the house, and—

Har. I attend you; but it has really so overcome me—I—I almost want strength to follow you. (*Embarrassed.*) I want—

Scru. Your fan, madam?

Sir D. Ay, right: a few flaps in the face would bring her about in a second.

Scru. This, madam, which you have just permitted me the honour of carrying for you?

Sir D. Eh! Did she? Give it her. Take it, Hal.

Har. Shall I, papa?

Sir D. To be sure. Can't well do without it, I think, at present. A mighty civil, dangling, well-bred sort of a—carries it on purpose for you, you see, to give you on all occasions.

Har. If then, on this occasion, the gentleman will return it—(*Hesitating.*)

[dam.
Scru. With the utmost pleasure, believe me, ma-

Sir D. Well done, Dangle, egad! Flap away, Hal. Do you a deal of good.

Har. (*Fanning.*) How refreshing to the spirits!

Scru. Certainly; it is—it is a sign, Sir David.

Sir D. I know it. Women can't do without 'em. All their airs and graces depend upon it. The tap, flap, flirt, crack, peep, pat, and a hundred uses besides, which I have no notion of.

[had, papa.
Har. (*Fanning.*) It would not be proper if you

Sir D. Like enough: but let's in, and open our budget: quite delight my lady with the news: she'll be in a terrible pucker. A fine fuss with preparations to-morrow, I warrant: up to the neck in beef, gowns, ducks, jewels, ribands, and puff pastry. Come, Hal. (*Going out.*) Soon have your swain kissing your hand. (*Scruple kisses it.*) Come along: soon settle this. Kitty will be coupled next. Cares are all over; and I can now safely swear that most of my uneasiness is behind me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Ship Inn.*

Enter PAUL PEERY, meeting ROUNDLEE & QUIRK.

Paul. I hope, gentlemen, you have everything to your satisfaction.

Round. I wish we had, with all my heart.

Paul. I am very sorry anything should happen amiss. I do all for the best, your honours—for people in post-chaises. (*Aside.*)

Quirk. Well, and how goes your house? are you tolerably full at present, eh, landlord?

Paul. Um! Full enough in the larder, your honour. Plenty of fowls, ducks, geese, and pigeons; and butcher's meat in abundance: mutton chops, lamb chops—

[cram us with news.
Round. D—n chops: we don't want victuals:

Quirk. But what company have you? Anybody of note now? Anybody that makes a noise in your house?

Paul. Let me see—first, there's my wife—

Round. Psha! we have nothing to do with your wife, man; we want an acquaintance or two.

Quirk. Ay, haven't you two—two young gentlemen, for instance, above stairs?

[parlour.
Paul. Hum! there's a very old one in the back

Round. Oh, the devil!

Paul. Two young gentlemen indeed came down from London about seven this morning, and they—

Round. & Quirk. What? What?

Paul. Went away about eight, I believe.

Round. D—n! I thought so.

[or—
Quirk. But were they tall or short, or fat or lean,

Paul. Eh! One was in a grey coat, and the other in a green one. Very inquisitive. (*Aside.*)

Round. (*To Quirk.*) The very clothes we heard at the hotel they sat out in. What shall we do, Quirk? How shall we turn?

Quirk. Back.

Round. Let's inquire further, however. I suppose now, landlord, you'd like to see two such gentlemen again in your house?

[of your's, I imagine?
Paul. Certainly, your honour. They are friends

Quirk. Why, we should be glad to see 'em again, I promise you. Do you expect 'em back shortly?

Paul. Oh, yes; in a day or two, I make no doubt.

Round. Indeed! I am rejoiced to hear it.

Paul. Nay, perhaps sooner. I guess where they are gone; hardly out of sight of Dover.

Quirk. Ah! at Calais, no doubt; or at Boulogne, edging the coast, as you say, Mr. Roundlee.

Paul. And from what I could gather from the servant, I make no doubt, but their occasions will make them come quickly to our town again.

Round. Rare news, Quirk: you're a very clever, sensible, intelligent fellow, landlord; I am so happy at the thought of seeing my old friends again, egad! I—I begin to find my stomach returning; so you'll get us a chop, and half a pint of your best port.

Paul. It shall be done, sir. Stingy scoundrel! (*Aside.*) Here, Lewis.—[*Enter Waiter.*—Lay a cloth in the back room, up two pair of stairs, d'ye hear?

[into the harbour, sir.
Wait. Very well, sir. There's the packet just put

Paul. Ha! anybody particular?

Wait. Mr. Random and another gentleman are

Round. Eh! Who? [coming up the quay, sir.

Quirk. Random! Put back, by all that's lucky.

Paul. Odso! a rare customer! Run, Lewis. [*Exit Waiter.*] Your snack shall be ready presently, gentlemen, and—

Quirk. But stop and—

[tlemen—and—
Paul. And everything to your satisfaction, gen-

Round. We want to—

Paul. Hot, and hot, gentlemen.

Round. Plague of your—

Paul. And I am your very humble servant, gentlemen.—Coming!

[*Exit, bawling.*
Round. Huzza! rare news, Quirk. The luckiest hit in the world. They are just come on shore, you see, and we shall come in for the cash, at least their persons, which is something towards it, directly. Come, come, we'll send for an officer whilst we are at dinner and drinking a merry meeting. Come, my dear Quirk, we'll soon settle the business, I warrant; and then, after our hot post-chaise scamper, and I've made sure of my money, we'll travel back slowly, at our ease, in the Dilly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*A Room in the Ship.*

Enter OLD RANDOM, leaning on CARNEY.

Old R. Gently, gently, good Carney! The cursed sea breeze has got hold of my hip, and I can no more move, at first setting off, than a post-horse.

Car. There, there! gently—and now Mr. Random, many welcomes to England again. We have been feeding on French air, like chameleons, and you have grown as strong and as stout as a camel.

Old R. But I have a huge lump of cares on my back, notwithstanding.

Car. But health is the great thing to care about. Why you look as hale and as hearty as ever.

Old R. Indeed! do you think so, Carney?

Car. Think! I know it.

Old R. It has been of service. Before I went over I was as pale and as puffy—flesh without colour, and my face peeping through a parcel of wrappers—

Car. For all the world like a mummy.

Old R. How! why don't you see now—

Car. Oh! quite another thing, sir.

Old R. Another thing, sir! Why, you booby, I am as well as ever I was in my life, except a few pains, a gout, and a cough.

Car. Very true, sir.

Old R. Very true! Then why are you so very costive in your congratulations? Oh! the south of France is the best physician in the world; if it can't cure, it seldom kills, and that's more than most doctors can say for themselves. Then the pleasant time we have passed together; I nursing myself, and you keeping me company, in my room, all the while I was sick, in a fine, charming, warm climate.

Car. Ay, happy days, indeed, Mr. Random. The walks too I enjoyed, in imagination, looking out of your window.

Old R. And so you'd wish to have walked out, and be d—d to you! taking your amusements abroad, whilst poor I was taking physic at home. Here's friendship for you! and a pretty return for the pleasure I found in keeping you close to my bedside all the day long. Lord, lord! what few folks feel for anybody but themselves. [yourself.]

Car. Nay, I'm sure I suffered as much as you did

Old R. Well, well; you are the best of the bunch, I believe—the only man I can agree with. What can be the reason of it, Carney?

Car. The similarity of our dispositions, no doubt; for I talk, eat, drink, and think, exactly as you do, Mr. Random.

Old R. Something in that, I believe; but what a singular, cruel case mine is, that with so many connections and a family to boot, I find such few proofs of people liking me. Plagued with a profligate dog of a son, too; who, because I have indulged in a few trifling pleasures myself, thinks that he must be uninterrupted in his vagaries. Zounds! getting children is worse than getting a fever; they keep an incurable heat in one's blood, and cost a devilish deal of money into the bargain. [hope?]

Car. But there is some prospect of a cure here, I

Old R. No, no—past recovery, I promise you. The dog will be deucedly disappointed to see me so stout again, I fancy. (Coughing.) Eh, Carney?

Car. Impossible, Mr. Random: I can't think him so depraved. I dare say he'll be overjoyed to see you. I am sure, for my part—(pompously.)

Old R. Ay, ay, you are a good soul, Carney, and don't know what ingratitude means—at least I think you don't, for you are continually telling me so; but he—didn't I intend to make him my sole heir, and leave him everything, except my plate, and my pictures, and my houses, and my money? and see his ingratitude! You are talking to me from morning to night of regard and attachment; now he has never made half a dozen of those fine professions

Car. Where is he now? [in his life.]

Old R. Rattling all over the town, I suppose, with his friend Mr. Scruple, without a guinea in his pocket; living like other fashionable puppies, on what he has least of, his wits; laughing at every man who has sense enough not to act and dress like himself; and this is *ton* and fashion now-a-days. D—e, he's hardly fit for anything. What can I do with him, Carney?

Car. Um! Put him in the Guards, Mr. Random.

Enter PAUL PEERY.

Paul. I hope I see you well, sir? your honour looks charmingly, since I had the honour of seeing your honour.

Old R. See there! How the alteration strikes strangers. (To Carney.) And any news, master Peery? anything stirring lately?

Paul. Nothing; except since your honour arrived—

Old R. Well, and what happened then! Anybody inquiring after me? Who is it?

Paul. Two very inquisitive people.

Old R. Oh! custom-house officers, I imagine.

Paul. No; they came from London: they've asked a vast deal about your honour. Seem rejoiced to hear your honour's arrived.

Old R. Very civil of 'em. I see nothing particular in this, master Peery.

Paul. And I believe they have sent for a constable

Old R. For me, Mr. Peery? [for your honour.]

Car. Impossible! For what?

Paul. Um! perhaps they think his honour's a spy.

Car. Mercy on us! We shall be both apprehended for runners.

Old R. I apprehend that you are a blockhead! Runners! why I can hardly walk, and never spy anything without spectacles. Why, what's the meaning of all this?

Paul. I can guess at no other reason they can have for taking up you, who are just come from France—but perhaps your honour may remember some capital crime you have committed. I am sure, 'Squire Random, a gentleman of six thousand a year, can never want money. [Enter Bailiff and Follower.]

Bai. Is your name Random, sir?

Old R. Well, sir, suppose it is?

Bai. Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

Old R. The devil I am?

Bai. At the suit of Ralph Roundfee, money scrivener, of London, for three thousand pounds.

Paul. The 'squire arrested for debt! it can't be.

Car. I should sooner suspect myself.

Bai. And Mr. Scruple here for the same sum. (Slaps Carney's shoulder.)

Car. Scruple!—Who, I?

Old R. Scruple! Dick's crony, by Jupiter! and I and poor Carney arrested for the dog's debts as soon as we set foot in England: a profligate! a scoundrel! I'll—One moment, if you please: come here, Peery; you see this business?

Paul. Plain enough. [mentions?]

Old R. Do you know of any Mr. Scruple he

Paul. Odso! it's the two young merchants, as sure as a gun, that Sir David carried off in his carriage this morning.

Old R. Merchants! [riage this morning.]

Paul. Yes; and now I recollect, one called the other Scruple, sure enough.

Old R. Well, well, you see the mistake; you must be bail in this business.

Paul. Who, I! Lord, your honour!

Old R. Come, no words. Who is this Sir David you talk of? [lives hard by.]

Paul. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall—

Old R. Order a post-chaise. I'll drive there immediately. [o'clock.]

Paul. But it's so late, your honour. Past ten

Old R. No matter: I'll raise the house. Zounds! I'll raise the dead, but I'll be at the bottom of all this directly: and if you are shy about bail, why—I'll leave honest Carney here in pawn, till I come back. [Mr. Random.]

Car. I'd rather keep your company, if you please,

Paul. Why, as it appears like a mistake, sir, and I have known you backwards and forwards so long, and your estate—and—

Old R. Well, trundle these fellows down stairs. You'll accept of his undertaking?

Bai. We desire no better.

Old R. As to this Mr. What's-his-name? Mr. Roundfee, who is in the house, not a word of it to him, till I return; for particular reasons.

Paul. Everything shall be done to your satisfaction, sir. Come, gentlemen, we'll proceed to the cellar, if you please; the best lock-up house in Christendom.

Car. Mercy on us! what an escape!

Old R. An escape! a scoundrel! an abandoned—What do you think now of all this, Carney?

Car. Think! Why, I—What do you think?

Old R. That you are a blockhead, not to see the meaning of all this: that my son's a blockhead to behave so; and that I'm a greater blockhead than anybody to suffer it. Zounds! I can hardly contain myself. I'll never see his face again. Come along, Carney: I'll be with him, and sooner than he suspects, I believe: I'll unkennel him, I warrant you: I'll disclaim him, I'll discard him, I'll undermine him, I'll undo him; d—e, I'll unget him,—that's, disinherit him: he shall rot in jail: rot me if he sha'n't; I'll teach him what it is to run in debt in person, and get arrested by proxy. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Gallery in Dunder-hall. Four chamber doors at equal distances: a chair placed against the farthest door on the right hand. RANDOM opens the second door on the left.

Rand. So! all quiet: not a soul stirring. (Comes forward.) Sir David, good man, thanks to early hours, is snoring away in the next room to me. I heard him, like a high wind, through the cracks of the old family wainscot. He little dreams of what's to happen before he wakes. Where can Scruple be all this while? He promised to be on the watch, as soon as everything was silent; but he's so cursed slow, and backward in this business. If I were not pretty sure that one woman is as much as any one can manage, I should be tempted to take his nymph away without waiting for him. It's so d—d dark too, that there's no being certain of his door. The chair was a lucky thought; we should have made some confounded mistake without it, I believe. How the plague now shall I make him hear, without disturbing any one else?

Scru. (Opens the farthest door on the left.) Hist!

Rand. Scruple!

Scru. Random, is it you? [as fast as a church.]

Rand. Yes! Softly! all's snug. The baronet's

Scru. And his wife?—

Rand. Pickling, I believe, below stairs in the store-room. The old woman's head is so full of this nonsensical match Sir David has told her of, that she'll be up with the housekeeper, I find, three parts of the night, to make preparations for the wedding. [never get out without her hearing us.]

Scru. 'Sdeath! we shall be discovered: we shall

Rand. Pooh! never have done with your doubts and objections? [weight.]

Scru. Surely, her being up is an objection of some

Rand. Certainly, she's of great weight in the house; for which reason, she's gone quite to the bottom of it. She must have devilish good ears to hear us there; for we sha'n't come within a mile of her. But have you heard anything of Tiptoe?

Scru. No: do you expect him?

Rand. Yes: I sent him to Dover, with orders to bring the carriage and horses to the back gate of the garden. It's turned of eleven, too, I take it. Look what's o'clock, will you?

Scru. Look! why it requires the eyes of a cat. It's as dark as a dungeon.

Rand. Odso, I had forgot; but he'll be here presently: I have been obliged to let him into the secret: he has procured a key of the back-door, and will slide up to my chamber; which he has had an opportunity of marking, he tells me, in his own way, to give us intelligence.

Scru. Well, if he is but punctual—

Rand. Oh! you may depend on him: but, till he comes, we may as well prepare our fair companions. I'll try and find out the chair, which is against their dressing-room door, where they are in waiting. (Feeling about.) Their bed-chamber is beyond it; so I may enter without infringing the rules of etiquette, you know.

Scru. Hadn't I better go with you?

Rand. No, no; stay here as an outpost: I shall

Scru. Gently, no mistakes now. [soon be back.]

Rand. Never fear. So, here's the chair.

Scru. Remember—caution's the word.

Rand. Ay, and expedition too. The house must divide, you know: so the sooner we clear the gallery the better. (Taps; door opens, and he enters the women's chamber.)

Scru. How awkward I feel in this business. It's the first time I ever entered into a scheme of this sort; and am now convinced that no man thinks of running away, without being cursedly frightened. (Tiptoe singing without—"So great a man, so great a man, I'll be!")—Hark! What's that? Ha! a light. How the devil now am I to find out my room again? It comes nearer and nearer. I must venture. I have three chances to one of doing no mischief; and I dare say my unlucky stars (or rather the want of any stars at all) will direct me to Sir David. So, here's somebody's chamber; I must in, at all hazards. (Goes into the same chamber.)

Enter TIPTOE, with a dark-lantern, drunk.

Tip. Here I am at last. What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery. Umph! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters; d—n my masters! Scamper! scamper! scamper!—'Twon't do—No; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family for my money. If it hadn't been for the lantern I begged of the old boy at the inn—I was forced to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it to me—I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr. Random, now I think on't, ordered me to come in the dark. Umph! Gentlemen think no more of servants' necks now-a-days—they think we've one to spare, like the Swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But, softly, softly! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see; it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery; but whether it's to the right, or to the left, curse me if I recollect. Stay—(turning round, and counting the doors.) One, two, three. D—e, how the doors dance! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember, (taking the chair, and drawing it along) when I lived with old Lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here, (pointing to the doors,) choose to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till any old acquaintance comes by. (Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.) Zounds! how fast somebody sleeps; Sir David, perhaps. I wonder if baronets ever snore. What the devil am I to do now? Get my head broken for not calling my master; and my bones broken, if I should happen to call anybody else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call nobody, egad! I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and wait till they come for me. So, gently, steady. [Exit, singing.]

Scru. (After a pause, opens the door.) Once more everything is quiet. I can't conceive who it could be so long with a light in the gallery. I had best give Random notice of what has happened; that in case we are watched, he may be upon his guard. Hereabouts the door must be—(going to the door Random entered.) Eh! no chair—'sdeath, this is Sir David's! A pretty blunder I should have made! (Goes to the next.) Oh, here it is at last. (Taps at the door.) What a number of accidents this little contrivance has prevented. I had better explain to him what has happened, in the inside of my chamber; for it's dangerous waiting on the outside a moment, I find. What the deuce keeps him so long now? (Taps again; SIR DAVID opens the door in his bed-gown and night-cap.)

Sir D. Well?

Scru. Hush! it's I.

Sir D. I!

Scru. Softly! softly! Zounds, you are so unguarded! Follow me. Quick, quick! Only follow me, and you shall hear all. [Exit into his own chamber]

Sir D. Follow me! D—d, if I do, though. Can't stir a step without running the risk of breaking my

nose. Cursed queer! A fellow in the dark with no name, a rascal to rob the house, perhaps—egad, it has put me all in a twitter.

RANDOM comes out with a bundle.

Rand. Hist!

Sir D. Eh?

Rand. 'Tis I.

Sir D. So! here's t'other I. (*Aside.*)

Rand. Where are you? Here! hold this bundle. (*Thrusting it into his hands.*) Why, what makes you shake so? Are you cold here? [*cry out. (Aside.)*]

Sir D. Zounds, a thief! He'll cut my throat if I

Rand. For shame, flurried at such a trifle as this! But there's no knowing even one's friends till they're tried, I see.

Sir D. Like enough. Most of your friends have been tried, I dare say. (*Aside.*)

Rand. But we shall have a whole cargo to carry. Stay where you are now. Don't stir for your life, and I'll be back in an instant. We'll soon make an end, I warrant you. [*Returns to the women's chamber.*]

Sir D. That you will, a pretty public one too, I take it. Mercy on me! How shall I get away? The dog's given me a bundle here as big as a child. I shall be brought up for a new kind of burglary: cast for breaking into my own house, and hanged for robbing myself of property. My lady's locked up below, I suppose; bound back to back with the old house-keeper; or gagged and ravished, poor quiet soul, with the rest of the family females. If I could but contrive to—(*Feeling about.*)

Scru. (*Putting out his head.*) Hallo!

Sir D. Oh, the devil! There's one in every corner, a whole banditti playing at bo-peep. (*Aside.*)

Scru. Come, come, don't trifle now; I've something to say to you. [*deceive him. (Aside.)*]

Sir D. The fellow don't know me in the dark. I'll

Scru. Nay, this delay will—

Sir D. Hush!

Scru. What's the matter? Anybody coming?

Sir D. Yes, yes.

Scru. Ha! we are discovered. In, in! [*Goes in.*]

Sir D. Now, if I could but crawl down this back stair-case—(*Meets Random coming out.*)

Rand. Now, my dear Scruple, all's ready.

Sir D. Zounds! it's the two merchants. (*Aside.*)

Rand. Our packing is all over.

Sir D. Indeed!

Rand. Our two fair ones both equipped for flight.

Sir D. My Harriet?

Rand. Yes, and my Kitty. They'll be in our arms in an instant, you rogue! and we've nothing to do but to lead them to the coach, and away as fast as love, money, and horses, can carry us. Didn't I tell you now, that your doubts were all nonsense? but, 'sdeath! you are so dull about it: your fears have so overcome you, that—Why a'n't you like me—all rapture, all passion?

Sir D. Hem! (*Agitated.*)

Rand. Ay, this is right, now! this is as it should be. But I'll go and bring them out. (*Going, turns back.*) Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think what a d-d clatter Sir David will make by-and-by. His fat fussy wife, too, cackling about the house, like an old hen that has lost her chickens.

Sir D. Old hen! D—e, I wish she had never sat to have brought such a brood. (*Aside.*)

Rand. And he, too. Did you ever see such a tedious booby in your life?—But I'll go and conduct our charge.—By-the-by, has Tiptoe been

Sir D. No. [*here?*]

Rand. Careless scoundrel! But we shall find him at the gate with the carriage, I suppose. Now for it. Now to deliver our damsels from the clutches of an obstinate fool of a father. A blockhead! to think to marry women to whom he pleases! No, no; whenever there's any forbidden fruit, it is not in human nature to rest easy till it is tasted. (*Feeling for the door.*)

Sir D. Liquorish dogs! (*Aside.—Retires.*)

Scru. (*Coming out.*) Why, what could he mean! There's no noise: all's quiet as can be. Random.

Rand. Well!

Scru. Are you ready? [*coming.*]

Rand. Yes, yes; didn't I tell you so? We're

Scru. Well, well! Tiptoe has not been here.

Rand. Psha! plague, I know it! you told me so

Scru. Did I? when? [*already.*]

Rand. Why, this instant. But you are in such a flutter, you can't remember a word you say. But you have taken care of the bundle, I hope?

Scru. Bundle! what bundle?

Rand. That which I gave you just now.

Scru. Just now! not you, indeed! Why, you're in a flutter yourself.

Rand. Pooh, pooh! I tell you the bundle I brought out of the room; the bundle that—

Scru. D—n the bundle! I never saw it nor felt it in all my life.

Rand. Now, how can you be so cursed obstinate? I put it into your own hands, and you shook as if you'd an ague.

Scru. Shook! your memory is shook, I believe.

Rand. Egad! I could have sworn I had given it to you. But we must not stand upon trifles, now: time's precious. (*Opens the women's door, and HARRIET and KITTY come out.*) This way, this way! Now, ladies, we attend you.

Kitty. Lud! it's as dark as pitch.

Rand. Never fear.

Har. Heavens! how I tremble.

Scru. Courage now, my Harriet, and we may soon defy every danger.

Rand. Well said, courage! well said, Caesar, egad! 'Sdeath, madam, if you draw back now, you spoil all. I'll bring you all through, I warrant you

Har. I fear I shall never bear up. The step I am taking, the weight on my spirits—

Rand. Vapours! vapours, from being in the dark; nothing else, believe me, madam.

Har. My mother, too—what will not she feel?

Scru. Nay, pursue this no further.

Kitty. Mamma will be in a sweet bustle, I warrant; rattling about Sir David's ears for bringing you into the house.

Sir D. (*Behind.*) Be quiet—I know it.

Kitty. Yes, that's exactly like him for all the world. Gemini, I shall never find my way!

Rand. Stay; take my arm. Come, madam. Scruple, arm in arm, all four, and then for our march.

Sir D. March! d—e, but I'll muster among ye, though—(*Aside.—Sir David comes forward between them. All arm in arm, Sir David in the middle.*)

Rand. So; thus linked, he must be a cunning and a bold fellow, too, that thinks of dividing us. (*Going, a bell rings.*)

Scru. Hark! somebody rings at the gate.

Har. Oh, mercy! we shall be seen.

Kitty. Lud! there's a light! Hide, hide us, for heaven's sake. It's mamma, as sure as I live.

Sir D. (*Aloud.*) No, no; stay where you are. Come along, my lady; a light will do us a deal of good.—[*Enter LADY DUNDER, with a light.*] Servant, ladies and gentlemen. [*tlemen!*]

Lady D. Mercy on me! Sir David—girls—gen-

Scru. Confusion!

Rand. Sir David!

Sir D. Yes, here we are—been frisking about like a parcel of rabbits: our burrows are all empty.

Lady D. Why, what's the meaning of—

Sir D. Be quiet—meaning? treachery—mean to bamboozle us. Dark night, rope ladders, garden gate, and Gretna-green, that's the meaning of it.

Lady D. How! and is this the return for—

Sir D. Hush! ay, is this the return for my open, hospitable, generous—I that put salt in your porridge, bread in your mouth, and steaks in your stomach; crammed everything into you, but gratitude.

Lady D. And come here on purpose, I suppose, with a trumped-up story of—

Sir D. Trump! d—e, this will be their last trump, I take it. And you, too! (*to the women*)—You! (*to Harriet*) you that I intended to link to a lord; to go and give up a peer for a pedler; a merchant; a fellow that lives like a lobster by salt-water; a culler of pepper and spice; a trader in train oil, Greenland blubber, and China pipkins; or a black dealer in devils to sell at American

Scru. 'Sdeath! what is all this? [markets.

Rand. If you'll give us leave, sir, to—

Sir D. Give! egad, you'd take leave without asking: French leave, if I had not been here; have smuggled my goods in the dark, trotted over the Tweed, and been hammered together by a bare-breeched blacksmith. A fine Scotch union, egad! my two rich roses here tied to a pair of poor pitiful thistles!—But, zounds! I'll have satisfaction.

Lady D. For heaven's sake! my dear, cool your choler a little, Sir David.

Sir D. Be quiet. What! have I had a sword bobbing between my legs, at Dover hops and quiet country-meetings, for these twenty years, and now not rub off its rust in the oily guts of a couple of whale-catchers, for what I know to the contrary?

Old R. (*Without.*) Come along, Carney; late as it is, my gentleman can't escape now, I believe.—

Enter OLD RANDOM and CARNEY.

Heyday! the whole family collected. [of it.

Rand. (*Aside.*) A pretty business we have made

Old R. I beg pardon for this intrusion; but if Sir David Dunder is here, and sees the occasion—

Sir D. I know it: see it all already. Fine occasion, indeed! And you, too, (*to Old R.*) act as accomplice, do you? an old fellow—Sham! What, you've a wig, now, I warrant, like a young counsellor's; squeezed over a toupee, with a dapper tail peeping out between the ties.

Old R. How!

Car. My worthy old friend means, sir—

Sir D. Hush! he is an old one, is he? Means to run away with my wife, then, I suppose.

Lady D. I fancy he'd find it a difficult matter to carry me off.

Old R. Run away! not I. I came here after a couple of youngsters, that—

Sir D. Did you! There they are. Take them away with you: as pretty a pair as any in England: you can match them against all Europe, egad!

Old R. So, you are two pretty gentlemen, are not you? And how dare you, sir, look me in the face, after your profligate proceedings? (*To Rand.*) Not content, neither, in contracting debts, but you must have me, your poor father, you dog! arrested

Car. Yes, and me, too. [for them.

Rand. I am at a loss how to comprehend, sir—

Old R. But that rascal, that rogue, Roundfee, I think they call him, he can, I believe. Here have I and poor Carney just been taken into custody for you, at Dover; while you have been playing your pranks, at large, all over the country

Sir D. Eh! be quiet. Cursed ungenteel, though, in you, if you are his father. Zounds! you have used me worse than they! Get yourself locked up for your son here, with a plague to you! that he and his friend may have time to run off with my daughters.

Old R. I! I have withdrawn my countenance long ago, I promise you.

Sir D. Ah! family failing. The son would have withdrawn his countenance, too, if I'd let him.

Old R. How! what, attempt to—

Sir D. Be quiet! I am the injured party. Let

Lady D. No, Sir David, I'll— [me speak.

Scru. To end all confusion, I'll speak.

Rand. What the deuce can Doubtful say now, after all. (*Aside.*)

Scru. It is yourself, Sir David, who have been chiefly to blame.

Rand. He beats me all to nothing. (*Aside.*)

Scru. Your unguarded kindness to strangers

might have been attended with much more disagreeable consequences. You took our characters from report, I see; characters which we never thought of assuming.

Sir D. Oh! d—n Paul!

Scru. Our invitation was unsought; and though our manner of requiting your favours appears unjustifiable, you may congratulate yourself, that instead of being practised upon by men, unworthy your countenance, you have met with gentlemen.

Sir D. Here's two fine fellows! come into my house, going to carry off half on't on their shoulders, and then—I have met with gentlemen.

Scru. Our conduct, Sir David, is not so culpable as you imagine. A chance, like your present invitation, threw us in your daughters' way at Bath, and our continued affection (I think I may answer for my friend) may prove our motives are unguided by interest: as a further proof of it, we disclaim all views of their fortune. Bestow but their hands, Sir David, and we shall be happy. [too.

Sir D. Eh! zounds! something noble in that,

Lady D. But to think of carrying away our two dear rosy girls here; handsomer than all the pale chits of the county.

Sir D. Hush! Handsomer! ay, and richer, too! with pockets full of money, housewives stuffed with bank-notes, and work-bags crammed with guineas.

Old R. Indeed, I begin to think Dick is not such a sad dog as I took him for. Eh! Carney?

Car. I am perfectly of your opinion, Mr. Random.

Lady D. And what has the other gentleman to say for himself? (*To Random.*) [neither.

Kitty. Indeed, mamma, we are not much to blame,

Rand. Love, madam, all powerful love, must plead my excuse; a passion which may once have influenced your ladyship's susceptible bosom.

Lady D. Well, I vow the young man pleads so prettily in his defence, that—

Rand. If your ladyship and my father could forget past occurrences, and join with me in my suit to Sir David for an union with his daughter, I hope my future conduct—

Old R. Um!—Why, as things are so, Sir David, and my connections are pretty considerable, my estate pretty well known—

Car. A good six thousand a year. I have known my good friend here some time, and have had his property under my eye for these five years.

Old R. And his friend, I am happy to tell you, is as well connected as he is.

Sir D. Is he?—Well, as matters are, and my lord might find a flaw here, (an ugly business not much to his liking,) I think we can but in honour be off; so, to prevent cursed country scandal, gabbling girls, ugly old maids, and all that, I think we may as well, my lady. [riet!

Lady D. As you think proper, Sir David.—Har-

Har. We are bound now, madam, both by inclination and duty, to follow your commands.

Kitty. Yes, mamma, we are both bound.

Sir D. Well, then—there there!—take one another—no words. [life.

Rand. And now, Kitty, I am your prisoner for

Old R. Remember Roundfee, though; there you might have been a prisoner not much to your liking.

Sir D. What! an usurer? D—e, let's duck him.

Old R. Oh! he and his gentleman may be settled with at leisure. Their blunders have left them to our mercy, and they merit none, I promise you: fellows, whose business it is to prey upon the unthinking, extort from the needy, and live upon the distresses of mankind, deserve very little compassion, when they are distressed themselves.

Sir D. I know it. But here, however, they shall have no distresses to prey upon; no moping, melancholy looks now. All's well, I hope, at last, as it ought to be; and nothing ought to give any of us here so much pleasure as looking, to-night, on a set of very merry faces. [Exeunt.

HERO AND LEANDER;

AN OPERATIC BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC JACKMAN.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

ABUDAH
DELAH

LEANDER
HYMEN

SOLANO
HERO

SAFRINA
MINERVA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Harvest-scene, at sun-rise, on the banks of the Hellespont.*

Turkish Husbandmen and their Wives at work. A perspective view of the castle of Abydos, in Natolia, or the Lesser Asia: the Hellespont appearing to divide the two countries.

Enter SOLANO, SAFRINA, HERO, labouring Men and Women.

Chorus. *All hail the cheerful god of day,
Parent of ev'ry human bliss;
Who (ere he wings his heav'nly way)
Salutes his Thetis with a kiss.*

Saf. *See how creation smiles around!
What melody enchants the grove!*

Hero. *'Tis there the voice of nature's fount
Responsive to the note of love.*

Sol. *Well done, my lads; the morning seems to
low'r;*

*In yonder cloud, methinks, I view a show'r:
Bind up the corn, harness all the cattle,
And let the women quit their idle prattle;
Those lazy sluts are constantly a-gadding;
'Tis such as you that set the fellows madding.*

Hero. *Behold Aurora, with a blushing ray
And rosy fingers, spreads the infant day!*

SONG.—HERO.

*Ere yet Aurora chase the dews,
The lark his matin song renews;
And seems to chide the swains' delay,
To lose so sweet a part of day.*

*See, from the ground his mate arise,
And seems to mock our wond'ring eyes;
Still as she soars, her notes decay,
Till the faint warblings die away.*

Sol. *Well, Safrina, what's the matter now?*

Saf. *There sits, alas! on gentle Hero's brow,
A settled grief.*

Sol. *Psha! I know the reason:
Hero's nineteen; and that, you know's the season
When females would be married, if they could.*

Saf. *Well, what of that? are we not flesh and
blood?*

SONG.—SAFRINA.

*When I was young, I danc'd and sung,
My heart was lighter than a fly;
No care my youthful bosom stung,
At ev'ry rout, pray, who but I?*

*At length, the urchin bent his bow,
The vagrant arrow hit the mark;
But Hymen, 'solv'd his skill to shew,
Cur'd poor Safrina in the dark.*

Sol. *Well done, Safrina! 'fore gad! we all can
tell,*

There was a time you bore away the bell.

[*Thunder. Exeunt Saf. and Hero.*

*Away, my lads—the storm is drawing near—
And save the produce of a fruitful year.*

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

*Well done, my boys! The clouds are all on fire;
A thunderbolt hath struck the village spire.*

(*Thunder, lightning, rain, &c.*)

*The hills are wrapt in stormy clouds on high,
And feel the dread convulsion of the sky;
Tempests arise, on fortune's ocean low'r,
And rolling billows lash th' affrighted shore.*

(*A Man, standing on a rock, cries out—*)

Man. *A ship, a ship! 'twixt sea and wind she
strives.*

Sol. *Fly all, fly all, and save the people's lives!*

SONG.—SOLANO.

*Alas! how chang'd the face of things!
Hark, hark! the howling tempest sings;
Ah! now the rebel winds she feels,
Toss'd on the billows, how she reels!
She's now a wreck, behold on high
Exploded thunder rends the sky;
A dread convulsion moves the shore,
And rocks the deep, unmov'd before.*

The Crew now appear landing. LEANDER, disguised.

Welcome on shore, sir, whether friend or foe,
All are our brothers in this scene of woe. [you

Lean. Thanks to you, gentle friends; and, sir, to
Our constant prayers are ever, ever due;
May all the powers divine your labours bless,
And send you friends, if ever in distress! [youth;

Sol. What means that sigh? ah! tell me, gentle
You seem the child of honour and of truth:
Banish your cares, for see, the God of light
Dispels the gloom that wrapp'd the world in night.

Lean. Stern Boreas, frowning, now forsakes the
And smiling Nature visits us again; [plain,
Each tree its wonted foliage re-assumes,
And new-born zephyrs breathe around perfumes.
Where'er we turn to view our ravish'd eyes,
Luxuriant scenes of endless beauty rise.

SONG.—LEANDER.

*Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows;
While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene,
How fair the landscape shews!
But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.*

Sol. Tell me, gentle sir, from whence you came;
Declare your sovereign, country, and your name;
Are ye from Natolia's rebel coast?
If that be so, 'twere better you were lost.

(*Trumpet without.*)

The chief is rous'd: behold him, great in arms;
Let Hero now subdue him with her charms:
From yonder mountain's brow he saw your sails;
Dreadful he is—a bashaw of three tails.

(*Music plays "See the conquering hero comes."*)

Enter ABUDAH, on an elephant, with guards.

Abu. What's this I see? A set of rascal minions,
Hanging together, like a bunch of onions.
I'll hang ye all; ay, scoundrels, before night,
If, on the instant, you don't quit my sight.

Sol. Dread sir, we have got some prisoners here,
That seem half dead already with their fear;
Shipwreck'd upon our coast, we sav'd their lives,
And here they are—

Abu. Say, have they any wives?
The women all are mine; yes, if twenty:
Although, indeed, I've petticoats in plenty.

Sol. We found no female, sir, among the crew.
Shall we discharge the men? pray, what say you?

Abu. Let them all breakfast,
Each a loaf of bread;
And then, let ev'ry prisoner—
Lose his head.

CHORUS.—Prisoners.

*Have pity, great chief,
And send us relief;
We're all in a wretched condition.
Oh! spare our poor lives,
And we'll send you our wives:
Accept this our humble petition.*

(*Abudah alights.*)

Abu. Silence, rascals! I find you, then, can prate;
But, scoundrels, you shall know, my word is fate.
My sword shall treat the vultures with a feast;
Shall lay whole realms, nay, human nature, waste.

Sol. I told them, sir, how great you were in pow'r,
That with a single puff you'd rock a tow'r;
That you were ten feet high—Was not that right?

Abu. Ten feet, at least: five cubits—no, not
Yet ev'ry inch is made of proper stuff, [quite:
Tho' idle nature cast me in the rough.

SONG.—ABUDAH.

*Stand all aloof, ye paltry judes;
And you, ye filthy knaves of spades!
How dare you look beyond those pales,
On me, who wear three thumping tails?
Don't you all know, that at a blow,
I'd send you to the shades below?
Begone, or else, I swear, odsbobs!
I'll send you home without your nob.*

Enter HERO.

*But Hero now her form displays,
And strives to charm a thousand ways;
From head to foot new modes of dress,
Her various arts to please express:
I find I'm caught within the snare,
So I'll enjoy the am'rous fair;
As I'm a soldier great and stout,
This girl has turn'd me inside out.*

Lean. (*Aside.*) It is, it is my love! Ye gods, be
kind! [wind.

Hero. (*Aside.*) 'Tis he! I give my sorrows to the
Abu. What does the fellow stare at? Speak, you
The rascal seems as stupid as a log. [dog!

Lean. Spare your reproaches, sir; I'm ill at ease,
My life is your's, do with me as you please.
See, tear succeeds to tear—a passage seeks, (*aside*)
And, bursting forth, bedews her lovely cheeks.

Abu. No grumbling, sirrah! Charmer, let's re-
tire; (*Takes Hero by the hand.*)
The god of love shall fan the keen desire;

My body, blood, and soul, are all on fire. (*Going.*)

Lean. Monster, avaunt! Release the heavenly fair,
Or, by all the avenging powers, I swear—
(*Seizes Abudah.*)

Abu. Seize, seize the villain; drag him to the
block;

Or toss him headlong from the steepest rock.
No; off with his head. As I'm a sinner,
I'll have his knob, before I eat my dinner.

Hero. Mercy! oh! mercy, sir, as you are great!
Oh! save the youth; at least, suspend his fate!

Abu. Who is the vagabond?

Lean. Why, caitiff, hear!

So shall thy savage nature shake with fear:
Know, then, ingrate, from Abydos I came;
Still more—know thou, Leander is my name.

(*Throws off his disguise.*)

Now slip thy blood-hounds; 'dudge the savage rout;
I stand unmov'd.

Abu. Oh! now the murder's out!

Thanks to thee, prophet; thanks to thee again!
Speak not in his behalf, you sue in vain;
This is the squire, that braves the Hellespont,
And steals, at night, to madam Hot-upon't.
Zounds! I'll souse him in a tub of pickle;
And as to miss, her toby I will tickle.
Drag him away.

Hero. Great chief, be not cruel, but good as you're
brave,
Remember the hero but conquers to save.

Sol. Give life to the wretched, whose fate's in your
hand;
'Tis humanity graces and blesses the land.

Lean. I sue not for mercy, I stand here unmov'd,
Protected by virtue, by beauty, and love.

All. Look down, oh! ye gods! and let mortals now
prove,
The blessings that wait upon virtue and love.

Hero. Hear me, great sir! Oh! spare Leander's
Grant this request, and Hero is your wife. [life;

Sol. Say, will your actions with your words ac-

Hero. They will, indeed. [cord?

Sol. Then take her at her word.

Lean. I read my Hero's meaning in her eyes.
(*Aside.*)

Abu. It is all flummery. By heaven, he dies!

Hero. Pardon me, sir, my love for you prevails;
What girl can stand a bashaw with three tails?

SONG.—HERO.

*Oh! sir, be consenting, be kind, and relenting;
Release these poor creatures, and send them away;
Do but this, and you'll find
How good-natur'd and kind
I'll prove to my spousee, by night and by day.*

*Oh! come now, sweet lover, a passion discover;
A sly little Cupid now lurks in that smile:
Ev'ry maid must surrender
To such a commander:
You've found out a way my poor heart to beguile.*

*Behold, like Apollo, his ringlets of yellow!
Behold, how like Mars, at this moment he stands!
His breath, too, discloses
The perfume of roses!
How plump his round cheeks, and how taper his
hands!*

Oh! come now, sweet lover, &c.

Abu. A pretty soul it is! Say, will you, miss,
Give your bashaw the earnest of a kiss?
(*She kisses him.*)

'Tis done, 'tis done! you're pardon'd, rascals: go,
I give you life, my love will have it so.
But if that poaching dog comes here again,
And braves my anger, as he braves the main,
I'll whip the rebel rascal till he's blind.
Be scarce, then, scoundrels, now you know my mind.

CHORUS.—Prisoners.

*Happy, happy, happy day!
Ev'ry heart its homage pay.*

CHORUS.—Turks.

*Wake to harmony the voice;
Rejoice, 'tis mercy calls, rejoice.*

(*During this Chorus, Abudah mounts the elephant.*)

CHORUS.—All.

*Happy, happy, happy day!
Ev'ry heart its homage pay.
Wake to harmony the voice;
Rejoice, 'tis mercy calls, rejoice. [Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Grove.

Enter ABUDAH, SOLANO, SAFRINA, and HERO.

Abu. Come, come, Solano; methinks, we tarry;
I shall be all a-gog, until I marry.
The loves in council sit, and from above,
Venus now calls me to the Paphian grove.

Sol. What says my gentle Hero, will you go?

Saf. Her heart seems bursting with its grief.

Hero. Heigho!

Saf. Divide your sorrows, Hero, give me part.
Suppress that sigh, or else you'll break my heart.

SONG.—SAFRINA.

*Alas! I press'd, with growing love,
This darling to my breast;
Not the most favour'd, e'en above,
Was more completely bless'd.*

*Dear innocent! her lovely smiles
Delight me but to view;
And ev'ry pang my Hero feels,
Her mother feels it, too.*

Abu. I see she's coy, yet love is in her eye;
She'll know her bashaw better by-and-by;

*Come, Hero, I hope there's no repenting;
The gods, my pretty chicken, are consenting.*

SONG.—ABUDAH.

*Gentle Hero, take my hand,
Love and life's at thy command:
Joys surrounding,
Sorrows drowning,
Bliss shall gladden all the land.
But if you refuse me,
And think but to noose me
In love's silken fetters,
And sneer at your betters,
By the gods, now, I swear,
From your bosom I'll tear—
No, stop—I'll do more,
I'll deluge the shore
With blood;
Till nature looks wild,
And before I retire,
I'll kindle a fire,
That shall toast you,
And roast you,
Man, woman, and child.*

Saf. Oh! mercy on us! whither shall we fly?

Sol. He'll ravish you, perhaps.

Saf. No, first, I'll die. [*Exit with Hero.*

Enter DELAH and Soldiers.

Abu. What's the matter, Delah?

(*Shouting heard.*)

Del. Dread sir, attend:

We've seen a sail—I'm sure she's not a friend—
Hovering on our coast; she's full of people.
I saw her first, great sir, from yonder steeple.

Abu. Rally my forces; instant line the strand;
They're rebel rascals, from Natolia's land.

[*Exit Delah. Huzza without.*

Like Mars, I'll dart the javelin from my car,—
I scorn to wait, I'll meet the coming war.

(*Going; trumpet sounds without.*)

Sol. Fir'd by the sound, my genius bids me go,
To share the conflict, and repel the foe.

SONG.—SOLANO.

*Hark! the trumpet sounds afar,
The clam'rous harbinger of war;
Rouse, soldiers, rouse, to arms, to arms,
The call my beating bosom warms;
The foe insults our native shore,
And proudly mocks his conqueror.*

AIR.

*Oh! genius of this happy land,
Descend, and bless thy chosen band;
Give us to meet the daring foe,
'Tis liberty shall nerve the blow.*

*So, when the toils of war are o'er,
And meek-ey'd peace unlocks her store,
Each youthful hero then shall prove.
A sweet reward in faithful love.*

Enter DELAH.

Del. Dread sir, a prisoner we have taken.

Abu. Off with his head! I'll make the fellow bacon.

Del. If you unhead him, sir, he cannot speak.

Abu. What horrid fear sits trembling on thy
cheek?

Del. I find, Leander, sir, comes here to-night,
To visit Hero, and secure her flight.

Abu. Death and the devil! this is news, indeed!
Oh! for Bellona's whip, to make him bleed!
He should be more than twenty months in dying,
'Twould make me smile, to see the rascal frying.

Sol. Suppose we seize him as he comes to-night,
Waylay the villain—nab him?

Abu. That is right.

You counsel well, Solano. Come away;
My soul's in arms, and eager for its prey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Night. The Hellespont in perspective. Leander is seen rowing himself over. A light appears in Hero's window, as a direction to her lover.*

Enter ABUDAH, SOLANO, and Soldiers.

Sol. Behold him, sir! his fate, alas! draws nigh,
And forces e'en the tribute of a sigh.
Like the dread genius of the deep, he steers,
Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears.

SONG—SOLANO.

*Oh! see how he comes, how he moves thro' the gloom,
Conducted by fate, and by love, to his doom!
Oh! see the fond youth, to the shore now he bends,
And quits his companions, his country, and friends;
Regardless of danger, he darts through the wave,
'Tis nature commands him, and nature must save.*

Abu. The fellow's got on shore, he'll soon be
The light conducts him to my faithless fair. [here;
Oh! here he comes! be silent all as death,
Let not a creature speak above his breath.

Enter LEANDER.

Lean. Well, so far safe; I now must wait to see
The bright perfection of a deity.
Oh! do not, cruel love, my cares prolong!
I'll wake my gentle Hero with a song.

SONG.—LEANDER.

*Awake, my sweet Hero, my heart's dearest treasure,
Leander now calls you to love and delight;
'Tis Hymen shall sanctify love's softest pleasure,
Give our days all to joy, and to rapture the night.
Awake, then, my charmer, and share the sweet blessing,
The moments now fly me, alas! how distressing!
Oh! think of our joys, when caress'd and caressing,
Arise, my sweet Hero, love calls you away.*

Hero. (*Opens the window.*) Oh! my soul's joy!
thy cheering voice I hear,
Like notes from seraphs, rushing on my ear.

Lean. Oh! come, my Hero, bless again my arms;
My heart, still constant, beats with love's alarms.
Danger could work no change, nor time remove
The honest warmth of undissembled love.
Haste, then, sweet fair, thy lover's transport meet,
Fly to his arms, and make his bliss complete.

(*Hero shuts the window.*)

That heaven, from which no secret is conceal'd,
But ev'ry wish and thought must stand reveal'd,
Views not a love more pure, or truer mind,
Amongst the various race of human kind;
Where neither int'rest nor design have part,
But all the warmth is native from the heart.

Enter HERO. (*Leander embraces her.*)

Oh! bless'd event! let's fly to yonder shore;
We've met, my Hero, now, to part no more.
Hail, happy groves, retreats of peace and joy,
Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy.

Hero. Discharg'd from care, on unfrequented
We'll sing of rural joys in rural strains; [plains,
No false, corrupt delights our thoughts shall move,
But joys of friendship, tenderness, and love.

DUETT.—LEANDER and HERO.

Lean. Come now, my sweet love, to the grove,
The graces are waiting for you;
Thro' roses and woodbines we'll rove,
And kiss, as all true lovers do.

Hero. Oh! take both my hand and my heart,
My lover I know he is true;
Till death shall direct us to part,
We'll kiss, as all true lovers do.

Both. Adieu, then, to doubt, and despair,
Fair virtue our loves will pursue;
We'll know not a moment of care,
But kiss, as all true lovers do.

(*They appear retiring to Leander's vessel, but are stopped by Abudah, Solano, Delah, and Soldiers.*)

Abu. Bind the villain. Oh! sir, you're caught again!
Knock off his head, and let me have his brain;

Now that my anger's rous'd, my rage is full,
I'll make a punch-bowl of the rascal's skull.

MINERVA, in a cloud, attended by HYMEN, descends.

Lean. Oh! now farewell to hope! My love, adieu!
I die content, because I die for you. [care,

Hero. Oh! make his cause, ye Powers above, your
Let guilt shrink back, and innocence appear!
Support his soul, now death demands his prey,
And smooth his passage to the realms of day.

Lean. May heaven still guard her, with peculiar
And make her happy, as it made her fair! [care,
May calmest peace her future days attend,
And late may she to endless joys ascend!

Abu. Bring me a cauldron, hot as Alecto's kettle;
First Medusa's snaky whip shall try his mettle.
'Sdeath! his blood I'll bottle, and in the dark pro-
I'll sprinkle libations, to the furies round. [found,
(*Minerva and Hymen come forward.*)

Min. Cease, hell-hound! infernal monster, cease!
I come, the blessed harbinger of peace,
To join in Hymen's bands this constant pair;
The youth deserving, and the virtuous fair;
Their constancy and truth deserve my care. }

(*A flourish of trumpets; they kneel, and Hymen joins their hands.*)

'Tis wisdom consecrates the sacred bands.

SONG.—HYMEN.

*Sweetest pleasures never ceasing,
Blessings, which the gods present,
Joys with length of years increasing,
Rosy health, and sweet content,
Await the fair, and deck the youth,
United in the bands of truth.*

*And when old Time, with solemn pace,
Shall call to tell them, both must die;
Touch'd, as he views their fond embrace,
He'll bless them first, then pass them by.
Sweetest pleasures, &c.*

Abu. What, then, is all my greatness come to this?
Am I, then, baffled by a paltry miss?
Your power, madam, certainly prevails;
Wisdom, I find, pays no respect to tails.

Lean. Oh! thanks, eternal thanks, to you be given,
Thou best and brightest ornament of heaven!

Min. Now strike the sprightly lyre; all care away,
To mirth and joy we dedicate the day;
I'll raise an altar to love's holy flame,
Inscrib'd with Hero's and Leander's name.

FINALE.

Lean. Joy and pleasure now go round,
Beauty's triumph is to-day;
Ev'ry voice in chorus sound,
This is Hymen's holyday.
Dress a garland for the fair,
Care and sorrow hither go;
Daffodillies,
Virgin lilies!

Hymen says he'll have it so.
Hero. Take my hand, you have my heart,
Indeed, you've had it long ago;
And now we'll never, never part:
Hymen says he'll have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c,
Saf. Cupid is a foolish boy,
Once he try'd on me his bow;
But I never felt a joy,
Till Hymen said he'd have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.
Abu. Must I, then, give up the fair,
And see them laughing at my woe;
Live and lead a life of care?
The devil, sure, would have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.
Sol. Observe, ye fair, the moral here:
Let virtue in your bosoms glow;
You then may bid adieu to fear:
Hymen says he'll have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c. [Exeunt.

THE GUARDIAN;

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES CLACKIT
YOUNG CLACKIT

HEARTLY
SERVANT

HARRIET
LUCY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall at Mr. Heartly's.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT, YOUNG CLACKIT,
and *Servant*.

Sir C. Tell Mr. Heartly, his friend and neighbour, Sir Charles Clackit, would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you—Why don't you speak?

Young C. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir C. Psha! don't be a fool, but answer me. Don't you flatter yourself.—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you?

Young C. First, then, whenever I see her, she never looks at me; that's a sign of love: whenever I speak to her, she never answers me; another sign of love: and whenever I speak to anybody else, she seems to be perfectly easy; that's a certain sign of love.

Sir C. The devil it is!

Young C. When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—"Stay, you agreeable runaway! stay; I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me." I could say more, but a man of honour, uncle—

Sir C. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Young C. Oh! yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir C. With her eyes! Eyes are very equivocal,

Jack. However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr. Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Young C. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? The business will soon be ended. You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine, miss is sent for, and *l'affaire est fait*. (*Snapping his fingers.*)

Sir C. And so you think that a young, beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger? Pr'ythee, get away, and don't provoke me.

Young C. Well, well, I am gone, uncle. When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [*Exit.*

Sir C. The devil's in these young fellows, I think; we send them abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way,

Enter HEARTLY.

Good morrow to you, neighbour,

Heart. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir C. I can return you the compliment, my friend: without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-five; and between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—But, mum for that.

Heart. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir C. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Heart. For me? you are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir C. No, faith, I am serious; and had I a

daughter to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Heart. I am much obliged to you.

Sir C. And now to my business.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself. Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Quite the contrary, sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding-school, and brought her home in order to dispose of her worthily with her own inclination.

Sir C. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Heart. He did so: and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her; for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging. In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir C. No, no; she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of.

Heart. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir C. My nephew, Mr. Heartly—

Re-enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young C. Here I am at your service, sir. My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward—

Sir C. Get away, you puppy!

Young C. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward, a most accomplished young lady, to be sure—

Sir C. Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb, to be sure.

Heart. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Young C. You'll excuse me, Mr. Heartly; my uncle does not set up for an orator: a little confused or so, sir. You see me what I am; but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself. We are young, sir. I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you; but my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry; and, therefore, I shall say no more at present.

Sir C. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you—

Young C. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-à-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle. You command, I submit: Mr. Heartly, your's. *[Exit.]*

Sir C. Puppy! *(Aside)*—My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr. Heartly, as you see; and, therefore, I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but, indeed, he has persuaded me, in a manner, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Heart. Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir C. You are right, neighbour—But here she is.

Enter HARRIET and LUCY.

Har. He is with company; I'll speak to him another time. *(Retires.)*

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen.—You are very particular, miss. *(Apart to Harriet.)*

Heart. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—*(Harriet returns)*—Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady. *(Introduces her.)*—

You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me?

Har. Sir! *(Confused.)*

Heart. Don't be disturbed, I shall not reproach you with anything but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Har. Upon my word, sir—Lucy!

Lucy. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage. Is that such a dreadful thing? Oh! for shame, madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

Heart. *(To Sir Charles.)* We have gone too far, Sir Charles. We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover: I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now. Be persuaded, that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

Sir C. I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Heartly. Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family. *(To Heartly.)*

Heart. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.]

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular. You was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married. What can be the meaning of all this? That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr. Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Har. Pr'ythee, don't plague me about Mr. Clackit.

Lucy. But why not, miss? Though he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient, you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company. The trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptionous.

Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, miss?

Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this a secret so long? Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception. What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Har. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, miss.—But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll ensure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together.

Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick! But come, I'll put you in the way: you shall trust me with the secret; I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends; they shall entrust it to half a dozen more; by which means, it will travel half the world over in a week's time: the gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up

all my perquisites at your wedding. What is his name, miss?

Har. I cannot tell you his name; indeed, I cannot: I am afraid of being thought too singular. But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, miss, I can't understand you: you are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so. I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.

Re-enter HEARTLY.

Heart. Leave us, Lucy.

Lucy. There's something going forward; 'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Heart. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [*Aside.*]

Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it. [*Aside.*]

Heart. Don't imagine that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to inquire into everything that concerns you. Some friends have spoken to me in particular; but that is not all—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed. Be plain with me; has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Har. I cannot deny it, sir; yes, somebody indeed has pleased me. But I must entreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire further into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Heart. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Har. I have, in my own mind, sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better; reason, honour, everything must approve it.

Heart. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*]

Heart. I see your confusion, and will relieve you from it immediately. I am informed of the whole—

Har. Sir!

Heart. Don't be uneasy; for I can, with pleasure, assure you that your passion is returned with equal tenderness. [*happy.*]

Har. If you are not deceived, I cannot be more

Heart. I think I am not deceived; but after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserved a little more confidence from you?

Har. You have, indeed, deserved it; and should certainly have it, were I not well assured that you would oppose my inclinations.

Heart. I oppose them! Am I, then, so unkind to you, my dear Harriet? Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you? I promise you that I have no will but your's.

Har. Since you desire it, then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Heart. I am all attention; speak.

Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Heart. I see your delicacy is hurt. But let me entreat you once more to confide in me. Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, and assure him that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Har. You will easily find him; and when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first. Persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation. I shall leave him with you; and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer. [*Going.*]

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT. (Harriet remains on the stage.)

Heart. Are we not alone? What can she mean? [*Aside.*]

Young C. Apropos, 'faith! Here they are together.

Heart. I did not see him; but now the riddle's explained. [*Aside.*]

Har. What can he want now? This is the most spiteful interruption! [*Aside.*]

Young C. By your leave, Mr. Heartly. [*Crosses him to go to Harriet.*] Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet? Well, Mr. Heartly, *sans façon*—But what's the matter? Things look a little gloomy here; one mutters to himself, and gives me no answer, and the other turns her head and winks at me. How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Har. I wink at you, sir? Did I, sir?

Young C. Yes, you, my angel! but, mum!—Mr. Heartly, for heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Young C. Hope for the best; I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

Heart. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, sir, the friendship which I have ever professed for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Har. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside.*]

Young C. I am alive again. Dear Mr. Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!

Heart. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family, that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that everything goes on to our wishes. [*Going.*]

Har. Mr. Heartly—pray, sir—

Heart. Poor Harriet! I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better. [*Aside.*] Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time that I shall be absent? Poor Miss Harriet! [*Exit.*]

Young C. Allez, allez, monsieur! I'll answer for that. Well, ma'am, I think everything succeeds to our wishes. Be sincere, my adorable—Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Young C. Inform you, miss? The matter, I believe, is pretty clear: our friends have understanding—we have affections—and a marriage follows of course.

Har. Marriage, sir! Pray, what relation or particular connexion is there between you and me, sir?

Young C. I may be deceived, 'faith! but, upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little smattering of inclination between us.

Har. And have you spoken to my guardian upon this supposition, sir?

Young C. And are you angry at it? I believe not.

Har. Indeed, sir, this behaviour of your's is most extraordinary.

Young C. Upon my soul, this is very droll. What! has not your guardian been here this moment, and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

Har. He is in an error, sir; and had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceived him long before now.

Young C. (*Hums a tune.*) But, pray, miss, what can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Har. Opposing my own inclinations, sir?

Young C. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam.

Har. Be assured, sir, I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Young C. Come, come, I know what I know.

Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Clackit.

Young C. Don't you make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

Young C. And you really believe that you don't love me?

Har. Positively not.

Young C. And you are very sure, now, that you hate me? (*Conceitedly.*)

Har. Oh! most cordially!

Young C. Poor young lady! I do pity her from my soul.

Har. Then why don't you leave me?

Young C. "*She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.*"

Take warning, miss; when you once begin to pine in thought, 'tis all over with you; and, be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—do you mind me?—not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you. *Coûte qu'il coûte.*

Re-enter HEARTLY and SIR CHARLES CLACKIT.

Sir C. There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Heart. I am willing, you see, to lose no time, which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir C. 'Gad! I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism. But, hold, hold! the lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other. What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time?

Young C. A trifle, sir; the lady will tell you. (*Hums a tune.*)

Heart. You seem to be troubled, Harriet! What can this mean?

Har. You have been in an error, sir, about me; I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden; but I am now forced to tell you that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me.

Heart. How, my dear?

Sir C. What do you say, miss?

Young C. Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of humour; but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir C. Ay, ay, ay! oh, oh! is that all? These little squalls seldom upset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port. Ay, ay, ay!

Young C. Talk to her a little, Mr. Heartly. She is a fine lady, and has many virtues; but she does not know the world.

Heart. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Har. I cannot, sir. I have discovered the weakness of my heart; I have discovered it to you, sir; but your unkind interpretations and reproachful looks convince me that I have already said but too much. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Well, but harkye! nephew, this is going a little too far. What have you done to her?

Heart. I never saw her so agitated before.

Young C. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be. The little *brouillerie* between us, arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant* between us.

Sir C. I'll tell you what, Jack; there is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of.

Young C. But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a proof sufficient I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go such lengths to indulge it. Ha, ha!

Sir C. Why, really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more, or a lady desire more. What say you, neighbour?

Heart. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it; my thoughts upon the matter are so various and so confused. Everything I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—She certainly cannot like anybody else!

Young C. No, no; I'll answer for that.

Heart. Or she may be fearful, then, that your passion for her is not sincere; or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and neglect her.

Young C. Ha! Egad! you have hit it; nothing but a little, natural, delicate sensibility. (*Hums a tune.*)

Heart. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Young C. *Je vous demande pardon.* I have sworn to her, a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex: but there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an over-fond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Heart. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and vows to return into the country again.

Young C. Poor thing!

Heart. I must inquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires that when she has recovered herself, she may talk with you alone, sir. (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. I shall with pleasure attend her.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Sir C. I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm, to be beloved by that sweet creature as you are, Jack.

Young C. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle? Ha, ha! Divine Bacchus! La, la, la, &c. (*Sings.*)

Sir C. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly? Why, a fine woman has no effect upon them. Is there no method to make them less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Heart. Lookye! Mr. Clackit; if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated

with neglect or disdain: nor could I bear it, sir. Any man must be proud of her partiality to him; and he must be fashionably insensible, indeed, who would not make it his darling care to defend from every inquietude the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir C. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr. Heartly. Go to her, nephew, directly; throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Young C. Would you have me say the same thing over and over again? I can't do it, positively: it is my turn to be piqued now.

Sir C. D—n your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Heart. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, should bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought. However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit Servant.*] Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir C. Ay, ay; we'll leave you to yourselves; and, pray, convince her that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Young C. Oh! yes, you may depend upon me.

Heart. A very slender dependence, truly!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Young C. We'll be with you again to know what your *tête-à-tête* produces; and, in the meantime, I am her's—and your's. Adieu! Come, uncle. Fal, la, la, la! (*Sings.*)

Sir C. I could knock him down with pleasure. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Library.

HEARTLY and a Servant discovered.

Heart. Tell Miss Harriet that I am here: if she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room. [*Exit Servant.*] However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be deciphered. This young gentleman has certainly touched her: there are some objections to him; and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice: she has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion that occasions all this confusion. But here she is.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I hope you are not angry, sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making any apology?

Heart. I am angry that you think an apology necessary. The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear.

Har. I have reflected that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and, therefore, I would endeavour to answer all his objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Heart. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. Clackit: but I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible.

Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear—(*Takes her hand.*) You tremble, Harriet! What is the matter with you?

Har. Nothing, sir. Pray, go on.

Heart. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness: you fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are; and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Har. And would you advise me, sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and, in part, to relieve me from the shame of a declaration—Might I be permitted to write to him?

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: and, indeed, you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me? Will you write it for me, sir?

Heart. Oh! most willingly: and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. (*Sighs.*)

Heart. Here is pen, ink, and paper; and now, my dear, I am ready. He is certainly a man of family; and though he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them. Come, what shall I write? (*Prepares to write.*)

Har. Pray, give me a moment's thought;—tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

Heart. I know it is. Don't hurry yourself; I shall wait with patience. Come, Miss Harriet.

Har. (*Dictating.*) "It is in vain for me to conceal from one of your understanding the secrets of my heart"—

Heart. (*Writes.*) "The secrets of my heart."

Har. "Though your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it"—

Heart. Do you think that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Har. Pray, indulge me, sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon. "Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it." So!

Har. "Everything tells you that it is you that I love"—

Heart. Very well.

Har. Yes; "you that I love." Do you understand me?

Heart. Oh! yes, yes; I understand you—"that it is you that I love." This is very plain, my dear.

Har. I would have it so. "And though I am already bound in gratitude to you"—

Heart. In gratitude to Mr. Clackit?

Har. Pray, write, sir.

Heart. Well; "in gratitude to you." I must write what she would have me. (*Aside.*)

Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one"—

Heart. "Most disinterested one."

Har. "And to convince you, that you owe much more to my affections"—

Heart. And then?

Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced"—

Heart. Stay, stay! "Had not experienced."

Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy"—

Heart. What did you say? Did I hear right, or am I in a dream? (*Aside.*)

Har. Why have I declared myself? He'll hate me for my folly. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Harriet!

Har. Sir?

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention then the care of your infancy: it would be ridiculous.

Har. It would, indeed! I own it; it is improper.

Heart. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Heart. (Troubled.) Ought to send it! Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Carry this letter. (*An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending the letter.*) Is it not for Mr. Clackit?

Har. (Peevishly.) Who can it be for?

Heart. (To the Servant.) Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit. [*Gives the letter; exit Servant.*]

Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. (*Aside.*)

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. (*Aside.*) Sir Charles is without, sir, and is impatient to know your determination. May he be permitted to see you?

Heart. I must retire, to conceal my weakness. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lucy. Upon my word, this is very whimsical. What is the reason, miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Har. What a contempt he must have for me to behave in this manner! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lucy. Extremely well this, and equally foolish on both sides! But what can be the meaning of it? What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter; a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be? It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately. (*Going.*) I will go directly to my young mistress, tease her to death till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning—and go upon the stage. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter HEARTLY.

Heart. The more I reflect upon what has passed, the more I am convinced that she did not intend writing to this young fellow. What am I to think of it, then? Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but can it be possible that so young a creature should even cast a thought of that kind upon me? Upon me! No, no; I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT.

Sir C. Well, Mr. Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Heart. Upon my word, sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir C. What the devil is the meaning of all this? There never, sure, were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? for as I passed by her but now, she seemed a little out of humour; and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Heart. Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can

collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

Sir C. Egad, like enough. But hold, hold! this must be looked a little into: if it is so, I would be glad to know why and wherefore I have been made so ridiculous. Eh! master Heartly, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew? By the lord Harry—

Heart. He is of an age, Sir Charles—

Sir C. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, gentlemen! you need not puzzle any more about the matter: I have got the secret. I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distressed lady.

Sir C. Well, and who, and what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, sir? (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better. What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world! I pressed her so much that she at last confessed.

Sir C. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir C. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years and riper understanding.

Sir C. Indeed!

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion, of course.

Heart. This is very particular.

Sir C. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir C. Of me, child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, sir; and she did not say me nay; but cast such a look, and fetched such a sigh—that if ever I looked and sighed in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir C. What the devil!—Why, surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain—Mr. Heartly!—Eh!

Lucy. Indeed I do not, sir. 'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice: nay, sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me,) and told her—"Good God, madam," said I, "why he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic,"—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir C. But you need not have told her all that. It can't be me: no, no; it can't be me.

Lucy. But I tell you it is, sir. You are the man.

Sir C. Say you so? Why, then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you. Ha, ha, ha!—Your betters must be served before you. But here he comes—Not a word, for your life. We'll laugh at him most triumphantly. Ha, ha! but mum, mum!

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young C. Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought them to celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. (*To Heartly.*)

Sir C. Do you hear the puppy? (*Apart to Lucy.*)

Heart. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir C. Now for it.

Heart. Miss Harriet, sir, was not destined for you.

Young C. What do you say, sir?

Heart. That the young lady has fixed her affections upon another.

Young C. Upon another?

Sir C. Yes, sir, another; that is English, sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Young C. Very well, sir, extremely well.

Sir C. And that other, sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Young C. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir C. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the czar of Muscovy.

Young C. (*Smiles.*) But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far; I shall begin to be uneasy: but whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for, be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. (*Searching his pocket.*)

Sir C. Well, what's that?

Young C. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle: a letter from the lady. (*Takes it out of his pocket.*)

Sir C. What! to you?

Young C. To me, sir: this moment received, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir C. To you?

Young C. Most undoubtedly. She reproaches me with my excessive modesty; there can be no mistake.

Sir C. What letter is this he chatters about? (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir C. What! sent by her to him?

Heart. I believe so.

Sir C. Well, but, then—How the devil—Mrs. Lucy!—Eh!—What becomes of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir C. Nor I.

Heart. (*Hesitating.*) Nor—I—

Young C. But I do; and so you will all presently.

Re-enter HARRIET.

Har. Bless me, Mr. Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

Young C. I brought the gentleman of the string, mademoiselle, to convince you that I feel as I ought the honour you have done me. (*Shewing the letter.*) But, for heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good folks; they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself.

Har. To hesitate any longer would be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character. You have all been in an error. My bashfulness may have deceived you; my heart never did.

Young C. *C'est vrai.*

Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement: but at the same time must confess—

Young C. Oh—ho!

Har. With fear and shame confess—

Young C. Courage, mademoiselle!

Har. That another, not you, sir, has gained a power over my heart. (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir C. Another, not you; mind that Jack. Ha, ha!

Har. It is a power, indeed, which he despises. I cannot be deceived in his conduct. Modesty

may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir C. How prettily she reproaches me! but I'll soon make it up with her. (*Aside.*)

Har. As to that letter, sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable. But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you. (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir C. Proof positive, Jack. Say no more. Now is my time to begin. Hem! hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending everything that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Young C. Oh, misericorde! what, is my uncle my rival? Nay, then, I burst, by Jupiter!—Ha, ha, ha!

Har. Don't imagine, sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir C. (*Bowing.*) You are very obliging, madam.

Har. Neither is it, sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir C. How is this?

Young C. Another! not you; mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this?

Young C. Proof positive, uncle; and very positive.

Sir C. I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget; and so, madam, I am your humble servant.

Heart. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Young C. Ay, now for it.—Hear him, hear him!

Heart. Oh, my Harriet! I, too, must be disgraced in my turn. Can you think that I have seen and conversed with you unmoved? Indeed I have not. The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart; but now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy, indeed, of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Har. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: the one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity. Should I refuse my hand a third time, (*smiling,*) I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach; and, therefore, I accept your favour, sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Heart. And thus I seal my acknowledgments; and, from henceforth, devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Sir C. Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and played yourself in the farce?

Young C. What would you have me say, sir; I am too much a philosopher to fret.

Heart. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,

Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;

My friendly care shall change to grateful love,

And the fond husband still the Guardian prove.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SULTAN; OR, A PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO: A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

THE SULTAN
OSMYN

ELMIRA
ROXALANA

ISMENA
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Seraglio; the throne in manner of a couch, with a canopy, on the front of which is an escutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman arms crowned with feathers; in the back scenes, the Sultan's door is covered with a curtain.*

Enter OSMYN and ELMIRA.

Osmyn. Tell me, what right have you to be discontented?

Elm. When first I came within these walls, I found myself a slave; and the thoughts of being shut up for ever here, terrified me to death: my tears flowed incessantly; Solyman was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me to liberty, my parents, and my country.

Osmyn. And yet, when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

Elm. True; but his munificence, and, above all, the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconciled me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attached him to me.

Osmyn. Why, then, complain? you still possess his heart. Already, you have been twice honoured with the imperial handkerchief.

Elm. His heart! does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determined, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country.

Osmyn. I chall procure you an answer this morning—But, hark! the Sultan approaches.

[Exit Elmira.]

The curtain is drawn, and the SULTAN enters, preceded by Mutes, &c. A grand march played.

Sul. Osmyn.

Osmyn. The humblest of your slaves attends. *(Bows to the ground.)*

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Osmyn. And of the seraglio, too, sir?

Sul. It is even so: and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accustomed to the noise of camps and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures; which, though varied, appear insipid, through the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained. Your voice used to charm me.

AIR.—OSMYN.

*Behold yonder zephyr how lightly it blows,
And copying of lovers it ne'er seeks repose,
But flies to the pink, to the lily, the rose,
Caressing each flower of the garden and grove.*

*Then still let your pleasure variety crown,
'Mongst the different beauties that rove up and down;
Court the charms of the fair, of the black, of the brown,
They're the flowers that embellish the garden of love.*

Sul. I have often told you I am not touched with mere caressing machines, who are taught to love or fear by interest.

Osmyn. And yet your highness must confess, your servant has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly in one object he procured you.

Sul. Who is that?

Osmyn. The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

Sul. And, truly, she possesses all the charms that can adorn her sex.

Osmyn. You thought so once.

Sul. Once! I think so still.

Osmyn. Indeed!

Sul. Positively, why should you doubt it?

Osmyn. Your word is my law. But, sir, there is matter I must acquaint you with: I cannot manage the seraglio; and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm I can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought here, is quite ungovernable; she is sure to do everything she is forbid; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers our most serious admonitions with a laugh: besides, she is at variance with the rest of the women, and shews them such an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

Sul. That is your business: I will have them all agree. How do you call her?

Osmyn. Since she has been here, we have called her Roxalana. [reason.

Sul. Well, you must endeavour to bring her to

Osmyn. Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your highness's feet, then?

Sul. Let her come; and, do you hear, Osmyn? go to the apartment of that Persian slave you spoke of yesterday, (she that sings so well,) and send her hither.

Osmyn. I will, most sublime Sultan. [Exit.

Enter ELMIRA. She kneels.

Sul. I know, beforehand, that you come to upbraid me. We have not met so often lately as our natural inclinations would have made agreeable; but don't attribute that to coldness, which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs. The business of the divan has taken up so much of my time.

Elm. I don't presume to complain; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

Sul. Elmira, you love music; I have sent for the Persian slave, who I am told sings so well; if she answers the description, she will afford you entertainment.

Elm. I want none when you are present; your company suffices for everything.

Sul. Yonder comes our singer.

Enter ISMENA.

Ism. Your slave attends your pleasure. (*Kneels. The Sultan makes signs to the Eunuchs, who bring two stools, and beckons Elmira to sit.*)

Elm. This is an honour I did not expect. (*Taking her seat.*)

AIR.—ISMENA.

Bless'd hero, who, in peace and war,

Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;

In peace, the shafts of love you bear;

In war, the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

Sul. Beautiful Ismena, methought, that song did not so well express the effects of love. I never heard anything so charming; her voice is exquisite. What do you think of her? (*To Elmira.*)

Elm. If she hears all this, it will make her vain. I cannot bear all this; I am ready to burst with indignation and anger. [*Aside, and exit.*

Sul. There is something in this slave that interests me in her favour; she shall be received among the Sultana's attendants, and by that means, we shall have an opportunity of hearing her often. (*Aside. Turning, perceives Elmira gone.*) But, where's the Sultana? I did not perceive she had left us. Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to amuse her. [*Exit Ismena.*

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. I come to tell your highness, there is no bearing that English slave; she says such things, and does such things, that—

Sul. Why, what is it she does? [*too.*

Osmyn. She mimics me; nay, and mimics you,

Sul. Pooh, pooh!

Osmyn. Advice is lost upon her; when I attempt to give it, she falls a singing and dancing. There is no enduring it, if you do not permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light. She seems, indeed, a singular character.

Osmyn. She has the impudence of the devil: but just now, I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

Enter ROXALANA.

Sul. How now?

Rox. Well, heaven be praised, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: if so, pray oblige me so far, as to drive from your presence, that horrid ugly creature there, for he shocks my sight; do you hear? go. (*To Osmyn.*)

Sul. (*Gravely.*) They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference; all in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence! and obey! Is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry? you must be vastly loved, indeed, if you address women in that strain.

Sul. Consider, you are not now in your own country.

Rox. No, indeed; you make me feel the difference severely; there reigns ease, content, and liberty: every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable; I advise you to alter your behaviour, for very good reasons; and it is for your good; there are very rigorous laws in the seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word, you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Osmyn. What does your highness think now? Did I tell you the truth? (*Apart to the Sultan.*)

Rox. Oh, whispering! What is it that monster says? That what-do-you-call-him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful, glaring eyes, as if he would devour us. Is this the confidante of your pleasures, the guardian of our charity? I must do him the justice to confess, that, if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't step one step but he is after us; by-and-by, I suppose, he will weigh out air and measure out light to us; he won't let us walk in the gardens, lest it should rain men upon us; and, if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for. [*rate?*

Osmyn. There now, don't she go on at a fine

Rox. Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me. If you follow my counsel, I shall make you an accomplished prince. I wish to make you beloved; let your window-bars be taken down; let the doors of the seraglio be thrown open; let inclination alone keep your women within it; and, instead of that ugly, odious creature there, send a handsome, smart, young officer to us every morning; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day. (*While she is speaking, the Sultan admires her.*)

Sul. Did you ever see so expressive a countenance? (*To Osmyn.*) Have you any more to say? (*To Roxalana.*)

Rox. Yes, sir, this; to desire you will not mind him, but attend to me. Men were not born to advise; the thing is expressly the contrary; more women have certainly ten thousand times more

sense. Men, indeed! Men were born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse us; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation. Now, sir, farewell. If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may, perhaps, be tempted to give you another. *[Exit.]*

Osmyn. Did you ever hear the like, sir? Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Osmyn. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the seraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl; a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse. Go after her, *Osmyn*, bid her come back and drink sherbet with me.

Osmyn. Sherbet with you, sir? *[Exit Osmyn.]*

Sul. I have said it. *(Goes on the throne, and takes a pipe.)* Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner. *(Smokes.)* She's not handsome, that is, what is called a beauty; yet her little nose, cocked in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect altogether—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxalana's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else. It is the first time we have seen this place a spirit of caprice and independence: I'll try, at least, what she'll say to me further; there can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. I have delivered your message.

Sul. Delivered my message! where's Roxalana?

Osmyn. In her chamber, where she has locked herself in.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber. What did she say?

Osmyn. "Treasure of light," said I, *(through the key-hole,)* "I come from the sublime Sultan to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and desire you will come and drink sherbet with him." She answered through the key-hole, "Go tell your master, I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet."

Sul. In effect, *Osmyn*, the fault is your's; you took your time ill, as you commonly do; you should have waited some time: don't you owe her respect? *[come again?]*

Osmyn. And, after this, would you have her

Sul. Perhaps I would.

Osmyn. Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, *Osmyn*? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana. *(Curtain moves.)* *[curtain.]*

Osmyn. Who is that meddles with the great

Sul. Who is it lifts that portal there?

Rox. 'Tis I. *(Coming from behind.)*

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Osmyn. Ay, how dare you? Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul. Come, come; she's not acquainted with the customs of the seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon; I am afraid he has disturbed you now.

Rox. Oh! it is only what I expected; you Turks are not reckoned very polite. In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here, I find. *(Sultan offers her the pipe; she strikes it down.)* What, do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this? Does your insolence go so far?

Osmyn. What do you command, sir?

Sul. Silence!

Rox. What! angry before a woman? I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul. This is not to be suffered, and yet there's something so foolish in it too. *(Aside.)* Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you. *[am.]*

Rox. No, I thank you; I am very well where I

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I would for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future? Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things; I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow used to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love, too: for 'tis in my country, love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and yet, even there, a husband beloved is next to a prodigy. If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you truth: and do you know why you dislike to hear it? Because it is a language your ears are unaccustomed to: but I don't mind that; I shall make you well acquainted with it. Happy would it be for every prince, if he had a friend near him to tell him the truth.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect? that would be worse still.

Sul. Indeed!

[rect you.]

Rox. Oh! your notions are horrid! I shall cor-

Sul. Correct me! In what, pray?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal, sure! But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeased with me. I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it, then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why, won't you consider who I am, and who you are?

Rox. Who am I, and who you are! Yes, sir, I do consider very well that you are the grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free-born woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendour eastern monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive, then, you would be very glad to get away from me.

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the seraglio agreeable to you; if I study to make you happy, might you not, in your turn, try to deserve my favour?

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely?

Rox. As I think it.

[me—]

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers

Rox. Don't believe it; I tell you it deceives you.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never; caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and, in the meantime, you shall sup with me.

Rox. No; I beg to be excused; I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so?—'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought! Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for, while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable. But to be in good humour, sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain—things that I can't—indeed, sir.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know, and should give up every point to me; and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so. *Osmyn!*

Enter OSMYN.

Rox. *Osmyn*, I say, hear my directions; (you know I am to speak;) go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Osmyn. Did your highness order—

Sul. What do you stand for? Do as she bids you. [*Exit Osmyn, bowing.*]

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation; for example, the beautiful Sultana Elmira, that accomplished favourite you love so well; her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, who, I am told, sings enchantingly, and whom you love

Sul. Yes—but— [a little.]

Rox. I understand, you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary; we will be alone.

Rox. Alone—a tête-à-tête would be a great pleasure, to be sure! oh, no!

Sul. I promise you, I expect it.

Enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. Madam, your orders are obeyed.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her, I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there. What's that you say? you know, I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go. [you.]

Rox. Stay, I say; I have some business with

Sul. Stay! Certainly, there never was anything half so pleasant as this creature. [*Exit.*]

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan. If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it. And, do you hear? don't let them know you came from me with this invitation. Take care of your head. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A royal Apartment, banquet, &c.

Enter ROXALANA.

Rox. Ay, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Heyday! what have we got here? Cushions! what, do they think we are going to prayers? Let me die but I believe it is their dinner. What, do they mean to make me sit squat like a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers? Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians. And, d'ye hear? lest the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. (*Mutes lift up their hands.*) Mercy on us, what a wonder! I tell you, wine must be had. If there is none here, go to the mufti, he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, I warrant him; let the church alone to take care of themselves; they are too good judges of more solid things, not to be provided with them. (*Things are removed, and table, &c. brought on.*) Oh! here come some of my guests: I'll hide. (*Goes aside.*)

Enter ELMIRA and OSMYN.

Elm. It is impossible! A pretty thing, truly, she is to dispute the Sultan's heart with me!

Osmyn. I tell you her ascendancy over him is such, that it requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

Elm. Well, Osmyn, be my friend; and here, take this locket, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me. (*Roxalana comes forward.*)

Osmyn. Death and hell! we are deceived.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Rox. Take this locket, Osmyn, and be sure you speak ill of all my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

Elm. Insipid pleasantry! Know this, however, madam, I was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and, as such, will maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

Rox. By a locket. Holloa! who waits there?

Enter OSMYN.

Go tell the grand Signior to come here.

Osmyn. I will, madam—I'll be your friend, you may depend on me.

Rox. Go. [*Exit Osmyn.*] Elmira, I don't intend to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove it, you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here; therefore, make the best use you can of the opportunity.

Elm. Is it possible?

Enter SULTAN, ISMENA, and OSMYN.

Rox. Slaves, bring the dinner.

Sul. What do I see? Ismena and Elmira, too!

Rox. What is the matter, sir?

Sul. I thought you would have been alone.

Rox. Not when good company is to be had. Come, salute the ladies. (*He bows.*) A little lower. (*She stoops his head.*) There now, ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

Elm. Indeed, Roxalana, you go great lengths.

Sul. Let her alone; she knows it diverts me.

Rox. Well, let's be seated; I am to do the honours.

Sul. But what is all this? I never saw anything like it before.

Rox. Where should you? Come—[*Enter Carver with a long knife.*] Who is that? What does that horrid fellow want?

Osmyn. It is the grand carver.

Rox. The grand carver! I thought he came to cut off our heads. Pray, Mr. Carver, be so good as to carve yourself away. Come, Ismena, cut up that, and help the Sultan. The ladies of my country always carve.

Sul. Why, I think this custom is much better than ours. (*To the Carver.*) We shall have no occasion for you.

Rox. Come, some wine.

Sul. Wine!

Rox. Dinner is nothing without wine. Bring it here, Osmyn.

Osmyn. Must I touch the horrible potion! (*Takes the bottle between the skirts of his robe.*) There it is.

Rox. Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you shall have the first of the bottle. Here, drink.

Osmyn. I drink the hellish beverage! I who am a true believer, a rigid mussulman!

Rox. Sir, he disobeys me. (*To the Sultan.*)

Sul. Drink, as you are ordered.

Osmyn. I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor. Oh! Mahomet, shut thy eyes! 'Tis done: I have obeyed.

Rox. Ismena, hold your glass there. Elmira, fill your's and the Sultan's glass.

Sul. Nay, pray, dispense with me.

Rox. Dispense with you, sir! why should we dispense with you? Oh! I understand you; perhaps you don't choose those gentlemen should see you: I will soon turn them off. Gentlemen, you may go: we shall have no occasion for you, I believe. Come, ladies, talk a little; if you don't talk, you must sing. Ismena oblige us with a song. (*Ismena sings.**) Come, sir, I insist upon your drinking.

Sul. I must do as you bid me. (*Drinks.*)

Rox. That's clever.

Sul. How extraordinary is the conduct of this creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplishments of her rivals! but in everything she is my superior. (*Aside.*) I can rest no longer. (*Gives the handkerchief to Roxalana.*)

Rox. To me! Oh! no; Ismena, 'tis your's; the Sultan gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with your charming song. (*Gives the handkerchief to Ismena.*)

Elm. Oh! (*Faints.*)

Sul. Elmira! 'tis your's: look up, Elmira. (*Snatching the handkerchief from Ismena, gives it to Elmira.*)

* There is no song incidental to the piece; some popular air is generally introduced at the pleasure of the singer.

Elm. Oh! sir. (*Recovering.*)

Sul. For you, out of my sight, audacious! (*To Roxalana.*) Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded to the rank of the lowest slave. [*Exit Roxalana, guarded.*] But she shall be punished, madam, and you sufficiently revenged.

Elm. I do not wish it: in your love all my desires are accomplished.

Sul. If we chastise her, it must be severely. Go, order her to be brought hither.

Elm. What is your design, sir?

Sul. I would, before her face, repair the injustice I were going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punishment complete, leave her in everlasting jealousy.

Elm. I beseech you, think no more of her.

Sul. Pardon me, I think differently. Let her be brought hither, I say.

Osmyn. Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit yet.

Sul. No matter; fetch her as she is: and now, Elmira, let our endearments be redoubled in her.

Elm. Is that necessary, sir? [*sight.*]

Sul. Oh! it will gall her; I know it will gall her. We feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare what we are with what we might have been.

Elm. It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature; her gaiety is her all.

Sul. No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her frivolous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent—

Elm. There's an end on't, if you justify her.

Sul. I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently be convinced I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of my resentment.

Re-enter ROXALANA.

Here she comes: she's in affliction; and her left hand, there, endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance. Approach. (*To Roxalana.*) Elmira, have you determined how you will dispose of her?

Elm. I shall not add to what she suffers.

Sul. How that sentiment charms me! Indeed, Elmira, I blush to think that so unworthy an object should have been able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make me forget your superior merit; but I am your's for ever and ever.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Death and hell! she laughs.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray, forgive me; I beg your pardon.

Sul. 'Tis impudence beyond bearing; but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and anybody may see with half an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Whom do I love, then?

Rox. Me.

Sul. You are the object of my anger.

Rox. That don't signify, love and anger often go together; I am the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend; but with your highness's permission, I shall take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go, then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence. (*Going.*)

Sul. No, you sha'n't go. Elmira, do you withdraw. [*Exit Elmira.*] Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you that you scorn to make for yourself. What, despise my favours, insult my condescension? Sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly. Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox. You are my master, it is true; but could the robber that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person? No, sir; let it never be

said that the great Solymán meanly triumphed over the person of the slave whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me who you are; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trifling and respectable, that you seduce my heart while you teach me my duty. [*friend.*]

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your

Sul. Be still my friend, my mistress; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray, tell me, then, by what title I am to govern here?

Sul. By what title! I don't understand you. Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissembling. I see, I know you love me.

Rox. As Solymán I do, but not as emperor of the Turks: nor will I ever consent to ascend his bed at night, at whose feet I must fall in the morning.

Sul. If it depended upon me, Roxalana, I swear by our holy prophet, that I should be happy in calling you my queen.

Rox. That's a poor excuse. Had the man I loved but a cottage, I would gladly partake it with him; would sooth his vexations, and soften his cares: but, were he master of a throne, I should expect to share it with him, or he has no love for me.

Sul. Or, if you will wait, perhaps time will bring it about.

Rox. Wait, indeed! No, sir. Your wife, or humble servant: my resolution is fixed—fix your's.

Sul. But an emperor of the Turks—

Rox. May do as he pleases, and should be despotic, sometimes, on the side of reason and virtue.

Sul. Then there is our law—

Rox. Which is monstrous and absurd.

Sul. The mufti, the vizirs, and the agas—

Rox. Are your slaves. Set them a good example.

Sul. Besides, what would the people say?

Rox. The people! are they to govern you? Make the people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and would be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admired, she would be adored; she'd be like the queen of the country from whence I came.

Sul. It is enough; my scruples are at an end: my prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the light of your superior reason: my love is no longer a foible; you are worthy of empire.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. Most sublime Sultan, the Sultana Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

Rox. Is that the case? Let, then, the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty; let the gates of the seraglio be thrown open.

Sul. And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank. [*Osmyn goes out and returns.*]

Osmyn. Sir, the dwarfs and botanges, your highness had ordered, attend.

Sul. Let them come in. This day is devoted to festivity; and you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world, that the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrivalled partner of our diadem.

Osmyn. There's an end of my office. Who would have thought that a little cocked-up nose would have overturned the customs of a mighty empire?

Sul. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe, by thy exaltation, the wonderful dispensation of Providence, which evinces that

*The liberal mind, by no distinction bound,
Through nature's glass looks all the world around;
Would all that's beautiful together join,
And find perfection in a mind like thine.* [*Exeunt.*]

ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN DRYDEN.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

MARC ANTONY
VENTIDIUS
DOLABELLA
ALEXAS

SERAPION
MYRIS
ATTENDANTS
CHILDREN

CLEOPATRA
OCTAVIA
CHARMION
IRAS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Isis.*

SERAPION and MYRIS, *Priests of Isis, discovered.*

Ser. Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it. Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees that grew
On th' utmost margin of the water-mark:
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipp'd from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails
Lay lashing the departing waves; hard by 'em,
Sea-horses, flound'ring in the slimy mud,
Toss'd up their heads and dash'd the ooze about
'em.

Enter ALEXAS behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, heav'n!

Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and
one,
In a lone aisle o'the temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapp'd;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead:
From out each monument, in order plac'd,

An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Rear'd his inglorious head: a peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cry'd, "Egypt is no more!" My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd,
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene!

Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the
story *(Shewing himself.)*

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood?

Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but
what

I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.

Ser. I know my duty:
This goes no further.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should;
Nor would the times now bear it were it true.
All southern from yon hills the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Ser. 'Tis strange that Antony for some days past
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra,
But here in Isis' temple lives retir'd;
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by
absence
To cure his mind of love.

Ser. How stands the queen affected?

Alex. Oh! she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things: no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a Gentleman of Marc Antony's.

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger? by his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. Oh! 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first shew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.

When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Ser. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony;
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate;
A braver Roman never drew a sword:
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave:
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
Of an old true stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

(They retire, and Ventidius with the other come forward.)

Ven. Not see him, say you?
I say, I must and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Ven. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Ven. Would he had never seen her!

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of anything but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, "Take all,
The world's not worth my care!"

Ven. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
He must not thus be lost.

(Alexas and the Priests come forward.)

Alex. You have your full instructions; now advance;
Proclaim your orders loudly.

Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's command.
Thus Cleopatra bids: let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!
Be this the gen'ral voice sent up to heav'n,
And ev'ry public place repeat this echo.

Ven. Fine pageantry

(Aside.)

Ser. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crown'd; with laurels wreath your posts,

And strew with flow'rs the pavement; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

Ven. Curse on the tongue that bids this gen'ral joy!

Can they be friends of Antony who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love which knows no bounds to Antony
Would mark the day with honours; when all heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour
And shed his better influence, her own birth-day
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate
That pass'd obscurely by.

Ven. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his, till some remote
And future age had call'd it out to ruin
Some other prince, not him.

Alex. Your emperor,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle than
T' upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Ven. I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him:

Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind;
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy;
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world?
Oh! Antony,
Thou bravest soldier and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst
thou give 'em,

As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle
As the first Romans when they went to war,
Yet after victory more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home.

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining virtues

His truth to her who loves him.

Ven. Would I could not!
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen
Ventidius is arriv'd to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your coward's holyday in temples.

[Exeunt Alexas and Priests.]

Enter another Gentleman of Marc Antony's.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.

[Exit with the other.]

Ven. Well, I dare;
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.
(Retires.)

Enter MARC ANTONY, walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.

Marc A. They tell me 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness:
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ven. (Aside.) On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Marc A. Count thy gains
Now, Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Ven. (Aside.) How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Marc A. (Having thrown himself down.) Lie there,
thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too
large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then, Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it,)
Octavia, then, will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar:—
I'll think no more on't.

Give me some music; look that it be sad.
I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing. (*Soft music.*)
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of apiece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmur'ing brook
Runs at my feet— (*Soft music again.*)

Ven. I must disturb him: I can hold no longer.
(*Stands before him.*)

Marc A. (Starting up.) Art thou Ventidius?

Ven. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Marc A. I would be private. Leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And, therefore, will not leave you.

Marc A. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Ven. My emperor; the man I love next heav'n:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.

Marc A. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Marc A. Now thou hast seen me art thou sa-
tisfy'd?

For if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And if a foe, too much.

Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew:
(*Weeping.*)

I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

Marc A. By heav'n, he weeps! poor, good, old
man, he weeps!

Sure, there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it, too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father—

Ven. Emperor.

Marc A. Emperor! why, that's the style of vic-
tory:

The conquer'ing soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his gen'ral so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Marc A. Actium, Actium! Oh!

Ven. It sits too near you.

Marc A. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by
day,

And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Ven. Out with it; give it vent.

Marc A. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Marc A. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not
half thou think'st;

For Julius fought it out and lost it fairly;

But Antony—

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Marc A. Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled;
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave;
I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Marc A. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.

Help me, soldier,

To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.

Ven. No.

Marc A. Why?

Ven. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipp'd by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Marc A. I know thou wouldst.

Ven. I will.

Marc A. Sure, thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
hours

In desp'rate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journies
I led 'em, patient of both heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile:
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chapp'd hands: there's
virtue in 'em:

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Marc A. Where left you them?

Ven. I said in Lower Syria.

Marc A. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

Marc A. Why didst thou mock my hopes with
promis'd aids,

To double my despair? they're mutinous.

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Marc A. I will not stir.

Why did they refuse to march?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Marc A. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?

Marc A. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free li-
cense

On all my other faults, but on your life
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Ven. Behold, you pow'rs!

To whom you have intrusted humankind;
See, Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless wo-
man!

Marc A. You grow presumptuous.

Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Marc A. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain in-
solence!

Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,

Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh! that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Ven. You may kill me:

You have done more already, call'd me traitor.

Marc A. Art thou not one?

Ven. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Marc A. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false,
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir,
Pray, kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Marc A. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discov'ry
Of what I would not hear?

Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it.

Marc A. But Cleopatra—
Go on, for I can bear it now.

Ven. No more.

Marc A. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but
thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Ven. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that
kind word!

May I believe you love me? speak again.

Marc A. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and
this. *(Embracing him.)*

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Ven. And will you leave this—

Marc A. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her, though heav'n knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.

Ven. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Marc A. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, "Come, follow me!"

Ven. Oh! now I hear my emperor! In that
word

Octavius fell. Gods! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Marc A. Oh! thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up
in arms,

And man's each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Ven. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Marc A. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like time and death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A grand Saloon.

Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost.
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?

Cleo. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen to be besieg'd
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small;
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius;
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Irás. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: my love's a noble madness,
Which shews the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sor-
row

Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soar'd at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die?

Char. I found him, madam—

Cleo. A long speech preparing!
If thou bring'st comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.

Irás. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me death
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Encompass'd round, I think, with iron statues;
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry leader's hopes and fears survey'd;
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd:
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place. I told my message
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I number'd in it all your sighs and tears;
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only begg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,
But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down.
He seem'd not now that awful Antony
Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod,
But making shew as he would rub his eyes
Disguis'd, and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? and was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say he knew himself so well
He could deny you nothing if he saw you;
And, therefore—

Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me.

Char. And, therefore, begg'd you not to use a
pow'r
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
Oh! that faint word, respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain myself for loving after it!

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your sight,
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shun his master's eyes; if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee—

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard press'd by int'rest and by honour;
Yet he but doubts and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shews his weakness who declines the combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears the message sounds,
"Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
Come free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him!"

(*A march.*)

I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire awhile; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me,
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. I fear so, too,
Though I conceal'd my thoughts to make her bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it.

(*Retires. A march till all are on.*)

*Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the eagle; then
enter MARC ANTONY and VENTIDIUS, followed by
other Commanders.*

Marc A. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.

Ven. Has he courage?

Marc A. But just enough to season him from
coward.

Oh! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Ilyria once they say he did)
To storm a town, 'tis when he cannot choose,
When all the world have fix'd their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Ven. I heard you challeng'd him.

Marc A. I did, Ventidius:
What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so
tame!

He said, he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.

Ven. Poor!

Marc A. He has more ways than one,
But he would choose 'em all before that one.

Ven. He first would choose an ague or a fever.

Marc A. No; it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Ven. Or old age and a bed.

Marc A. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live like a lamp to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
Oh! Hercules, why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heav'n? why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Ven. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted
all.

Marc A. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this prison of a town
To join thy legions, and in open field
Once more to shew my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renown'd above mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' oppress'd, a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.

Ven. (*Aside.*) Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes and ten thousand pray'rs,
Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you, too,
And would have sent

As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips,
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Ven. (*Aside.*) False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now you would not
leave her;

That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
And too presuming, (for her low fortune and your
ebbing love,)

That were a wish for her most prosp'rous days,
Her blooming beauty and your growing kindness.

Marc A. (*Aside.*) Well, I must man it out.
What would the queen?

Alex. First, to these noble warriors who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame
(Too daring and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Ven. Yes, witness Actium.

Marc A. Let him speak, Ventidius.

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him
forward

With ardour too heroic on his foes,
Fall down as she would do before his feet,
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which, at your wish'd return, she will redeem
(*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*)

With all the wealth of Egypt.
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Ven. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest poverty:
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Marc A. And who must wear 'em, then?

Ven. The wrong'd Octavia.

Marc A. You might have spar'd that word.

Ven. And she that bribe.

Marc A. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;
Your slave, the queen—

Marc A. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress.
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since: she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own,) may bind your arm.

(*Presenting a bracelet.*)

Ven. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask
you,

For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poison'd gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch 'em not;
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than aconite has dipp'd the silk.

Marc A. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ven-
tidius;

A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! on my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights

To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for ev'ry one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When—And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Marc A. (*Going to tie it.*) We soldiers are so
awkward—help me to tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers, too, are
awkward

In these affairs; so are all men, indeed;
But shall I speak?

Marc A. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she who sent it can.

Ven. Hell! death! this eunuch pander ruins you.
You will not see her?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Marc A. But to take my leave.

Ven. Then I have wash'd an Ethiop. Y' are
undone!

Y' are in the toils! y' are taken! y' are destroy'd!
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Marc A. You fear too soon:

I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barb'rous neither,
Born in the deeps of Afric: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Ven. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Marc A. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Ven. Mark the end, yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Marc A. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting?

Then we must part!

Marc A. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Marc A. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Marc A. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd
each other

Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious
eyes;

And all the world

(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)

Is arm'd against my love; ev'n you yourself

Join with the rest: you, you are arm'd against me.

Marc A. I will be justify'd in all I do

To late posterity, and, therefore, hear me.

If I mix a lie

With any truth, reproach me freely with it,

Else favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,

And I am dumb.

Ven. I like this well: he shews authority. (*Aside.*)

Marc A. That I derive my ruin

From you alone—

Cleo. Oh, heav'ns! I ruin you!

Marc A. You promis'd me your silence, and you
break it

Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Marc A. When I beheld you first it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,
And were too young to know it. That I settled
Your father in his throne was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepp'd in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit ere the first blush of red

Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival:
But I deserv'd you first, though he enjoy'd you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself—

Marc A. Again you break your promise.

I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight
To give whole years to you.

Ven. Yes, to your shame be't spoken. (*Aside.*)

Marc A. How I lov'd,

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day,
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Marc A. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
(As she, indeed, had reason,) rais'd a war
In Italy to call me back.

Ven. But yet

You went not. (*Aside.*)

Marc A. While within your arms I lay
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp: I thank your love
for't.

Ven. Well push'd: that last was home. (*Aside.*)

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Marc A. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else
not.

Your silence says I have not. Fulvia died:
(Pardon, you gods! with my unkindness died.)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, although I left her.
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the Roman arms; the cause was your's.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it; yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and, oh! stain to honour!
Oh! lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.

Ven. What haste she made to hoist her purple
sails!

And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Marc A. All this you caus'd:

And would you multiply more ruin on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes:
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your
eyes

To seize them, too. If you have aught to answer
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. She stands confounded:

Despair is in her eyes. (*Aside.*)

Ven. Now lay a sigh i'th' way to stop his pas-
sage;

Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions:
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you,
my judge,

Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
For love once past is, at the best, forgotten,
But oft'ner sours to hate. It will please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty;

But could I once have thought it would have pleas'd
you,
That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care
That serve to make me wretched! Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Marc A. Oh! you wrong me
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you;
And since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Ven. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing. *(Aside.)*

Cleo. You seem griev'd
(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better;
For had I first been your's it would have sav'd
My second choice; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but your's. But Cæsar first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possess'd my person, you my love:
Cæsar lov'd me, but I lov'd Antony:

Ven. Oh! siren, siren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence, indeed!
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd. It is true I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife;
Such Fulvia was.

Yes; but he'll say you left Octavia for me:
And can you blame me to receive that love
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love to be refus'd for you!

Ven. Words, words! but Actium, sir, remember
Actium!

Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I
counsell'd

To fight at sea; but I betray'd you not:
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear:
Would I had been a man not to have fear'd!
For none would then have envy'd me your friend-
ship,

Who envy me your love.

Marc A. We're both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak! would you have me perish by my stay?

Cleo. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go;
If as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
'Tis a hard word: but stay.

Ven. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But could she 'scape without you, oh! how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.
(Giving Marc A. a writing.)

Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From your's divided, this had giv'n me means.

Marc A. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a present,
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes
And join her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you!
Indeed I do! I have refus'd a kingdom,
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with anything,
But only you. Oh! let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Marc A. Next living with you,
'Tis all that heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts; we conquer. *(Aside.)*

Cleo. No, you shall go; your int'rest calls you
hence:

Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here. *(Takes his hand.)*

Go, leave me, soldier,
(For you're no more a lover,) leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, "She's dead!"
The soldiers shout. You then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Marc A. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for
man to bear!

Cleo. What is't for me, then,
A weak, forsaken woman and a lover?
Here let me breathe my last; envy me not
This minute in your arms! I'll die,
And end your trouble.

Marc A. Die! rather let me perish, loosen'd na-
ture

Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!
My eyes, my soul, my all! *(Embraces her.)*
"But could she 'scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!"

Down on thy knees, blasphemous as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Ven. I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?

Marc A. Go! whither? go from all that's ex-
cellent!

Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him clearly off;
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly your's. My heart's so full
of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Ven. Oh! women, women, women! all the gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to man
As you of doing harm. *[Exit.]*

Marc A. Our men are arm'd;
Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me,
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance. How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and a train of Egyptians; MARC AN-
TONY and Romans. Cleopatra crowns Marc An-
tony.*

Marc A. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. Oh! my greater Mars!

Marc A. Thou join'st us well, my love.
There's no satiety of love in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.

Alex. Oh! now the danger's past your gen'ral
comes;
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Marc A. Now on my soul he loves me, truly loves me;

He never flatter'd me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue; ev'n this minute,
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me.

(*As Marc A. is going with the rest, Ventidius pulls him by the robe.*)

Ven. Emperor!

Marc A. (*Looking back.*) 'Tis the old argument;
I pr'ythee, spare me.

Ven. But this one hearing, emperor.

Marc A. Let go

My robe, or by the father Hercules—

Ven. By Hercules' father! that's yet greater;
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Marc A. Thou seest we are observ'd; attend me here,

And I'll return. [Exit.]

Ven. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man who runs to meet his ruin;
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one
And not reward the other.

Re-enter MARC ANTONY.

Marc A. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid:
We have dislodg'd their troops.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost 'em could have spar'd ten thousand more:
Yet, if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms—

Marc A. Oh! think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!

Ven. Have you no friend,
In all his army, who has pow'r to move him?
Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.
Pray, think again.

Marc A. Why dost thou drive me from myself to
search

For foreign aid, to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a wide and barren place,
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends!
Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women.

Ven. Him would I see, that man of all the world!
Just such an one we want.

Marc A. He lov'd me, too;
I was his soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
After this,

I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

Ven. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Marc A. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I fear'd he lov'd her.
Would he were here!

Ven. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your answer in your eyes—you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.

Marc A. Let him appear.

Ven. I'll bring him instantly. [Exit.]

Re-enter VENTIDIUS, with DOLABELLA.

Marc A. 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friend-
ship! (*Runs to embrace him.*)
Art thou return'd at last, my better half?

Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work. She's new come home,
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er

Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Marc A. Thou hast what's left of me;
But, oh! my Dolabella,
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun
To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silenc'd in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And at my least command, all started out
Like racers to the goal.

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Marc A. Fortune is Cæsar's now, and what am I?

Ven. What you have made yourself: I will not
flatter.

Marc A. Is this friendly done?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so. I must join with
him,

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:

Why am I else your friend?

Marc A. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love! the queen has eyes,
And thou, too, hast a soul! Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessory to thy brother's death?

Dol. Spare my remembrance! 'twas a guilty
day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Marc A. To clear herself
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt:
Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd;
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,
Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were
plac'd,

Where she another sea-born Venus lay.

Dol. No more! I would not hear it!

Marc A. Oh! you must.
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and, while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat
more!

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, "Oh! tell her not
That I accus'd her of my brother's death."

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for your's?
Mine was an age when love might be excus'd;
Your's—

Ven. Speak boldly:
Your's, he would say, in your declining age;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
'Tis but plain dotage.

Marc A. Ha!

Dol. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;
I had no world to lose, no peoples' love.

Marc A. This from a friend?

Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
Oh! judge me not less kind because I chide.
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Marc A. Oh! ye gods,
Have I, then, liv'd to be excus'd to Cæsar?

Dol. As to your equal.

Marc A. Well, he's but my equal:
While I bear this he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Marc A. Are they noble?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his int'rest.

He's fit, indeed, to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Ven. Then, granting this,
What power was theirs who wrought so hard a
temper
To honourable terms?

Marc A. It was my Dolabella or some god.

Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecænas, nor Agrippa;
They were your enemies, and I a friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman deed.

Marc A. 'Twas like a Roman done. Shew me that
man

Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face.

Ven. That task is mine,
And, heav'n! thou know'st how pleasing. [*Exit.*]

Dol. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Marc A. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him, too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Marc A. But she shall do't. The queen, my Do-
labella!

Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Marc A. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dol. Yes; there's my reason.

*Re-enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, leading Marc
Antony's two little Daughters.*

Marc A. Where—Octavia there? (*Starting.*)

Ven. What! is she poison to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are your's?

Dol. For shame, my lord! if not for love, re-
ceive 'em

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.

Marc A. I stood amaz'd to think how they came
hither.

Ven. I sent for 'em; I brought them in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dol. Yet are you cold?

Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Marc A. Cæsar's sister.

Oct. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp;
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,
Though banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your
house,

In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is your's.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should
offer;

But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride:
I come to claim you as my own, to shew
My duty first, to ask, nay, beg your kindness.
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

(*Taking his hand.*)

Ven. Do take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dol. On my soul,
And so she does.

Marc A. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my lord?

Marc A. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress;
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your brother.

Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,
Nor could my brother grant.

Marc A. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could
say,

"Rise up, and be a king!" shall I fall down
And cry, "Forgive me, Cæsar?" No; that word
Forgive would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Marc A. I will not need it. Come, you've all
betray'd me:

My wife has bought me with her pray'rs and tears,
And now I must become her branded slave:

In ev'ry peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave: if I but look awry,
She'll cry, "I'll tell my brother!"

Oct. My hard fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes;
But the conditions I have brought, are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said,
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free, free ev'n from her you loathe;
For though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like your's; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the east. I may be dropp'd at Athens;
No matter where; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour!
Both scorn to be oblig'd. (*Apart.*)

Dol. Oh! she has touch'd him in the tend'rest part:
See how he reddens with despite and shame
To be outdone in generosity! (*Apart.*)

Marc A. Octavia, I have heard you, and must
praise

The greatness of your soul,
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd;
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love,
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropp'd at Athens; was't not so?

Oct. It was, my lord.

Marc A. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who loves me not, who to herself
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it; no.

Ven. I'm glad it pinches there. (*Apart.*)

Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's
virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up,
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

Marc A. Therefore, you love me not.

Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.

Marc A. Therefore, you would leave me.

Oct. And, therefore, I should leave you—if I
could.

Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Marc A. Oh! Dolabella, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

Ven. Justice and pity plead for Octavia,
For Cleopatra neither.

One would be ruin'd with you, but she first

Had ruin'd you; the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.

In ev'rything their merits are unequal.

Marc A. Oh! my distracted soul!

Oct. Sweet heav'n! compose it.

Come, come; my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not your's? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children; go
Kneel to him; take him by the hand; speak to him:
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

(*The Children go to him.*)

Ven. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dol. Friend!

Oct. Husband!

Children. Father!

Marc A. I am vanquish'd: take me,
Octavia; take me, children; share me all.

(*Embracing them.*)

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Oct. Oh! bless'd hour!

Dol. Oh! happy change!

Ven. My joy stops at my tongue!

Marc A. (*To Octavia.*) This is thy triumph:
lead me where thou wilt,
Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Oct. All there are your's.

Enter ALEXAS, hastily.

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and your's—

Marc A. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this
night;
To-morrow, Cæsar and we are one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Saloon.

Enter MARC ANTONY and DOLABELLA.

Dol. Why would you shift it from yourself on
me?

Can you not tell her you must part?

Marc A. I cannot;

I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh! Dolabella,
How many deaths are in this word depart!
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dol. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.

Marc A. Oh! he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.

Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould
That I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Marc A. Therefore, therefore,
Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the edge from ev'ry sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Marc A. I leave you then to your sad task. Fare-
well!

I sent her word to meet you.

(*Goes to the door and comes back.*)

I forgot:

Let her be told I'll make her peace with mine:
Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with Cæsar.—Oh! be sure
To think on that.

Dol. Fear not, I will remember.

(*Marc A. goes again to the door and comes back.*)

Marc A. And tell her, too, how much I was
constrain'd;

I did not this but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,

For I still cherish hers—insist on that.

Dol. Trust me I'll not forget it.

Marc A. Then that's all.

(*Goes out and returns again.*)

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another love,

The news would break my heart.—Now I must go,

For ev'ry time I have return'd, I feel

My soul more tender, and my next command

Would be to bid her stay and ruin both. [*Exit.*]

Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth;

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,

And full as craving, too, and full as vain;

And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,

Works all her folly up, and casts it outward

To the world's open view. Thus I discover'd,

And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony,

Yet wish that I were he to be so ruin'd.

Enter VENTIDIUS, behind.

Ven. Alone, and talking to himself! Concern'd,
too!

Perhaps my guess is right: he lov'd her once,

And may pursue it still. (*Aside.*)

Dol. Oh! friendship, friendship!

Ill canst thou answer this, and reason worse:

Unfaithful in th' attempt, hopeless to win,

And if I win, undone. Mere madness all.

And yet th' occasion fair. What injury

To him, to wear the robe which he throws by?

Ven. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony. (*Aside.*)

*Enter CLEOPATRA, talking with ALEXAS, CHAR-
MION, and IRAS.*

Dol. She comes! what charms have sorrow on
that face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much
sweetness;

Yet now and then a melancholy smile

Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,

And shews a moment's day.

Ven. If she should love him, too! Draw, draw
nearer,

Sweet devil! that I may hear. (*Aside.*)

Alex. Believe me; try—

(*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras.*)

To make him jealous; jealousy is like

A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:

If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp and shew it.

Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,

But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest, too:

And then this Dolabella, who so fit

To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,

And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait

To catch weak women's eyes.

He stands already more than half suspected

Of loving you: the least kind word or glance

You give this youth will kindle him with love;

Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,

You'll send him down amain before the wind,

To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleo. Can I do this? ah! no; my love's so true,

That I can neither hide it where it is,

Nor shew it where it is not,

Alex. Force yourself:

Th' event will be, your lover will return

Doubly desirous to possess the good

Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But, oh! with what regret. *[Exit Alexas.]*

Ven. So, now the scene draws near; they're in
my reach. *(Aside.)*

Cleo. *(To Dol.)* Discoursing with my women!
Might not I

Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How? and how?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty!

Cleo. Mere poetry:

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt,
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I who have seen—had I been born a poet,
Should choose a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me;
But 'tis your nation's vice: all of your country
Are flatt'ers, and all false. Your friend's like you:
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dol. No, madam; yet he sent me—

Cleo. Well, he sent you—

Dol. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Less to yourself or me?

Dol. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You Charmion, and your fellow, stand at
distance.

Hold up my spirits! *(Aside.)*—Well, now your
mournful matter;

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it, too.

Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news; and I of all your sex
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex

I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Ven. Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!
Dear, d—d, unconstant sex! *(Aside.)*

Cleo. In the first place,

I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!
Yet is there any more?

Dol. Madam, I fear

Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune;
And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dol. You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst: all are not false like him.

Cleo. No, heav'n forbid they should!

Dol. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's
certain.

Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.

Ven. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have
enough. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Dol. I come prepar'd

To tell you heavy news, news which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks
to hear;

But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.

First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment?

Dol. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The message, then,
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word depart.

Dol. Oh! you mistake: he chose the harshest
words:

He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake:
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human.

*(All the time of this speech, Cleopatra seems
more and more concerned, till she sinks
quite down.)*

Cleo. Oh! I can bear no more. *(Faints.)*

Dol. Help, help! Oh, wretch! oh! cursed, cursed
wretch!

What have I done?

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again!

Cleo. Why have you brought me back to this
loath'd being,

Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injur'd love? For pity let me go;
For if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. Unkind, unkind!

Dol. Believe me 'tis against myself I speak;
(Kneeling.)

That, sure, deserves belief. I injur'd him;
My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh! had you
seen

How often he came back, and ev'ry time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear farewells,
How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do who made me false?)
I forg'd that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accus'd, self-punish'd criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we
wish!

Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty, too.
Th' advance of kindness which I made was feign'd,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;
But 'twould not last. Oh! rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dol. I find your breast fenc'd round from human
reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,
Seen through, but never pierc'd.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear,
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return?

Re-enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIO, behind.

Ven. From whence you may discover—Oh,
sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed! the pretty hand in earnest!

(Aside.)
Dol. I will for this reward: *(Takes her hand.)*

Draw it not back;
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Ven. *(Apart.)* They turn upon us.
Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.
(Comes forward with Octavio.)

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

Ven. No;
I sought him, but I heard that he was private;
None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.

Dol. Know you his bus'ness?

Ven. Giving him instructions
And letters to his brother Cæsar.

Dol. Well,
He must be found. *[Exit with Cleopatra.]*

Oct. Most glorious impudence!

Ven. She look'd, methought,
As she would say, "Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I'm better here."
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

Oct. Let it die.

Ven. I pity Dolabella! but she's dang'rous;
And Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse
If now not fully cur'd.—But, see he comes.

Enter MARC ANTONY.

Marc A. Octavia, I was looking you, my love.
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n
My last instructions.

Oct. Mine, my lord, are written.

Marc A. Ventidius! (Drawing him aside.)

Ven. My lord?

Marc A. A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

Ven. Now, my lord;

He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

Marc A. Speak softly; 'twas by my command
he went

To bear my last farewell.

Ven. It look'd, indeed, (Aloud.)
Like your farewell.

Marc A. More softly.—My farewell!
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

Ven. Then he obey'd your order, I suppose.
(Aloud.)

You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Marc A. How she mourn'd!
The poor forsaken creature!

Ven. She took it as she ought; she bore your
parting
As she did Caesar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Marc A. Thou dost belie her; (Aloud.)
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Ven. I thought not to displease you: I have
done.

Oct. You seem disturb'd, my lord. (Coming up.)

Marc A. A very trifle.

Retire, my love.

Ven. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent—

Marc A. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. (Angrily.)

Oct. Then 'tis no trifle.

Ven. (To Oct.) 'Tis less; a very nothing: you,
too, saw it

As well as I; and, therefore, 'tis no secret.

Marc A. She saw it!

Ven. Yes; she saw young Dolabella—

Marc A. Young Dolabella!

Ven. Young! I think him young,
And handsome, too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
For she receiv'd it graciously: she smil'd;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with rav'nous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd
again;

At last, she took occasion to talk softly,
And then she cried aloud, "That constancy
Should be rewarded!"—This I saw and heard.

Marc A. What woman was it who you heard
and saw

So playful with my friend?
Not Cleopatra?

Ven. Ev'n she, my lord!

Marc A. My Cleopatra?

Ven. Your Cleopatra,
Dolabella's Cleopatra,
Ev'ry man's Cleopatra.

Marc A. 'Tis false.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.

Ven. What, has my age deserv'd that you should
think

I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If heav'n be true, she's false.

Marc A. Though heav'n and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Ven. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back;
(Seeing ALEXAS just entering and starting back.)
For stay you must, and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Ven. To make you do what most you hate, speak
truth.

Alex. My noble lord.

Ven. My most illustrious pander!
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:
I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella: speak, for I will know,
By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em,
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour.

Marc A. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injur'd queen from malace: dare his worst.

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's
frailty,

Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far (divine Octavia!) may my queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him
Who is your lord; so far from brave Ventidius.
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Marc A. 'Tis well, and truly spoken. Mark,
Ventidius.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong
passion

Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To choose where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And of all Romans only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful passion.

Marc A. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet though love and your unmatch'd
desert

Have drawn her from the due regard of honour;
At last, heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurp'd:
The sad effects of this improsp'rous war
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Ven. (Aside.) Oh! wheel you there?
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, thou,
The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

Marc A. No; dare not for thy life, I charge thee,
dare not
Pronounce that fatal word.

Oct. Must I bear this? Good heav'n! afford me
patience! (Aside.)

Ven. My dear half man! proceed.

Alex. Yet Dolabella
Has lov'd her long; he next, my godlike lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected as she is by him she lov'd—

Marc A. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no
more!

Let furies drag the quick to hell! each torturing hand
Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[Exit Alexas, thrust out by Marc Antony.]

Oct. 'Tis not well!
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me

To shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandon'd, faithless prostitute.

Marc A. Octavia, leave me! I am much disorder'd!

Leave me, I say!

Oct. My lord—

Marc A. I bid you leave me.

Oct. My lord, my lord! love will not always last,
When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor, cozen'd man!
Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be your's.

To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall cheer by turns my widow'd nights.
So, take my last farewell! for I despair

To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. [*Exit.*

Ven. I combat heav'n, which blasts my best designs!

My last attempt must be to win her back;

But, oh! I fear in vain. [*Exit.*

Marc A. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart,

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?

I should have kept the mighty anguish in,

And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;

Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.

But I am made a shallow-forded stream,

Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorn'd,

And all my faults expos'd.—See where he comes

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!

With how secure a brow and specious form

He gilds the secret villain! Sure, that face

Was meant for honesty, but heav'n mismatch'd it,

And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp,

To make its work more easy.—

Well, Dolabella, you perform'd my message?

Dol. I did, unwillingly.

Marc A. Unwillingly!

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?

You should have wish'd it.

Dol. Why?

Marc A. Because you love me:

And she receiv'd my message with as true,

With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it?

Dol. She loves you ev'n to madness.

Marc A. Oh! I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know

How much she loves me. And should I

Forsake this beauty, this all perfect creature?

Dol. I could not, were she mine.

Marc A. And yet you first

Persuaded me. How come you alter'd since?

Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go:

I could not hear her sighs and see her tears,

But pity must prevail; and so, perhaps,

It may again with you; for I have promis'd

That she should take her last farewell; and see

She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Marc A. False Dolabella!

Dol. What's false, my lord?

Marc A. Why, Dolabella's false,

And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you serpents

Who I have in my kindly bosom warm'd,

Till I am stung to death.

Dol. My lord, have I

Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can heav'n prepare

A newer torment? can it find a curse

Beyond our separation?

Marc A. Yes, if fate

Be just, much greater. Two, two such!

Oh! there's no farther name; two such—to me,

To me, who lock'd my soul within your breasts,

Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;

A friend and mistress

Was what the world could give. Oh! Cleopatra;

Oh! Dolabella; how could you betray

This tender heart, which, with an infant fondness,

Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept

Secure of injur'd faith?

Dol. If she has wrong'd you,

Heav'n, hell, and you, revenge it.

Marc A. If she has wrong'd me!

Ventidius heard it,

Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Marc A. Alexas is not so; he, he confess'd it;

He, who next hell best knew it, he avow'd it.

Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself? (*To Dol.*)

You who I sent to bear my last farewell,

Return'd to plead her stay.

Dol. What shall I answer?

If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd;

But if to have repented of that love

Can wash away my crime, I have repented;

Yet if I have offended past forgiveness,

Let her not suffer: she is innocent.

Marc A. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood;

Seen and broke through at first.

Dol. Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

Marc A. I can forgive

A foe, but not a mistress and a friend:

Treason is there in its most horrid shape

Where trust is greatest—I'll hear no more:

Hence from my sight from ever.

Cleo. How! for ever?

I cannot go one moment from your sight,

And must I go for ever?

My joys, my only joys, are centred here:

What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?

That I have lost for you; or to the Romans?

They hate me for your sake: or must I wander

The wide world o'er, a helpless banish'd woman,

Banish'd for love of you, banish'd from you;

Ay, there's the banishment? Oh! hear me, hear me,

With strictest justice, for I beg no favour;

And if I have offended you, then kill me,

But do not banish me.

Marc A. I must not hear you;

I have a fool within me takes your part,

But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!

Marc A. (*To Cleo.*) Your Alexas! your's!

I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part? farewell, my cruel lord.

Th' appearance is against me; and I go

Unjustifi'd for ever from your sight.

How I have lov'd you know; how yet I love,

My only comfort is I know myself:

I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,

Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,

I'll never strive against it, but die pleas'd

To think you once were mine.

Marc A. Good heav'n! they weep at parting:

Must I weep, too? that calls 'em innocent.

I must not weep; and yet I must, to think

That I must not forgive—

Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should

Who made me so: live from each other's sight;

Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth

And all the seas betwixt your sunder'd loves;

View nothing common but the sun and skies.

Now all take several ways,

And each your own sad fate with mine deplore,

That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple.**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.*

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh! the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.

Enter ALEXAS.

Art thou there, traitor!—Oh!
Oh! for a little breath to vent my rage!

Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill-tim'd truth.

Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did you not o'errule
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now, what's th' event? Octavia is remov'd,
But Cleopatra banish'd

Alex. Believe me, madam, Antony is your's:
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man, 'tis so advanc'd,
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't, else—

Alex. Else what your silence threatens. Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys
Engag'd with Cæsar's fleet: now death or conquest;
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is your's.

(A distant shout within.)

Char. Have comfort, madam: did you mark that shout?
(Second shout, nearer.)

Irás. Hark! they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port;
The loudness shews it near. Good news, kind heav'ns!

Enter SERAPION.

Ser. Where, where's the queen?
Oh! horror, horror!
Egypt has been; the latest hour is come.
The queen of nations from her ancient seat
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
Say whence thou cam'st; though fate is in thy face;
Which, from thy haggard eyes, looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st.

Ser. I came from Pharos,
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy—

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Ser. No;
They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Ser. Nor that: I saw
With Antony, your well appointed fleet,
Row out, and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
The well-tim'd oars
Now dipp'd from ev'ry bark, now smoothly run
To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up: th' Egyptian galleys,
Receiv'd like friends, past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and now they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough, Serapion;
I've heard my doom! This needed not, you gods!
When I lost Antony, your work was done.

'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?

Ser. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his foes, and aim'd at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you, cries he's betray'd.
Should he now find you—

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not; haste to the monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleo. Cæsar! no;
I have no bus'ness with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleo. Base, fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray
him, too?

Hence from my sight, I will not hear a traitor:
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.

Ser. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief
'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;
And since he offer'd you his servile tongue
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.

Alex. Oh, heav'ns! I dare not:
I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life:
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. Oh! pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou
canst,

Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[Exit with Serapion, Charmion, and Iras.]

Alex. Oh! that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think;
What can I say to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Marc A. (Within.) Which way? where?*Ven. (Within.)* This leads to the monument.

Alex. Ah, me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,
Yet cannot go far hence. *[Exit.]*

Enter MARC ANTONY and VENTIDIOUS.

Marc A. Oh! happy Cæsar! thou hast men to
lead.

Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony,
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

Ven. The nation is
One universal traitor, and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

Marc A. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid and valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?
For if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.

Ven. There yet remain
Three legions in the town; the last assault
Lopp'd off the rest. If death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Marc A. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts.

Ven. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shewn to th' ethereal crowd;
"Lo! this is he who dy'd with Antony."

Marc A. Who knows, but we may pierce through
all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting.

Enter ALEXAS, trembling.

Ven. See, see that villain! See
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises to lie before he speaks!
Let me despatch him first. *(Drawing.)*

Marc A. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On
thy life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it,)
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone
Where she shall never be molested more
By love or you.

Marc A. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor; I revoke my promise; die!
(Going to kill him.)

Alex. Oh! hold; she is not fled.

Marc A. She is; my eyes
Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant rous'd
From soft repose to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ungrateful woman!
Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so;
Her fortunes have in all things mix'd with your's:
Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
Secure by such a bribe!

Ven. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Marc A. 'Tis too plain,
Else would she have appear'd to clear herself.

Alex. She could not bear
To be accus'd by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchang'd face the silent tears
Dropp'd as they had not leave, but stole their
parting.

Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast—

Marc A. My heart forbodes—

Ven. Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast; then turn'd to me;
"Go, bear my lord, *(said she,)* my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith."
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Ven. Heav'n be prais'd!

Marc A. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear
love?

And art thou dead?

Oh! those two words; their sounds should be di-
vided:

Hadst thou been false and died, or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!

This shews not well above. Then what am I?
The murd'rer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Ven. Is't come to this? The gods have been too
gracious,
And thus you thank 'em for't.

Marc A. *(To Alexas.)* Why stay'st thou here?
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emp'ror to perform. *[Exit Alex.]*

Ven. Would she had died a little sooner, though,
Before Octavio went! you might have treated;
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv'd.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

Marc A. Why, let him enter. Oh! Ventidius,
What should I fight for now? my queen is dead:
I was but great for her: my pow'r, my empire,
Were but my merchandize to buy her love,
And conquer'd kings my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world—

Ven. Would you be taken?

Marc A. Yes, I would be taken;
But, as a Roman ought—dead, my Ventidius!

Ven. Choose your death;
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace,
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might, at least, thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that enclose us.

Marc A. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Ven. Thank your kindness!
You said I lov'd you; and, in recompense,
You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think
You would have us'd me thus? that I should die
With a hard thought of you!

Marc A. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Ven. By heav'n! I will not:
Let it not be t' outlive you.

Marc A. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.

Ven. Give me your hand;
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell, empe-
ror! *(Embrace.)*

Methinks, that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all:

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle;
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you:
Pray turn your face.

Marc A. I do: strike home; be sure.

Ven. Home as my sword will reach.
(Kills himself.)

Marc A. Oh! thou mistak'st!
That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ven. I do, indeed;
But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!
Forgive me if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my friend. *(Dies.)*

Marc A. Farewell! ever my leader, ev'n in
death!

My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!
Is death no more! 'Tis not worth
My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.
(Falls on his sword.)

I've miss'd my heart! oh! unperforming hand!
 Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.
(Trampling within.)
 Some, perhaps, from Cæsar! I'll mend
 My work ere they can reach me.
(Rises upon his knees.)

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he?
 My fears were prophets! I am come too late!
 Oh! that accurs'd Alexas. *(Runs to him.)*

Marc A. Art thou living?
 Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
 The first kind ghost that meets me?

Cleo. How is it with you?

Marc A. 'Tis as with a man
 Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up
 But one dear jewel that his haste forgot,
 And he for that returns upon the spur;
 So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye heav'ns! you have been cruel
 to me;
 Oh! now be kind, and give me back
 His fleeting life.

Marc A. It will not be, my love!
 I keep my soul by force.
 Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late
 To say I'm true; I'll prove it, and die with you.
 Unknown to me, Alexas feign'd my death;
 Which, when I knew, I hastened to prevent
 This fatal consequence. My fleet betray'd
 Both you and I.

Marc A. And Dolabella—

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd, but hated
 now.

Marc A. Enough! my life's not long enough for
 more.

Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
 For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
 That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come;
 Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly, too!
 Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Marc A. But grieve not while thou stay'st
 My last disastrous times!
 Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
 And heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
 Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years' love,
 And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
 To th' utmost joys! What ages have we liv'd!
 And now to die each other's! and so dying,
 While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
 Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about
 us,

And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying
 swans,

Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
 For your unkindness, and not one for love?

Marc A. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more
 worth
 Than all I leave to Cæsar. *(Dies.)*

Cleo. Oh! tell me so again!
 My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being:
 Sigh to me if you cannot speak; or cast
 One look; do anything that shews you live!

Irás. He's gone too far to hear you.

Char. Remember, madam,
 He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.
 I have not lov'd a Roman not to know
 What should become his wife—his wife, my Char-
 mion!

For 'tis to that high title I aspire;
 And now I'll not die less.

Irás. Will you, then, die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question?
 Fly both, and bring the cure of all our ills.

Irás. The aspicks, madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

[Exit Char. and Irás.]

'Tis sweet to die when they would force life on me,
 To rush into the dark abode of death
 And meet my love. Oh! welcome, welcome!

Re-enter CHARMION and IRAS, with the aspicks, &c.
 Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

(Putting aside the leaves.)

Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key
 Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
 Ev'n steals us from ourselves.

Ser. (Within.) The queen, where is she?
 The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t' invade the rights of
 death.

Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's
 fury. *(Holds out her arm, and draws it back.)*
 Coward flesh!

Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
 As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
 And not be sent by him,

But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

(Turns aside, and then shews her arm bloody.)

Take hence; the work is done!

Ser. (Within.) Break ope the door,
 And guard the traitor well.

(Charmion and Irás apply the aspicks.)

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;
 I go with such a will to find my lord
 That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through ev'ry limb,
 And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,
 And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist.

Cæsar, thy worst! Now part us if thou canst.

*(Dies. Irás sinks down at her feet, and
 dies; Charmion stands behind her chair,
 as dressing her head.)*

*Enter SERAPION, two Priests, ALEXAS bound, and
 Egyptians.*

2 Priest. Behold, Serapion, what havoc death
 has made!

Ser. 'Twas what I fear'd.

See how the lovers lie in state together,
 As they were giving laws to half mankind!
 Th' impression of a smile left in her face
 Shews she died pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
 And went to charm him in another world.
 Cæsar's just ent'ring; grief has now no leisure.
 Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
 To grace th' imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair!
 Secure from human chance, long ages out,
 While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;
 And Fame to late posterity shall tell,
 No lovers liv'd so great, or died so well. *[Exeunt.]*

THE CARELESS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY COLLEY CIBBER.



Act V.—Scene 5.

CHARACTERS.

LORD FOPPINGTON
LORD MORELOVE

SIR CHARLES EASY
LADY BETTY MODISH

LADY GRAVEAIRS
LADY EASY

MRS. EDGING
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter LADY EASY.

Lady E. Was ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broken like mine? Must he bring home his follies, too? wrong me with my own servant? Oh! how tedious a relief is patience! and yet, in my condition, 'tis the only remedy: for to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking upon myself the means of a redress, bidding defiance to his falsehood, and but naturally provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continued jealousy may tease him to a fixed aversion; and, hitherto, though he neglects, I cannot think he hates me. It must be so; since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy. My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, till by some gross, apparent proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see, and to forgive it.

Enter MRS. EDGING, hastily.

Mrs. E. Oh, madam!

Lady E. What's the matter?

Mrs. E. I have the strangest thing to shew your ladyship—such a discovery!

Lady E. You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find: what's the business, pray?

Mrs. E. The business, madam! I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts of it; I shall not be able to speak this half-hour.

Lady E. Not to the purpose, I believe; but, methinks, you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

Mrs. E. Nay, madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your ladyship thinks; there's that that will speak to the purpose, I am sure. A base man! (*Gives a letter.*)

Lady E. What's this, an open letter? Whence

Mrs. E. Nay, read it, madam; you'll soon guess.

If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

Lady E. (*Looking on the superscription.*) "*To Sir Charles Easy.*" Ha! too well I know this hateful hand. Oh! my heart! but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. (*Aside.*) This direction is to your master; how came you by it?

Mrs. E. Why, madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waistcoat-pocket; and so, as I was searching for the box, madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again; methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

Lady E. Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him. Sure, I am fallen indeed! but 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. (*Aside.*) [*of patience at it.*]

Mrs. E. Nay, pray, madam, read it; you'll be out

Lady E. You are bold, mistress. Has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you into the assurance of reading his letters? A liberty I never gave myself. Here, lay it where you had it immediately. Should he know of your sauciness, it would not be my favour could protect you. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. E. Your favour! marry come up! Sure, I don't depend upon your favour! Here's my master; I'll try whether I am to be huffed by her, or no. (*Walks behind*)

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. So, the day is come again! Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us. How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost everything was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for them; now fortune's in my hand, she's as insipid as an old acquaintance. It's

mighty silly, 'faith! Just the same thing by my wife, too; I am told she's extremely handsome; nay, and have heard a great many people say she is certainly the best woman in the world. Why, I don't know but she may; yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern: in my eye, the woman has no more charms than my mother.

Mrs. E. Humph! he takes no notice of me yet: I'll let him see, I can take as little notice of him. (*As she is walking by him, he lays hold of her.*) Pray, sir—

Sir C. A pretty pert air that; I'll humour it. (*Aside.*) What's the matter, child? Are not you well? Kiss me, hussy.

Mrs. E. No; the deuce fetch me, if I do.

Sir C. Has anything put you out of humour, love?

Mrs. E. No, sir; 'tis not worth my being out of humour at; though if ever you have anything to say to me again, I'll be burned.

Sir C. Somebody has belied me to you.

Mrs. E. No, sir; 'tis you have belied yourself to me. Did not I ask you when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.

Sir C. So!

Mrs. E. Besides, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day, as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you—I declare I won't bear it, and she sha'n't think to huff me; for aught I know, I am as agreeable as she; and though she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you sha'n't think to use me so; and so, pray take your nasty letter—I know the hand well enough—for my part, I won't stay in the family to be abused at this rate. I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake: I'd have you to know, sir, I have had as many blue and green ribands after me, for aught I know, as would have made me an apron.

Sir C. My Lady Graveairs!—my nasty letter!—and I won't stay in the family! Death! I'm in a pretty condition. (*Aside.*) [as you do your wife?

Mrs. E. I suppose, sir, you think to use everybody

Sir C. My wife! ah! Come hither, Mrs. Edging; harkye, drab! (*Seizing her.*)

Mrs. E. Oh!

Sir C. When you speak of my wife, you are to say your lady; and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife: I only give you leave to be saucy with me. In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

Mrs. E. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir C. Ay, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder. (*Shakes her.*)

Mrs. E. Oh, lud! oh, lud! I will tell you, sir.

Sir C. Quickly, then.

Mrs. E. Oh! I took it out of your pocket, sir.

Sir C. When? [your snuff-box.

Mrs. E. Oh! this morning, when you sent me for

Sir C. And your ladyship's pretty curiosity has looked it over, I presume, eh? (*Shakes her again.*)

Mrs. E. Oh, lud!—dear sir,—don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir C. I don't believe you will; and I'll tell you how you may be sure you never will.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir.

Sir C. By steadfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir. (*Courtesying.*)

Sir C. And you will be sure to remember every-

Mrs. E. Yes, sir. [thing I have said to you?

Sir C. And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; but let me hear no more of your lady, child.

Mrs. E. No, sir.

Sir C. Here she comes. Begone.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir. Oh! I was never so frightened in my life. [*Aside, and exit.*

Sir C. So! good discipline makes good soldiers. It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good humour, whether she really knows anything of the strength of my forces: I'll sift her a little. [*Enter LADY EASY.*] My dear, how do you do? You are dressed very early to day; are you going out?

Lady E. Only to church, my dear.

Sir C. Well, child, how does Windsor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

Lady E. No, indeed, my dear; the air is so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I could be content to end my days here.

Sir C. Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

Lady E. When business would permit it, your's; and in your absence, a sincere friend, that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a cheerful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

Sir C. Are you, then, really very happy, my dear?

Lady E. Why should you question it? (*Smiling.*)

Sir C. Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

Lady E. Psha!

Sir C. Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wondered how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

Lady E. Fie! my dear.

Sir C. By my soul, I'm serious.

Lady E. I can't boast of my good qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think them useless.

Sir C. Nay, I submit to you—Don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one tittle the better husband for your being so good a wife?

Lady E. Psha! you jest with me.

Sir C. Upon my life I don't. Tell me truly, were you never jealous of me?

Lady E. Did I ever give you any sign of it.

Sir C. Humph! that's true. But do you really think I never gave you occasion? [you had?

Lady E. That's an odd question. But suppose

Sir C. Why, then, what good has your virtue done you, since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

Lady E. What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

Sir C. I given you occasion! Fie! my dear; you may be sure—I—lookye, that is not the thing; but still a—Death, what a blunder have I made! (*Aside.*)—Still, I say, madam, you sha'n't make

me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principle have more pride than those that have no principle at all; and where there is pride, there must be some jealousy; so, that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and—

Lady E. Why, then, upon my word, my dear, I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life. [be jealous, how would you do, then?

Sir C. But suppose I had given a real cause to

Lady E. It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir C. Say it were a substantial one. Suppose, now, I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me: suppose now my Lady Graveairs and I were great—

Lady E. Would I could not suppose it. (*Aside.*)

Sir C. If I come off here, I believe I am pretty safe. (*Aside.*) Suppose, I say, my lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

Lady E. Then I should cry myself sick in some

dark closet, and forget my tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir C. The most convenient piece of virtue, sure, that ever wife was mistress of. (*Aside.*)

Lady E. But pray, my dear, did you ever think I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

Sir C. Oh, fie! child; only you know she and I used to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it: but since I find you so very easy, I think myself obliged to tell you, that, upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the deuce take me, if I would not as soon have an affair with your own woman.

[*pect you with one as t'other.*]

Lady E. Indeed, my dear, I should as soon sus-

Sir C. Poor dear! shouldst thou? Give me a kiss.

Lady E. Psha! you don't care to kiss me.

Sir C. By my soul, I do. I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine woman.

Lady E. I only wish you would think me a good wife. (*Kisses him.*) But pray, my dear, what has made you so very inquisitive?

Sir C. Inquisitive! Why—a—I don't know; one's always saying one foolish thing or another—Tol de rol. (*Sings and talks.*) My dear, what! are we never to have any ball here? Tol de rol. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Tol lol lol!

Lady E. This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices. If I can make him once think seriously, time yet may be my friend. (*Aside.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service.

Sir C. Lord Morelove! where is he?

Serv. At the chocolate-house. He called me to him, as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

Lady E. I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear?

Sir C. I thought so, too; but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

Lady E. Is there a chair?

Serv. Yes, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Lady E. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

[*am afraid so.*]

Sir C. Ay, poor soul! for all his bravery, I

Lady E. Well, my dear, I haven't time to ask my lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir C. I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine, too; but don't take any notice of my lord's being in town.

Lady E. Very well. If I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

Sir C. Do so.

Lady E. My dear, your servant.

[*Exit.*]

Sir C. My dear, I'm your's. Well, one way or other, this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for though she can't make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the woman that can, that she has at least brought me in a fair way of being as weary of them, too.

Enter a Servant and LORD MORELOVE.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove.

[*Exit.*]

More. Dear Charles!

Sir C. My dear lord, this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season; I concluded, of course, that books and solitude had secured you till winter.

More. Nay, I did not think of coming myself; but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a—little hunting, and this air—

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha!

More. What do you laugh at?

Sir C. Only because you should not go on with your story. If you did but see how a man fumbles for an excuse, when he's a little ashamed of being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at. Ha, ha, ha!

More. Thou art a very happy fellow; nothing touches you; always easy. Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again?

Sir C. Yes, 'faith, do I: and to make you easy, my lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that, in all probability, will make him so much the better sport, too.

More. Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper; I own I still follow her. Do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

Sir C. Ay, ay! a fine woman's an excuse for anything; and the scandal of her being in jest, is a jest itself; we are all forced to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

More. You are willing to give me hope; but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

Sir C. I don't know that; I am sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine lady's darling passion.

[*rent, it would touch her?*]

More. Do you suppose if I could grow indiffe-

Sir C. Sting her to the heart. Will you take my advice?

More. I have no relief but that. Had I not you now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

Sir C. I am sorry for that, my lord. But mind what I say to you. But hold! first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

More. Why—about three weeks ago, (when I was last here at Windsor,) she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom, than I found myself easy at.

Sir C. Who was that other?

More. One of my Lord Foppington's gang; the pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate and a great periwig; he that sings himself among the women—what d'ye call him?—He won't speak to a commoner when a lord's in company—you always see him with a cane dangling at his button, his breast open, no gloves, one eye tucked under his hat, and a tooth-pick—Startup, that's his name. [on.

Sir C. Oh! I have met him on a visit. But, pray go

More. So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she erred in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman, that thought her wrong in anything she had a mind to, at least, if he dared to tell her so. This provoked me into her whole character, with as much spite and civil malice as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her; so, in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more. I bowed very low; and, as I left the room, vowed I never would, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman. About an hour after, I whipped into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

Sir C. Very well. And how did you find your proud heart by the time you got to Hounslow?

More. I am almost ashamed to tell you: I found her so much in the right, that I cursed my pride for contradicting her at all; and began to think, according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

Sir C. Ha, ha! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do—You can see her without trembling, I hope?

More. Not if she receives me well.

Sir C. If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you. First, you shall dine with her.

More. How? where? when?

Sir C. Here, here! at two o'clock.

More. Dear Charles!

Sir C. My wife's gone to invite her. When you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are

still pleased in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will neither open the door of an *eclaircissement*, or quite shut it against you; and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

More. Nay, if she insults me, then perhaps I may recover pride enough to rally her by an over-acted submission.

Sir C. Why, you improve, my lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

More. Was it, 'faith! Harkye! dare you stand by me?

Sir C. Dare I! ay, to my last drop of assurance, against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in Christendom.

More. Nay, then, defiance to her. We two—you have inspired me; I find myself as valiant as a flattered coward. [her.]

Sir C. Courage, my lord; I'll warrant we beat

More. My blood stirs at the very thought of it; I long to be engaged.

Sir C. She'll certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provoked.

More. Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service; and if your honour's at leisure, he'll wait upon you as soon as he's dressed.

More. Lord Foppington! is he in town?

Sir C. Yes; I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his lordship, and tell him I shall be glad if he'll do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit Servant.*] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

More. What use can we make of him?

Sir C. We'll see when he comes; at least, there's no danger in him; not but I suppose you know he's

More. Psha! a coxcomb. [your rival.]

Sir C. Nay, don't despise him, neither: he's able to give you advice; for though he's in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a moment's pain.

More. Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

Sir C. 'Faith! very nearly as much as a man of sense ought to have. I grant you, he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

More. That he follows, I grant you; for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

Sir C. Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

More. To be laughed at.

Sir C. Don't be too confident of that; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit: 'tis true, he's often a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies' humble servant in love.

More. There, indeed, I almost envy him.

Sir C. The easiness of his opinion upon the sex, will go near to pique you. We must have him.

More. As you please. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

LADY BETTY MODISH and LADY EASY, meeting.

Lady B. Oh! my dear, I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

Lady E. Oh! your servant, madam; I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What, is it with sleeves?

Lady B. Oh! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is! 'tis all extravagance, both in mode and fancy, my dear; I believe there are six thousand yards of edging in it. Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow; something so new, so lively, so noble, and charming—But you shall see it, my dear.

Lady E. Indeed I won't, my dear; I am resolved to mortify you for being so wrongly fond of a trifle.

Lady B. Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natured.

Lady E. Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting value.

Lady B. Ah! my dear, my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose, indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind: take my word, a new fashion, upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value, than you are aware of.

Lady E. That I can't comprehend; for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last to come into it.

Lady B. That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but, doubtless, the greatest value of a woman is her beauty. An homely woman, at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men, and, consequently, not followed by the women: so, that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired; and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

Lady E. At this rate, you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

Lady B. As I had rather command than obey. The wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool; but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make a fool of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress, and make the men like her.

Lady E. Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

Lady B. I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he sha'n't dare to find fault with my principle. [humbled.]

Lady E. But men of sense are not so easily

Lady B. The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

Lady E. Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw more good humour in hopes of a *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

Lady B. The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world; their sincerity and good breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, that 'tis impossible not to quench it.

Lady E. But, methinks, my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

Lady B. Ay; but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor, weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not let the world see him there? Would any creature sit newly-dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet-fancied suit, and never shew it at the play, or the drawing-room?

Lady E. But one would not ride in it, methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

Lady B. Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out; on my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last; I begin to be known by him! Had I not best leave him off, my dear? for (poor soul!) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

Lady E. Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be used like a dog, for four or five years together. But nothing's a wonder in love: but, pray, when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

Lady B. Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye, than a shoe; one must draw them on a little to see if they are right to one's feet.

Lady E. But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

Lady B. Ay; but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen them, or do anything; and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes or a heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

Lady E. Well, I confess you are very happily distinguished amongst most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you: for, now-a-days, one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only having a design upon a woman; a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

Lady B. Ay, but the world knows that is not the case between my lord and I.

Lady E. Therefore, I think you happy.

Lady B. Now I don't see it; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality, that take occasion to toast me frequently.

Lady E. I vow I should not thank any gentleman for toasting me; and I have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear to have so many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

Lady B. As how, my dear? come, pr'ythee, be free with me; for you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults. Who is't you have observed to be too free with me?

Lady E. Why, there's my Lord Foppington; could any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful flier stare full in your face, draw up his breath, and cry, "Gad! you're handsome."

Lady B. My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things! they do it no harm: for if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that which the flies have been busy with. Ha, ha!

Lady E. Thou art a strange, giddy creature.

Lady B. That may be from so much circulation of thought, my dear.

Lady E. But my Lord Foppington's married, and one would not fool with him for his lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and—

Lady B. Poor creature! her pride, indeed, makes her carry it off without taking any notice of me; though I know she hates me in her heart. I can't endure malicious people; so I used to dine with her once a week, purely to give her the disorder—if you had but seen when my lord and I fooled a little, the creature looked so ugly.

Lady E. I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

Lady B. Psha! Will anything a man says make a woman the less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order? And for reputation, lookye, my dear; take it for a rule, that as amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty that has fortune; so, amongst people of fortune, no woman wants virtue that has beauty: but an estate and beauty joined, are of an unlimited, nay, a power pontifical; makes one not only absolute, but infallible. A fine woman's never in the wrong; or if she is, 'tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him. Oh! how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a—

"Yet for the plague of human race,
This devil has an angel's face."

Lady E. At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

Lady B. Just as much as honour to a great man. Power is always above scandal. Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business; one shall not see a homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as Indians do bobs at their lips.

Lady E. Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone: for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and a woman's pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so, too; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good nature.

Lady B. You are mistaken; I am very ill-natured, though your good humour won't let you see it.

Lady E. Then to give me a proof of it, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

Lady B. Pray, don't ask me.

Lady E. Why?

Lady B. Because, to let you see I hate good nature, I'll go without asking, that you may not have the malice to say I did you a favour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

LORD MORELOVE and SIR CHARLES EASY at piquet.

Sir C. Come, my lord, one single game for the tout, and so have done.

More. No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; ill cards are the dullest company in the world. How much is it?

Sir C. Three parties.

More. Fifteen pounds—very well. (*While Lord M. counts out his money, a Servant gives Sir C. a letter, which he reads to himself.*)

Sir C. (*To the Servant.*) Give my service; say I have company dines with me; if I have time, I'll call there in the afternoon. Ha, ha, ha; [Exit Serv.]

More. What's the matter?—there—(*Paying the money.*)

Sir C. The old affair; my Lady Graveairs.

More. Oh! pr'ythee, how does that go on?

Sir C. As agreeably as a chancery suit: for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid of't; as you may see. (*Gives the letter.*)

More. (*Reads.*) "Your behaviour, since I have been at Windsor, has convinced me of your villany, without my being surprised, or angry at it: I desire you will let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, nor positively will be, as I have been,—Your's, &c." A very whimsical letter! 'Faith! I think she has had hard luck with you; if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover; for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointured widow. But what's your quarrel?

Sir C. Nothing; she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me how heartily she's vexed that she was not beforehand with me.

More. Her pride, and your indifference, must occasion a pleasant scene, sure. What do you intend to do?

Sir C. Treat her with a cool familiar air, till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

More. Very gallant and provoking.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington. [Exit.]

Sir C. Oh! now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without pain, here's one that's master of the art, and shall declaim to you.—[Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.]—My dear Lord Foppington!

Fop. My dear agreeable! My lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

More. My lord, I kiss your hand. I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be in at the diversions of the place. You look extremely well.

Fop. To see one's friends look so, my lord, may easily give a vermeille to one's complexion.

Sir C. Lovers in hope, my lord, always have a visible *brilliant* in their eyes and air.

Fop. What dost thou mean, Charles?

Sir C. Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business here?

Fop. Why, two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

More. You make haste, my lord.

Fop. My lord, I always fly when I pursue: but they are well kept, indeed. I love to have creatures go as I bid 'em. You have seen 'em Charles; but so has all the world. Foppington's long-tails are known in every road in England.

Sir C. Well, my lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

Fop. Psha! prythee, Charles, thou knowest I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Sir C. Nay, nay; this is too much among friends, my lord; come, come, we must have it; your real business here?

Fop. Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fille de joie* about the court here, that loves winning at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her; so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket that I design *tête-à-tête*, to play off with her at piquet, or so; and now the business is out. [lord.]

Sir C. Ah! and a very good business, too, my

Fop. If it be well done, Charles— [lord.]

Sir C. That's as you manage your cards, my

More. This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours. [woman.]

Sir C. Oh! nothing's above the price of a fine

Fop. Nay, lookye, gentlemen; the price may not happen to be altogether so high, neither; for I fancy I know enough of the game, to make it but an even bet I get her for nothing.

More. How so, my lord?

Fop. Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

More. That's new, I confess.

Fop. You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her; then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

Sir C. And a man must be a churl, indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security. Ha, ha!

Fop. He, he, he! thou art a devil, Charles.

More. Death! how happy is this coxcomb. (*Aside.*)

Fop. But to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was—my wife.

More. That's kind, indeed; my lady has been here this month; she'll be glad to see you.

Fop. That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London. [that would be cruel.]

More. What the same day you come, my lord?

Fop. Ay, but it will be mighty convenient, for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

More. That's your fault; the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

Fop. If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so, too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all. [prudent conduct.]

More. She's extremely well bred, and of very

Fop. Um—ay, the woman's proud enough.

More. Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

Fop. The world's extremely civil, my lord; and I should take it as a favour done to me, if they could find an expedient to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

More. I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

Fop. I am a great many in the world's very

humble servant; and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

More. Pray, my lord, what did you marry for?

Fop. To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

More. But there are some things due to a wife.

Fop. And there are some debts I don't care to pay; to both which I plead husband and my lord.

More. If I should do so, I should expect to have my own coach stopped in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

Fop. Then would I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance. [married for nothing.]

More. So, pay double the sum of the debt, and be

Fop. Now I think deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two of the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

More. If I were married, I would as soon part from my estate as my wife.

Fop. Now I would not; sun-burn me if I would!

More. Death! But since you are thus indifferent, my lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Could not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natured shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality that would have deserved her.

Fop. Why 'faith, my lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me! I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities.

Sir C. Ay, ay, my lord; virtue in a wife is good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

Fop. Right, Charles; the women of virtue are now grown perfect idiots in love.

More. But I thought, my lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

Fop. That's true, my lord; though I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

More. Oh! then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

Fop. I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

More. Why so, my lord?

Fop. Why who the devil would run through all the degrees of form and ceremony, that lead one up to the last favour, if it were not for the reputation of understanding the nearest way to get over the difficulty.

More. But, my lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker, frighten the women from engaging with you? For they say, no man can love but one at a time.

Fop. That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stap my breath! if ever I loved one in my life.

More. How do you get 'em, then?

Fop. Why sometimes as they get other people; I dress, and let them get me.

More. The shame or scandal of a repulse, always made me afraid of attempting a woman of condition.

Sir C. Ha, ha! Egad! my lord, you deserve to be ill used; your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world; but my lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see, plainly, that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack them.

Fop. Right, Charles; a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

Sir C. How do you like that, my lord? (*Aside to Lord M.*)

More. 'Faith, I envy him. (*Aside to Sir C.*) But, my lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one put you strangely out of countenance?

Fop. Not at all, my lord; for if a man don't mind a box o' the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country-girl, why should he be concerned at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

More. Then you've no notion of a lady's cruelty?

Fop. Ha, ha! let me blood, if I think there's a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my sides with laughing to see a senseless flirt (because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her) give herself such insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow. Ha, ha! It puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent— [let's hear it.

More. Oh! that's impossible, my lord. Pray,

Fop. Why, I happened once to be very well in a man of quality's family, and his wife liked me.

More. How do you know she liked you?

Fop. Why, from the very moment I told her I liked her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

More. That might be her not liking you.

Fop. My lord, women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain: but to satisfy you, I did not want encouragement; I never came there in my life, but she immediately smiled, and borrowed my snuff-box.

More. She liked your snuff, at least. Well, but how did she use you?

Fop. By all that's infamous, she jilted me!

More. How jilt you? Pray, let's hear.

Fop. When I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment; upon which, with an insolent frown, (which made her look as ugly as the devil,) she told me, that if ever I came there again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before. Did you ever hear of such a slut?

Sir C. Intolerable!

More. But how did her answer agree with you?

Fop. Oh! passionately well; for I stared full in her face, and bursted out a-laughing; at which she turned upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incensed turkey-cock.

More. What did you, then?

Fop. I looked after her, gaped, threw up the sash, and fell a-singing out of the window; so that, you see, my lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

Sir C. Ay, ay; you talk this very well, my lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action. Dinner's served, and the ladies stay for us. There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

More. I guess who you mean. Have a care, my lord; she'll prove your courage for you.

Fop. Will she? then she's an undone creature: for, let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town; but

"Women, born to be controll'd,

Stoop to the forward and the bold." [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter LORD MORELOVE and SIR CHARLES EASY.

More. Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir C. Admirably! With the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality, when her country-bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

More. Ha, ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brushed her eyes over me; and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window?

Sir C. What astonished airs she gave herself, when you asked her "what made her so grave upon her old friends?"

More. And whenever I offered anything in talk,

what affected care she took to direct her observations of it to a third person?

Sir C. If you keep your temper she's undone.

More. Provided she stick to her pride, I believe I may.

Sir C. Ah! never fear her; I warrant in the humour she is in, she would as soon part with her sense of feeling.

More. Well, what's to be done next?

Sir C. Only observe her motions; for, by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord Foppington; if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play Lady Graveairs upon her, whom I will immediately pique and prepare for your purpose.

More. I understand you: the most proper woman in the world, too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

Sir C. Right; and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time, will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel with her.

More. Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake. A woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasion to prove her goodness.

Sir C. Why, then, upon honour, my lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife never yet found me out.

More. That may be her being the best wife in the world; perhaps, she won't find you out.

Sir C. Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees them, how the deuce should he mend them? But, however, you see I am going to leave them off as fast as I can.

More. Being tired of a woman is, indeed, a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her. Here she comes; and, if I don't mistake, brimfull of reproaches. You can't take her in a better time. I'll leave you.

Enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broken up, pray?

Lady G. No, my lord: they are just talking of basset; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

More. Oh! madam, with all my heart. But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it: I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him. [Exit.

Lady G. Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning.

Sir C. Yes, madam; but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship: you seem to tax me with things that—

Lady G. Lookye, sir; 'tis not at all material whether I taxed you with anything or no. I don't in the least desire to hear you clear yourself; upon my word, you may be very easy as to that matter: for my part, I am very well satisfied that things are as they are. All I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleased to send me word: and so, your servant, sir. That's all, (Going.)

Sir C. Hold, madam!

Lady G. Lookye, Sir Charles; 'tis not your calling me back that will signify anything, I can assure you.

Sir C. Why this extraordinary haste, madam?

Lady G. In short, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain; and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thanked for it. And since there must be an end of one's ridiculous conduct one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present; therefore, sir, I desire you'd think of things accordingly. Your servant. (Going, *Sir C. lays hold of her.*)

Sir C. Nay, madam, let's start fair, however; you ought at least to stay till I'm as ready as your ladyship; and then, if we must part,—

*"Adieu, ye silent grots and shady groves;
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;
Adieu, ye whisper'd sighs that fann'd the fire,
And all the thrilling joys of young desire."*

Lady G. Oh! mighty well, sir. I am very glad we have, at last, come to a right understanding; the only way I have long wished for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design through all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir C. Oh! lie, madam! upon my word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

Lady G. Oh! dear sir, you need not take such care; upon my word, you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder: I'll try, at least; and so, once more, and for ever, sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you, too, that I do think—you are a villain. *[Exit, hastily.]*

Sir C. Oh! your very humble servant, madam.—Ah! *Re-enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.*

Lady G. Lookye, Sir Charles! don't presume upon the uneasiness of my temper; for to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you will let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor; and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will your's, as soon as we come to London.

Sir C. Upon my faith, madam, I never keep any; I always put snuff in them, and so they wear out.

Lady G. Sir Charles, I must have them; for, positively, I won't stir without them.

Sir C. Ha! then I must be civil, I see. *(Aside.)* Perhaps, madam, I have no mind to part with them or you.

Lady G. Lookye, sir; all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of everything between us. If you say you won't give them, I must e'en get them as well as I can.

Sir C. Ha! that won't do, then, I find. *(Aside.)*

Lady G. Who's there—Mrs. Edging?—Your keeping a letter, sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter MRS. EDGING.

Mrs. E. Did your ladyship call me, madam?

Lady G. Ay, child; pray do me the favour to fetch my scarf out of the dining-room.

Mrs. E. Yes, madam.

Sir C. Oh! then there's hope again. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. E. Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrelled with her. I hope she's going away in a huff; she sha'n't stay for her scarf, I warrant her. This is pure. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Lady G. Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave now, after all, to ask you why you have used me thus?

Sir C. What is it you call usage, madam?

Lady G. Why, then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me, of late? Only tell me seriously wherein I have deserved this.

Sir C. Why, then, seriously, madam—

Re-enter MRS. EDGING, with the scarf.

Mrs. E. Here's your ladyship's scarf, madam.

Lady G. Thankye, Mrs. Edging.—Oh, la! pray, will you let somebody get me a chair to the door?

Mrs. E. Humph! she might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go.

[Aside, and exit.]

Sir C. Then, seriously, I am, of late, grown so very lazy in my pleasures, that I had rather lose a woman than go through the plague and trouble of having or keeping her: and, to be free, I have found so much even in my acquaintance with you, (whom I confess to be a mistress in the art of pleasing,) that I am, from henceforth, resolved to follow no pleasure that rises above the degree of amusement; and that woman that expects I should

make her my business, why, like my business, is then in a fair way to be forgotten. When once she comes to reproach me with vows, and usage, and stuff, I would as soon hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments; her passion becomes as troublesome as a law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor: in short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient.

Lady G. I'll swear, sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles, however.—And you would have me obedient?

Sir C. Why not? my wife's so; and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

Lady G. Lard! is there no chair to be had?

Enter MRS. EDGING.

Mrs. E. Here's a chair, madam.

Lady G. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging. Pray, will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water?

Mrs. E. Humph! her huff's almost over, I suppose: I see he's a villain still. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Lady G. Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience, surely, that ever was! Certainly, a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover! But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks you should not have left so fashionable an article out of your scheme of government.

Sir C. Humph!—No, there's too much trouble in that; though I have known them of admirable use in the reformation of some humorsome ladies.

Lady G. But one thing more, and I have done. Pray, what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order, and tranquillity.

Sir C. Oh! she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

Lady G. No; that would be troublesome. You had better take one that's broken to your hand.

Sir C. Lookye, madam; I have loved you a great while; now you would have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do; and I don't think there's any plague upon earth like a dun that comes for more money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

Lady G. A dun! do you take me for a dun, sir? do I come a dunning to you? *[pany.]*

Sir C. Hist! don't expose yourself. Here's com—

Lady G. I care not. A dun! you shall see, sir, I can revenge an affront, though I despise the wretch that offers it. A dun! oh! I could die with laughing at the fancy. *[Exit.]*

Sir C. So! she's in admirable order. Here comes my lord, and I'm afraid in the very nick of his occasion for her.

Enter LORD MORELOVE.

More. Oh! Charles, undone again! all's lost and

Sir C. What's the matter now? *[ruined.]*

More. I have been playing the fool yonder, even to contempt. My senseless jealousy has confessed a weakness I never shall forgive myself: she has insulted on it to that degree, too—I can't bear the thought. Oh! Charles, this devil still is mistress of my heart; and I could dash my brains to think how grossly, too, I have let her know it.

Sir C. Ah! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this condition. Ha, ha, ha!

More. Pr'ythee, don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst.

Sir C. Well, well, let's hear. Pray, what has she done to you? Ha, ha!

More. Why, ever since I left you, she treated me with so much coolness and ill-nature, and that thing of a lord with so much laughing ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful familiarity, that, at the last, she saw and triumphed in my uneasiness.

Sir C. Well, and so you left the room in a pet?

More. Oh! worse, worse still; for, at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust my—

self between my lord and her, pressed her by the hand, and, in a whisper, tremblingly begged her in pity of herself and me, to shew her good humour only where she knew it was truly valued; at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat herself down by the peer, whispered him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

Sir C. Ha, ha! then would I have given fifty pounds to have seen your face. Why what, in the name of common sense, had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough of't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder to blow yourself up.

More. I see my folly, now, Charles. But what shall I do with the remains of life that she's left me.

Sir C. Oh! throw it at her feet, by all means; put on your tragedy face; catch fast hold of her petticoat; whip out your handkerchief; and, in point blank verse, desire her, one way or other, to make an end of the business.

More. What a fool dost thou make me?

Sir C. I only shew you as you came out of her hands, my lord.

More. How contemptibly have I behav'd myself!

Sir C. That's according as you bear her behaviour.

More. Bear it! no, I thank thee, Charles; thou hast awakened me, now; and if I bear it—What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

Sir C. Your business, I believe. She's ready for you; she's just gone down stairs. Make haste after her; for I expect her back again, presently, with a knife or pistol.

More. I'll go this minute.

Sir C. No; stay a little; here comes my lord: we'll see what we can get out of him first.

More. Methinks I now could laugh at her.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee: we have been so *chagrin* without thee, that, stap my breath! the ladies have gone, half asleep, to church, for want of thy company.

Sir C. That's hard, indeed, while your lordship was among them. Is Lady Betty gone, too?

Fop. She was just upon the wing; but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again or no.

More. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she would ever receive from me. Ask him how he came by it? (*Apart to Sir C.*)

Sir C. Pr'ythee, don't be uneasy. (*Apart to Lord Morelove.*)—Did she give it to you, my lord?

Fop. 'Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it *à-la*—Psha! I can't tell you in French neither; but Horace touches it to a nicety—'twas "*Pignus direptum male pertinacia*."

More. So! but must I bear it! (*Aside.*)—If your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in the keeping of it.

Fop. My lord, I am passionately obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

More. Not at all, my lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

Fop. That's a bite, I am sure. He'd give a joint of his little finger to be as well with her as I am. (*Aside.*)—But here she comes. Charles, stand by me. Must not a man be a vain coxcomb, now, to think this creature followed one?

Sir C. Nothing so plain, my lord.

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH.

Lady B. Psha! my Lord Foppington, pr'ythee, don't play the fool, now; but give me my snuff-box. Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

Sir C. You know I hate trouble, madam.

Lady B. Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over, now. [give it to you.]

Fop. If you'll promise me not to go church, I'll

Lady B. I'll promise nothing at all; for, positively, I will have it. (*Struggling with Lord F.*)

Fop. Then, comparatively, I won't part with it. Ha, ha!

Lady B. Oh! you devil! you have killed my arm. Oh!—Well, if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

More. Oh! Charles, that has a view of distant kindness in it. (*Apart to Sir C.*)

Fop. Nay, now I keep it superlatively. I find there's a secret value in it.

Lady B. Oh, dismal! Upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancied thing to anybody I had the least value for?

Sir C. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all. (*Apart to Lord More.*)

Fop. Why really, madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil. Are you sure it never held anything but snuff?

Lady B. Oh! you monster!

Fop. Nay, I only ask; because it seems to me to have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoakandsot's tobacco-box.

More. (*Apart to Sir C.*) I can bear no more.

Sir C. (*Apart to Lord M.*) Why don't, then. I'll step into the company, and return to your relief immediately. [*Exit.*]

More. Come, madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference? Since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship?

Lady B. Oh! my lord, nobody sooner. I beg you'll give it to my lord. (*Looking earnestly on Lord Foppington, who gives it to Lord Morelove.*)

More. Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship: and if there be any other trifle of mine your lordship has a fancy to, (though it were a mistress,) I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

Fop. Oh! my lord, this generosity will distract me.

More. My lord, I do but common justice. But from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex: you positively understand them the best of any man breathing; therefore, I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

Fop. Then, positively, your lordship is the most obliging person in the world; for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman that is not the finest creature in the universe. (*Bows to Lady B.*)

More. Oh! your lordship does me too much honour. I have the worst judgment in the world: no man has been more deceived it.

Fop. Then your lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a mask, or by candle-light.

More. In a mask, indeed, my lord; and of all masks the most dangerous.

Fop. Pray, what's that, my lord?

More. A bare face.

Fop. Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so really comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

More. It often hides her heart, my lord; and, therefore, I think it sometimes a more dangerous mark than a piece of velvet: that's rather a mark than a disguise of an ill woman; but the mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous form, give no warning, as they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

Lady B. Oh! barbarous aspersion! My Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

Fop. I must confess, madam, nothing of this nature ever happened in my course of amours: I always judge the beauteous form of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that

into my arms, I think myself obliged in good nature not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

Lady B. Why ay, my lord, there's some good humour in that, now.

More. He's happy in a plain English stomach, madam; I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's gust, where beauty's the only sauce to it.

Fop. My lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested. [that opinion.]

More. I know some ladies would thank you for

Lady B. My Lord Morelove's really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in love.

More. Upon my word, madam, I once thought I was. (*Smiling.*)

Lady B. Fie, fie! How could you think so? I fancy, now, you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love. Ha, ha!

More. The lady I loved, madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that she, at last, brought me to treat with her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

Lady B. And ten to one, just at that time, she never thought you such tolerable company.

More. That I can't say, madam; for, at that time, she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. (*Mimicking her.*)

Lady B. What, and so you left the poor lady? Oh! you inconstant creature!

More. No, madam; to have loved her on, had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman. (*Talks apart with Lady B.*)

Fop. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll e'en give him an opportunity of doing his business at once with her for ever.—My lord, I perceive your lordship's going to be good company to the lady; and, for her sake, I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you.

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. My Lord Foppington.

Fop. Oh! Charles, I was just wanting you. Harkye! I have three thousand secrets for you. I have made such discoveries! To tell you in one word—Morelove's as jealous as the devil. He, he!

Sir C. Is't possible! Has she given him any occasion?

Fop. Only rallied him to death upon my account. She told me within, just now, she'd use him like a dog; and begged me to draw off for an opportunity.

Sir C. Oh! keep in while the scent lies, and she's your own, my lord.

Fop. I can't tell that, Charles; but I'm sure she's fairly unharboured; and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow them till the game has enough of it: and, between you and I, she's pretty well blown, too; she can't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me! if I have not ridden down half a thousand pounds after her already.

Sir C. What do you mean?

Fop. I have lost five hundred to her at piquet since dinner.

Sir C. You are a fortunate man, 'faith: you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

Fop. Hang it! what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

Sir C. Well pushed, my lord.

Fop. Tally-ho! Have at her. [hanches!]

Sir C. Down, down, my lord! Ah! 'ware,

Fop. Ah, Charles! (*Embracing him.*) Pr'ythee, let's observe a little. There's a foolish cur; now I have run her to a stand, he has a mind to be at her by himself; and you will see she won't stir out of her way for him. (*They stand aside.*)

More. Ha, ha! your ladyship's very grave of a sudden; you look as if your lover had insolently recovered his common senses.

Lady B. And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one would swear you were just

come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

More. No, 'faith, quite the contrary: for, do you know, madam, I have just found out, that, upon your account, I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth: I have upon my faith! nay, and so extravagantly such—ha, ha, ha!—that it's at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it, for the soul of me. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. I want to cure him of that laugh, now. (*Aside.*) My lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret: do you know, too, that I still find (spite of all your great wisdom and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleased now and then to call them)—do you know, I say, that I see, under all this, you still love me with the same helpless passion? and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary airs you are pleased to give yourself?

More. Oh! by all means, madam; 'tis fit you should; and I expect it, whenever it is in your power.—Confusion. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. My lord, you have talked to me this half-hour, without confessing pain. (*Affects to gape.*) Only remember it.

More. Hell and tortures!

Lady B. What did you say, my lord?

More. Fire and furies!

Lady B. Ha, ha! he's disordered. Now I am easy. (*Aside.*)—My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at piquet?

Fop. I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, madam. (*Lady B. coquets with Lord F.*)

More. Oh! Charles, the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils. (*Apart.*)

Sir C. And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women. Come away; I have business for you upon the terrace.

More. Let me but speak one word to her.

Sir C. Not a syllable: the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at; for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

Lady B. (*To Lord M.*) My lord, don't let anything I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you may think fit.

More. Daggers and death! (*Apart.*)

Sir C. Are you mad? (*Apart.*)

More. Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst.

Sir C. Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my lord, do as you please. [do.]

More. Pr'ythee, pardon me; I know not what to

Sir C. Come along; I'll set you to work, I warrant you. Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles. Will you go?

More. Yes; and I hope for ever. [*Exit with Sir C.*]

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover with such unfortunate qualifications?

Lady B. Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us. But, run me through, madam, your ladyship pushed like a fencing-master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe. I'm afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

Lady B. Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps. Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day, I must keep it up for fear of a second engagement. (*Aside.*)

Fop. Never was poor wit so foiled at his own weapon, sure.

Lady B. Wit! Had he ever any pretence to it?

Fop. Ha, ha! he has not much in love, I think,

though he wears the reputation of a very pretty, young fellow among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid! if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours. He expects a woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

Lady B. That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope, that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit. Ha, ha!

Fop. Poor Morelove! I see she can't endure him. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. Or if one really had those faults, he does not consider, that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; nobody takes it now.

Fop. Oh! no mortal, madam; unless it be here and there a 'squire that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my lord bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

Lady B. Oh! what a surfeiting couple has he put together. (*Throwing her hand carelessly upon his.*)

Fop. Fond of me, by all that's tender! Poor fool! I'll give thee ease immediately. (*Aside.*)—But, madam, you were pleased, just now, to offer me my revenge at piquet; now, here's nobody within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

Lady B. Oh! no; not now, my lord: I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

Fop. But time, madam, is very precious in this place; and I shall not easily forgive myself, if I don't take him by the forelock.

Lady B. But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

Fop. Oh! with all my heart: and, upon second thoughts, I don't know but piquing a rival in public may be as good sport, as being well with a mistress in private; for, after all, the pleasure of a fine woman is like that of her own virtue—not so much in the thing, as the reputation of having it. (*Aside.*) Well, madam, how can I serve you in this affair?

Lady B. Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he shewed a stern resentment in his look, that seemed to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance; now I have a great fancy, that you and I should follow him to the terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it into practice. [*it.* Ha, ha, ha!

Fop. And so punish his fault before he commits

Lady B. Nay, we won't give him time if his courage should fail to repent it. [*be at it.*

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! let me blood, if I don't long to

Lady B. Oh! 'twill be such diversion to see him bite his lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our sides in laughing at nothing.

Fop. Ha, ha! I see the creature does really like me. (*Aside.*)—And, then, madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a tune, in affectation of his not minding us: 'twill be so foolish when we know he loves us to death all the while. Ha, ha!

Lady B. And if, at last, his sage mouth should open, (in surly contradiction of our humour,) then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon everything that is not gallant and fashionable: constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness; virtue a jest; we'll rally discretion out of doors; lay gravity at our feet; and only love, free love! disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

Fop. Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject. I am impatient; my fancy's upon the wing already; let's fly to hail him.

Lady B. No, no; stay till I am just got out; our going together won't be so proper.

Fop. As your ladyship pleases, madam: but when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

Lady B. Ay, ay; after supper I am for you. Nay, you sha'n't stir a step, my lord.

Fop. Only to tell you, you have fixed me your's to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity.

Lady B. Oh! your servant. [*Exit.*

Fop. Ha, ha! Stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow who has ever been abroad should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken as the confederates do towns, by a regular siege, when so many of the French successes might have shewn him the surest way is to whisper the governor. How can a coxcomb give himself the fatigue of bombarding a woman's understanding, when he may, with so much ease, make a friend of her constitution? I'll see if I can shew him a little French play with Lady Betty: let me see—ay, I'll make an end of it the old way: get her into piquet at her own lodgings; not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge the strength of my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price; then, of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry, "Rat piquet!" sweep counters, cards, and money all upon the floor, *et donc, l'affaire est faite.* [*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*The Castle-terrace.*

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH and LADY EASY.

Lady E. My dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend; or else I am so dull, that, by all you've said, I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts. Can you be serious for a moment? [*oblige you.*

Lady B. Not easily: but I would do more to

Lady E. Then, pray, deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

Lady B. Then, seriously, I think not. But, because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms. First, I own I like his conversation; his person has neither fault nor beauty—well enough; I don't remember I ever secretly wished myself married to him, or that I ever seriously resolved against it.

Lady E. Well, so far you are tolerably safe. But come, as to his manner of addressing you, what effect has that had?

Lady B. I am not a little pleased to observe few men follow a woman with the same fatigue and spirit that he does me; am more pleased when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

Lady E. Have a care; that last is a dangerous symptom. He pleases your pride, I find.

Lady B. Oh! perfectly: in that, I own, no mortal ever can come up to him.

Lady E. But now, my dear, now comes the main point—jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touched with it? Tell me that with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

Lady B. Nay, then, I defy him; for, positively, I was never jealous in my life.

Lady E. How, madam! have you never been stirred enough to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? Or are you sure his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

Lady B. Ah! Why, madam—Bless me!—why, sure, you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

Lady E. Nay, nay, that is not the business. Have you ever felt anything of this nature, madam?

Lady B. Lard! don't be so hasty, my dear: anything of this nature! Oh, lud! I swear, I don't like it. Dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frightened out of my wits.

Lady E. Nay, if you can't rally upon it, your wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

Lady B. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

Lady E. But come, to the point: how far have you been jealous?

Lady B. Why—Oh, bless me! He gave the mu-

sic, one night, to my Lady Languish here upon the terrace; and, (though she and I were very good friends,) I remember, I could not speak to her in a week for't. Oh!

Lady E. Nay, now you may laugh if you can; for, take my word, the marks are upon you. But come; what else?

Lady B. Oh! nothing else, upon my word, my dear.

Lady E. Well, one word more, and then I give sentence: suppose you were heartily convinced that he actually followed another woman?

Lady B. But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

Lady E. Guilty, upon my honour!

Lady B. Psha! I defy him to say that ever I owned any inclination for him. [to guess it.]

Lady E. No; but you have given him terrible leave

Lady B. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I can assure you.

Lady E. That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my lord can't be far off. [Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.]

Sir C. Servant, Lady Betty; my dear, how do you do?

Lady E. At your service, my dear. But, pray, what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

Lady B. Ay, Sir Charles, pray, how does your pupil do? Have you any hopes of him?

Sir C. Well, madam, to confess your triumph over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him are lost. I offered what I could to his instruction, but he's incorrigibly your's, and undone; the news, I presume, does not displease your ladyship.

Lady B. Fie, fie! Sir Charles, you disparage your friend; I am afraid you don't take pains with him.

Sir C. Ah! Ifancy, Lady Betty, your good nature won't let you sleep. Don't you love dearly to hurt people?

Lady B. Oh! your servant; then, without a jest, the man is so unfortunate in his want of patience, that, let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir C. Ah! Strange goodness! Oh! that I were your lover for a month or two!

Lady B. What then?

Sir C. I would make that pretty heart's blood of your's ache in a fortnight.

Lady B. Ugh! I should hate you; your assurance would make your address intolerable.

Sir C. I believe it would, for I'd never address

Lady B. Oh! you clown, you! [you at all.]

Sir C. Why, what to do? to feed a diseased pride, that's eternally breaking out in the affectation of an ill nature, that, in my conscience, I believe is but affectation.

Lady B. You nor your friend have no great reason to complain of my fondness, I believe. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment from your want of common gratitude? [him as easy as you are.]

Lady B. Torment! For my part, I really believe

Sir C. Poor, intolerable affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly your's; you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life is the poor and low abuse of it. [power?]

Lady B. Pray, how do I abuse it—if I have any

Sir C. You drive him to extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason. You've almost turned his brain; his common judgment fails him. He's now, at this very moment, driven by his despair, upon a project, (in hopes to free himself from your power,) that I am sensible, (and so must any one be that has his sense,) of course, must ruin him with you for ever. I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable disdain has forced him to it; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a hint of it to you, and in contempt of his design, I know he'd call my life to answer it. But I have no regard to men in madness; I rather choose, for once, to trust in your good-na-

ture, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty has made miserable, your generosity would scorn to make ridiculous.

Lady B. Sir Charles, you charge me very home; I never had it in my inclination to make anything ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

Sir C. Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive even me that tell it you.

Lady B. Oh, fie! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not your's. Pray, what is it?

Lady E. I long to know, methinks.

Sir C. You may be sure he did not want my

Lady B. Let's hear it. [dissuasions from it.]

Sir C. Why, this man, whom I have known to love you with such excess of generous desire; whom I have heard in his ecstatic praises on your beauty talk till from the soft head of his distilling thoughts the tears have fallen—

Lady B. Oh! Sir Charles—

Sir C. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (though you condemned it) once his merit; but now I own that merit ought to be forgotten.

Lady B. Pray, sir, be plain.

Sir C. This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last, has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flattered him) of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

Lady B. You amaze me! for I can't suppose his utmost malice dares assault my reputation. And what—

Sir C. No; but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and, indeed, he has taken no unlikely means to make them busy with their tongues; for he is this moment upon the open terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs. "And to convince the world and me," he said, "he was not that tame lover we fancied him; he'd venture to give her the music to-night." Nay, I heard him, before my face, speak to one of the hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their directions only from my Lady Graveairs.

Lady B. My Lady Graveairs! Truly, I think my lord's very much in the right on't: for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see anything in this that's so very ridiculous, nor, indeed, that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for it.

Sir C. Psha, psha! madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

Lady B. Indeed, Sir Charles, I sha'n't give myself that trouble, I believe.

Sir C. So I told him, madam. "Are not all your complaints," said I, "already owing to her pride? and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which, you know, you can't make good, too,) won't incense her more against you?"—"That's what I'd have," said he, starting wildly; "I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it."

Lady B. Upon my word, I fancy my lord will find himself mistaken: I sha'n't be piqued, I believe. I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me. Piqued! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Madam, you've said the very thing I urged to him. "I know her temper so well," said I, "that though she doted on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least motion of uneasiness."

Lady B. I can assure you, Sir Charles, my lord won't find himself deceived in your opinion. Piqued!

Sir C. She has it. (Aside.)

Lady E. Alas! poor woman! how little do our passions make us! (Aside.)

Lady B. Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business: I would have him take heed of publicly affronting me.

Sir C. Right, madam; that's what I strictly

warned him of; for, among friends, whenever the world sees him follow another woman, the malicious tea-tables will be apt to be very free with your ladyship.

Lady B. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir C. But, alas! madam, 'tis not in his power to think with reason: his mad resentment has destroyed even his principles of common honesty: he considers nothing but a senseless, proud revenge, which, in his fit of lunacy, 'tis impossible that either threats or danger can dissuade him from.

Lady B. What! does he defy me, threaten me? Then he shall see, that I have passions, too; and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment? Fear him! Oh! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought. [so.]

Lady E. Dear creature, don't disorder yourself

Lady B. Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

Lady E. Well, certainly, I am very ill-natured; for though I see this news has disturbed my friend, I can't help being pleased with the hopes of my Lady Graveairs being otherwise disposed of. (*Aside.*) My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far. (*Apart to Sir C.*)

Sir C. Oh! not at all. You shall see: I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea. (*Apart to Lady E.*) [again.]

Lady B. I may see him with his complaining face

Sir C. I am sorry, madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger; I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults, which you yourself resolved he should commit. Yonder he comes, and all the world with him. Might I advise you, madam, you should not resent the thing at all: I would not so much as stay to see him in his fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it. Nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly, as your utter neglect of it.

Lady E. Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me; indeed, it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

Lady B. No, madam; I'll oblige his vanity, for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir C. (*Aside.*) Oh! not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of your's, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you.

Enter LORD MORELOVE, LORD FOPPINGTON, LADY GRAVEAIRS, and Ladies. (*Sir C. whispers to Lord Morelove.*)

Fop. Ladies, your servant. Oh! we have wanted you beyond reparation. Such diversion!

Lady B. Well, my lord, have you seen my Lord Morelove?

Fop. Seen him! Ha, ha, ha! Oh! I have such things to tell you: madam, you'll die—

Lady B. Oh! pray, let's hear them! I was never in a better humour to receive them.

Fop. Harkye! (*They whisper.*)

More. So! she's engaged already. (*To Sir C.*)

Sir C. So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

Fop. and Lady B. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. (*Apart to More.*) You see already what ridiculous pains she's taking to stir your jealousy, and

Fop. and Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! [cover her own.

More. Oh! never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous even to me. (*Apart to Sir C.*)

Sir C. And harkye! (*Whispers More.*)

Lady B. And so, the widow was as full of airs as his lordship? (*To Fop.*)

Sir C. Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail. (*Apart.*) [me, and I thank you.]

More. (*Apart.*) Dear Charles, you have convinced

Lady G. My Lord Morelove, what, do you leave us? [just—

More. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I was but

Lady G. Nay, nay, no excuses, my lord; so you will but let us have you again.

Sir C. (*Aside to Lady G.*) I see you have good humour, madam, when you like your company.

Lady G. And you see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, you could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir C. Ah! Power would make her an admirable tyrant. (*Aside.*)

Lady E. (*Observing Sir C. and Lady G.*) So! there's another couple have quarrelled, too, I find. Those airs to my Lord Morelove look as if designed to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and may be, that will let me into the secret. (*Aside.*) My Lord Foppington, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

Sir C. Nay, my lord, this is not fair, indeed, to enter into secrets among friends. Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

Ladies. Oh! no secrets, no secrets!

Lady B. Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your pardon; my lord's excusable, for I would pull him into a corner.

Fop. I swear, 'tis very hard, though. I observe two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their property's invaded.

Lady G. Oh! my lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

More. (*To Lady B.*) As the men, madam, all have of my Lord Foppington; beside, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service: he has already lost you one of your retinue, madam.

Lady B. Not at all, my lord; he has only made room for another: one must, sometimes, make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

Lady E. Ha, ha! Ladies' favours, my lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

Lady B. No, indeed; if they were, the poor fine women would be all used like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

Lady E. Have a care, madam; an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

Fop. Ha, ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for, positively, if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy, and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat for a monopolist.

More. Oh! there's no great fear of that, my lord; though the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your lordship's.

Lady B. Or, if they should not, my lord, cast lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment, while there are so many well-disposed people in the world. There are, generally, neglected wives, maids, or charitable widows always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion. And, by the way—harkye! Sir Charles—

More. (*Aside.*) So, she's stirred, I see, for all her pains to hide it: she would hardly have glanced an affront at a woman she was not piqued at.

Lady G. (*Aside.*) That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

Lady B. (*Apart to Sir C.*) Pray, how came you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

Sir C. (*Apart to Lady B.*) One is not so apt, madam, to be alarmed at the liberties of an old acquaintance as, perhaps, your ladyship ought to be at the resentment of a hardly-used, honourable lover.

Lady B. (*Apart.*) Suppose I were alarmed, how does that make you easy?

Sir C. (*Apart.*) Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his addresses to

her are only outward, and 'twill be your fault now, if you let him go on till the world thinks him in earnest, and a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious inquiries into your reputation.

Lady B. (Apart.) Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

Sir C. (Apart.) But hear me, madam—

Lady G. (Aside.) The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter, too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my lord with me, as friendship to her; at least, I fancy so; therefore, I'm resolved to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, though it be only to gall him.—Sir Charles, that is not fair to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord

More. Well observed, madam. [Foppington.]

Lady G. Besides, it looks so affected to whisper, when everybody guesses the secret.

More. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Oh! madam, your pardon in particular; but 'tis possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people that have any regard to their actions, are not so soon guessed as theirs that have made a con-

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! [fidant of the whole town.]

Lady G. A coquet, in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I am afraid, must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see, at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make peace

More. Ha, ha, ha! [with him. Ha, ha!]

Lady B. 'Twould be a mortification, indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduced, surely, that could bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha, ha!

Lady G. Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds and take the man they like; though it happens to be one that a froward, vain girl has disobliged, and is pining to be friends with.

More. Nay, though it happens to be one that confesses he was once fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards ashamed of it. [two of you.]

Lady B. Nay, my lord, there's no standing against

Fop. No, 'faith! that's odds at tennis, my lord: not but, if your ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your back-hand a little; though, upon my soul, you may safely set me up at the line; for, knock me down! if ever I saw a rest of wit better played than that last, in my life: what say you, madam, shall we engage?

Lady B. As you please, my lord. [mi lor.]

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! *Allons! Tout de bon! Joues,*

More. Oh! pardon me, sir; I shall never think myself, in anything, a match for the lady.

Fop. To you, madam.

Lady B. That's much, my lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

Fop. Ah! *bien joué!* Ha, ha, ha!

More. At that game, I confess, your ladyship has chosen a much more proper person to improve your hand with.

Fop. To me, madam! My lord, I presume whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will, at least, be able to give as much envy as the wise person that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

Lady G. Oh! my lord, both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb them.

Lady B. None that will disturb them, I dare swear. (*Company laugh.*)

Sir C. I don't know, gentlefolks, but you are all in extremely good humour, methinks; I hope there's none of it affected.

Lady E. I should be loth to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. Mine is not, I'll swear.

More. Nor mine, I'm sure.

Lady G. Mine's sincere, depend upon it.

Fop. And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly d— me, if mine is not!

Lady E. Well, good people, I am mightily glad to hear it. You have all performed extremely well: but, if you please, you shall even give over your wit now, while it is well.

Lady B. (Aside.) Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for it.

Sir C. You should not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you. (*Apart to Lady B.*)

Lady B. (Apart.) Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

Sir C. (Apart.) Your pardon, madam; I thought a right understanding would have been for both your interest and reputation.

Lady B. (Apart.) For his, perhaps.

Sir C. (Apart.) Nay, then, madam, it is time for me to take care of my friend.

Lady B. (Apart.) I never in the least doubted your friendship to him in anything that was to shew yourself my enemy.

Sir C. (Apart.) Since I see, madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be ashamed of using my power, henceforth, to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

Lady B. Was ever anything so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. (*Aside.*)

Lady E. My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray, will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us than parties and whispers?

Fop. What say you, ladies; shall we step and see what's done at the basset-table?

Lady B. With all my heart. *Lady Easy—*

Lady E. I think it is the best thing we can do; and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you dined. What say you, my lord?

More. Your ladyship may be sure of me, madam.

Fop. Ay, ay, we'll all come.

Lady E. Then, pray, let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppington, you shall 'squire me.

Fop. Oh! you do me honour, madam.

Lady B. My Lord Morelove, pray, let me speak

More. Me, madam? [with you.]

Lady B. If you please, my lord.

More. Ah! that look shot through me! What can this mean? (*Apart.*)

Lady B. (Apart.) This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answered in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by-and-by, and if you'll give me leave there—

More. (Apart.) If you please to do me that honour, madam, I shall certainly be there.

Lady B. (Apart.) That's all, my lord.

More. Is not your ladyship for walking?

Lady B. If your lordship dare venture with me.

More. Oh! madam. (*Taking her hand.*) How my heart dances! what heavenly music is in her voice, when softened into kindness! (*Aside.*)

Lady B. (Aside.) Ah! his hand trembles! Sir Charles may be mistaken.

[Exit with Lord M. and Lady E.]

Fop. My Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us?

Lady G. No, my lord; we'll follow you. Stay a little. (*To Sir C.*)

Sir C. (Apart to Lady G.) I thought your ladyship designed to follow them.

Lady G. (Apart.) Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir C. (Apart.) But, madam, consider, we shall certainly be observed.

Lady G. Lud, sir! If you think it such a favour! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*The Castle Terrace.*

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY and LORD MORELOVE.

Sir C. Come a little this way. My Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me, as I stole off, and I am apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

More. Oh! we are pretty safe here. Well, you were speaking of my Lady Betty.

Sir C. Ay, my lord: I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I would not have you yet be too secure of her: for, between you and I, since, as I told you, I have professed myself an open enemy to her power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new air of good humour may very much proceed from a little woman's pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her power.

More. Not unlikely: but still, can we make no advantage of it?

Sir C. That's what I have been thinking of. Lookye!—Death! my Lady Graveairs!

More. Ha! she will have audience, I find.

Sir C. There's no avoiding her: the truth is, I have owed her a little good nature, a great while. I see there is but one way of getting rid of her; I must even appoint her a day of payment, at last. If you'll step into my lodgings, my lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

More. Very well; I'll stay there for you. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Lady G. Sir Charles—

Sir C. Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks; you'll find, madam, I have deserved better of you than your jealousy imagines. Is it a fault to be tender of your reputation? Fie, fie! This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving, too. You see, I just now shook off my Lord Morelove

Lady G. May I believe you? [*on purpose.*]

Sir C. Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

Lady G. Don't think me troublesome; for, I confess, 'tis death to think of parting with you: since the world sees, for you I have neglected friends and reputation, have stood the little insults of disdainful prudes, that envied me, perhaps, your friendship; have borne the freezing looks of near and general acquaintance: since this is so, don't let them ridicule me, too, and say my foolish vanity undid me; don't let them point at me as a cast mistress.

Sir C. You wrong me to suppose the thought. When shall you be at leisure?

Lady G. I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me, then, 'tis my interest to part with you. Can you come to-night?

Sir C. You know we have company, and I am afraid they'll stay too late: can't it be before supper? What's o'clock now?

Lady G. It is almost six.

Sir C. At seven, then, be sure of me; till then, I'd have you go back to the ladies to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

Lady G. May I depend upon you? [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Depend on everything. A very troublesome business this: send me once fairly rid of't, if ever I am caught in an honourable affair again—a debt, now, that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent-charge upon one's good-nature, with an unconscionable long scroll of arrears, too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah! intolerable! Well, I'll even to my lord, and shake off the thoughts of it. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH and LADY EASY.

Lady B. I observe, my dear, you have usually this great fortune at play; it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with a husband.

Lady E. Truly, I don't complain of my fortune either way.

Lady B. Pr'ythee, tell me, (you are often advising me to it,) are there those real, comfortable

advantages in marriage, that our old aunts and grandmothers would persuade us of?

Lady E. Upon my word, if I had the worst husband in the world, I should still think so.

Lady B. Ay, but then, the hazard of not having a good one, my dear.

Lady E. You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give airs till you spoil him.

Lady B. Can there be the same dear, full delight in giving ease, as pain? Oh! my dear, the thought of parting with one's power is insupportable!

Lady E. And the keeping it till it dwindles into no power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

Lady B. But still to marry before one's heartily in love!

Lady E. Is not half so formidable a calamity. But, if I have any eyes, my dear, you'll run no great hazard of that, in venturing upon my Lord Morelove. You don't know, perhaps, that within this half-hour, the tone of your voice is strangely softened to him. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. My dear, you are, positively, one or other, the most censorious person in the world: and so, I see it's in vain to talk with you. Pray, will you go back to the company?

Lady E. Ah! poor Lady Betty! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY and LORD MORELOVE.

More. Charles, you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy, too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

Sir C. That's what I considered; for, now, the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into your's.

More. After all, (begging the ladies' pardon,) your fine women, like bullies, are only stout when they know their men: a man of an honest courage may fright them into anything. Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly: won't you go along with me?

Sir C. That may not be so proper; besides, I have a little business upon my hands.

More. Oh! your servant, sir. Good b'ye! you sha'n't stir.

Sir C. My lord, your servant. [*Exit Lord M.*] So! now to dispose of myself, till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs. Humph! I have no great mind to that business, methinks; I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel. [*MRS. EDGING crosses the stage.*] There goes a warmer temptation by half. Ha! into my wife's bed-chamber, too! I question if the jade has any great business there; I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of nobody's being at home, to make her peace with me. Let me see; ay, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards: besides, I want a little sleep, I find. Your young fops may talk of their women of quality; but to me, now, there is a strange agreeable convenience in a creature one is not obliged to say much to upon these occasions. (*Going.*)

Enter MRS. EDGING.

Mrs. E. Did you call me, sir?

Sir C. Ha! all's right. (*Aside.*) Yes, madam, I did call you. (*Sits down.*)

Mrs. E. What would you please to have, sir?

Sir C. Have! why, I would have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well used, hussy.

Mrs. E. Sir, I don't complain of anything, not I.

Sir C. Well, don't be uneasy; I am not angry with you, now. Come and kiss me.

Mrs. E. Lard, sir!

Sir C. Don't be a fool, now: come hither.

Mrs. E. Psha! (*Goes to him.*)

Sir C. No wry face; so, sit down. I won't have you look grave, neither: let me see you smile, you jade you.

Mrs. E. Ha, ha! (*Laughs and blushes.*)

Sir C. Ah! you melting rogue!

Mrs. E. Come, don't be at your tricks, now. Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one? I am sure there are ten times more love in that, and fifty times the satisfaction, people may say what they will.

Sir C. Well, now you're good, you shall have your own way. I am going to lie down in the next room; and since you love a little chat, come and throw my night-gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. E. Yes, sir: for all his way, I see he likes me still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Castle Terrace.*

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH, LADY EASY, and LORD MORELOVE.

More. Nay, madam, there you are too severe upon him; for, bating now and then a little vanity, my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

Lady B. But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

Lady E. Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, his vanity, methinks, might be easily excused, considering how much it is in fashion: for, pray, observe, what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see anybody comes up to him.

More. Nor I, indeed; and here he comes. Pray, madam, let's have a little more of him; nobody shews him to more advantage than your ladyship.

Lady B. Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my lord.

More. Upon occasion, madam.

Lady E. Engaging upon parties, my lord? *(Aside and smiling at Lord M.)*

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Fop. So, ladies, what's the affair now?

Lady B. Why, you were, my lord; I was allowing you a great many good qualities; but Lady Easy says you are a perfect hypocrite; and that, whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

Fop. You see, madam, how I am scandalized upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with anybody but herself. Did you never observe she was piqued at that before? Ha, ha!

Lady B. I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

Fop. Let us be more familiar upon it, and give her disorder. Ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha!

Fop. Stap my breath! but Lady Easy is an admirable discoverer. Marriage is, indeed, a prodigious security of one's inclination: a man is likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turned out for his idleness.

Lady B. I vow, my lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

Fop. Ha, ha! Right, madam, what signifies beauty without power? and a fine woman, when she's married, makes as ridiculous a figure as a beaten general marching out of a garrison.

Lady E. I am afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger, in your use of power, would be from a too heedless liberality: you would more mind the man than his merit.

Fop. Piqued again, by all that's fretful! *(Aside.)* Well, certainly, to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible. *(Apart to Lady B.)*

Lady B. Ha, ha!

Lady E. Does not she shew him well, my lord? *(Aside to Lord M.)*

More. Perfectly; and me to myself; for now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him. *(To Lady E.)*

Fop. Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I am afraid I am rude all this while.

Lady E. Oh! not at all, my lord; you are always good company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

Fop. Oh! madam, never to the offence of the ladies; I agree in any community with them; nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine ladies are there.

Lady E. Oh, fie! my lord, you ought not to go for their sake at all. And I wonder you, that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play. *[things to be laughed at.]*

Lady B. Lampoons and plays, madam, are only

More. Plays now, indeed, one need not be so much afraid of; for since the late short-sighted view of them, vice may go on and prosper, the stage dares hardly shew a vicious person speaking like himself, for fear of being called prophane for exposing him.

Lady E. 'Tis hard, indeed, when people won't distinguish between what's meant for contempt, and what's for example.

Fop. Odso! ladies, the court's coming home, I see; shall not we make our bows?

Lady B. Oh! by all means.

Lady E. Lady Betty, I must leave you; for I'm obliged to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

Lady B. Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit, and be with you. *[Exit Lady E.]* Pray, what's become of my Lady Graveairs?

More. Oh! I believe she's gone home, madam; she seemed not to be very well.

Fop. And where's Sir Charles, my lord?

More. I left him at his own lodgings.

Lady B. He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

Fop. Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes. But here come the chaises; we must make a little more haste, madam. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter LADY EASY and a Servant.

Lady E. Is your master come home?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Lady E. Where is he?

Serv. I believe, madam, he's laid down to sleep.

Lady E. Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper—stay, it's no matter, now I think on it; there's some above upon my toilet. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*A Room.*

SIR CHARLES EASY discovered, without his periwig, and MRS. EDGING by him, both asleep. *Enter* LADY EASY.

Lady E. Ha! *(Starts and trembles.)*

Protect me virtue, patience, reason!
Teach me to bear this killing sight, or let
Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd!
For, sure, a sight like this might raise the arm
Of duty, ev'n to the breast of love! At least
I'll throw this vizor of my patience off;
Now wake him in his guilt,
And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay, till he—
Frowns on me, perhaps; and then,
I'm lost again. The ease of a few tears
Is all that's left to me;
And duty, too, forbids me to insult,
When I have vow'd obedience. Perhaps,
The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd
Me with the thousand little requisites
That warm the heart to love.
Somewhere there is a fault;
But heav'n best knows what both of us deserve.—
Ha! bare-headed, and in so sound a sleep! *[air,*
Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome
But heav'n, offended, may o'ertake his crime,
And, in some languishing distemper, leave him,
A severe example of its violated laws.
Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love!
This may prevent it. *(Puts a handkerchief on his head.)*

And if he should awake offended at my too busy care, let my heart-breaking patience, duty, and fond affection plead my pardon. [Exit. A bell rings.]

Mrs. E. Oh!

Sir C. How now! what's the matter?

Mrs. E. Oh! bless my soul! my lady's come home.

Sir C. Go, go, then. (Bell rings.)

Mrs. E. Oh, lud! my head's in such a condition, too. (Runs to the glass.) I am coming, madam! Oh, lud! here's no powder, neither. Here, madam!

[Exit.]

Sir C. How now! (Feeling the handkerchief upon his head.) What's this? How came it here? (Puts on his wig.) Did not I see my wife wear this to-day? Death! she can't have been here, sure. It could not be jealousy that brought her home; for my coming was accidental; so, too, I fear, might her's. How careless have I been not to secure the door, neither! 'Twas foolish—It must be so! she certainly has seen me here sleeping with her woman: if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have proved me! The thought has made me despicable even to myself. How mean a vice is lying! and how often have those empty pleasures lulled my honour and my conscience to a lethargy, while I grossly have abused her, poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods! Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her discoveries. How contemptible a figure must I have made to her! A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies; and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and worn an everlasting smile to me! This asks a little thinking: something should be done. I'll see her instantly, and be resolved from her behaviour. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—A Room.

Enter LADY EASY and MRS. EDGING.

Lady E. Where have you been, Edging?

Mrs. E. Been, madam! I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, madam.

Lady E. How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought. (Aside.) Fetch my last new scarf hither; I have a mind to alter it a little.

Mrs. E. Yes, madam. I see she does not suspect anything. [Aside, and exit.]

Lady E. Heigho! (Sitting down.) I had forgot—but I am unfit for writing now. 'Twas a hard conflict; yet, it's a joy to think it over: a secret pride, to tell my heart my conduct has been just. How low are vicious minds that offer injuries! how much superior innocence that bears them! Still there's a pleasure even in the melancholy of a quiet conscience. Away, my fears! it is not yet impossible; for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter MRS. EDGING with the scarf.

Mrs. E. Here's the scarf, madam.

Lady E. So, sit down there; and, let me see: here, rip off all that silver.

Mrs. E. Indeed, I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it. But, now suppose, madam, you carried another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air. [bid you.]

Lady E. Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent; do as I

Mrs. E. Nay, madam, with all my heart; your ladyship may do as you please.

Lady E. This creature grows so confident; and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. (Aside.)

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. So, my dear! what, at work? How are you employed, pray?

Lady E. I was thinking to alter this scarf here.

Sir C. What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir, it's pretty enough, for that matter; but my lady has a mind it should be proper, too.

Sir C. Indeed!

Lady E. I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

Sir C. That's a grave thought, my dear.

Mrs. E. Oh, dear! sir, not at all; my lady's much in the right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing

Sir C. Leave the room. [but a girl.]

Mrs. E. Lard! sir, I can't stir; I must stay to—

Sir C. Go. (Angrily.)

Mrs. E. If ever I speak to him again I'll be burned! [Aside, and exit.]

Sir C. Sit still, my dear. I came to talk with you; and, which you may well wonder at, what I have to say is of importance, too; but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

Lady E. Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of unkindness.

Sir C. The perpetual spring of your good-humour, lets me draw no merit from what I have appeared to be; which makes me curious now to know your thoughts of what I really am: and never having asked you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange negligence considered) reconcile to reason your first thoughts of venturing upon marriage with

Lady E. I never thought it such a hazard. [me.]

Sir C. How could a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to see a happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, even before marriage, to appear but what I am? A loose, unheeded wretch; absent in all I do; civil, and as often rude, without design; unseasonably thoughtful; easy to a fault; and, in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natured: how shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

Lady E. Your own words may answer you. Your having never seemed to be but what you really were; and through that carelessness of temper, there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty, I always doubted of in smoother faces: thus while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleased and wooed me most; nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind; or, at the worst, I knew that errors from want of thinking might be borne; at least, when, probably, one moment's serious thought would end them: these were my worst of fears; and these, when weighed by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

Sir C. My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and till this hour, have scarcely been curious enough once to look upon its lustre.

Lady E. You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

Sir C. Virtues, like benefits, are double when concealed: and, I confess, I yet suspect you of a higher value than I have as yet spoken of you.

Lady E. I understand you not.

Sir C. I'll speak more plainly to you. Be free and tell me—where did you leave this handkerchief?

Lady E. Ha! [question.]

Sir C. What is't you start at? You hear the

Lady E. What shall I say? my fears confound me.

Sir C. Be not concerned, my dear; be easy in the truth, and tell me.

Lady E. I cannot speak; and I could wish you would not oblige me to it: 'tis the only thing I ever yet refused you; and though I want a reason for my will, let me not answer you.

Sir C. Your will, then, be a reason; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame, my joy; let me be, therefore, pleased to tell you now, your wondrous conduct has awakened me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more: and (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind

compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

Lady E. Alas! I think not of her. Oh! my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness. *(Weeping.)*

Sir C. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it. I see you're in pain to give me this confusion: come, I will not shock your softness by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather soothe you to a pleasure at my sense of joy for my recovered happiness to come. Give, then, to my new-born love what name you please; it cannot, shall not be too kind: oh! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve. Receive me, then, entire at last; and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquered heart.

Lady E. Oh! the soft treasure! oh! the dear reward of long-desiring love! Now I am blest, indeed, to see you kind without the expense of pain in being so, to make you mine with easiness. Thus, thus to have you mine, is something more than happiness; 'tis double life and madness of abounding joy. But 'twas a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

Sir C. Oh! thou engaging virtue! But I am too slow in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but, remember, I insist upon it: let thy woman be discharged this minute.

Lady E. No, my dear; think me not so low in faith, to fear that (after what you've said) 'twill ever be in her power to do me future injury. When I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on't; but to discharge her now, might let her guess at the occasion; and, methinks, I would have all our differences, like our endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

Sir C. Still my superior every way. Be it as you have better thought. Well, my dear, now I'll confess a thing that was not in your power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

Lady E. I know she is not, and was always less concerned to find it so; for constancy in errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir C. What is it you know, my dear? *(Surprised.)*

Lady E. Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now—my Lady Graveairs. Your carelessness, my dear, let all the world know it, and it would have been hard, indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

Sir C. My dear, I'll ask no more questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my discretion there had been a master-piece. How contemptible must I have looked all this while!

Lady E. You sha'n't say so.

Sir C. Well, to let you see I had some shame as well as nature in me, I had written this to my Lady Graveairs, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wronged you. Read it.

Lady E. *(Reads.)* "Something has happened that prevents the visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish you never would reproach me if I tell you it is utterly inconvenient that I should ever see you more." This, indeed, was more than I had merited.

Enter a Servant.

Sir C. Who's there? Here, step with this to my Lady Graveairs. *(Gives the letter to the Servant.)*

Serv. Yes, sir. Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

Lady E. I'll wait on her. *[Exit Serv.]*

Sir C. My dear, I am thinking there may be other things my negligence may have wronged you in; but, be assured, as I discover them, all shall be corrected. Is there any part or circumstance in your fortune that I can change, or yet make easier to you?

Lady E. None, my dear; your good-nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

Sir C. I am coming. *[Exit Serv.]* I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty.

Lady E. You did, and I should be pleased to be myself concerned in it.

Sir C. I believe we may employ you. I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you've given me, to suffer, at this time, any concern but you to employ my thoughts?

Lady E. Seasons must be obeyed; and since I know your friend's happiness is depending, I could not taste my own, should you neglect his.

Sir C. Thou easy sweetness! Oh! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed! But time and future thrift of tenderness shall yet repair it all. The hour will come when this soft gliding stream that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course;

And like the ocean after ebb, shall move

With constant force of due returning love.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A Room.

Enter LADY EASY and LADY BETTY MODISH.

Lady B. You've been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleased, too.

Lady E. You'll pardon me, if I can't let you into circumstances; but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy even to a pain of joy.

Lady B. Indeed, I am truly glad of it, though I am sorry to find that any one who has generosity enough to do you justice, should, unprovoked, be so great an enemy to me.

Lady E. Sir Charles your enemy!

Lady B. My dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinced of it.

Lady E. In what, pray? I can't think you'll find him so.

Lady B. Oh! madam, it has been his whole business, of late, to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and I.

Lady E. That may be owing to your usage of my lord: perhaps, he thought it would not disoblige you. I am confident you are mistaken in him.

Lady B. Oh! I don't use to be out in things of this nature; I can see well enough: but I shall be able to tell you more when I have talked with my lord.

Lady E. Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him—no excuses; for, positively, I will leave you together.

Lady B. Indeed, my dear, I desire you would stay, then; for, I know you think, now, that I have a mind to—to—

Lady E. To—to—Ha, ha, ha! *(Going.)*

Lady B. Well, remember this.

Enter LORD MORELOVE.

More. I hope I don't frighten you away, madam?

Lady E. Not at all, my lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment; I'll wait upon you immediately. *[Exit.]*

Lady B. My Lady Easy gone!

More. Perhaps, madam, in friendship to you, she thinks I may have deserved the coldness you of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, that you have not done it without reason.

Lady B. How handsomely does he reproach me! But I can't bear that he should think I know it. *(Aside.)* My lord, whatever has passed between you and I, I dare swear that could not be her thoughts at this time: for when two people have appeared professed enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as the other to receive a justification of their actions.

More. Passion, indeed, often does repeated injuries on both sides; but I don't remember in my heat of error that I ever yet professed myself your enemy.

Lady B. My lord, I shall be very free with you: I confess I do think now I have not a greater enemy in the world.

More. If having long loved you, to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented, then, to stand the foremost of your enemies.

Lady B. Oh! my lord, there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say.

More. There's no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

Lady B. Fie, fie! my lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

More. My conduct has, indeed, deserved this scorn; and, therefore, it is but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (though I am assured in vain) for pardon. (*Kneels.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. How, my lord! (*Lord M. rises.*)

Lady B. Ha! He here! This is unlucky. (*Aside.*)

More. Oh! pity my confusion! (*To Lady B.*)

Sir C. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself; methinks, the insult you have borne from that lady, by this time, should have warned you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

More. Hold, Sir Charles! While you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady: 'tis sufficient I have no complaint against her, and—

Lady B. My lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury like this is better punished with our contempt: apparent malice should only be laughed at.

Sir C. Ha, ha! the old recourse. Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment; and, then, (as the grand Monarque did with Cavalier,) you are sure to keep your word with him.

Lady B. Sir Charles, to let you know how far I am above your little spleen, my lord, your hand from this hour.

Sir C. Psha, psha! All design, all pique! mere artifice, and disappointed woman.

Lady B. Lookye! sir, not that I doubt my lord's opinion of me; but—

Sir C. Lookye! madam, in short, your word has been too often taken to let you make up quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise you never intended to keep.

Lady B. Was there ever such insolence! he won't

More. Sir Charles! [give me leave to speak.

Lady B. No, pray, my lord, have patience; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof of't: pray, sir, wherein can you charge me with a breach of promise to my lord?

Sir C. Death! you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and though you have promised to see no other company the whole day, when he has come, he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquets, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran over with transport of their flattery, and your own vain power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four hours of your good-humour upon such wretches; and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him; sunk into a distasteful spleen, complained you had talked yourself into the headache, and then indulged upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain: and by that time you had stretched, and gaped him heartily out of patience, of a sudden, most importantly remember you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle; and immediately order your coach to the

Lady B. Yet, sir, have you done? [park?

Sir C. No; though this might serve to shew the nature of your principles. But the noble conquest you have gained at last, over defeated sense of reputation, too, has made your fame immortal.

More. How, sir?

Lady B. My reputation!

Sir C. Ay, madam, your reputation! My lord, if I advance a falsehood, then resent it. I say, your

reputation; it has been your life's whole pride, of late, to be the common toast of every public table; vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconciled with reputation, and I'll now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him: not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him; now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

Lady B. Sir Charles—(*Confused.*)

Sir C. I know your vanity is so voracious, 'twill even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps, to fill up with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part with even your pride to keep him.

Lady B. Sir Charles, I have not deserved this of you. (*Bursting into tears.*)

Sir C. Ah! true woman! drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hushed of course.

More. Oh! Charles, I can bear no more; those tears are too reproaching.

Sir C. Hist, for your life! (*Aside.*) My lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

Lady B. My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me, then? You know I used him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provoked me to.

More. Hold! I conjure you, madam; I want not this conviction.

Lady B. Send for him this minute; and you and he shall be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

Sir C. Death! you would as soon eat fire, as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one that would make you blush to deny it to. Here comes my wife; now we shall see; ha! and my Lord Foppington with her. Now, now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity: now, my lord, you'll have a warning, sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed.

Enter LADY EASY and LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lady E. In tears, my dear; what's the matter?

Lady B. Oh! my dear, all I told you is true; Sir Charles has shewn himself to be such an inveterate enemy of mine, that if I believed I deserved but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

Fop. Harkye! Charles, pr'ythee, what is this business?

Sir C. Why, your's, my lord, for aught I know. I have made such a breach betwixt them—I can't promise much for the courage of a woman; but if it holds, I am sure it's wide enough, that you may enter ten a-breast, my lord. (*Apart.*)

Fop. Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold six to four I am the first man in the town.

Lady E. Sure, there must be some mistake in this; I hope he has not made my lord your enemy.

Lady B. I know not what he has done.

More. Far be that thought! Alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, (advised by his mistaken friendship,) may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

Lady B. No, my lord; since I perceive his little arts have not prevailed upon your good-nature to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself, and to the confession you have made, my lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame, too.

More. Ah! is it possible? can you own so much? Oh! my transported heart!

Lady B. He says I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it: but it was when that uneasiness, I thought, proceeded from your love; and if you did love—'twill not be much to pardon it.

More. Oh! let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

Lady B. And since the giddy woman's slights I have shewn you too often, have been public, 'tis fit, at last, the amends and reparation should be so: therefore, what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry that has or shall be offered by me to your uneasiness.

More. Oh! be less generous, or teach me to deserve it. Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

Lady B. As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation; for, though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding than to suppose he could mistake it.

Fop. I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance; and do not positively remember that the *non-chalance* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to shew itself before. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. My lord, I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

Fop. Oh! madam, don't be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for, in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together.

Lady B. My lord, that's a very prudent temper.

Fop. Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal peace with mankind, give me leave to have the honour of completing it, by joining your hands where you have already offered up your inclination. [you.]

Lady B. My lord, that's a favour I can't refuse

More. Generous, indeed, my lord.

Fop. And, stap my breath! if ever I was better pleased since my first entrance into human nature.

Sir C. How now, my lord! What, throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

Fop. Lookye! Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone: but he that will keep well with the ladies must sometimes be content to make one at a pool with them: and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

Sir C. Wisely considered, my lord.

Lady B. And now, Sir Charles—

Sir C. And now, madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess that everything I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial. I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have, by this time, convinced you that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good-nature by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in. Ha, ha!

Lady B. Why—well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! And was it afraid they would take away its love from it. Poor Lady Betty!

Lady E. My dear, I beg your pardon; but 'tis impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleased.

Fop. Really, madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure, too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh.

Lady B. Nay, I have deserved it all, that's the truth on't; but I hope, my lord, you were not in this design against me.

More. As a proof, madam, I am inclined never to deceive you more, I do confess I had my share in it.

Lady B. You do, my lord; then I declare 'twas a design the best carried on, that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame I own it) for aught I know, the only thing that could have prevailed upon my temper: it was a foolish pride that has

cost me many a bitten lip to support it. I wish we don't both repent, my lord. [never shall.]

More. Don't you repent without me, and we

Sir C. Well, madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct is, that my lord had constancy, and you have tried it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (To More.) My lord, Mr. Le Fevre's below, and desires to know what time your lordship will please to have the music begin.

More. Sir Charles, what say you? will you give me leave to bring them hither?

Sir C. As the ladies think fit, my lord.

Lady B. Oh! by all means; 'twill be better here, unless we could have the Terrace to ourselves.

More. Then, pray, desire them to come all hither immediately. [Exit Serv.]

Enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Lady G. Yes, you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come, like a poor fool, to upbraid your guilt; but, if I could, to blast you with a look.

Sir C. Come, come, you have sense—don't expose yourself: you are unhappy, and I own myself the cause; the only satisfaction I can offer you is, to protest no new engagement takes me from you; but a sincere reflection of the long neglect and injuries I have done the best of wives; for whose amends and only sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient pleasures of my life.

Lady G. Have you then fallen into the low contempt of exposing me, and to your wife, too?

Sir C. 'Twas impossible without it, I could ever be sincere in my conversion.

Lady G. Despicable!

Sir C. Do not think so: for my sake I know she'll not reproach you; nor, by her carriage, ever let the world perceive you've wronged her.

Lady E. Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup with us? [pany.]

Lady G. Madam, I can't refuse such good com-

Sir C. You see the worst of her resentment: in the meantime, don't endeavour to be her friend, and she'll never be your enemy.

Lady G. I am unfortunate: 'tis what my folly has deserved, and I submit to it.

More. So! here's the music. (*Music.*)

Lady E. Come, ladies, shall we sit?

SONG.

*Sabina, with an angel's face,
By love ordain'd for joy,
Seems of the syren's cruel race,
To charm and then destroy:
With all the arts of look and dress,
She fans the fatal fire;
Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,
She bids the swain expire.
The god of love enrag'd to see
The nymph defy his flame,
Pronounc'd his merciless decree
Against the haughty dame;
Let age with double speed o'ertake her,
Let love the room of pride supply;
And when the lovers all forsake her,
A spotless virgin let her die.*

Sir C. (To Lady E.) Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast upon me. In all my past experience of the sex, I found, even among the better sort, so much of folly, pride, malice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded you but of the foremost rank, and, therefore, scarcely worthy my concern; but thou hast stirred me with so severe a proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to my love. If, then, the unkindly thought of what I have been, hereafter should intrude upon thy growing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be easy:

*Thy wrongs, when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd,
And from that virtue found, I blush'd and truly lov'd.*
[Exeunt.]

THE TENDER HUSBAND;

OR, THE ACCOMPLISHED FOOLS:

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.



Act IV.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR HARRY GUBBIN
HUMPHREY GUBBIN
TIPKIN
POUNCE

CAPTAIN CLERIMONT
CLERIMONT, SENIOR
MRS. CLERIMONT
AUNT

FAINLOVE
NIECE
JENNY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior, and FAINLOVE.

Cler. sen. Well, Mr. Fainlove, how do you go on in your amour with my wife?

Fain. I am very civil and very distant; if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze at her; then throw down my eyes, as if oppressed by fear of offence, then steal a look again till she again sees me:—this is my general method.

Cler. sen. And 'tis right: for such a fine lady has no guard to her virtue, but her pride; therefore, you must constantly apply yourself to that. But, dear Lucy, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly wench to me; so my spouse, also, has been constant to my bed, but careless of my fortune.

Fain. Ah! my dear, how could you leave your poor Lucy, and run into France to see sights, and shew your gallantry with a wife? Was not that unnatural?

Cler. sen. She brought me a noble fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it: therefore, I carried her to see the world, forsooth, and make the

tour of France and Italy, where she learned to lose her money gracefully, to admire every vanity in our sex, and condemn every virtue in her own; which, with ten thousand other perfections, are the ordinary improvements of a travelled lady. Now I can neither mortify her vanity that I may live at ease with her, or quite discard her, till I have caught her a little enlarging her innocent freedoms, as she calls them; for this end, I am content to be a French husband, though, now and then, with the secret pangs of an Italian one; and therefore, sir, or madam, you are thus equipped to attend and accost her ladyship: it concerns you to be diligent: if we wholly part—I need say no more; if we do not—I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you; but you are not to expect I'll go much among the men.

Cler. sen. No, no; you must not go near men, you are only (when my wife goes to a play) to sit in a side-box with pretty fellows: I don't design you to personate a real man, you are only to be a pretty gentleman. Not to be of any use or consequence in the world, as to yourself, but merely as a property to others. You must have seen many of that species.

Fain. I apprehend you; such as stand in assem-

blies, with an indolent softness and contempt of all around them; who make a figure in public, and are scorned in private. I have seen such an one with a pocket-glass to see his own face, and an affected perspective to know others. (*Imitates each.*)

Cler. sen. Ay, ay, that's my man. Thou dear rogue!

Fain. Let me alone; I'll lay my life I'll horn you; that is, I'll make it appear I might if I could.

Cler. sen. Ay, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To shew you the progress I have made, I last night won of her five hundred pounds, which I have brought you safe. (*Giving him bills.*)

Cler. sen. Oh! the d—d vice! That women can imagine all household care, regard to posterity, and fear of poverty, must be sacrificed to a game at cards. Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had been capable of finding your account another way—

Fain. That's but a suppose.

Cler. sen. I say she must have complied with everything you asked.

Fain. But she knows you never limit her expenses. I'll gain her from him for ever if I can. (*Aside.*)

Cler. sen. With this, you have repaid me two thousand pounds, and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supplied her. We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part—if t'other way fails. (*Aside.*) However, I can't blame your fondness of her, she has so many entertaining qualities with her vanity. Then she has such a pretty unthinking air, while she saunters round a room, and prattles sentences—

Cler. sen. That was her way from her infancy; she always had a great genius for knowing everything but what it was necessary she should. Thus the case stood when she went to France; but her fine follies improved so daily, that, though I was then proud of her being called Mr. Clerimont's wife, I am now as much out of countenance to hear myself called Mrs. Clerimont's husband; so much is the superiority of her side.

Fain. I am sure, if ever I gave myself a little liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. sen. I should have the whole sex on my back, should I pretend to retrench a lady so well visited as mine is. Therefore, I must bring it about that it shall appear her own act, if she reform; or else I shall be pronounced jealous, and have my eyes pulled out for being open. But I hear my brother Jack coming, who, I hope, has brought your's with him. Hist! not a word.

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT and POUNCE.

Capt. C. I have found him out, at last, brother, and brought you the obsequious Mr. Pounce. I saw him at a distance, in a crowd, whispering in their turns with all about him. He is a gentleman so received, so courted, and so trusted—

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw anything like that, if the approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desired it) to this company.

Capt. C. Oh! the civil person! But, dear Pounce, you know I am your professed admirer. Now my brother and I want your help in a business that requires a little more dexterity than we ourselves are masters of.

Pounce. You know, sir, my character is helping the distressed, which I do freely, and without re-

serve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the justice of the occasion, and so lose the grace of the benefit. Now 'tis my profession to assist a free-hearted young fellow against an unnatural long-lived father; to disencumber men of pleasure of the vexation of unwieldy estates; to support a feeble title to an inheritance; to—

Cler. sen. I have been well acquainted with your merits ever since I saw you, with so much compassion, prompt a stammering witness in Westminster-hall, that wanted instruction. I love a man that can venture his ears with so much bravery for his friend.

Pounce. Dear, sir, spare my modesty, and let me know to what all this panegyric tends.

Cler. sen. Why, sir, what I would say is in behalf of my brother, the Captain, here, whose misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident that he had rather you should have been so, than any other man in England.

Capt. C. You do me justice, Mr. Pounce: but though 'tis to that gentleman, I am still a younger brother; and you know we that are so, are generally condemned to shops, colleges, or inns of court—

Pounce. But you, sir, have escaped them; you have been trading in the noble mart of glory.

Capt. C. That's true: but the general makes such haste to finish the war, that we red coats may be soon out of fashion; and then, I am a fellow of the most easy, indolent disposition in the world; I hate all manner of business.

Pounce. A composed temper, indeed!

Capt. C. In such case, I should have no way of livelihood, but calling over this gentleman's dogs in the country, drinking his stale beer to the neighbourhood, or marrying a fortune.

Cler. sen. To be short, Pounce, I am putting Jack upon marriage; and you are so public an envoy, or rather plenipotentiary, from the very different nations of Cheapside, Covent-garden, and St. James's; you have, too, the mien and language of each place so naturally, that you are the properest instrument I know in the world, to help an honest young fellow to favour in one of them, by credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many prefaces, gentlemen, the purpose of all is this: that it would not, in the least, discompose this gentleman's easy, indolent disposition, to fall into twenty thousand pounds, though it came upon him never so suddenly.

Capt. C. You are a very discerning man. How could you see so far through me as to know I love a fine woman, pretty equipage, good company, and a clean habitation?

Pounce. Well, though I am so much a conjurer, what then?

Cler. sen. You know a certain person into whose hands you now and then recommend a young heir to be relieved from the vexation of tenants, taxes, and so forth—

Pounce. What, my worthy friend, and city patron, Hezekiah Tipkin, banker, in Lombard-street? Would the noble Captain lay any sums in his hands?

Capt. C. No; but the noble Captain would have treasure out of his hands. You know his niece.

Pounce. To my knowledge, ten thousand pounds in money.

Capt. C. Such a stature! such a blooming countenance! so easy a shape!

Pounce. In jewels of her grandmother's five thousand—

Capt. C. Her wit so lively, her mien so alluring!

Pounce. In land a thousand a year.

Capt. C. Her lips have that certain prominence, that swelling softness, that they invite to a pressure; her eyes that languish, that they give pain, though they look only inclined to rest; her whole person that one charm—

Pounce. Why, I thought you had never seen her.

Capt. C. No more I haven't.

Pounce. Who told you, then, of her inviting lips, her soft, sleepy eyes?

Capt. C. You yourself.

Pounce. Sure, you rave; I never spoke of her before to you.

Capt. C. Why, you won't face me down.—Did you not just now say, she had ten thousand pounds in money, five in jewels, and a thousand a year?

Pounce. I confess my own stupidity, and her charms. Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her; you have the cant of loving. But, pray, may we be free? That young gentleman—

Capt. C. A very honest, modest gentleman of my acquaintance: one that has much more in him than he appears to have; you shall know him better, sir: this is Mr. Pounce; Mr. Pounce, this is Mr. Fainlove; I must desire you to let him be known to you and your friends.

Pounce. I shall be proud. Well, then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young lady, by being kept from the world, has made a world of her own. She has spent all her solitude in reading romances; her head is full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves, and streams; so that if you talk like a man of this world to her, you do nothing.

Capt. C. Oh! let me alone; I have been a great traveller in fairy land myself; I know Oroondates, Cassandra—Astrea and Clelia are my intimate acquaintance.

Pounce. That would do, that would do; her very language.

Cler. sen. Why, then, dear Pounce, I know thou art the only man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the marriage settlement between her and a country booby, her cousin, Humphrey Gubbin, Sir Harry's heir, who is come to take possession of her.

Cler. sen. Well, all that I can say to the matter is, that a thousand pounds on the day of Jack's marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the despatch of those deeds.

Pounce. Why, a thousand pounds is a pretty thing; especially when 'tis to take a lady fair out of the hands of an obstinate, ill-bred clown, to give her to a gentle swain, a dying, enamoured knight.

Cler. sen. Ay, dear Pounce, consider but that: the justice of the thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the glorious Blenheim. Lookye! Captain, I hope you have learned an implicit obedience to your leaders.

Capt. C. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce. Then, if I am to command, make no one step without me. And since we may be free, I am also to acquaint you, there will be more merit in bringing this matter to bear than you imagine. Yet right measures make all things possible.

Capt. C. We'll follow your's exactly.

Pounce. But the great matter against us is want of time; for the nymph's uncle, and 'squire's father, this morning met, and made an end of the matter.

But the difficulty of a thing, Captain, shall be no reason against attempting it.

Capt. C. I have so great an opinion of your conduct, that I warrant you we conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employed by old Tipkin, and so necessary to him, that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. sen. I have seen thee cajole the knave very dexterously.

Pounce. Why, really, sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please. Now Tipkin is an absolute Lombard-street wit, a fellow that drolls on the strength of fifty thousand pounds: he is called, on 'Change, Slyboots; and by the force of a very good credit, and very bad conscience, he is a leading person: but we must be quick, or he'll sneer old Sir Harry out of his senses, and strike up the sale of his niece immediately.

Capt. C. But my rival, what's he?

Pounce. There's some hopes there; for I hear the booby is as averse, as his father is inclined to it. One is as obstinate, as the other cruel.

Cler. sen. He is, they say, a pert blockhead, and very lively out of his father's sight.

Pounce. He that gave me his character, called him a docile dunce; a fellow rather absurd, than a direct fool. When his father's absent, he'll pursue anything he's put upon. But we must not lose time. Pray, be you two brothers at home to wait for any notice from me, while that pretty gentleman and I, whose face I have known, take a walk and look about for them. So, so, young lady!

[*Aside to Fainlove. Exeunt.*]

Enter SIR HARRY GUBBIN and TIPKIN.

Sir H. Lookye! brother Tipkin, as I told you before, my business in town is to dispose of a hundred head of cattle and my son.

Tip. Brother Gubbin, as I signified to you in my last, bearing date September 13th, my niece has a thousand pounds per annum; and because I have found you a plain-dealing man, (particularly in the easy pad you put into my hands last summer,) I was willing you should have the refusal of my niece, provided that I have a discharge from all retrospects while her guardian, and one thousand pounds for my care.

Sir H. Ay, but, brother, you rate her too high; the war has fetched down the price of women; the whole nation is overrun with petticoats; our daughters lie upon our hands, brother Tipkin; girls are drugs, sir, mere drugs.

Tip. Lookye! Sir Harry, let girls be what they will, a thousand pounds a year is a thousand pounds a year; and a thousand pounds a year is neither girl nor boy.

Sir H. Lookye! Mr. Tipkin, the main article with me is, that foundation of wives' rebellion, and husbands' cuckoldom, that cursed pin-money. Five hundred pounds per annum pin-money!

Tip. The word pin-money, Sir Harry, is a term—

Sir H. It is a term, brother, we never had in our family, nor ever will; make her jointure in widowhood accordingly large, but four hundred pounds a year is enough to give no account of.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, since you can't swallow these pins, I will abate to four hundred pounds.

Sir H. And to mollify the article, as well as specify the uses, we'll put in the names of several female utensils; as needles, knitting-needles, tape, thread, scissors, bodkins, fans, play-books, with other toys of that nature. And now, since we have as good as concluded on the marriage, it

will not be improper that the young people see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent till the very instant of marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir H. They shall meet. As for the young girl, she cannot dislike Numps; and for Numps, I never suffered him to have anything he liked in his life. He'll be here immediately; he has been trained up from his childhood under such a plant as this in my hand: I have taken pains in his education.

Tip. Sir Harry, I approve your method; for since you have left off hunting, you might otherwise want exercise, and this is a subtle expedient to preserve your own health, and your son's good manners.

Sir H. It has been the custom of the Gubbins to preserve severity and discipline in their families: I myself was caned the day before my wedding.

Tip. Ay, Sir Harry, had you not been well cudgelled in youth, you had never been the man you are.

Sir H. You say right; now I feel the benefit of it. There's a crab-tree near our house, which flourishes for the good of my posterity, and has brushed our jackets, from father to son, for several generations.

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all things necessary for the family within yourselves.

Sir H. Oh! yonder, I see Numps is coming; I have dressed him in the very suit I had on at my own wedding; 'tis a most becoming apparel.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Tip. Truly, the youth makes a good marriageable figure.

Sir H. Come forward, Numps; this is your uncle Tipkin, your mother's brother, Numps, that is so kind as to bestow his niece upon you. Don't be so glum, sirrah. Don't bow to a man with a face as if you'd knock him down, don't, sirrah! (*Apart.*)

Tip. I am glad to see you, cousin Humphrey. He is not talkative, I observe already.

Sir H. He is very shrewd, sir, when he pleases. Do you see this crab-stick, you dog? (*Apart.*) Well, Numps, don't be out of humour. Will you talk? (*Apart.*) Come, we're your friends, Numps; come, lad.

Hump. You are a pure fellow for a father. This is always your trick, to make a great fool of one before company. (*Apart to his father.*)

Sir H. Don't disgrace me, sirrah: you grim graceless rogue! (*Apart.*) Brother, he has been bred up to respect and silence before his parents; yet did you but hear what a noise he makes sometimes in the kitchen, or the kennel, he's the loudest of them all.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your word for it.

Hump. I can speak when I see occasion, and I can hold my tongue when I see occasion.

Sir H. Well said, Numps! Sirrah, I see you can do well, if you will. (*Apart.*)

Tip. Pray, walk up to me, cousin Humphrey.

Sir H. Ay, walk to and fro between us, with your hat under your arm. Clear up your countenance. (*Apart.*)

Tip. I see, Sir Harry, you haven't set him a capering under a French dancing-master; he does not mince it; he has not learned to walk by a *courant*, or a *borée*. His paces are natural, Sir Harry.

Hump. I don't know, but 'tis so we walk in the west of England.

Sir H. Ay, right, Numps, and so we do. Ha,

ha, ha! Pray, brother, observe his make; none of your lath-backed, wishy-washy breed. Come hither, Numps. Can't you stand still? (*Apart, measuring his shoulders.*)

Tip. I presume, this is not the first time, Sir Harry, you have measured his shoulders with your cane.

Sir H. Lookye! brother, two feet and a half in the shoulders.

Tip. Two feet and a half! we must make some settlement on the younger children.

Sir H. Not like him, quotha!

Tip. He may see his cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But harkye! uncle, I have a scruple I had better mention before marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? what's that?

Hump. My cousin, you know, is akin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young man to marry his own relation.

Sir H. Harkye, harkye! Numps, we have got a way to solve all that. Sirrah! consider this cudgel! Your cousin! Suppose I'd have you marry your grandmother, what then? (*Apart.*)

Tip. Well, has your father satisfied you in the point, Mr. Humphrey?

Hump. Ay, ay, sir, very well; I have not the least scruple remaining; no, no, not in the least, sir.

Tip. Then harkye! brother, we'll go take a wet, and settle the whole affair.

Sir H. Come, we'll leave Numps here; he knows the way. Not marry your own relations, sirrah!

[*Apart. Exit with Tipkin.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine! how prettily this park is stocked with soldiers, and deer, and ducks, and ladies. Ha! where are the old fellows gone? where can they be, 'trow? I'll ask these people.

Enter POUNCE and FAINLOVE.

Ha! you pretty young gentleman, did you see my father?

Fain. Your father, sir?

Hump. A weazel-faced, cross, old gentleman with spindle shanks.

Fain. No, sir.

Hump. A crab-tree stick in his hand.

Pounce. We haven't met anybody with these marks; but, sure, I have seen you before: are not you Mr. Humphrey Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Henry Gubbin?

Hump. I am his son and heir, but how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every day of disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear sir, let me embrace you. Nay, don't be offended if I take the liberty to kiss you; Mr. Fainlove, pray, kiss the gentleman. (*Fainlove kisses Humphrey.*) Nay, dear sir, don't stare and be surprised; for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you, one day, clinch your fist at your father, when his back was turned upon you: for, I must own, I very much admire a young gentleman of spirit.

Hump. Why, sir, would it not vex a man to the heart, to have an old fool snubbing a body every minute afore company?

Pounce. Oh, fie! he uses you like a boy.

Hump. Like a boy! He lays me on, now and then, as if I were one of his hounds. You can't think what a rage he was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own cousin.

Pounce. A man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. Humphrey; a man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own flesh and blood; we should squabble like brother and sister; do you think we should not, Mr. ———?

Pray, gentlemen, may I crave the favour of your names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very person that have been employed to draw up the articles of marriage between you and your cousin.

Hump. Ay, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning myself: pray, sir, what estate am I heir to?

Pounce. To fifteen hundred pounds a year, an entailed estate—

Hump. I am glad to hear it, with all my heart; and can you satisfy me in another question: pray, how old am I at present?

Pounce. Three-and-twenty last March.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told, by some of the neighbourhood, that I was born the very year the pigeon-house was built, and everybody knows the pigeon-house is three-and-twenty. Why, I find there have been tricks played me; I have obeyed him all along, as if I had been obliged to it.

Pounce. Not at all, sir; your father can't cut you out of one acre of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Hump. What a fool have I been to give him his head so long!

Pounce. A man of your beauty and fortune may find out ladies enough that are not akin to you.

Hump. Lookye! Mr. What-d'ye-call, as to my beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that. But, sir, mayn't I crave your name?

Pounce. My name, sir, is Pounce, at your service.

Hump. Pounce, with a P?

Pounce. Yes, sir; and Samuel, with an S.

Hump. Why, then, Mr. Samuel Pounce, do you know any gentlewoman that you think I could like? For to tell you truly, I took an antipathy to my cousin ever since my father proposed her to me: and since everybody knows I came up to be married, I don't care to go down and look balked.

Pounce. I have a thought just come into my head: do you see this young gentleman? he has a sister, a prodigious fortune—faith! you two shall be acquainted.

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplished a gentleman as Mr. Humphrey for my sister; but, being your friend, I will be at his service in the affair.

Hump. If I had your sister, she and I should live like two turtles.

Pounce. Mr. Humphrey, you sha'n't be fooled any longer. I'll carry you into company. Mr. Fainlove, you shall introduce him to Mrs. Clerimont's toilet.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him, for she loves a gentleman whose manner is particular.

Pounce. What, sir, a person of your pretensions, a clear estate, no portions to pay! 'tis barbarous your treatment. Mr. Humphrey, I'm afraid you want money: there's for you. (*Giving him a purse.*) What, a man of your accomplishments!

Hump. And yet, you see, sir, how they use me. Dear sir, you are the best friend I ever met with in all my life. Now I am flush of money bring me to your sister, and I warrant you for my behaviour. A man's quite another thing with money in his pocket, you know.

Pounce. How little the oaf wonders why I should give him money! (*Aside.*) You shall never want, Mr. Humphrey, while I have it, Mr. Humphrey. But, dear friend, I must take my leave of you; I have some extraordinary business on my hands; I can't stay: but you must not say a word.

Fain. But you must be in the way half-an-hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. Clerimont's.

Pounce. Make them believe you are willing to

have your cousin Bridget, till opportunity serves: farewell, dear friend. [*Exit with Fainlove.*]

Hump. Farewell, good Mr. Samuel Pounce. But let's see my cash: 'tis very true, the old saying, a man meets with more friendship from strangers, than his own relations. Let's see my cash: one, two, three, four, there on that side; one, two, three, four, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all one's money in one pocket; 'tis like a man's whole estate in one county. I'll keep these in my hand, lest I should have present occasion. But this town's full of pickpockets, so I'll go home again.

[*Exit, whistling.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter POUNCE and CAPTAIN CLERIMONT with his arm in a scarf.

Pounce. You are now well enough instructed both in the aunt and niece to form your behaviour.

Capt. C. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated virgin has a mighty affectation for youth, and is a great lover of men and money. One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratify her in, by turning her pence in the annuities, or the stocks of one of the companies; some way or other I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young lady.

Capt. C. Since that is her ladyship's turn, so busy and fine a gentleman as Mr. Pounce must needs be in her good graces.

Pounce. So shall you, too. But you must not be seen with me at first meeting; I'll dog them, while you watch at a distance. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Niece. Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour, before we went out this morning? He's a most accomplished cavalier!

Aunt. Come, niece, come; you don't do well to make sport of your relations, especially with a young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Niece. Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

Aunt. Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphrey will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

Niece. Good, madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions: do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty? What a peasant-like amour do these coarse words import! True and hearty! Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your style.

Aunt. Alack-a-day! cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turned your head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing. Did you ever meet with an heroine, in those idle romances as you call 'em, that was termed Biddy?

Aunt. Ah! cousin, cousin, these are mere vapours, indeed; nothing but vapours.

Niece. No; the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name; something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty

and behaviour. A name that glides through half-a-dozen tender syllables, as Elismunda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels of the tongue, not hissing through one's teeth, or breaking them with consonants. 'Tis strange rudeness, those familiar names they give us, when there is Aurelia, Saccharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition; and Celia, Chloris, Corinna, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

Aunt. Lookye! Biddy, this is not to be supported; I know not where you have learned this nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget afore you, and an excellent housewife.

Niece. Good madam, don't upbraid me with my mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was; and spent her time in better learning than ever you did; not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants; but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles, and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

Niece. My mother, and a Bridget?

Aunt. Yes, niece; I say again, your mother, my sister, was a Bridget: the daughter of her mother Margery, of her mother Cicely, of her mother Alice—

Niece. Have you no mercy? Oh! the barbarous genealogy!

Aunt. Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan—

Niece. Since you will run on, then, I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure parents, till by chance some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be searched. That's like your calling the winds the fanning gales, before I don't know how much company; and the tree that was blown by them, had, forsooth, a spirit imprisoned in the trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then, a cloud, this morning, had a flying dragon in it.

Niece. What eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my part, I look upon it as a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night. But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost, if the writers had been persons of your goût!

Aunt. I wish the authors had been hanged, and their books burnt, before you had seen them.

Niece. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable lies—

Niece. Indeed, madam, your raillery is coarse.

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young girls, and turn their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your good.

Niece. What, to burn Philocles, Artaxerxes, Oroondates, and the rest of the heroic lovers, and take my country booby, cousin Humphrey, for a husband!

Aunt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Biddy, pray, good dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the world; come, come, you shall marry your cousin, and live comfortably.

Niece. Live comfortably! What kind of life is that? A great heiress live comfortably! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas. What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard-street.

Niece. As we do! That's a fine life, indeed! with one servant of each sex. Let us see how many things our coachman is good for: he rubs down his horses, lays the cloth, whets the knives, and sometimes makes beds.

Aunt. A good servant should turn his hand to everything in a family.

Niece. Nay, there's not a creature in our family that has not two or three different duties: as John is butler, footman, and coachman; so, Mary is cook, laundress, and chamber-maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Niece. No, not I; nor at the coach-horses, though one has an easy trot for my uncle's riding, and t'other an easy pace for your side-saddle.

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good management of your relations, do you?

Niece. No, I am well satisfied that all the house are creatures of business; but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor lap-dog might have lived with me upon my fortune without an employment; but my uncle threatens every day to make him a turnspit, that he, too, in his sphere, may help us to live comfortably.

Aunt. Harkye! cousin Biddy—

Niece. I vow I'm out of countenance when our butler, with his careful face, drives us all stowed in a chariot, drawn by one horse ambling, and t'other trotting, with his provisions behind for the family, from Saturday night till Monday morning, bound for Hackney. Then we make a comfortable figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do; and so will you always, if you marry your cousin Humphrey.

Niece. Name not the creature.

Aunt. Creature! what, your own cousin a creature!

Niece. Oh! let's be going; I see yonder another creature, that does my uncle's law business, and has, I believe, made ready the deeds, those barbarous deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. Pounce a creature, too! Nay, now I'm sure you're ignorant. You shall stay, and you'll learn more wit from him in an hour, than in a thousand of your foolish books in an age. Your servant, Mr. Pounce.

Enter POUNCE.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, sir.

Pounce. I should be loth to be esteemed one of those who think they have a privilege of mixing in all companies, without any business, but to bring forth a loud laugh, or vain jest.

Niece. He talks with the mien and gravity of a Paladin. (*Aside.*)

Pounce. Madam, I bought, the other day, at three and a half, and sold at seven.

Aunt. Then, pray, sir, sell for me in time. Niece, mind him; he has an infinite deal of wit. (*Apart.*)

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you. I never neglect such opportunities to serve my friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest man in the world.

Pounce. I assure you, madam, I said, last night, before a hundred head of citizens, that Mrs. Bar-sheba Tipkin was the most ingenious young lady in the liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. Pounce, you are so facetious! but you are always among the great ones; 'tis no wonder you have it.

Niece. Idle, idle! (*Aside.*)

Pounce. But madam, you know Alderman Grey-goose; he's a notable joking man: "Well," says

he, "here's Mrs. Barsheba's health; she's my mistress."

Aunt. That man makes me split my sides with laughing, he's such a wag. Mr. Pounce pretends Greygoose said all this, but I know 'tis his own wit, for he's in love with me. (*Aside.*)

Pounce. But, madam, there's a certain affair I should communicate to you. (*Apart.*)

Aunt. Ay, 'tis certainly so; he wants to break his mind to me. (*Aside.*)

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT.

Pounce. Oh! Captain Clerimont, Captain Clerimont! Ladies, pray, let me introduce this young gentleman; he's my friend; a youth of great virtue and goodness, for all he is in a red coat.

Aunt. If he's your friend, we need not doubt his virtue.

Capt. C. Ladies, you're taking the cool breath of the morning.

Niece. A pretty phrase. (*Aside.*)

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm weather.

Capt. C. Oh! 'tis the season of the pearly dews and gentle zephyrs.

Niece. Ay, pray, mind that again, aunt. (*Aside.*)

Pounce. Sha'n't we repose ourselves on yonder seat? I love improving company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so: he's in love with me, and wants opportunity to tell me so. I don't care if we do. He's a most ingenious man.

[*Aside, and exit with Pounce.*]

Capt. C. We enjoy here, madam, all the pretty landscapes of the country, without the pain of going thither.

Niece. Art and nature are in a rivalry, or rather a confederacy, to adorn this beauteous park with all the agreeable variety of water, shade, walks, and air. What can be more charming than these flowery lawns?

Capt. C. Or these gloomy shades?

Niece. Or these embroidered valleys?

Capt. C. Or that transparent stream?

Niece. Or these bowing branches on the banks of it, that seem to admire their own beauty in the crystal mirror?

Capt. C. I am surprised, madam, at the delicacy of your phrase. Can such expressions come from Lombard-street?

Niece. Alas! sir, what can be expected from an innocent virgin, that has been immured almost one-and-twenty years from the conversation of mankind, under the care of an Urganda of an aunt?

Capt. C. Bless me! madam, how you have been abused! many a lady, before your age, has had a hundred lances broken in her service, and as many dragons cut to pieces in honour of her.

Niece. Oh! the charming man! (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. Do you believe Pamela was one-and-twenty before she knew Musidorus?

Niece. I could hear him ever. (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. A lady of your wit and beauty might have given occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age.

Niece. Oh! the powers! who can he be? (*Aside.*) Oh! youth unknown! But let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to; for, sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your person and your history. You seem, indeed, by your deportment, and the distinguishing mark of your bravery which you bear, to have been in a conflict; may I not know what cruel beauty obliged you to such adventures, till she pitied you?

Capt. C. Oh! the pretty coxcomb! (*Aside.*)

Oh! Blenheim, Blenheim! Oh! Cordelia, Cordelia!

Niece. You mention the place of battle, I would fain hear an exact description of it. Our public papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the sun rose on that glorious day. Were there not a great many flights of vultures before the battle begun?

Capt. C. Oh! madam, they have eaten up half my acquaintance.

Niece. Certainly, never birds of prey were so feasted; by report, they might have lived half a year on the very legs and arms our troops left behind them.

Capt. C. Had we not fought near a wood, we should never have got legs enough to have come home upon. The joiner of the foot-guards has made his fortune by it.

Niece. I shall never forgive your general. He has put all my ancient heroes out of countenance; he has pulled down Cyrus and Alexander, as much as Louis le Grand. But your own part in that action—

Capt. C. Only that slight hurt; for the astrologer said, at my nativity, "Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musket shall destroy this child, let him but avoid fair eyes." But, madam, may not I crave the name of her that has captivated my heart?

Niece. I can't guess whom you mean by that description; but if you ask my name, I must confess you put me upon revealing what I always keep as the greatest secret I have; for, would you believe it? they have called me—I don't know how to own it—but have called me Bridget.

Capt. C. Bridget!

Niece. Bridget.

Capt. C. Bridget!

Niece. Spare my confusion, I beseech you, sir; and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by Parthenissa; for that's the name I have assumed ever since I came to years of discretion.

Capt. C. The insupportable tyranny of parents, to fix names on helpless infants which they must blush at all their lives after! I don't think there's a surname in the world to match it.

Niece. No! what do you think of Tipkin?

Capt. C. Tipkin! Why, I think if I were a young lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Niece. Pray, how would you get rid of it?

Capt. C. I'd change it for another. I could recommend to you three very pretty syllables: what do you think of Clerimont?

Niece. Clerimont, Clerimont! Very well. But what right have I to it?

Capt. C. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in possession of it. By a very few words, I can make it over to you, and your children after you.

Niece. Oh, fie! whither are you running? You know, a lover should sigh in private, and languish whole years before he reveals his passion; he should retire into some solitary grove, and make the woods and wild beasts his confidants; you should have told it to the echo half a year before you had discovered it even to my handmaid. And yet, besides, to talk to me of children! Did you ever hear of a heroine having children?

Capt. C. What can a lover do, madam, now the race of giants is extinct? Had I loved in those days, there had not been a mortal six feet high, but should have owned Parthenissa for the paragon of beauty, or measured his length on the ground. Parthenissa should have been heard by the brooks and deserts at midnight; the echo's burden, and the river's murmur.

Niece. That had been a golden age, indeed! But see, my aunt has left her grave companion,

and is coming towards us; I command you to leave me.

Capt. C. Thus Oroondates, when Statira dismissed him her presence, threw himself at her feet, and implored permission but to live. (*Offering to kneel.*)

Niece. And thus Statira raised him from the earth, permitting him to live and love.

[*Exit Capt. C.*]

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. Pounce's conversation very improving, niece?

Niece. Is not Mr. Clerimont a very pretty name, aunt?

Aunt. He has so much prudence—

Niece. He has so much gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his expressions—

Niece. So polished in his language.

Aunt. All he says is, methinks, so like a sermon.

Niece. All he speaks savours of romance.

Aunt. Romance, niece! Mr. Pounce? What savours of romance?

Niece. No, I mean his friend, the accomplished Mr. Clerimont.

Aunt. Fie! for one of your years to commend a young fellow!

Niece. One of my years is mightily governed by example. You did not dislike Mr. Pounce.

Aunt. What, censorious, too? I find there is no trusting you out of the house; a moment's fresh air does but make you still the more in love with strangers, and despise your own relations.

Niece. I am, certainly, by the power of an enchantment placed among you; but I hope I this morning employed one to seek adventures, and break the charm.

Aunt. Vapours, Biddy, indeed! Nothing but vapours. Cousin Humphrey shall break the charm.

Niece. Name him not. Call me still Biddy, rather than name that brute. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT and POUNCE.

Capt. C. A perfect Quixote in petticoats! I tell thee, Pounce, she governs herself wholly by romance. It has got into her very blood: she starts by rule, and blushes by example. Could I but have produced one instance of a lady's complying at first sight, I should have gained her promise on the spot. How am I bound to curse the cold constitutions of the Philocleas and Statiras! I am undone for want of precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I laboured hard to favour your conference; and plied the old woman all the while with something that tickled either her vanity or her covetousness.

Capt. C. I pity the drudgery you have gone through; but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty heroine?

Pounce. What should be next done in the ordinary method of things? You have seen her; the next regular approach is, that you cannot subsist a moment without sending forth musical complaints of your misfortune, by way of serenade.

Capt. C. I can nick you there, sir; I'll get everything ready as soon as possible.

Pounce. While you are playing upon the fort, I'll be within, and observe what execution you do, and give you intelligence accordingly.

Capt. C. You must have an eye upon Mr. Humphrey, while I feed the vanity of Parthenissa;

for I am so experienced in these matters, that I know none but coxcombs think to win a woman by any desert of their own. No; it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing humour of your mistress, than exerting any good quality in yourself.

*'Tis not the lover's merit wins the field,
But to themselves alone the beauteous yield.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter MRS. CLERIMONT, FAINLOVE carrying her lap-dog, and JENNY.

Jenny. Madam, the footman that's recommended to you is below, if your ladyship will please to take him.

Mrs. C. Oh, fie! don't believe I'll think on't; it is impossible he should be good for anything. The English are so saucy with their liberty. I'll have all my lower servants French; there cannot be a good footman born out of an absolute monarchy.

Jenny. I am beholden to your ladyship for believing so well of the maid-servants in England.

Mrs. C. Indeed, Jenny, I could wish thou wert really French: for thou art plain English in spite of example. Your arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon joints; not with a swim of the whole person. But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted myself to-day. What pretty company a glass is, to have another self! (*Kisses the dog.*) The converse in soliloquy! To have company that never contradicts or displeases us! The pretty visible echo of our actions! (*Kisses the dog.*) How easy, too, it is to be disencumbered with stays, where a woman has anything like shape; if no shape, a good air! But I look best when I am talking.

Jenny. You always look well.

Mrs. C. For I'm always talking, you mean so: that disquiets thy sullen English temper; but I don't really look so well when I am silent: if I do but offer to speak, then I may say that—Oh! bless me! Jenny, I am so pale, I am afraid of myself: I have not laid on half red enough. What a dough-baked thing I was before I improved myself, and travelled for beauty. However, my face is very prettily designed to-day.

Fain. Indeed, madam, you begin to have so fine a hand, that you are younger every day than otherwise.

Mrs. C. The ladies abroad used to call me Mademoiselle Titian, I was so famous for my colouring: but, pr'ythee, wench, bring me my black eyebrows out of the next room.

Jenny. Madam, I have them in my hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you to-day, if you could change your eyes, too.

Mrs. C. Gallant enough! No, hang it! I'll wear these I have on; this mode of visage takes mightily; I had three ladies, last week, come over to my complexion. I think to be a fair woman this fortnight, till I find I am aped too much; I believe there are a hundred copies of me already.

Jenny. Dear madam, won't your ladyship please to let me be of the next countenance you leave off?

Mrs. C. You may, Jenny; but I assure you it is a very pretty piece of ill-nature, for a woman that has any genius for beauty, to observe the servile

imitation of her manner, her motion, her glances, and her smiles.

Fain. Ay, indeed, madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the inimitable.

Mrs. C. Indeed, as you say, Fainlove, the French mien is no more to be learned than the language, without going thither. Then again, to see some poor ladies who have clownish, penurious, English husbands, turn and torture their old clothes into so many forms, and dye them into so many colours, to follow me. What say'st, Jenny? what say'st? not a word?

Jenny. Why, madam, all that I can say—

Mrs. C. Nay, I believe, Jenny, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy countrywomen. The splenetics speak just as the weather lets them; they are mere talking barometers. Abroad, the people of quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are gay and entertaining: in England, discourse is made up of nothing but question and answer—I was, t'other day, at a visit where there was a profound silence for, I believe, the third part of a minute.

Jenny. And your ladyship there?

Mrs. C. They infected me with their dulness. Who can keep up their good humour at an English visit? They sit, as at a funeral, silent in the midst of many candles; one, perhaps, alarms the room: "'Tis very cold weather!" then all the mutes play their fans till some other question happens, and then the fans go off again.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Captain Clerimont and a very strange gentleman are come to wait on you.

Mrs. C. Let him and the very strange gentleman come in. *[Exit Serv.]*

Fain. Oh! madam, that's the country gentleman I was telling you of.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN and CAPTAIN CLERIMONT.

Madam, may I do myself the honour to recommend Mr. Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Harry Gubbin, to your ladyship's notice?

Mrs. C. Mr. Gubbin, I am extremely pleased with your suit; 'tis antique, and originally from France.

Hump. It is always locked up, madam, when I am in the country. My father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. C. 'Twould make a very pretty dancing suit in a mask. Oh! Captain Clerimont, I have a quarrel with you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your ladyship's husband desires to know whether you see company to-day, or not?

Mrs. C. Who, you clown?

Serv. Mr. Clerimont, madam.

Mrs. C. He may come in. *[Exit Serv.]*

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior.

Your very humble servant.

Cler. sen. I was going to take the air this morning in my coach, and did myself the honour, before I went, to receive your commands, finding you saw company.

Mrs. C. At any time, when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last

night? If I had not asked him that question, they might have thought we lay together. *(Aside.)* But, Captain, I have a quarrel with you; I have utterly forgot those three *coupées* you promised to come again and shew me. But, oh! *(as she is going to be led by the Captain)* have you signed that mortgage to pay off my Lady Faddle's winnings at ombre?

Cler. sen. Yes, madam.

Mrs. C. Then, all's well; my honour's safe. *[Exit Clerimont, sen.]* Come, Captain, lead me this step, for I'm apt to make a false one: you shall shew me.

Capt. C. I'll shew you, madam; 'tis no matter for a fiddle; I'll give you them the French way, in a teaching tune. Pray, more quick—"Oh! *mademoiselle, que faites vous—à moi?*"—There again: now slide, as it were, with and without measure. There you outdid the gipsy; and you have all the smiles of the dance to a tittle.

Hump. If this be French dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it. Haw, haw! *(Capers aside.)*

Mrs. C. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the step, without any of our country bashfulness. Give me your hand—haw, haw! So, so, a little quicker; that's right—haw! Captain, your brother delivered this spark to me, to be diverted here, till he calls for him. *[Exit Capt. C.]*

Hump. This cutting so high makes one's money jingle confoundedly; I'm resolved I'll never carry above one pocket full hereafter.

Mrs. C. You do it very readily; you amaze me.

Hump. Are the gentlemen of France generally so well bred as we are in England? are they, madam, eh? But, young gentleman, when shall I see this sister? Haw, haw, haw! Is not the higher one jumps the better?

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you; you're so gay, and dance so very high—

Hump. What should ail me? Did you think I were wind-galled? I can sing, too, if I please; but I won't till I see your sister. This is a mighty pretty house.

Mrs. C. Well, do you know that I like this gentleman extremely? I should be glad to form him. But were you never in France, Mr. Gubbin?

Hump. No; but I'm always thus pleasant, if my father's not by. I protest, I'd advise your sister to have me; I am for marrying her at once: why should I stand shilly-shally like a country bumpkin?

Fain. Mr. Gubbin, I dare say she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in and see her. *(Apart.)*

Mrs. C. Then he has not yet seen the lady he is in love with. I protest, very new and gallant. Mr. Gubbin, she must needs believe you a frank person. Fainlove, I must see this sister, too; I am resolved she shall like him.

*There needs not time true passion to discover;
The most believing is the most a lover. [Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Park.

Enter Niece.

Niece. Oh! Clerimont, Clerimont! To be struck at first sight! I'm ashamed of my weakness; I find in myself all the symptoms of a raging amour: I love solitude; I grow pale; I sigh frequently; I call upon the name of Clerimont when I don't think of it; his person is ever in my eyes, and his voice in my ears; methinks, I long to lose myself in some pensive grove, or to hang over the head of some

warbling fountain, with a lute in my hand, softening the murmurs of the water.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Biddy, Biddy! Where's Biddy Tipkin?

Niece. Who do you inquire for?

Aunt. Come, come; he's just a-coming at the park-door?

Niece. Who is coming?

Aunt. Your cousin Humphrey. Who should be coming? Your lover, your husband that is to be. Pray, my dear, look well, and be civil, for your credit and mine too.

Niece. If he answers my idea, I shall rally the rustic to death.

Aunt. Hist! here he is.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Hump. Aunt, your humble servant. Is that—eh! aunt?

Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphrey, that's your cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

[*Exit.*]

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin Bridget, doesn't she, eh! cousin? What, are you a Londoner, and not speak to a gentleman? Lookye! cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I liked you, as not caring to buy a pig in a poke; for I love to look before I leap.

Niece. Sir, your person and address bring to my mind the whole history of Valentine and Orson: what, would they marry me to a wild man? Pray, answer me a question or two.

Hump. Ay, ay, as many as you please, cousin Bridget.

Niece. What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Niece. Where were your haunts?

Hump. My haunts!

Niece. Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?

Hump. How!

Niece. Are you not a great admirer of roots and raw flesh? Let me look upon your nails. Don't you love blackberries, haws, and pig-nuts, mightily?

Hump. How!

Niece. Canst thou deny that thou wert suckled by a wolf? You haven't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst men, as to hunt your nurse, have you?

Hump. Hunt my nurse! Ay, 'tis so; she's distracted, as sure as a gun. (*Aside.*)—Harkye! cousin, pray, will you let me ask you a question or two?

Niece. If thou hast yet learned the use of language, speak, monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus?

Niece. Thus! what wouldst thou say?

Hump. What's the cause of it? Tell me truly, now: did you never love anybody before me?

Niece. Go, go; thou'rt a savage.

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Niece. Thou'rt a monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, cousin, though 'tis folly to tell thee so, I am afraid thou art a mad woman.

Niece. I'll have thee into some forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark room.

Niece. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did; there's no hate lost, I assure you, cousin Bridget.

Niece. Cousin Bridget, quotha! I'd as soon

claim kindred with a mountain bear. I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any harm in these fits, I hope. But do you hate me in earnest?

Niece. Dost thou ask it, ungentle forester?

Hump. Yes; for I've a reason, lookye! It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your senses; for to tell you truly, I don't much care for you; and there is another fine woman, as I am informed, that is in some hopes of having me.

Niece. This merits my attention. (*Aside.*)

Hump. Lookye! d'ye see? as I said, I don't care for you. I would not have you set your heart on me; but, if you like anybody else, let me know it, and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old folks that would couple us.

Niece. This wears the face of an amour. (*Aside.*) There is something in that thought which makes thy presence less insupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay, now you're growing fond; if you come with these maid's tricks, to say you hate at first and afterwards like me, you'll spoil the whole design.

Niece. Don't fear it. When I think of consorting with thee, may the wild boar defile the cleanly ermine! may the tiger be wedded to the kid!

Hump. When I of thee, may the pole-cat catterwaul with the civet!

Niece. When I harbour the least thought of thee, may the silver Thames forget its course!

Hump. When I like thee, may I be soused over head and ears in a horse-pond! But do you hate me?

Enter Aunt.

Niece. For ever; and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha! I like this. They are come to promises and protestations. (*Aside.*)

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Niece. You promise to be constant?

Hump. Till death.

Niece. Thou best of savages!

Hump. Thou best of savages! poor Biddy!

Aunt. Oh! the pretty couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your cousin Humphrey now?

Niece. Much better than I thought I should. He's quite another thing than what I took him for. We have both the same passions for one another.

Hump. We only wanted an occasion to open our hearts, aunt.

Aunt. Oh! how this will rejoice my brother and Sir Harry! We'll go to them.

Hump. No; I must fetch a walk with a new acquaintance, Mr. Samuel Pounce.

Aunt. An excellent acquaintance for your husband! Come, niece, come.

Niece. Farewell, rustic!

Hump. B'ye, Biddy!

Aunt. Rustic! Biddy! Ha, ha! Pretty creatures! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT and POUNCE.

Capt. C. Does she expect me, then, at this very instant?

Pounce. I tell you, she ordered me to bring the

painter at this very hour precisely, to draw her niece. Now I know you are a pretender that way.

Capt. C. Enough, I warrant, to personate the character on such an inspiring occasion.

Pounce. Be sure you play your part in humour: to be a painter for a lady, you're to have the excessive flattery of a lover, the ready invention of a poet, and the easy gesture of a player.

Capt. C. Come, come, no more instructions; my imagination out-runs all you can say. Begone, begone! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Niece's Lodgings.*

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Aunt. Indeed, niece, I am as much overjoyed to see your wedding-day, as if it were my own.

Niece. But, why must it be huddled up so?

Aunt. Oh! my dear, a private wedding is much better; your mother had such a bustle at her's, with feasting and fooling: besides, they did not go to bed till two in the morning.

Niece. Since you understand things so well, I wonder you never married yourself.

Aunt. My dear, I was very cruel thirty years ago, and nobody asked me since.

Niece. Alas-a-day!

Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many matches proposed to me. There was Sir Gilbert Jolly; but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank ale, and smoked tobacco, and was no fine gentleman, forsooth! but then, again, there was young Mr. Peregrine Shapely, who had travelled, and spoke French, and smiled at all I said; he was a fine gentleman, but then, he was consumptive: and yet, again, to see how one may be mistaken! Sir Jolly died in half a year, and my Lady Shapely has, by that thin slip, eight children, that should have been mine. But here's the bridegroom. So, cousin Humphrey!

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Hump. Your servant, ladies. So, my dear!

Niece. So, my savage!

Aunt. Oh, fie! no more of that to your husband, Biddy.

Hump. No matter; I like it, as well as duck or love. I know my cousin loves me as well as I do her.

Aunt. I'll leave you together; I must go and get ready an entertainment for you when you come home. [*Exit.*]

Hump. Well, cousin, are you constant? Do you hate me still?

Niece. As much as ever.

Hump. What a happiness it is, when people's inclinations jump! I wish I knew what to do with you. Can you get nobody, d'ye think, to marry you?

Niece. Oh! Clerimont, Clerimont! where art thou? (*Aside.*)

Enter Aunt, and CAPTAIN CLERIMONT disguised.

Aunt. This, sir, is the lady who you are to draw. You see, sir, as good flesh and blood as a man would desire to put into colours. I must have her maiden picture.

Hump. Then the painter must make haste—eh! cousin?

Niece. Hold thy tongue, good savage.

Capt. C. Madam, I am generally forced to new-

mould every feature, and mend nature's handy-work; but here she has made so finished an original, that I despair of my copy's coming up to it.

Aunt. Do you hear that, niece?

Niece. I don't desire you to make graces where you find none.

Capt. C. To see the difference of the fair sex! I protest to you, madam, my fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing faces for those that sit to me. The first entertainment I generally meet with are complaints for want of sleep; they never looked so pale in their lives, as when they sit for their pictures. Then, so many touches and retouches when the face is finished! "That wrinkle ought not to have been; those eyes are too languid; the colour's too weak; that side-look hides the mole on the left cheek." In short, the whole likeness is struck out: but in you, madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid justice.

Hump. A comical dog, this! (*Aside.*)

Aunt. Truly, the gentleman seems to understand his business.

Niece. Sir, if your pencil flatters like your tongue, you are going to draw a picture that won't be at all like me. Sure, I have heard that voice somewhere. (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. Madam, be pleased to place yourself near me; nearer still, madam; here falls the best light. You must know, madam, there are three kinds of airs which the ladies most delight in: there is your haughty, your mild, and your pensive air. The haughty may be expressed with the head a little more erect than ordinary, and the countenance with a certain disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite inexorable: this kind of air is generally heightened with a little knitting of the brows. I gave my Lady Scornwell her choice of a dozen frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

Niece. But what's the mild air?

Capt. C. The mild air is composed of a languish and a smile. But, if I might advise, I'd rather be a pensive beauty; the pensive usually feels her pulse, leans on one arm, or sits ruminating with a book in her hand; which conversation she is supposed to choose, rather than the endless importunities of lovers.

Hump. A comical dog!

Aunt. Upon my word, he understands his business well. I'll tell you, niece, how your mother was drawn: she had an orange in her hand, and a nosegay in her bosom; but a look so pure and fresh-coloured, you'd have taken her for one of the seasons.

Capt. C. You seem, indeed, madam, most inclined to the pensive. The pensive delights also in the fall of waters, pastoral figures, or any rural view suitable to a fair lady, who, with a delicate spleen, has retired from the world, as sick of its flattery and admiration.

Niece. No; since there is room for fancy in a picture, I would be drawn like the amazon Thales-tris, with a spear in my hand, and an helmet on a table before me. At a distance behind, let there be a dwarf, holding by the bridle a milk-white palfrey.

Capt. C. Madam, the thought is full of spirit; and, if you please, there shall be a Cupid stealing away your helmet, to shew that love should have a part in all gallant actions.

Niece. That circumstance may be very picturesque.

Capt. C. Here, madam, shall be your own picture, here the palfrey, and here the dwarf. The dwarf must be very little, or we sha'n't have room for him.

Niece. A dwarf cannot be too little.

Capt. C. I'll make him a blackamoor, to distin-

guish him from the other too powerful dwarf, (*sighs*) the Cupid. I'll place that beauteous boy near you, 'twill look very natural: he'll certainly take you for his mother, Venus.

Niece. I leave those particulars to your own fancy.

Capt. C. Please, madam, to uncover your neck a little; a little lower still; a little, little lower.

Niece. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, sir.

Capt. C. Ladies, have you heard the news of a late marriage between a young lady of a great fortune and a younger brother of a good family?

Aunt. Pray, sir, how is it?

Capt. C. This young gentleman, ladies, is a particular acquaintance of mine, and much about my age and stature—Look me full in the face, madam—He accidentally met the young lady, who had in her all the perfections of her sex—Hold up your head, madam; that's right—She let him know that his person and discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her; the difficulty was how to gain a second interview—Your eyes full upon mine, madam—For never was there such a sigher in all the valleys of Arcadia, as that unfortunate youth, during the absence of her he loved.

Aunt. Alack-a-day! poor young gentleman!

Niece. It must be him: what a charming amour is this! (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. At length, ladies, he bethought himself of an expedient: he dressed himself just as I am now, and came to draw her picture—Your eyes full upon mine, pray, madam.

Hump. A subtle dog, I warrant him.

Capt. C. And by that means found an opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed, your friend was a very vicious young man.

Niece. Yet, perhaps, the young lady was not displeased at what he had done.

Capt. C. But, madam, what were the transports of the lover, when she made him that confession?

Niece. I dare say she thought herself very happy when she got out of her guardian's hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, niece, there is abundance of those headstrong young baggages about town.

Capt. C. The gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first sight; but when she sat to him for her picture, and assumed all those graces that are proper for the occasion, his torment was so exquisite, his occasions so violent, that he could not have lived a day, had he not found means to make the charmer of his heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the world to stand shilly-shally about a woman when one has a mind to marry her.

Capt. C. The young painter turned poet on the subject; I believe I have the words by heart.

Niece. A sonnet! Pray, repeat it.

Capt. C. When gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
A thousand shafts around her fly,
A thousand swains unheeded die.

If, then, she labours to be seen
With all her killing air and mien;
For so much beauty, so much art,
What mortal can secure his heart?

Aunt. Why, this is pretty! I think a painter should never be without poetry; it brightens the features strangely. I profess, I'm mightily pleased: I'll but just step in, and give some orders, and be with you presently. [*Exit.*]

Niece. Was not this adventurous painter called Clerimont?

Capt. C. It was Clerimont, the servant of Parthenissa; but let me beseech that beauteous maid to resolve, and make the incident I feigned to her a real one; consider, madam, you are environed by cruel and treacherous guards, which would force you to a disagreeable marriage; your case is exactly the same with the princess of the Leontines in Clelia.

Niece. How can we commit such a solecism against all rules! What, in the first leaf of our history to have the marriage? You know it cannot be.

Capt. C. The pleasantest part of the history will be after marriage.

Niece. No; I never yet read of a knight that entered tilt or tournament after wedlock. 'Tis not to be expected. When the husband begins, the hero ends; all that noble impulse to glory, all the generous passion for adventures is consumed in the nuptial torch: I don't know how it is, but Mars and Hymen never hit it.

Hump. (*Listening.*) Consumed in the nuptial torch! Mars and Hymen! What can all this mean? I am very glad I can hardly read; they could never get these foolish fancies into my head; I had always a strong brain. (*Aside.*) Harkye! cousin, is not this painter a comical dog?

Niece. I think he's very agreeable company.

Hump. Why, then, I tell you what—marry him. A painter's a very genteel calling. He's an ingenious fellow, and certainly poor; I fancy he'd be glad of it. I'll keep my aunt out of the room a minute or two, that's all the time you have to consider. [*Exit.*]

Capt. C. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our happiness: love's of celestial origin, and needs no long acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers, like angels, speak by intuition: their souls are in their eyes.

Niece. Then I fear he sees mine. (*Aside.*) But I can't think of abridging our amours, and cutting off all farther decorations of disguise, serenade, and adventure.

Capt. C. Nor would I willingly lose the merit of long services, midnight sighs, and plaintive solitudes, were there not a necessity.

Niece. Then to be seized by stealth!

Capt. C. Why, madam, you are a great fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, madam, you ought to be stolen.

Niece. But, then, our history will be so short.

Capt. C. I grant it; but you don't consider there's a device in another's leading you instead of this person that's to have you; and, madam, though our amours can't furnish out a romance, they'll make a very pretty novel. Why smiles my fair?

Niece. I am almost of opinion that had Oroon dates been as pressing as Clerimont, Cassandra had been but a pocket-book: but it looks so ordinary, to go out at a door to be married. Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a window, and run away with.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN and POUNCE.

Hump. Well, cousin, the coach is at the door. If you please, I'll lead you.

Niece. I put myself into your hands, good savage; but you promise to leave me?

Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. (*To Capt. C.*) You'll have opportunity enough to carry her off; the old fellow will be busy with me; I'll gain all the time I can; but be bold and prosper.

Niece. Clerimont, you follow us.

Capt. C. Upon the wings of love. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior, and FAINLOVE.

Cler. sen. Then she gave you this letter, and bid you read it as a paper of verses?

Fain. This is the place, the hour, the lucky minute. Now am I rubbing up my memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruined me, that I may attack her rightly.

Cler. sen. Your eloquence would be needless; 'tis so unmodish to need persuasion: modesty makes a lady embarrassed; but my spouse is above that, as for example: (*reading her letter*) "*Fainlove,—You don't seem to want wit, therefore, I need say no more than that distance to a woman of the world is becoming in no man but a husband; an hour hence come up the back stairs to my closet. Adieu, mon mignon.*" I am glad you are punctual. I'll conceal myself to observe your interview. Oh! torture!—But this wench must not see it. (*Aside.*)

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my reputation.

Cler. sen. Remember your orders, distance becomes no man but a husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good humour on the occasion; but you know me to be but a bully in love, that can only bluster till the minute of engagement. But I'll top my part, and form my conduct by my own sentiments: if she grow coy, I'll grow more saucy: 'twas so I was won myself.

Cler. sen. Well, my dear rival, your assignation draws nigh; you are to put on your transport, your impatient, throbbing heart won't let you wait her arrival: let the dull family thing and husband, who reckons his moments by his cares, be content to wait; but you are a gallant, and measure time by ecstasies.

Fain. I hear her coming: to your post; good husband, know your duty, and don't be in the way when your wife has a mind to be in private; to your post, into the coal-hole.

Enter MRS. CLERIMONT.

Welcome, my dear, my tender charmer! Oh! to my longing arms; feel the heart pant, that falls and rises as you smile or frown. Oh! the ecstatic moment! I think that was something like what has been said to me. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. C. Very well, Fainlove! I protest I value myself for my discerning; I knew you had fire through all the respect you shewed me. But how came you to make no direct advances, young gentleman? Why was I forced to admonish your gallantry?

Fain. Why, madam, I knew you a woman of breeding, and above the senseless niceties of an English wife. The French way is, you are to go so far, whether they are agreeable or not: if you are so happy as to please, nobody that is not of a constrained behaviour is at a loss to let you know it; besides, if the humble servant makes the first approaches, he has the impudence of making a request, but not the honour of obeying a command.

Mrs. C. Right; a woman's man should conceal passion in a familiar air of indifference. Now there's

Mr. Clerimont; I can't allow him the least freedom, but the unfashionable fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in public.

Fain. Ay, madam, I have often wondered at your ladyship's choice of one who seems to have so little of the *beau monde* in his carriage, but just what you force him to, while there were so many pretty gentlemen. (*Dancing.*)

Mrs. C. Oh! young gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such animals as you, and pretty Beau Titmouse, and pert Billy Butterfly, though I suffer you to come in, and play about my rooms, are any way in competition with a man whose name one would wear.

Fain. Oh! madam, then I find we are—

Mrs. C. A woman of sense must have respect for a man of that character; but, alas! respect, is respect! respect is not the thing; respect has something too solemn for soft moments. You things are more proper for hours of dalliance.

Cler. sen. (*Peeping.*) How have I wronged this fine lady! I find I am to be a cuckold out of her pure esteem for me.

Mrs. C. Besides, those fellows for whom we have respect, have none for us; I warrant, on such an occasion, Clerimont would have ruffled a woman out of all form, while you—

Cler. sen. A good hint: now my cause comes on. (*Aside.*)

Fain. Since, then, you allow us fitter for soft moments, why do we misemploy them? Let me kiss that beauteous hand, and clasp that graceful frame.

Mrs. C. How, Fainlove! What, you don't design to be impertinent? But my lips have a certain roughness on them to-day, haven't they?

Fain. (*Kissing.*) No; they are all softness; their delicious sweetness is inexpressible. Here language fails: let me applaud thy lips not by the utterance but by the touch of mine.

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior, drawing his sword.

Cler. sen. Ha! villain, ravisher, invader of my bed and honour! draw.

Mrs. C. What means this insolence, this intrusion into my privacy? What, do you come into my very closet without knocking? Who put this into your head?

Cler. sen. My injuries have alarmed me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your bravado, the author of them.

Mrs. C. Oh! poor Mr. Fainlove! Must he die for his complaisance and innocent freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet youth! What, fight Mr. Fainlove? What will the ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the intruder on ladies' private hours: the unfashionable monster! I'll prevent all future interruption from him: let me come. (*Drawing her sword.*)

Mrs. C. Oh! the brave, pretty creature! Look at his youth and innocence. He is not made for such rough encounters. Stand behind me, poor Fainlove! There is not a visit in town, sir, where you shall not be displayed at full length for this intrusion. I banish you for ever from my sight and bed.

Cler. sen. I obey you; madam, for distance is becoming in no man but a husband! (*Giving her the letter, which she reads, and falls into a swoon.*) I've gone too far. (*Kissing her.*) The impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my indiscretion led her to. This is the first kiss I've had these six weeks; but she awakes. Well, Jenny, you topped your part, indeed! Come to my arms, thou ready, willing fair one; thou hast no vanities, no niceties;

but art thankful for every instance of love I bestow on thee. (*Embracing her.*)

Mrs. C. What, am I, then, abused? Is it a wench, then, of his? Oh, me! Was ever poor abused wife, poor innocent lady thus injured! (*Runs and seizes Fainlove's sword.*)

Cler. sen. Oh! the brave, pretty creature! Hurt Mr. Fainlove! Look at his youth, his innocence. Ha, ha! (*Interposing.*)

Fain. Have a care, have a care, dear sir. I know myself she'll have no mercy.

Mrs. C. I'll be the death of her: let me come on. Stand from between us, Mr. Clerimont, I would not hurt you.

Cler. sen. Run, run, Jenny. [*Exit Fainlove. Looks at Mrs. C. upbraidingly.*] Well, madam, are these the innocent freedoms you claimed of me? Have I deserved this? How has there been a moment of your's ever interrupted with the real pangs I suffer? The daily importunities of creditors, who become so by serving your profuse vanities: did I ever murmur at supplying any of your diversions, while I believed them (as you called them) harmless? Must, then, those eyes, that used to glad my heart with their familiar brightness, hang down with guilt? Guilt has transformed thy whole person; nay, the very memory of it. Fly from my growing passion.

Mrs. C. I cannot fly, nor bear it. Oh! look not.

Cler. sen. What can you say? Speak quickly. (*Offering to draw.*)

Mrs. C. I never saw you moved before. Don't murder me, impenitent; I'm wholly in your power as a criminal; but, remember, I have been so in a tender regard.

Cler. sen. But how have you considered that regard?

Mrs. C. Is it possible you can forgive what you ensnared me into? Oh! look at me kindly. You know I have only erred in my intention, nor saw my danger till, by this honest art, you had shewn me what 'tis to venture to the utmost limit of what is lawful. You laid that train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my innocence. Mr. Clerimont scorns such baseness; therefore, I kneel, I weep, I am convinced. (*Kneels.*)

Cler. sen. (*Raising her up and embracing her.*) Then kneel, and weep no more, my fairest, my reconciled! Be so in a moment; for know I cannot, without wringing my own heart, give you the least compunction. Be in humour: it shall be your own fault, if ever there be a serious word more on this subject.

Mrs. C. I must correct every idea that rises in my mind, and learn every gesture of my body anew. I detest the thing I was.

Cler. sen. No, no, you must not do so; our joy and grief, honour and reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your foppery by degrees, so that it may appear your own act.

Mrs. C. But this wench?

Cler. sen. She is already out of your way. You shall see the catastrophe of her fate yourself. But still keep up the fine lady till we go out of town. You may return to it with as decent airs as you please. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room.

Enter POUNCE, with papers.

Pounce. 'Tis a delight to gall these old rascals, and set them at variance about stakes, which I know neither of them will ever have possession of.

Enter TIPKIN and SIR HARRY GUBBIN.

Tip. Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an estate in their own hands, and keep house themselves, poor things?

Sir H. No, no, sir, I know better; they shall go down into the country, and live with me; not touch a farthing of money; but having all things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the house, and breed.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, then considering that all human things are subject to change, it behoves every man that has a just sense of mortality, to take care of his money.

Sir H. I don't know what you mean, brother. What do you drive at, brother?

Tip. This instrument is executed by you, your son, and my niece, which discharges me of all retrospects.

Sir H. It is confessed, brother; but what then?

Tip. All that remains is, that you pay me for the young lady's twelve years' board, as also all other charges, as wearing apparel, &c.

Sir H. What is this you say? Did I give you my discharge from all retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this, and t'other, and all that? I find you are—I tell you, sir, to your face—I find you are—

Tip. I find, too, what you are, Sir Harry.

Sir H. What am I, sir? what am I?

Tip. Why, sir, you are angry.

Sir H. Sir, I scorn your words; I am not angry. Mr. Pounce is my witness, I am as gentle as a lamb. Would it not make any flesh alive angry to see a close hunk come after all with a demand of—

Tip. Mr. Pounce, pray, inform Sir Harry in this point.

Pounce. Indeed, Sir Harry, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. Tipkin, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover. For though this case may be considered *multifariam*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *vicatim*, or vulgarly expressed. Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the power is settled as the law requires, *assensu patris*, by the consent of the father, that circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the advantage which accrue to your family by this alliance, which corroborates Mr. Tipkin's demand, and avoids all objections that can be made.

Sir H. Why, then, I find you are his adviser in all this.

Pounce. Lookye! Sir Harry, to shew you I love to promote among my clients a good understanding; though Mr. Tipkin may claim four thousand pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing.

Tip. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, Sir Harry is your brother.

Sir H. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing! for what, I say? for what, sir?

Pounce. For what, sir! for what she wanted, sir; a fine lady is always in want, sir; her very clothes would come to that money in half the time.

Sir H. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing, for clothes! Pray, how many suits does she wear out in a year?

Pounce. Oh, dear! sir, a fine lady's clothes are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir H. Well, I'll save her clothes for the future;

after I have got her into the country, I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked town, where clothes are worn out by sight. And as to what you demand, I tell you, sir, 'tis extortion.

Tip. Sir Harry, do you accuse me of extortion?

Sir H. Yes, I say extortion.

Tip. Mr. Pounce, write down that. There are very good laws provided against scandal and calumny; loss of reputation may tend to loss of money.

Pounce. (*Writes.*) Item, for having accused Mr. Tipkin of extortion—

Sir H. Nay, if you come to your items, lookye! Mr. Tipkin, this is an inventory of such goods as were left to my niece Bridget by her deceased father, and which I expect shall be forthcoming at her marriage to my son. (*Reads.*) Imprimis: A golden locket of her mother's, with something very ingenious in Latin on the inside of it. Item, A couple of muskets, with two shoulder belts and bandeliers. Item, A large silver caudle-cup, with a true story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, Sir Harry—

Sir H. (*Reads.*) Item, A base viol, with almost all the strings to it, and only a small hole on the back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, sir—

Sir H. This is the furniture of my brother's bed-chamber that follows: (*reads*) A suit of tapestry hangings, with the story of Judith and Holofernes, torn only where the head should have been off. An old bestead, curiously wrought about the posts, consisting of two load of timber. A hone, a basin, three razors, and a comb-case. Lookye! sir, you see I can item it.

Pounce. Alas! Sir Harry, if you had ten quire of items, 'tis all answered in the word retrospect.

Sir H. Why, then, Mr. Pounce and Mr. Tipkin, you are both rascals.

Tip. Do you call me rascal, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Yes, sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. Pounce, at the end of the leaf.

Sir H. If you have room, Mr. Pounce, put down villain, son of a w—, curmudgeon, hunks, and scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir Harry; he cannot write so fast; you are at the next word, villain; son of a w—, I take it, was next. You may make the account as large as you please, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Come, come, I won't be used thus. Harkye! sirrah, draw! What do you do at this end of the town without a sword? Draw, I say.

Tip. Sir Harry, you are a military man, a colonel of the militia.

Sir H. I am so, sirrah, and will run such an extorting dog as you through the guts, to shew the militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how am I concerned to see persons of your figure thus moved. The wedding is coming in. We'll settle these things afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir H. Tipkin, live these two hours; but expect—

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN, leading Niece; MRS. CLERIMONT led by FAINLOVE; CAPTAIN CLERIMONT; and CLERIMONT, Senior.

Pounce. Who are these? Heyday! who are these, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Some frolic; 'tis wedding-day. No matter.

Hump. Haw, haw! Father, master uncle, come,

you must stir your stumps; you must dance. Come, old lads, kiss the ladies.

Mrs. C. Mr. Tipkin, Sir Harry, I beg pardon for an introduction so *mal-à-propos*; I know sudden familiarity is not the English way. Alas! Mr. Gubbin, this father and uncle of your's must be new modelled. How they stare both of them!

Sir H. Harkye! Numps, who is this you have brought hither? Is it not the famous fine lady, Mrs. Clerimont? What a plague, did you let her come near your wife?

Hump. Lookye! don't expose yourself, and play some mad country prank to disgrace me before her; I shall be laughed at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs. C. I congratulate, madam, your coming out of the bondage of a virgin state: a woman can't do what she will properly till she's married.

Sir H. Did you hear what she said to your wife? (*Apart.*)

Enter Aunt, before a service of dishes.

Aunt. So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that napkin, and serve your spouse to-day, according to custom.

Hump. Mrs. Clerimont, pray, know my aunt.

Mrs. C. Madam, I must beg your pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast load of meat that you are sending in to table; besides, 'tis so offensively sweet, it wants that *haut-goût* we are so delighted with in France.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you. Who is this? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. C. Oh! madam, I only speak for the future: little saucers are much more polite. Lookye! I'm perfectly for the French way: whenever I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

Sir H. The French, madam! I'd have you to know—

Mrs. C. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural English sullenness; but that will come upon you by degrees. When I first went into France, I was mortally afraid of a frog; but, in a little time, I could eat nothing else, except sallads.

Aunt. Eat frogs! Have I kissed one that has eaten frogs? Paw, paw!

Mrs. C. Oh! madam, a frog and a sallad are delicious fare.

Hump. Now, father, uncle, before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together; then I give either of you two hours to guess which is my wife. And 'tis not my cousin; so far I'll tell you.

Sir H. How! what do you say? But, oh! you mean she is not your cousin now; she's nearer akin; that's well enough. Well said, Numps. Ha, ha, ha!

Hump. No; I don't mean so, I tell you; I don't mean so: my wife hides her face under her hat. (*All looking at Fainlove.*)

Tip. What does the puppy mean? His wife under a hat!

Hump. Ay, ay; that's she, that's she! A good jest, 'faith.

Sir H. Harkye! Numps, what dost mean, child? Is that a woman, and are you really married to her?

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir H. Are you so, sirrah? Then, sirrah, this is your wedding-dinner, sirrah! Do you see, sirrah, here's roast meat? (*Shakes his cane at Humphrey.*)

Hump. Oh, oh! what, beat a married man? Hold him, Mr. Clerimont,—brother Pounce,—Mr. Wife,—Nobody stand by a young married man! (*Runs behind Fainlove.*)

Sir H. Did not the dog say, brother Pounce? What, is this Mrs. Ragout, this Madam Clerimont? Who the devil are you all? but, especially, who the devil are you, too?

[*Beats Humphrey and Fainlove off; Sir Harry follows.*]

Tip. (*Aside.*) Master Pounce, all my niece's fortune will be demanded now; for, I suppose, that red coat has her. Don't you think that you and I had better break?

Pounce. You may as soon as you please; but 'tis my interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, Biddy, since you would not accept of your cousin, I hope you haven't disposed of yourself elsewhere.

Niece. If you will for a little while suspend your curiosity, you shall have the whole history of my amour to this my nuptial day, under the title of the loves of Clerimont and Parthenissa.

Tip. Then, madam, your portion is in safe hands.

Capt. C. Come, come, old gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest Mr. Pounce shall be my engineer, and I warrant you, we beat you out of all your holds.

Aunt. What, then, is Mr. Pounce a rogue? he must have some trick, brother; it cannot be; he

must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest. (*Apart to Tipkin.*)

Cler. sen. Mr. Pounce, all your sister has won of this lady, she has honestly put into my hands, and I'll return it her at this lady's particular request. (*To Pounce.*)

Pounce. And the thousand pounds you promised in your brother's behalf, I'm willing should be her's also.

Re-enter FAINLOVE, SIR HARRY GUBBIN, and HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Sir H. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the boy has set his heart upon you, I'll have patience till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, Sir Harry, you shall find my alliance more considerable than you imagine; the Pounces are a family that will always have money, if there be any in the world.

*You've seen th' extremes of the domestic life,
A son too much confin'd, too free a wife;
By generous bonds you either should restrain,
And only on their inclinations gain;
Wives to obey must love, children revere,
While only slaves are govern'd by their fear.*

[*Exeunt.*]

LOVERS' QUARRELS; OR, LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN:

AN INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

ALTERED FROM "THE MISTAKE" OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, BY T. KING.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

DON CARLOS
SANCHO
LOPEZ

LEONORA
JACINTA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

Don C. I tell thee, I am not satisfied; I am in love enough to be suspicious of everybody.

San. And yet, methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Don C. It may be so; I can't tell: but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least, they make a fool of you.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But, good faith! master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but, methinks, when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face; 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it; men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor mistress without a cause; she uses you but too well, in my humble opinion; she sees you, and talks with you till, indeed, I am quite tired of it, sometimes: and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once a fortnight.

Don C. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs: women often appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shews upon the favours I seem to receive

from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No; I would fain see some of his jealous transports; have him fire at the sight of me; contradict me whenever I speak; affront me wherever he meets me; challenge me, fight me—

San. Run you through the body.

Don C. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease to leave mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease: when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we not care a fig for them. Now suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Don C. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broken his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him: indifference never is his lot; he loves or hates for ever: and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I am not so great a philosopher as you may be, nor (thank my stars!) so bitter a lover; but what I see, that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

Enter JACINTA, with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta, my dear!

Jac. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your master?

San. Hard by.

Jac. Oh! sir, I am glad I have found you at last.

I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor—

San. Nor anywhere else, where he was not to be found; if you had looked for him where he was, 'twere ten to one but you had met with him.

Jac. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Don C. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter? who sent you after me?

Jac. One, who is never well but when she sees you, I think; 'twas my lady.

Don C. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able: the blessing's too great to be my lot; yet, 'tis not well to trifle with me: how short soever I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity: I should not be deluded.

Jac. And why do you think you are? Methinks, she's pretty well above board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jac. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jac. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log? (*To Sancho.*)

San. No, forsooth, pert! I am not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward; if I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of your's, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jac. Oh, oh! you men are mighty simple in love matters, sir! when you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing, to bring her on again; attack her with reason, and a sour face! Egad! sir, attack her with a fiddle; double your good humour; give her a ball; let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light.

Don C. Say no more: I have been to blame, but there shall be no more of it.

Jac. I should punish you justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought to you: but I'm good-natured, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy.

Don C. (*Reads.*) "*If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome: 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you.*"—LEONORA." Then I shall be what man never was yet. (*Kissing the letter.*) Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news; I could adore thee as a deity. (*Embracing Jacinta.*)

Jac. True flesh and blood, for all that.

Don C. (*Reads again.*) "*And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience can make you.*" Oh! happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to you for this welcome message? Alas! I want words; but let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—(*Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*)

San. Hold, sir! pray, leave a little something for our board-wages. You can't carry them all, I believe. (*To Jacinta.*) Shall I ease you of this? (*Offering to take the purse.*)

Jac. No; but you may carry that, sirrah. (*Giving him a box of the ear.*)

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Don C. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress that I am not able to say

myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jac. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Don C. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jac. Enough: but I must begone; success attend you with the old gentleman! Good b'ye, sir! [*Exit.*]

Don C. Eternal blessings follow thee!

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full. [*Way?*]

Don C. Is not that Lorenzo's man coming this

San. Yes, 'tis he; his man and confidant, Lopez. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Don C. Some questions I must ask him. Call him hither.

San. Hem! Lopez! hem!

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay. (*Going.*)

San. You can, indeed, sir. (*Lays hold of him, and places him between Don C. and himself.*)

Don C. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What, upon some love errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going—

Don C. I guess where; but you need not be so shy of me any more; thy master and I are no longer rivals. I have yielded up the cause; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir? Shall I live, then, to see my master and you friends again?

San. Yes, and what's better, thou and I shall be friends, too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshed; I give thee up Jacinta; she's a slippery housewife: so master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest? I am afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Don C. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth; but my reason has so far mastered my passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart is already another's. I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broken my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the most joyful news I have heard a long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman; and, good faith! it often went to the heart of me to see you so abused. "Dear, dear," have I often said to myself, when they have had a private meeting just after you was gone—

Don C. Ha!

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet. (*Apart to Don C.*)

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, "What wicked things are women! and what a pity it is they are suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-o'-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns, and briars, and rocks, and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase!" I say, I have said to myself—

Don C. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways: sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given

Don C. In hell!

[*was—*]

Lop. Sir?

Don C. Speak, fury! what dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir; the kiss of union; the kiss of consummation.

Don C. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir.

Don C. There is not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue bath uttered.

Lop. No, sir, I—I believe there is not.

Don C. Why, then, didst thou say it?

Lop. Oh! only in jest, sir.

Don C. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I, at present, sir.

Don C. Speak, then, the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows; and be turned off as soon as I've done.

Don C. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Don C. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know. (*Aside.*) Forgive me, Lopez; I am to blame to speak thus harshly to you; let this obtain my pardon. (*Giving him money.*) Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Don C. And yet, thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak, then; have I anything to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may, probably, be a married man.

Don C. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, sir; and I believe he'll say so, too, in a twelvemonth.

Don C. Oh, torment!—But give me more of it. How—when—to whom—where? [*pantry.*]

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the

Don C. Look to't if this be false; thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I have only to say that I am a very unfortunate, middle-aged man; and that I believe all the stars upon heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune; I am, at present, troubled in mind; despair all around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

*I, therefore, will go seek some mountain high,
If high enough some mountain may be found,
With distant valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid cliff—look calmly round.*

[*Exit.*]

San. Base news, master.

Don C. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out. Oh! cursed, cursed woman!

Enter JACINTA.

Jac. I am come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close-walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Don C. Past sufferance! this aggravation is not to be borne! Go, thank her with my curses; fly, and let them blast her while their venom's strong.

[*Exit.*]

Jac. Won't you explain? What's this for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-faced iniquity, crocodile of the Nile, siren of the rocks? Go, carry back the too-gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:

*We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me;
And thy mistress may go to the devil with thee.*

[*Exit.*]

Jac. Am I awake? I fancy not: a very idle dream this. Well, I'll go and talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Madam, you are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence!

Jac. You see I am as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be. Never was letter received by man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after, I came with a message worth a dozen of it, never was witch so handled: something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my inquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Nay, I confess, madam, I haven't a word to say for him. I am afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my shameless that attends him: we are bit, by my troth! and, haply, well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals; but be comforted, madam, they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with them.

Leo. Well; let him laugh, let him glory in what he has done, he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jac. And let one thing be your comfort by the way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affection for him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end, for there are times when the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired at this treatment; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he should crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon, I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou seest (which heaven avert!) a glance of weakness in me, call to my memory the vile wrongs I have borne, and rouse me to revenge them.

[*Exit.*]

Jac. Madam, never doubt me: I am charged to the mouth with fury; and if ever I meet that false rogue, that tatterdemalion of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears—Now heaven prevent all hasty vows; but when next I see him, let him swear or pray; let him bounce or swell; may I be carried a virgin to my grave if I don't try all I can—to make it up with him.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHE.

Don C. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne. What, though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This usage cannot be supported. How was it she treated you?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. "Madam, my master begs ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview." "Begone, you rascal, you!" "Madam, what answer shall I give my master?" "Tell him he's a villain!" "Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment." "Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out at the window!" and away she went to her devotions.

Don C. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike, sir; and, on my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Don C. Ungrateful woman! to receive with such contempt so quick a return of heart so justly

alarmed! As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered them to arraign her?

San. No. [to clear her?]

Don C. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations

San. No.

Don C. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Don C. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another would have cherished: she might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny; she might release me from these cruel racks; and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. But since she don't, what do I do whining here? Curse on the base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Don C. Let children kiss the rod that flays them; let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Don C. I am a man, by nature meant for power; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True, we are men, boo! Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. (*Shewing a cudgel.*) Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, were you ever in Muscovy? the women there love the men dearly: why? because (*shaking his stick*) there's your love-powder for you. Ah! sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way, indeed, to bring matters about with them! we are persuading them all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at night like human creatures. We are likely to succeed, truly!

Don C. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from anything, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that is to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne. [*Exit.*]

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order: for I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn: and so, as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so, I say, a woman is, by comparison, do you see? (for nothing explains things like comparisons,) I say, by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits it brows like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain immotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricanious—um—like—in short, a woman is the devil. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Oh! my dear madam, how I rejoice to find you support this noble spirit of resentment!

Leo. Be assured, Jacinta, it can end but with life. What! after all my tender frankness, nothing could have happened to excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I should contradict it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Oh! madam, I haven't a word to say for him, and my sweet swain is just as bad. As I live, madam, yonder they come! But if Don Carlos should beg your pardon, you'll never grant it?

Leo. If I do—

Jac. That's brave! (*They retire.*)

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

San. Yonder they are, sir, lying in wait; but let us shew ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Don C. You look, madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities: I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds—for may the joys of one fly from me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution—I'll never see you more.

San. Bon!

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for it.

Jac. Very well!

Don C. You did, imperious dame, you did? how base is woman's pride! how wretched are the ingredients it is formed of! If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be condemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued!

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with: the favours I have done to you I am, indeed, ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Don C. 'Tis well; extremely well, madam; I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly: I thank you for it, from my soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your feet again, don't; for if I do—

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve—trod upon.

Don C. Give me patience—but I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do—

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Don C. Rather run headlong into fire and flames; rather be torn with pincers, bit from bit; rather be broiled, like martyrs, upon gridirons—but I am wrong; this sounds like passion, and heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t'ye, sir.

Don C. (*To Sancho.*) Come along. (*Going, returns.*) Yet once more before I go, lest you should doubt my resolution, may I starve, perish, rot, be dead, d—d, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I from this moment change one word or look with you. [*Exit.*]

Leo. Content: come away, Jacinta.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don C. Yet one word, madam, if you please; I

have a foolish bauble I once was fond of. (*Taking her picture from his breast.*) Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir; I have a bauble, too, I think, you may have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake. (*Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it to him.*)

Don C. Most thankfully: this, too, I should restore you, it was once your's. (*Giving her a table-book.*) By your favour, madam, there is a line or two in it I think you once did me the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is. (*Reads.*)

"You love me, Carlos, and would know

The secret movements of my heart;

Whether I give you mine or no,

With your's, methinks, I'd never, never part."

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them. (*Pulls out a table-book, and reads.*)

"How long soe'er to sigh in vain,

My destiny may prove,

My fate, in spite of your disdain,

Will let me glory in your chain,

Eternally to love."

There, sir, take your poetry again. (*Throwing it at his feet.*) 'Tis not much worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jac. Well done!

Don C. I believe I can return the present, madam, with a pocket-full of your prose: there. (*Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*)

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, sir, not to be behind-hand with you. (*Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*)

Jac. And there, and there, sir. (*Throwing the rest of the letters at him.*)

San. Ods my life! we want ammunition; but for a shift—there, and there, you saucy slut, you! (*Pulls a dirty pack of cards out of his pocket, and throws them at Jacinta; they then close, he pulls off her head-clothes, and she his wig, and then part; she running to her mistress, he to his master.*) How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of shewing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Don C. I scorn it. Oh! Leonora, Leonora! a heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos, Carlos! I have not deserved this usage.

Don C. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go then, tyrant, make your bliss complete; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah! Carlos, little do you know the tender movement of that thing you name: the heart where love presides admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Don C. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, if, conscious of our own unworthiness, we interpret every frown to our destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shews itself with more respect than your's has done.

Don C. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate: if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it: our separation will do justice on us.

Don C. But since we are ourselves the judges of our actions, what if we inflict a gentler punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Don C. And if it should—

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the leasing exercise of mercy.

Don C. Right; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Don C. Then, thus let us fall upon it, thus let us fall upon it for ever!

[*Carries off Leonora, embracing her.*]

Jac. Ah! woman; foolish, foolish woman!

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jac. But don't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jac. I'd sooner tear my eyes out! Ah! that she had a little of my spirit in her!

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all rock, very marble.

Jac. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you! if one would try you; but to prevent any humilieties, and shew you all submission would be vain; to convince you that you have nothing but misery and despair before you, here, take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt for the shirts I made you with it.

San. Nay, if you are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy presents: there, take thy tobacco-stopper, and—

Jac. Here, take thy satin pincushion, with thy curious half-hundred of pins in it, that you made such a vapouring about yesterday; tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hafted knife again; whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jac. And there's thy pretty pocket scissors thou hast honoured me with, they'll cut off a leg or an arm, heaven bless 'em!

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love, at dinner, t'other day, made you cut your fingers. There. (*Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.*)

Jac. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these? you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel, you! There, take 'em; there. (*Takes her garters off, and flaps them about his face.*)

San. I have but one thing more of thine: (*shewing his cudgel*) I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that you may have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again, with the rest of them. (*Lifts it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.*)

Jac. Ah! cruel Sancho! now beat me, Sancho, do!

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self. (*Throws away his stick, and embraces her.*)

Rather let infants' blood about the street,

Rather let all the wine about the cellar,

Rather let—Oh! Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome.

How foolish are the great resolves of man!

Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can;

When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,

Their goodness I must needs return with mine:

Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms!

Jac. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms.

Re-enter DON CARLOS and LEONORA.

Don C. Well, I see you have followed our example, Sancho.

San. Yes, sir; like master, like man.

Don C. From this good day, then, let all discord cease:

Let those to come be harmony and peace.

Henceforth let all our diff'rent interests join,

Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,

To make each other's days as blest as she will

mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TWO MISERS;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.

BY KANE O'HARA.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

GRIFE
HUNKS
LIVELY

OSMAN
ALI
MUSTAPHA

GUARDS
HARRIOT
JENNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The great Square. At the right corner, in front, Gripe's house; some paces backward, a large quadrangular pyramid; at the left corner, in front, stands Hunks's house; in its side, facing the audience, are two windows, the lower defended by iron bars from top to bottom. To the left, in front, near Hunks's house, is a draw-well, surrounded by a low breast-wall, whereon are fixed two strong posts, with a cross-bar at top to support a large pulley.*

LIVELY appears at Hunks's upper window.

Live. (Hems and coughs repeatedly, as signals to Harriot.) Hem, hem! She does not hear me, sure: I'll sing, then.

AIR.—LIVELY.

*At eve, sweet Philomel's fond lay,
His Philomela cheers:
So love, whom spies o'erawe by day,
Casts off, at night, his fears. (Listens.)*
Hush! No; all quiet; her window still shut. Ah! her uncle's within. (Listens.) Eh! no; try again. Hem, hem! (Sings louder.)

*At eve, sweet Philomel's fond lay,
His Philomela cheers.*

(HARRIOT attended by JENNY, shews herself at Gripe's window; she opens it, and in a low voice answers, singing to the latter strain of the same air.)

*Har. Love, though disguis'd by fears all day,
By night unmask'd appears.*

Live. My Harriot! your uncle's gone, then?

Har. Gone—and your's?

Live. Gone, too. Shall we down into the square?

Jenny. Hist, hist! some one's coming. I protest, Mr. Lively, your uncle Hunks. Retire, retire, and let him pass. (Lively retires, shutting his window. Harriot and Jenny keep their's half shut, watching Hunks's motions.)

Enter HUNKS slowly from the left side, stops now and then, peeping round.

Hunks. A murrain seize the inventor of these tell-tale lamps! the very bane of all clandestine enterprize! Why, here, 'tis as light as day, now. I'fecks! we might as well have no night at all. Then those d—d janizaries, everlastingly patrolling and prying. Vexation upon vexation! However, 'tis, luckily, rather latish, and this a solitary quarter. Who knows? I may chance to execute my scheme still. (Sees Gripe at a distance.) Pah! what interloper now? (Steps aside to observe.)

Jenny. (At the window, seeing Gripe.) So! here comes t'other skinflint, Gripe himself. Away, miss, away.

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. (Drawing forth a large bunch of keys.) Such a gull! Ha, ha, ha! Bled so freely! but, no tick; no, no, the rooks would not tick. Pise

on it! he has had a devilish tumble! Well, well; speed the plough; his loss, my gain. Twenty per cent. premium, and two per cent. by the hour: no bad tontine.

AIR.—GRIPE.

*Let the novice depend on his luck,
On the science the gambler profess'd;
What pigeon soever they pluck,
With his plumes I shall feather my nest.
They fling, they ding,
They swear, they tear,
While smug I look on and sit still:
For well I trow,
Blow high, blow low,
Each puff will bring grist to my mill.*

*A bird in the bush, we are told,
Is pretty enough to the view;
But I think, when I look on my gold,
That one in the hand is worth two.
For birds will fly,
But what care I,
While thus I can hold 'em at will?
Blow high, blow low,
They never shall go;
But come and bring grist to my mill.*

[Unlocks his door in a hurry, goes in, and shuts it.

Hunks. (Coming forward.) Gossip Gripe! Well, he's housed. And now to reconnoitre my scene of action. (*Surveying the pyramid accurately.*) Here, then, it is, underneath this pyramid, that they have deposited the carcass of his mustiship; and along with it, all his gold, his plate, his diamonds, his—Oh! Hunks, Hunks! what a treasure were here now! Acapulco!

AIR.—HUNKS.

*My dear treasure always nigh me,
Night and day my strong box by me;
Still to spy it,
Try it,
Eye it,
Feel
And kneel,
And deify it.*

*Oh! what transport to behold!
What delight to chink my gold!
Mahomet's a scurvy prophet,
His fool's paradise, I scoff it.
Think to gull folks with his houries!
Beggar wenches without dowries!
Had he feign'd his heav'n of pelf,
I'd ha' been a Turk myself.*

Live. (Opens the window softly.) Pest seize him! will he never be gone? [*Aside. Shuts the window.*

Hunks. (Again surveying the pyramid.) No child's play to make a breach here; must get help, i'fecks! Gripe! yes, the very man; but he—he'll be for going snacks; well, better give half than lose all. Ay, ay; and here he comes, just in the nick.

Re-enter GRIPE, from his house.

Gripe. (To himself, while locking the door.) Safe bind, safe find; forage abroad, but guard at home. Pise on't! how I loiter! (*Pockets the keys: as he is hobbling away, Hunks calls after him.*)

Hunks. Gripe! Gossip Gripe!

Gripe. (Just looking back with a nod.) Good night. Can't stay.

Hunks. A moment. Lord, man! what's your hurry?

Gripe. (Coming back.) Hurry! Why, Squander, the young merchant, fallen in at hazard yonder with some knowing ones, is fleeced, done up to the last shilling, so I'm fetching him a supply: two hundred pieces.

Hunks. And at what interest?

Gripe. Pise on it! a mere nothing: two per cent.

Hunks. Are you turned fool? Two per cent!

Gripe. Ay, by the hour.

Hunks. Oh! cry you mercy! But, gossip, (with a mysterious air) I—observe that pyramid: yesterday, in a vault beneath that pyramid, was interred the late musti—

Gripe. Well, peace be with him!

Hunks. Ye-s, and his rhino with us! for you must know, that here in Smyrna, when a musti dies, they bury all his riches with him; they do, i'fecks!

Gripe. Indeed! in that case, 'twould scarce vex a man to die.

Hunks. It does mitigate, to be sure.

Gripe. (After a pause.) All his riches buried with him! (*Eyeing the pyramid, then eagerly to Hunks.*) Pise on it! gossip, here were a venture now! eh!

Hunks. And yet, I have my scruples. Is it not a sin, think you, to disturb the ashes of the dead? But, then, the price is so great.

Gripe. We're to go halves.

Hunks. A sacrilege, eh!

Gripe. Not if we go halves.

RECITATIVE.

Gripe. Indeed, had he a Christian been,

Hunks. Oh! ay, had he a Christian been,

Gripe. Nice casuists might, perhaps—

Hunks. Might what?

Gripe. Pronounce it sin.

DUETT.—GRIPE and HUNKS.

Gripe. But a vile Turk, and a musti, too.

Hunks. Yes, Turk, and musti, too.

A foe to wine, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Gripe. A foe to wine, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Let's take—

Hunks. Let's seize on all he left.

'Tis lawful spoil,

Gripe. Not sinful theft.

Hunks. 'Tis lawful spoil, not sinful theft.

(They shake hands, and are going off, when Lively appears at his window.)

Live. Rot 'em! will they sleep here? Ah! he saw me. (Shuts the window.)

Gripe. (Turning hastily.) Ha! somebody at that window, methought.

Hunks. My hopeful nephew, 'tis like. A scape-grace! but, i'fecks! I shall soon rid my hands of him; I'll shut him up in a mad-house.

Gripe. An excellent scheme! Ay, ay; clean straw and a dark cell. The scoundrel flirts with my niece, too; but, by your leave, I forbid the bans there. They'd instantly call us to account for their fortunes.

Hunks. They would; and be ever gaping, gaping at ours. Come, come along with me, to get the implements for our enterprize.

Gripe. Can't you as well step for them yourself? One business must not obstruct another; I'll but carry my spark this cash, just hard by, and be back presently. (As the two Misers are going off, Harriot appears at her window attended by Jenny; they make signs of great joy, then retire as descending into the square. In the meantime Lively unscrews a bar of his window, leaps down, and runs to meet Harriot. Jenny withdraws to watch.)

DUETT.—HARRIOT and LIVELY.

Har. They're gone, and our flames we may freely reveal.

Live. What transport, in this precious moment I feel! My Harriot!

Har. My Lively!

Live. *My Harriot!*

Har. *My Lively!*

Live. *In vain they our hearts would dissever;
I love, and will love you for ever.*

Har. *In vain they our hearts would dissever.*

Live. *For Harriot I live, and for Harriot would die.*

Har. *Ah! Lively, I swear, and this heart cannot lie,
I will ne'er be but your's.*

Live. *What! never?
Nor ever will I be but your's.*

Har. *What! never?*

Live. *No, never will I be but your's.*

Har. *Though Gripe locks his doors,
(Points at the door open.)*

Live. *Though his window Hunks grates,
(Points to the unscrewed bar.)*

Har. *Love loves to make fools of such wary grey
pates.*

Live. *Love loves to o'erreach such designing bald
pates.
Deign love, then, to guide us—*

Har. *For ever;
Nor suffer these grubs to divide us.*

Live. *Oh! never.*

Har. *Deign love, then, to guide us, for ever.*

Live. *They shall not divide us: no, never.*

Jenny. (Rejoins them.) Well, my dears, since upright love is your motive, and downright matrimony your end, I think I must even beat about to bring you together.

Live. But when, dear Jenny, when?

Jenny. Sooner, perhaps, than you imagine. Miss has an aunt in Dublin, Lady Mildmay; her heart and house are open to you.

Live. Why aren't we gone, then? What stops us?

Jenny. Stops! What stops many an hopeful project?—lack of cash. (Looks archly at him.) Are you flush, sir? (He shakes his head sorrowfully.) So I thought; and, therefore, hold it bad policy to leave all miss's fortune, all her mamma's effects, in Gripe's clutches. Cheer up, however; a lucky crisis may come, and trust me for not letting it slip.

Live. Infernal muck-worms! 'Sdeath! I grow wild with resentment; but you, my love, you seem quite unconcerned.

Har. Pardon me, dear Lively, I feel the utmost contempt of their depravity, mixed with a kind of pity for my uncle's foible; but (takes his hand and looks fondly at him) the truth is, that—

AIR.—HARRIOT.

*At thy presence, vengeful passion,
Envy, hate, and indignation,
From this tranquil bosom fly:
Wealth, by gold, let miscreants measure;
Be but Lively's heart my treasure,
Gripe will be less rich than I.*

Jenny. In, in; get ye in; here's Gripe a-coming.

Har. My uncle! Oh, lud! I shall die in a fright.

[Runs into the house with Jenny, who locks the door.

Live. Plague welcome him!

[Leaps in at his window, and replaces the bar.

Re-enter GRIPE, walking leisurely, with a parchment bond in his hand,

Gripe. Here's the bond, stamped and all. Servant, kind Mr. Squander! Will you any more rouleaus at the same discount? He, he, he! I ha'

trotted it up: two hundred pistoles, at two per cent. by the hour, will amount, in six months, (with interest upon interest,) to about twenty thousand pounds sterling. Good, good! Pise on it! I'll have an execution in petto; then smash go his magazines, his town house, his villa; all mine, all mine. Come, come; upon the whole, no dear purchase. (Pulls out a bunch of keys, and unlocks his door, leaving the key in the lock.) Jenny, Jenny! I say.

Jenny. (Above at the window.) Sir?

Gripe. Fetch hither my supper, hussy!

Jenny. Your everyday supper, sir?

Gripe. Yes; and the bottle of Cyprus wine. [Exit Jenny. Gripe takes a turn in the square towards Hunks's house.] I have made too good a day's work of it to grudge myself wine at night.

Live. (Softly opening the window.) What is he muttering there? (Aside.)

Gripe. A lucky day has this been both to Hunks and me; and, to-morrow, he'll finish this glorious work by getting that nephew of his shut up for life.

Live. How, how! The infamous wretch! Shut up for life, indeed! I shall give him the slip though.

(Aside, and withdraws, shutting the window.

Gripe, retreating towards his own door, is met by JENNY, carrying a morsel of bread, a phial-bottle half full of wine, and a small glass, on a pewter-plate.)

Jenny. Here, sir.

Gripe. What's Harriot doing? (Eating, and holding the glass to be filled.)

Jenny. Waiting for you. We have not supped.

Gripe. Well, you may (sips) go to bed. Mufti! (To himself.)

Jenny. Best go in doors, sir.

Gripe. (Walks to and fro, munching and sipping.) No. Warm rogues, you mufties! (Aside.) I sha'n't come home to-night, mayhap. (Holds out the glass to be filled.) A plum, at least. (Aside.)

Jenny. (Staring at him, and not filling.) Why, sir, 'tis wine; wine, sir.

Gripe. Eh! Pise on't! I wasn't minding. Here, lock up; (gives her the glass, and remnant of bread) this for to-morrow. Oh! a mint! a mine! the Indies! I fly, I fly. [Hurries away, leaving his keys.

Jenny. (Looks after him.) Quite frantic, I declare; (going in) and has forgot—nay, as I'm alive, he has—(Runs in with the things, then seizes the keys, and calls aloud.) Mr. Lively! Miss Harriot! (They look out.) Come down, come down. (They disappear. Jenny turns over the keys.) Ay, this is the key of his den; this of the iron-door to his closet; and this—

Re-enter HARRIOT and LIVELY.

See here, my lambkins! the crisis is come; Gripe has forgotten his keys. See; he said he should not be at home to-night. But there's no trusting to that: so, while I step in, stay you here, and watch. I'll not return empty-handed, I promise you.

[Runs into the house.

Live. 'Faith! my dearest Harriot, 'twas high time: do you know, that my vile uncle is plotting to get me confined?

Har. Confined! on what pretext?

Live. Madness, I suppose. But let him catch me if he can. The tables are now turned, and our escape secured past prevention.

Har. I am on thorns to embark. My heart presages we shall be happy in Europe.

Re-enter JENNY; on her arm a basket crammed full, in her hand a band-box, a casket, and parcels of paper wrapped up in an apron.

Jenny. Joy, joy! the deeds! the chattels! I have them all. (To Harriot.) Now, take wing, like two turtle-doves. (Recollecting.) Hang it! I forgot.

Here, these. (*Delivers them in a hurry.*) Be careful of the contents; I'll be back immediately. [*Exit.*]

Har. Oh, mercy! what a load of finery! Come, Lively, let's sit down, and lay them all in order. (*They sit on the wall of the draw-well, placing the apron and basket between them, then range the parcels out of the one into the other.*) And first, this bundle of bonds, I suppose, at bottom.

Live. Next, this band-box in the corner—so; and here, on this side, the casket of jewels.

Har. Stay; let me just take a peep. Oh! Lively, such noble brilliants!

Live. With what delight shall I see my angel wear them! Ah! Harriot, how enchanting is that look! while your eyes thus tenderly shoot into mine, 'tis perfect ecstasy! (*Embraces her.*)

Har. How now, sir? what liberty? (*Resentfully. Takes her hand off the basket to repel him; the basket and apron fall into the well; she screams.*) Oh! heavens! the basket's dropped into the well.

Re-enter JENNY, who overhears Harriot, and screams.

Jenny. Heavens and earth! into the well! (*Lively turns away in confusion.*)

Har. A silly youth! with his hoydenish pranks.

Live. I was sure she had hold of it; so, in my transport—

Jenny. Transport! nonsense! Yes, yes; we're finely on our way now! Lovers, lovers! say I; wretch that I am.

Live. Patience, Jenny; can't I go down for them?

Jenny. Egad! that's true; and, by my troth, so you shall, Mr. Transport.

Har. Into the well? (*Alarmed, and runs to look down into it.*)

Jenny. La! what are you so afraid of? 'tis really not deep; and, besides, has been dry this long while.

Live. (*Looks up at the pulley.*) Ay, but where's the rope?

Jenny. We can take the rope and bucket off Gripe's well. Come, let us in a bit for the present; the patrol will be going their rounds, and they must not surprise us.

[*Exeunt into Gripe's house, shutting the door.*]

The Guards' march is played. Enter ALI, at the head of the Janizaries, marching in file. They halt in the middle of the square.

Ali. Don't you observe, lads, the nocturnal stillness of this city, ever since our corps has mounted guard here?

Osman. True, Captain; everybody allows it.

Ali. (*Struts importantly.*) Let's keep it up, then. Harken to your orders. Hem, hem! To you, Osman, for this night, I consign half the corps, and half the city, westward: you, Mustapha, with the remainder, follow me. This square shall be our place of rendezvous.

Mus. In faith, noble Captain, a masterly manœuvre.

Ali. Now take heed all: let your march be orderly and silent. One thing more: I have intelligence of a tavern hereabout, where, in mockery of our holy law, wine is privily sold to the true believers. Those quarters I shall beat up; and, if the wine be good, secure it for our secret service. Whisker of Mahomet! there's nothing like maintaining strict order and discipline. Make ready, march!

AIR.—Turkish March.

The guards their midnight rounds begin,
Let all retire; let cease all din:
Home, home, without delaying,
No murmur; no gainsaying:
Hush! high and low degree;
So wills our lord cadî.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter GRIPE, walking circumspectly about the Square, peeping and listening.

RECITATIVE—GRIPE.

If it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well,
it were done quickly.

Th' attempt, and not the deed, confounds us—
strictly.

The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures,
Then—we shall both be Cræsus's—if victors.

I'll fetch Hunks. (*Ponders.*) May I trust him on
this job?

Besides, the rigour of these Turkish laws!
To swing; forfeit my wealth! Ay, there's the rub
Must give us pause.

AIR.

What a cursed hole I'm in,
Yet must on through thick and thin:
If my gossip, Hunks, should peach,
I'm within the cadî's reach.
After all, 'tis a crack rope venture;
He the vault alone shall enter.
His shall be the art of thieving,
Mine but that of bare receiving.
'Gad, if I ben't sharp and sly,
He'll clap flatt'ry to my eye. [*Exit.*]

Enter from Gripe's house, LIVELY, with a large rope in his hand, JENNY with a bucket, and HARRIOT following.

Live. Escape? ay, sure, nothing to stop us; there's a ship sails in the morning: her captain is my acquaintance, and has engaged to take us on board.

Har. Lucky though, that my uncle stays abroad all night.

AIR.—HARRIOT.

Like the tuneful linnet gay,
Long I sported in the May,
And echo heard my cheerful call;
I just could tattle,
Chirp and prattle;
I just could sing, and that was all.
But now I perch, and plume, and pride,
And more than tattle,
Chirp and prattle,
I now can sing, and love beside.

Live. Yes, we shall be under sail ere missed. (*Mounts on the breast-wall, and slips the rope into the pulley.*) Oh! 'gad, how gaily we shall live in Ireland upon the funds of this well. (*Leaps down, and hands the rope's-end to Jenny.*) Ireland, my Harriot! that's your true female Paradise. There you'll all be queens, empresses, sultanas—eh! Jenny?

Jenny. Ay, ay. Well, this is secured; all's ready. (*Hangs the bucket over the wall.*)

Live. Come, then, down I go.

Har. But, harkye, are you sure there's no danger?

Jenny. Danger!—Why, the well is quite dry, I tell you. (*Lively sits upon the wall, and puts his feet in the bucket, while they lay hold of the rope.*)

TRIO.—HARRIOT, LIVELY, and JENNY.

Har. Hold the rope fast—hold faster. (*To Jenny.*)
For you I'm in pains, my dear. (*To Lively.*)

Live. Why should you dread disaster?
Kind love is my guide, never fear.

Har. I would it were past!
Now, now hold fast. (*To Jenny.*)

Live. *The worst is past.*

Jenny. *I do hold fast.*

Har. *La! I'm in a terrible fright.*

Live. *Now down I go. (Gradually disappears.)*

Jenny. *So, so, so, so.*

Live. *And the motion's slow.*

Har. *Have a care below.*

Live. *You've nothing to do but hold tight.*

Jenny. *We all shall be made by this night.*

Har. *Ah! now he's quite out of sight.*

Jenny. *The basket, pray save it. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I have it.*

Har. *I'm glad he has got no hurt.*

Jenny. *The casket, don't leave it. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I've pick'd 'em both out of the dirt.*

Jenny. *Next find the cloth. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I'll get it.*

Har. *Deuce take ye both! I'm fretted.*

Live. *All's safe—and now let us retreat.*

Jenny. *Now let us retreat.*

Har. *Let us retreat.
Don't loiter thus;
For I'm in fuss,
For fear we be caught in the street.
(Jenny turning about, sees Gripe and Hunks at a distance.)*

Jenny. *Who are these two, coming yonder?*

Har. *Coming yonder?
Good lack! our uncles!*

Jenny. *Your uncles, I swear.*

Har. *What brings 'em home so soon, I wonder?
Old Nick must sure have conjur'd 'em there.*

Jenny. *Nick take the troublesome pair.*

Live. *Hawl, hawl away, hawl.*

Har. *Hush, hush, do not bawl.*

Jenny. *He will ruin us all.*

Live. *I'm ready; what makes you delay?*

Har. *Our uncles are coming this way.*

Jenny. *There's company coming this way.*

Har. *We're forc'd to retire.*

Live. *Blood and fire!*

Jenny. *Have patience, squire.*

Har. *We're surely caught, if we stay.*

Live. *You'll keep me here till 'tis day.*

Jenny. *Excuse this little delay.
(Harriot and Jenny escape into Gripe's house, and shut the door.)*

Enter HUNKS, carrying a lantern, followed by GRIPE, carrying a ladder and an iron crow: as they advance, LIVELY, in the well, continues calling to Harriot and Jenny.

Live. *Hawl, hawl away, hawl!*

Hunks. *(Hearing the voice.)* Eh! what are you muttering, gossip?

Gripe. *Nothing I.—Wasn't it you that spoke?*

Hunks. *No. (Lays down the sledge near the well, Gripe throws down the crow.)*

Gripe. *Oh, pise on't! (Groans.)* this d—d ladder has broken my back. *(Goes to set it up beneath the deep window of the distant house.)*

Hunks. *What matter, man?—No gains without*

pains, i'fecks. Now, how set about this job? (Takes the lantern to examine the ground.)

Gripe. *Why, this whole front is but one single stone. (Examines it likewise.)*

Hunks. *Just hit it with your sledge. (Claps his ear to it.)*

Gripe. *Well, how does it sound? (Strikes gently in several parts.)*

Hunks. *Hollow, Hollow. This must be the entrance, i'fecks, gossip, and that same stone we must force out. (Takes up the sledge, and Gripe the crow.)*

DUETT.—GRIPE and HUNKS.

Gripe. *Now, gossip, now, gossip, strike home.*

Hunks. *And you too, good gossip, strike home.*

Gripe. *We'll soon make a breach in this tomb.
Strike it harder, I warrant 'twill come.*

Hunks. *'Twill come.*

Gripe. *'Twill come.*

Both. *'Twill come.*

Gripe. *Once more.*

Hunks. *Once more—the mortar is crumbling.*

Gripe. *'Tis crumbling—I now see the joint.
'Tis tumbling.*

Hunks. *'Tis tumbling. Stick to the point.*

Both. *Let's stick to the point.*

Gripe. *Pray hand me the crow.
Now double your blow.*

Hunks. *I will strike while you pinch.*

Gripe. *It comes.*

Hunks. *It comes.*

Both. *It comes inch by inch.*

Gripe. *Now strike—it comes.*

Hunks. *Now pinch—it comes.*

Both. *It comes inch by inch.*

Gripe. *It totters.*

Hunks. *It totters.*

Both. *To fall it begins.*

Gripe. *Look to your shins.*

Hunks. *Look to your shins.*

Gripe. *Look, look to your shins.*

Hunks. *Zounds! look to your shins.*

(The stone tumbling with noise, shews the entrance of the vault, defended by an iron portcullis. They meanwhile throw aside their tools, and embrace exultingly.)

Gripe. *So! that task's finished, and the treasure's our own.*

Hunks. *(Turning to the pyramid.)* Finished! yes, to be sure; rarely finished! Why, there's a huge iron grate still. Stay. *(Takes the lantern to examine.)*

Gripe. *No trifling hoard for certain, so firmly barricaded. (Aside.)*

Hunks. *Oh! we may compass it yet. Here's a groove, you see, shows 'tis a slider. Hold this. (Presents the lantern.)* I'll try to lift it. No, i'fecks, I a'n't strong enough; lend me a hand.

Gripe. *(Sets down the lantern, and goes to assist him.)* Now, lay to o'your side. That's it; let's raise it quite up.

Hunks. *There it goes; high enough, if we had something to clap under it.*

Gripe. *Bear it up, while I run for the crow. (Having fixed it.)* Let go now; it can't fall.

Hunks. That's clever, i'fecks! Stay; is the vault deep? Why, (*Takes the lantern, and looks down.*) our ladder was needless; here's a little staircase.

Gripe. All the better. Now then, down wi' ye; you have the lantern.

Hunks. Here, gossip, take it you, and go down yourself.

Gripe. A tomb—I—troth, gossip, I'm afraid I should never get alive to the bottom.

Hunks. (*Snatching the lantern from him.*) Psha! poltroon, give it me; I'll go down myself. (*Going to the pyramid, turns to Gripe.*) But take notice, I'll ha' the larger share.

Gripe. Go down, go down, man; we'll settle that afterwards.

Hunks. (*Entering the pyramid.*) I'fecks, I'm all in a flutter too; but then the treasure—ay, that keeps me up. (*Goes down.*)

Gripe. (*At the mouth of the vault to Hunks below.*) Well, are you at bottom? Is there much? Throw up to me whatever you find.

Hunks. (*Below.*) Find! I'fecks, I find nothing; but this Turk's cloak. (*Throws out a caftan.*)

Gripe. (*Impatiently.*) Pise on it! what has the booby flung up here? (*Examines it.*) A pretty rag, wot. (*Going nearer to the vault.*) The gold, the diamonds, man! That's all you need mind.

Hunks. There, there's a mufti's cap for you. (*Throws out a turban.*)

Gripe. Mufti yourself, sirrah! (*Stamps on the turban, leans into the vault and bawls.*) What the devil are you about? The gold, I say; the jewels. Are you mad?

Hunks. No such gear, i'fecks; not a jot else, unless you'll ha' the corpse.

Gripe. Oh, ho! you want to keep all, do you? These your tricks? Ay, I suspected as much.

Hunks. Why, step down yourself, and see. I give you my oath.

Gripe. Your oath! you worthless dog.

Hunks. Hey! This to me? you old curmudgeon.

Gripe. Yes, you may well talk, you shabby, swindling scoundrel! but, sirrah, you shall—

Hunks. Stay, rascal! stay till I come up and break your bones. (*The light of the candle begins to reappear, and with it Hunks in a rage. Gripe suddenly takes out the crow that supported the grate, which falls at once, and shuts in Hunks.*)

Gripe. My bones; ha, ha, ha! you will, jail bird.

Hunks. (*Vainly labouring to raise the grate.*) The treacherous villain! Why, sirrah! you don't mean—

Gripe. (*To himself.*) Gulled! defrauded! nay, exposed to the gallows! and, (*Kicking the turban and robe.*) and all for—for this trumpery. (*Flings them into the well.*)

Ali. (*Behind.*) Who's there? Stand, ho!

Hunks. Mercy on us! 'tis the patrol! Harkye, *Gripe*, if I be caught I'll impeach you; I will, i'fecks.

Gripe. Pise on it! so he may. (*Aside.*) Hush, hush, dear gossip! Pho, man, I was but in jest. Do, run down again quick, and hide your lantern. When they are passed I'll come and release you. (*Wheedling.*)

Hunks. (*Retiring.*) At your own peril, cut-throat! be assured I'll not swing single. (*Hunks retires into the vault; Gripe hurries to his own door, where, searching in all his pockets, he misses his keys; the Janizaries are heard approaching tumultuously.*)

Gripe. My keys! undone! robbed! beggared! (*In consternation.*) Oh! they're coming! what shall I do? Pise on it! stay, I'll even mount that ladder—my last shift—skulk in the hollow of the window; perhaps they mayn't see me. (*Climbs up in haste, and stands in the window.*)

Enter ALI, with four Janizaries, half drunk, each carrying two bottles and a drinking cup; and OSMAN, with the party: they are surprised at the intoxication of their comrades, but, getting from them each one bottle, they fall to guzzling in long draughts. During the symphony of the ensuing Catch, a faint light glimmers from the vault.

CATCH.—ALI, MUSTAPHA, and Janizary.

Ali. }
Must. } Fill every lad his cup.
Jan. }

Ali. Fill it a bumper.

Jan. Mine's a thumper.

Must. Drink it up.

(*Ali drinks, making a noise in his throat while swallowing, viz.*)

Ali. Wi—ne.

Must. }
Jan. } Swill 'till mellow! honest fellow.

Ali. I don't leave one drop in mine.

(*Mustapha drinks, making the same noise.*)

Must. Wi—ne.

Ali. }
Jan. } Swill till, &c.

Must. I don't leave, &c.

(*Janizary drinks, making the same noise.*)

Jan. Wi—ne.

Must. }
Ali. } Swill till, &c.

Ali. } Let drones pour on

Must. } Their dull Coran,

Jan. } While we're laughing,

Gaily quaffing.

Ali. Rosy wine.

(*Ali's men lay aside their bottles and cups, and then come back. Osman and his party sit down continuing to drink; one of Ali's men seats himself close to the Draw-well, leaning his elbow on the wall; two others place themselves near him, sitting. Ali and Mustapha stagger forward.*)

Ali. And yet, this devilish liquor parches one up. (*Hiccups.*) By Mecca, my stomach's a coal of fire.

Must. And mine boiling oil, by Omar! But see! here's a well; let's draw some water, (*Hiccups.*) 'twill quench us.

Ali. Right; and the rope's in the pulley, too. (*They lay hold on the cord, and begin to pull. The other three drunk, fall asleep.*) Now, both together.

Must. (*Looking toward the pyramid.*) Eh! bless me! don't I see a light from yonder monument? and a hole broken in the front, I think.

Ali. D—d heavy, this same water. (*Tugging the cord.*)

Must. Nay, but look! if I have eyes—(*Still looking to the pyramid.*)

Ali. Pho! confound ye, pull away. Visionary! 'Cause the mufti was buried there, you're afraid he'll rise and eat you, eh? (*Looking towards the pyramid, and pulling with all his might.*) See! what can you see? Were I to see the devil, I'd no more matter—(*Lively drawn up in the bucket, while their heads are turned aside, appears dressed in the Mufti's turban and robe, with the basket on his arm; he lays hold on one of the posts with his left hand, and springs upon the wall, giving, at the same instant with the right hand, a hearty box on the ear to the sleeping Janizary next to him, who, in a fright tumbles upon his comrade; they, struggling to rise, obstruct each other. Meanwhile, Ali and Mustapha, pulling hard, and not*

being longer resisted by *Lively's* weight, suddenly fall; letting go the rope, the bucket falls.)

Live. (Standing on the breast-wall, bellows out.) Boo! miscreants! boo!

Janizaries. Oh, oh! the mufti! the devil!

Ali. (Coming up in terror.) Accursed wine! A judgment! our prophet's vengeance! (Runs off. *Mustapha and Osman with his party rise in a fright, and running away, throw down the ladder.*)

Janizaries. The devil! the mufti himself at our heels! Run, run.

[*Exeunt. Hunks alarmed, comes up to the grate.*

Gripe stands trembling in the window.

Live. (Upon the wall.) Ha, ha! I think I have scared the rascals. (Leaps down.)

Gripe. Save us! A spectre! I shall tumble headlong.

Live. (Aloud at *Gripe's* door.) Jenny! Jenny! come down, 'tis I. (Gazing joyfully at his basket.)

Jenny. (Within.) Mr. *Lively's* voice, I vow. Quick, quick, Miss.

Gripe. (Astonished.) Benedicite!—Pise on it! I'll make off—Distraction! my ladder thrown down! and the *cadi*—posting hither.

Enter *HARRIOT and JENNY*, running.

Har. Is it you, my dear sir? (She and *Jenny*, frightened at the *Mufti's* habit, run back, screaming.) Ah, ah!

Live. (Overtakes them.) Stop, stop! don't squall! What ails ye? (Throwing off the turban and robe.) 'Tis I—*Lively.* (They stare.)

Gripe. How? *Lively!* (Amazed.)

Hunks. My nephew! he'll help me out, i'fecks.

Har. (Coming to herself.) Lud! how you frightened me—that strange disguise. (To *Lively.*)

Jenny. (Springs at the basket on his arm.) This is safe, however; and now, my loves, for Europe, ho!

Live. Ay, ay, now or never. (All hurrying off.)

Hunks. *Lively!* (*Lively* starts and looks back.)

Gripe. (From the window at the same time.) *Harriot!* (*Harriot* starts.)

Har. (Fainting.) Our uncles! good heavens!

Jenny and Live. (Supporting her.) Away, away, away! (Going.)

Hunks. Ah! *Lively*, can you forsake me thus?

Gripe. My dear *Harriot!* won't you stay and help me? (*Harriot and Lively* stand amazed; *Jenny* bursts into a fit of laughter.)

Jenny. Ha, ha, ha! was ever sight so ridiculous? Ha, ha! Look at 'em! this owl in his cage, and that dried mummy in his niche! Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. Dear niece, come and take me down. (To *Harriot.*)

Live. How got you there? (To *Gripe.*)

Hunks. Take me out first. (To *Lively.*)

Live. What brought you there? (To *Hunks.*)

Har. Haste, my dear *Lively*, to relieve them.

Jenny. What, set them free without conditions? No, no; make terms first; bind them now, you'll never have them at such another hold.

Gripe. Niece, my dear niece, do but persuade your favourite gallant there to help me down, and I'll restore every shilling of your fortune.

Jenny. And give your consent to her marriage with him?

Gripe. Ay, with anybody.

Jenny. So much for the gentleman above stairs; now what says the gentleman below.

Hunks. Anything, anything. I'll render up my trust.

Jenny. Make your nephew your whole and sole heir?

Hunks. Willingly.

Jenny. And you both swear to keep your words?

Gripe and Hunks. We swear.

Jenny. Never to go from your agreement?

Gripe and Hunks. Never.

Jenny. Or we deliver you over to the *Cadi* for perjury.

Gripe and Hunks. And his janizaries shall carbo-nado us.

Har. Enough. *Jenny*, there's a ladder; I'll raise it; and do you relieve one, while I attend the other.

Gripe. Pise on't! girls, don't be in such a hurry.—(*Harriot and Jenny* rear up the ladder to *Gripe*; *Lively* goes to assist *Hunks.*) Pise on't! Girls, make haste—I'm in such a tremor—the *cadi*—(*Scrambles* down.)

Hunks. Quick, quick, dear lad—up with it! I'll help—(To *Lively.*—The grate is raised; and *Hunks* stepping forth, claps it down again; he embraces *Lively.*)

Gripe. (Pushes down the ladder, and comes forward.) Lord be praised, I'm once more on terra-firma!

Hunks. (Advances, capering for joy.) Huzza! I'm disentombed. Ah! gossip! we who thought to have been so rich! (Shakes his head at *Gripe.*)

FINALE.—*HUNKS, GRIPE, HARRIOT, LIVELY, and JENNY.*

Hunks. 'Tis past—now, gossip, let's count our gains,
We've had our labour for our pains.

If henceforth e'er I'm caught,

Gold-finding in a vault,

You may keep me there,

I vow and swear,

I'll own it my own fault. (To *Gripe.*)

Gripe. 'Tis you, y' old devil in human shape!

Who beguil'd your gossip into this scrape!

Who his greedy hopes cajol'd,

Wi' your mufti's heaps untold;

Your golden dreams

Of ingots, gems—

To hell you'd trot for gold. (To *Hunks.*)

Hunks. My love of gold I for ever renounce.

Gripe. And my avarice I lay aside at once.

Hunks. } To my { nephew I } restore,
Gripe. } } niece I now }

Hunks. } My love, } and give my ore,
Gripe. } Her own, }

Hunks. } My mind's at rest.
Gripe. } While they are blest,
We never can be poor.

Live. } With duteous gratitude thus I bend. (Kneels)
Har. } In the parent happy to find a friend.

To shield you from annoy
Shall be our sole employ.

Gripe. } Content.
Hunks. }

Jenny. Of this event,
Genteels, I wish you joy,

Hunks. } But there's one treasure, whereof we still
Gripe. } Must misers be, which is—

Ali. Your good will.
(To the audience.)

Har. } Such welcome guests to bring,
Live. } We'll strain both voice and string.
Jenny. }

Ali. With a twinkum twankum,
We will thank 'em,
Twinkum, twankum, twing.

Chorus. Such welcome guests to bring,
We'll strain both voice and string,
With a twinkum, twankum,
We will thank 'em,
Twinkum, twankum, twing. [Exeunt.]

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JAMES THOMSON.



Act IV.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

TANCRED
SIFFREDI

OSMOND
RODOLPHO

SIGISMUNDA
LAURA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter SIGISMUNDA and LAURA.

Sig. Ah! fatal day to Sicily! the king
Touches his last moments.

Lau. So 'tis fear'd. [charg'd

Sig. Laura, 'tis said, the heart is sometimes
With a prophetic sadness: such, methinks,
Now hangs on mine. The king's approaching death
Suggests a thousand fears. What troubles thence
May throw the state once more into confusion;
What sudden changes in my father's house
May rise, and part me from my dearest Tancred,
Alarm my thoughts.

Lau. The fears of love-sick fancy!
Perversely busy to torment itself.
But be assur'd your father's steady friendship,
Join'd to a certain genius, that commands,
Not kneels to fortune, will support and cherish,
Here in the public eye of Sicily,
This, I may call him, his adopted son,
The noble Tancred, form'd to all his virtues.

Sig. Ah! form'd to charm his daughter. This
fair morn
Has tempted far the chase. Is he not yet
Return'd?

Lau. No. When your father to the king,
Who now expiring lies, was call'd in haste,
He sent each way his messengers to find him;
With such a look of ardour and impatience,
As if this near event was to Count Tancred
Of more importance than I comprehend. [birth,

Sig. There lies, my Laura, o'er my Tancred's
A cloud I cannot pierce. With princely accost,
Nay, with respect, which oft I have observ'd,
Stealing at times submissive o'er his features,
In Belmont's woods my father rear'd this youth.

Ah! woods, for ever dear! where first my artless
bosom learn'd

The sighs of love. He gives him out the son
Of an old friend, a baron of Apulia,
Who in the late crusado bravely fell;
But then, 'tis strange; is all his family,
As well as father, dead? and all their friends,
Except my sire, the gen'rous, good Siffredi?
Had he a mother, sister, brother left,
The last remain of kindred, with what pride,
What rapture, might they fly o'er earth and sea,
To claim this rising honour of their blood!
This bright unknown! this all-accomplish'd youth!
Who charms too much the heart of Sigismunda.
What says Rodolpho? Does he duly credit
The story of his birth?

Lau. He has sometimes,
Like you, his doubts; yet, when maturely weigh'd,
Believes it true. As for lord Tancred's self,
He never entertain'd the slightest thought
That verg'd to doubt; but oft laments his state,
By cruel fortune so ill pair'd to your's.

Sig. Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,
Beggars all wealth. Then, to your brother, Laura,
He talks of me?

Lau. Of nothing else. Howe'er
The talk begin, it ends with Sigismunda;
Their morning, noon-tide, and their ev'ning walks,
Are full of you; and all the woods of Belmont
Enamour'd with your name—

Sig. Away, my friend;
You flatter: yet the dear delusion charms.

Lau. No, Sigismunda; 'tis the strictest truth,
Nor half the truth, I tell you. Ev'n with fondness
My brother talks for ever of the passion [him
That fires young Tancred's breast. So much it strikes
He praises love as if he were a lover.
Heaven, he says,

In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love;
In love included all the finer seeds
Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss—

Sig. Virtuous Rodolpho!

Lau. Then his pleasing theme
He varies to the praises of your lover.

Sig. And what, my Laura, says he on the subject?

Lau. He says that though he was not nobly born,
Nature has form'd him noble, gen'rous, brave.
Chiefly one charm
He in his graceful character observes;
That though his passions burn with high impatience,
And sometimes, from a noble heat of nature,
Are ready to fly off; yet the least check
Of ruling reason brings them back to temper,
And gentle softness.

Sig. True! oh! true, Rodolpho!
Blest be thy kindred worth for loving his!
He is all warmth, all amiable fire,
All quick, heroic ardour! temper'd soft
With gentleness of heart, and manly reason!
If virtue were to wear a human form,
To light it with her dignity and flame,
Then soft'ning mix her smiles and tender graces;
Oh! she would choose the person of my Tancred.
Go on, my friend; go on, and ever praise him;
The subject knows no bounds, nor can I tire,
While my breast trembles to that sweetest music.
The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
Is never flatter'd with such dear enchantment,
As when she hears the praises of the man she loves.

Lau. Madam, your father comes.

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. (To an Attendant as he enters.) Lord Tancred is found?

Atten. My lord, he quickly will be here.

Sif. 'Tis well; retire. You, too, my daughter, leave me.

Sig. I go, my father. But how fares the king?

Sif. He is no more. Gone to that awful state,
Where kings the crown wear only of their virtues.

Sig. How bright must then be his. This stroke
is sudden;
He was this morning well, when to the chase
Lord Tancred went.

Sif. 'Tis true. But at his years
Death gives short notice. Drooping nature then,
Without a gust of pain to shake it, falls.
His death, my daughter, was that happy period
Which few attain. The duties of his day
Were all discharg'd, calm as evening skies
Was his pure mind, and lighted up with hopes
That open heaven; when for his last long sleep
Timely prepar'd, a lassitude of life,
A pleasing weariness of mortal joy,
Fell on his soul, and down he sunk to rest.
Oh! may my death be such! He but one wish
Left unfulfill'd, which was to see Count Tancred.

Sig. To see Count Tancred! Pardon me, my lord—

Sif. For what, my daughter? But with such emotion—
Why did you start at mention of Count Tancred?

Sig. Nothing—I only hop'd the dying king
Might mean to make some generous, just provision
For this your worthy charge, this noble orphan.

Sif. And he has done it largely. Leave me now;
I want some private conference with Lord Tancred.

[*Exeunt Sigismunda and Laura.*]

My doubts are but too true. If these old eyes
Can trace the marks of love, a mutual passion
Has seiz'd, I fear, my daughter, and this prince,
My sovereign now. Should it be so? Ah! there,
There lurks a brooding tempest, that may shake
My long concerted scheme, to settle firm
The public peace and welfare, which the king
Has made the prudent basis of his will.
Away, unworthy views, you shall not tempt me!
Nor interest, nor ambition shall seduce
My fix'd resolve. Perish the selfish thought,

Which our own good prefers to that of millions!
He comes, my king, unconscious of his fortune.

Enter TANCRED.

Tan. My Lord Siffredi, in your looks I read,
Confirm'd, the mournful news that fly abroad
From tongue to tongue: we, then, at last, have lost
The good old king.

Sif. Yes, we have lost a father;
The greatest blessing heaven bestows on mortals
A good, a worthy king! Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad.
He sought alone the good of those for whom
He was entrusted with the sovereign power:
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protected, living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasure,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

Tan. A general face of grief o'erspreads the city.
I mark'd the people, as I hither came,
In crowds assembled, struck with silent sorrow,
And pouring forth the noblest praise of tears.
A mingled murmur ran

Along the streets; and from the lonely court
Of him who can no more assist their fortunes,
I saw the courtier-fry, with eager haste,
All hurrying to Constantia.

Sif. Noble youth!

I joy to hear from thee these just reflections,
Worthy of riper years. But if they seek
Constantia, trust me, they mistake their course.

Tan. How! Is she not, my lord, the late king's
sister?

Heir to the crown of Sicily? the last
Of our fam'd Norman line, and now our queen?

Sif. Tancred, 'tis true, she is the late king's sister,
The sole surviving offspring of that tyrant,
William the Bad; born some months
After the tyrant's death, but not next heir.

Tan. You much surprise me. May I, then, presume
To ask who is?

Sif. Come nearer, noble Tancred,
Son of my care. I must, on this occasion,
Consult thy generous heart, which, when conducted
By rectitude of mind and honest virtues,
Gives better counsel than the hoary head.
Then know, there lives a prince, here in Palermo,
The lineal offspring of our famous hero,
And rightful heir of Sicily.

Tan. Great heaven! How far remov'd
From that our mighty founder?

Sif. His great grandson:
Sprung from his eldest son, who died untimely,
Before his father.

Tan. Ha! the prince you mean,
Is he not Manfred's son? The generous, brave,
Unhappy Manfred! whom the tyrant William,
You just now mention'd, not content to spoil
Of his paternal crown, threw into fetters,
And infamously murder'd?

Sif. Yes, the same.

Tan. But this prince,
Where has he lain conceal'd?

Sif. The late good king,
By noble pity mov'd, contriv'd to save him
From his dire father's unrelenting rage,
And had him rear'd in private, as became
His birth and hopes, with high and princely nurture.
Till now, too young to rule a troubled state,
By civil broils most miserably torn,
He in his safe retreat has lain conceal'd,
His birth and fortune to himself unknown;
But when the dying king to me intrusted,

As to the chancellor of the realm, his will,
He nam'd him his successor.

Tan. Happy youth!

He then will triumph o'er his father's foes,
O'er haughty Osmond, and the tyrant's daughter.

Sif. Ay, that is what I dread—the heat of youth;
There lurks, I fear, perdition to the state;
I dread the horrors of rekindled war:
Though dead, the tyrant still is to be fear'd;
His daughter's party still is strong and numerous;
Her friend, earl Osmond, constable of Sicily,
Experienc'd, brave, high-born, of mighty interest.
Better the prince and princess should by marriage
Unite their friends, their interest, and their claims.
Then will the peace and welfare of the land
On a firm basis rise.

Tan. My lord Siffredi,
If by myself I of this prince may judge,
That scheme will scarce succeed. Your prudent age
In vain will counsel, if the heart forbid it.
But wherefore fear? The right is clearly his;
All Sicily will rouse, all faithful hearts,
Will range themselves around prince Manfred's son.
For me, I here devote me to the service
Of this young prince; I every drop of blood
Will lose with joy, with transport, in his cause—
Pardon my warmth—but that, my lord, will never
To this decision come. Then find the prince;
Lose not a moment to awaken in him
The royal soul. Perhaps he, now desponding,
Pines in a corner, and laments his fortune
That in the narrow bounds of private life
He must confine his aims, those swelling virtues
Which, from his noble father, he inherits.

Sif. Perhaps, regardless, in the common bane
Of youth he melts, in vanity and love.
But if the seeds of virtue glow within him,
I will awake a higher sense, a love
That grasps the loves and happiness of millions.

Tan. Why that surmise? Or should he love,
Siffredi,

I doubt not, it is nobly, which will raise
And animate his virtues. Oh! permit me
To plead the cause of youth: their virtue oft,
In pleasure's soft enchantment lull'd awhile,
Forgets itself; it sleeps and gaily dreams,
Till great occasion rouse it; then, all flame,
It walks abroad, with heighten'd soul and vigour,
And by the change astonishes the world. [thers!]

Sif. Hear him, immortal shades of his great fa-
Forgive me, sir, this trial of your heart.
Thou, thou art he!

Tan. Siffredi!

Sif. Tancred, thou!

Thou art the man, of all the many thousands
That toil upon the bosom of this isle,
By heaven elected to command the rest,
To rule, protect them, and to make them happy.

Tan. Manfred, my father! I the last support
Of the fam'd Norman line, that awes the world?
I, who, this morning, wander'd forth an orphan,
Outcast of all but thee, my second father!

Thus call'd to glory! to the first great lot
Of humankind! Oh! wonder-working hand,
That in majestic silence sways at will
The mighty movements of unbounded nature!
Oh! grant me, heaven, the virtues to sustain
This awful burden of so many heroes!

Let me not be exalted into shame;
Set up the worthless pageant of vain grandeur.
Meantime, I thank the justice of the king,
Who has my right bequeath'd me. Thee, Siffredi,
I thank thee! Oh! I ne'er enough can thank thee.
Yes, thou hast been—thou art—shalt be my father!
Thou shalt direct my inexperience'd years;
Shalt be the ruling head, and I the hand.

Sif. It is enough for me to see my sov'reign
Assert his virtues, and maintain his honour.

Tan. I think, my lord, you said the king committed

To you his will? I hope it is not clogg'd
With any base conditions, any clause,
To tyrannise my heart, and to Constantia
Enslave my hand devoted to another.
The hint you just now gave of that alliance,
You must imagine, wakes my fear. But know,
In this alone I will not bear dispute,
Not ev'n from thee, Siffredi. Let the council
Be straight assembled, and the will there open'd:
Thence issue speedy orders to convene,
This day, ere noon, the senate, where those barons,
Who now are in Palermo, will attend,
To pay their ready homage to the king.

Sif. I go, my liege. But once again permit me
To tell you, now is the trying crisis
That must determine of your future reign.
Oh! with heroic rigour watch your heart;
And to the sovereign duties of the king,
Th' unequall'd pleasures of a god on earth,
Submit the common joys, the common passions,
Nay, even the virtues of the private man.

Tan. Of that no more. They not oppose, but aid,
Invigorate, cherish, and reward each other.

[Exit Sif.]

Now, generous Sigismunda, comes my turn,
To shew my love was not of thine unworthy,
When fortune bade me blush to look to thee.
But what is fortune to the wish of love?

A miserable bankrupt!
Quick, let me find her; taste that highest joy,
Th' exalted heart can know, the mix'd effusion
Of gratitude and love! Behold, she comes!

Re-enter SIGISMUNDA.

My flutt'ring soul was on the wing to find thee,
My love, my Sigismunda!

Sig. Oh! my Tancred,
Tell me what means this mystery and gloom,
That lowers around? Just now involv'd in thought,
My father shot athwart me—You, my lord,
Seem strangely mov'd—I fear, some dark event
From the king's death, to trouble our repose;
That tender calm we in the woods of Belmont
So happily enjoy'd. Explain this hurry;
What means it? say.

Tan. It means that we are happy!
Beyond our most romantic wishes happy!

Sig. You but perplex me more.

Tan. It means, my fairest,
That thou art queen of Sicily; and I
The happiest of mankind!
Because with thee, I can adorn my throne.
Manfred, who fell by tyrant William's rage,
Was my father. (Pausing.)

You droop, my love; dejected on a sudden;
You seem to mourn my fortune. The soft tear
Springs in thy eye: oh! let me kiss it off.
Why this, my Sigismunda?

Sig. Royal Tancred,
None at your glorious fortune can like me
Rejoice; yet me alone, of all Sicilians,
It makes unhappy.

Tan. I should hate it, then!
Should throw, with scorn, the splendid ruin from me.
No, Sigismunda, 'tis my hope with thee
To share it, whence it draws its richest value.

Sig. You are my sov'reign; I at humble distance—

Tan. Thou art my queen! the sovereign of my
soul!

The dear, the tender, gen'rous Sigismunda!

Sig. Your heart, I know, disdains the little thought
Of changing with the vain, external change
Of circumstance and fortune.

But, ah! the hearts of kings are not their own.
Some high descended princess, who will bring
New power and interest to your throne, demands
Your royal hand; perhaps, Constantia—

Tan. She!

Oh! name her not: were I this moment free
And disengag'd as he who never sigh'd

For matchless worth like thine, I should abhor
 All thoughts of that alliance. Her fell father
 Most basely murder'd mine;
 And canst thou deem me, then, so poorly tame,
 So cool a traitor to my father's blood,
 As from the prudent cowardice of state
 E'er to submit to such a base proposal;
 They whom just heaven has to a throne exalted,
 To guard the rights and liberties of others,
 What duty binds them to betray their own?
 Or if, indeed, my choice must be directed
 By views of public good, whom shall I choose
 So fit to grace, to dignify a crown,
 And beam sweet mercy on a happy people,
 As thee, my love? Whom place upon my throne
 But thee, descended from the good Siffredi?

Sig. Cease, cease to raise my hopes above my duty;

Charm me no more, my Tancred! Oh! that we
 In those blest woods, where first you won my soul,
 Had pass'd our gentle days; far from the toil
 And pomp of courts! Such is the wish of love:
 'Tis all in vain; you cannot hush a voice
 That murmurs here—I must not be persuaded.

Tan. (Kneeling.) Hear me, thou soul of all my hopes and wishes!
 And witness, heaven, prime source of love and joy!
 Not a whole warring world combin'd against me,
 Shall ever shake my faith to Sigismunda!

(Trumpets and acclamations heard.)

But, hark! the public voice to duties call me,
 Which with unwearied zeal I will discharge;
 And thou, yes, thou shalt be my bright reward.
 Yet, ere I go, to hush thy lovely fears, [blank,
 Thy delicate objections, *(writes his name)* take this
 Sign'd with my name, and give it to thy father:
 Tell him 'tis my command it be fill'd up
 With a most strict and solemn marriage contract.
 How dear each tie! how charming to my soul!
 That more unites me to my Sigismunda.
 For thee, and for my people's good to live,
 Is all the bliss which sov'reign power can give.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A grand Saloon.

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. So far 'tis well. The late king's will proceeds
 Upon the plan I counsell'd; that prince Tancred
 Shall make Constantia partner of his throne.
 Oh! great, oh! wish'd event!
 But how this mighty obstacle surmount,
 Which love has thrown betwixt? My daughter owns
 Her passion for the king; she trembling own'd it,
 With prayers, and tears, and tender supplications,
 That almost shook my firmness. And this blank,
 Which his rash fondness gave her, shews how much,
 To what a wild extravagance he loves.
 I see no means—it foils my deepest thought
 How to controul this madness of the king,
 That wears the face of virtue, and will thence
 Disdain restraint. The crowding barons
 Here summon'd to the palace, meet already,
 To pay their homage, and confirm the will.
 On a few moments hangs the public fate,
 On a few hasty moments—Ha! there shone
 A gleam of hope. Yes, with this very paper
 I yet will save him. Here is the royal hand;
 I will beneath it write a perfect, full,
 And absolute agreement to the will;
 Which read before the nobles of the realm
 Assembled, in the sacred face of Sicily,
 Constantia present, every heart and eye
 Fix'd on their monarch, every tongue applauding,
 He must submit; his dream of love must vanish.
 It shall be done. To me, I know, 'tis ruin;
 But safety to the public, to the king.
 I will not reason more. No; 'tis fix'd!
 I here devote me for my prince and country;

Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish!
 Behold, earl Osmond comes, without whose aid
 My schemes are all in vain.

Enter OSMOND.

Osm. My lord Siffredi,
 I from the council hasten'd to Constantia,
 And have accomplish'd what we there propos'd.
 The princess to the will submits her claims.
 She with her presence means to grace the senate,
 And of your royal charge, young Tancred's hand,
 Accept. Methought, besides,
 I could discern, that not from prudence merely
 She to his choice submitted.

Sif. Noble Osmond,
 You have in this done to the public great
 And signal service. Yes, I must avow it;
 This frank and ready instance of your zeal,
 In such a trying crisis of the state,
 Upbraids the rashness of my former judgment.

Osm. Siffredi, no. To you belongs the praise;
 'Tis you, my lord, to whom the many thousands,
 That by the barbarous sword of civil war
 Had fallen inglorious, owe their lives.
 I blush to think

I have so long oppos'd the best good man
 In Sicily:

To your's I join my hand; with you will own
 No int'rest and no party but my country.
 Nor is your friendship only my ambition:
 There is a dearer name, the name of father,
 By which I should rejoice to call Siffredi.
 Your daughter's hand would to the public weal
 Unite my private happiness.

Sif. My lord,
 You have my glad consent. To be allied
 To your distinguish'd family and merit,
 I shall esteem an honour. From my soul
 I here embrace earl Osmond as my friend
 And son.

Osm. You make him happy.
 I from this moment vow myself the friend
 And zealous servant of Siffredi's house.

Enter an Officer belonging to the Court.

Offi. (To Siffredi.) The king, my lord, demands
 your speedy presence.

Sif. I will attend him straight. Farewell, my lord;
 The senate meets: there, a few moments hence,
 I will rejoin you.

Osm. There, my noble lord,
 We will complete this salutary work;
 Will there begin a new, auspicious era.

[Exeunt Siffredi and Officer.]

Siffredi gives his daughter to my wishes,
 But does she give herself? Gay, young, and flatter'd,

Perhaps, engag'd, will she her youthful heart
 Yield to my harsher, uncomplying years?
 I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
 By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade
 Of love, to feed a fair one's vanity;
 To charm at once and spoil her. These soft arts
 Nor suit my years nor temper; these be left
 To boys and doting age. A prudent father,
 By nature charg'd to guide and rule her choice,
 Resigns his daughter to a husband's power,
 Who with superior dignity, with reason,
 And manly tenderness will ever love her;
 Not first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant. *[Exit.]*

Enter RODOLPHO from the Senate.

Rod. This will perplexes all. No, Tancred never
 Can stoop to these conditions, which at once
 Attack his rights, his honour, and his love.
 Th' unjust, the base conditions of the will!
 Uncertain, toss'd in cruel agitation,
 He oft, methought, address'd himself to speak,
 And interrupt Siffredi, who appear'd,
 With conscious haste to dread that interruption,

And hurry'd on—But, hark! I hear a noise,
As if the assembly rose.

[*Sigismunda and Attendants pass through the back scene.*

Enter LAURA.

Lau. Your high prais'd friend, the king,
Is false, most vilely false. The meanest slave
Had shewn a nobler heart.
He Manfred's son! away! it cannot be!
The son of that brave prince could never sacrifice
All faith, all honour, gratitude, and love,
All in a moment. And for what? why, truly,
For kind permission, gracious leave, to sit
On his own throne with tyrant William's daughter!

Rod. I stand amaz'd. You surely wrong him,
Laura;

There must be some mistake.

Lau. There can be none:
Siffredi read his full and free consent
Before th' applauding senate. True, indeed,
A small remain of shame, a timorous weakness,
Even dastardly in falsehood, made him blush
To act this scene in Sigismunda's eye,
Who sunk beneath his perfidy and baseness.
Hence, till to-morrow he adjourn'd the senate;
To-morrow fix'd, with infamy to crown him;
Then, leading off his gay, triumphant princess,
He left the poor unhappy Sigismunda
To bend her trembling steps to that sad home
His faithless vows will render hateful to her.
He comes. Farewell! I cannot bear his presence.

[*Exit.*

Enter TANCRED and SIFFREDI.

Tan. Avoid me, hoary traitor! Go, Rodolpho,
Give orders that all passages this way
Be shut. Defend me from the hateful world,
The bane of peace and honour; then return.

[*Exit Rodolpho.*

What! dost thou haunt me still? Oh! monstrous
insult!

Unparallel'd indignity! Just heaven!
Was ever king, was ever man so treated?
So trampled into baseness?

Sif. Here, my liege,
Here strike! I nor deserve, nor ask for mercy.

Tan. All, all but this I could have borne: but
this!

This daring insolence beyond example!
This murder's stroke, that stabs my peace for ever!
That wounds me there—there, where the human
heart

Most exquisitely feels—

Sif. Oh! bear it not,
My royal lord; appease on me your vengeance!

Tan. Did ever tyrant image aught so cruel?
The lowest slave that crawls upon the earth,
Robb'd of each comfort heav'n bestows on mortals,
On the bare ground has still his virtue left,
The sacred treasure of an honest heart,
Which thou hast dar'd, with rash, audacious hand,
And impious fraud, in me to violate—

Sif. Behold, my lord, that rash, audacious hand,
Which not repents its crime. Oh! glorious, happy!
If by my ruin I can save your honour. [scorn

Tan. Such honour I renounce; with sovereign
Greatly detest it, and its mean adviser!
Hast thou not dar'd beneath my name to shelter,
Beneath thy sovereign's name, basely presum'd
To shield a lie—a lie, in public utter'd,
To all deluded Sicily? But know,

This poor contrivance is as weak as base.
What, marry her! Constantia! her! the daughter
Of the fell tyrant who destroy'd my father!
The very thought is madness! Ere thou seest
The torch of Hymen light these hated nuptials,
Thou shalt behold Sicilia wrapp'd in flames,
Her cities raz'd, her valleys drench'd with slaughter.
Love set aside, my pride assumes the quarrel;
My honour now is up; in spite of thee,

A world combin'd against me, I will give
This scatter'd will in fragments to the winds,
Assert my rights, the freedom of my heart,
Crush all who dare oppose me to the dust,
And heap perdition on thee!

Sif. Sir, 'tis just.

Exhaust on me thy rage; I claim it all.
But for these public threats thy passion utters,
'Tis what thou canst not do.

Tan. I cannot! ha!

Who shall arrest my vengeance? Who?

Sif. Thyself.

Tan. Away! Dare not to justify thy crime:
That, that alone can aggravate its horror;
Add insolence to insolence—perhaps,
May make my rage forget—

Sif. Oh! let it burst

On this grey head, devoted to thy service!
But when the storm has vented all its fury,
Thou then must hear; nay, more, I know thou wilt;
Wilt hear the calm, yet stronger voice of reason.
Thou must reflect that there are other duties;
Yes, thou must,
In calmer hours, divest thee of thy love,
These common passions of the vulgar breast,
This boiling heat of youth, and be a king,
The lover of thy people!

Tan. Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave;
In this will be a king; in this my people
Shall learn to judge how I will guard their rights,
When they behold me vindicate my own.
But have I, say, been treated like a king?
Heav'ns! could I stoop to such outrageous usage,
I were a mean, a shameless wretch, unworthy
To wield a sceptre in a land of slaves;
A soil abhorr'd of virtue; should belie
My father's blood; belie those very maxims,
At other times you taught my youth,—Siffredi!

Sif. Behold, my prince, thy poor old servant,
Whose darling care, these twenty years, has been
To nurse thee up to virtue; behold him here,
Bent on his feeble knees, to beg, conjure thee,
With tears to beg thee, to controul thy passion,
And save thyself, thy honour, and thy people!
Kneeling with me, behold the many thousands
To thy protection trusted; fathers, mothers,
The sacred front of venerable age,
The tender virgin, and the helpless infant;
See them all
Here at thy feet conjuring thee to save them
From misery and war, from crimes and rapine!
Turn not away: oh! is there not some part
In thy great heart, so sensible to kindness,
And generous warmth, some nobler part, to feel
The prayers and tears of these, the mingled voice
Of heaven and earth?

Tan. There is, and thou hast touch'd it.
Rise, rise, Siffredi. Oh! thou hast undone me!
Unkind old man! Oh! ill-entreated Tancred!
Which way so'er I turn, Dishonour rears
Her hideous front, and misery and ruin.
Why have you rais'd this miserable conflict
Betwixt the duties of the king and man?
Set virtue against virtue? But, hold, my soul,
Thy steady purpose; toss'd by various passions
To this eternal anchor keep: there is,
Can be no public without private virtue.
Then, mark me well, observe what I command;
To-morrow, when the senate meets again,
Unfold the whole; unravel the deceit:
Start not, my lord—this must and shall be done,
Or here our friendship ends. Howe'er disguis'd,
Whatever thy pretence, thou art a traitor.

Sif. I should, indeed, deserve the name of traitor,
And ev'n a traitor's fate, had I so slightly,
From principles so weak, done what I did,
As e'er to disavow it.

Tan. Ha!

Sif. My liege,

Expect not this: though practis'd long in courts,
I have not so far learn'd their subtle trade,
To veer obedient with each gust of passion.
I honour thee, I venerate thy orders,
But honour more my duty. Nought on earth
Shall ever shake me from that solid rock,
Nor smiles, nor frowns—

Tan. You will not, then?

Sif. I cannot.

Tan. Away! begone! Oh! my Rodolpho, come,
And save me from this traitor. Hence, I say!
No reply! Away! [Exit *Siffredi*.]

Be-enter RODOLPHO.

Rod. What can incense my prince so highly
Against his friend *Siffredi*?

Tan. Friend, Rodolpho!
When I have told thee what this friend has done,
How play'd me like a boy, a base-born wretch,
Who had nor heart nor spirit, thou wilt stand
Amaz'd, and wonder at my stupid patience.

Rod. Nothing so mean
As weak, insulted power, that dares not punish.
And how would that have suited with your love;
His daughter present, too? Trust me, your conduct,
Howe'er abhorrent to a heart like your's,
Was fortunate and wise. Not that I mean
E'er to advise submission—

Tan. Heav'ns! submission!
Could I descend to bear it, ev'n in thought,
Despise me, you, the world, and Sigismunda!
Submission! No! To-morrow's glorious light
Shall flash discovery on the scene of baseness.
Whatever be the risk, by heav'ns! to-morrow,
I will o'erturn the dirty, lie-built schemes
Of these old men, and shew my faithful senate,
That Manfred's son knows to assert and wear,
With undiminish'd dignity, that crown
This unexpected day has plac'd upon him.
But this, my friend, these stormy gusts of pride
Are foreign to my love. Till Sigismunda
Be disabus'd, my breast is tumult all,
And can obey no settled course of reason.
I see her still, I feel her pow'ful image,
That look, where with reproach complaint was mix'd,
Big with soft woe, and gentle indignation,
Which seem'd at once to pity and to scorn me.
Oh! let me find her. I too long have left
My Sigismunda to converse with tears,
A prey to thoughts that picture me a villain.
But ah! how, clogg'd with this accursed state,
A tedious world, shall I now find access?
Her father, too—ten thousand horrors crowd
Into the wild, fantastic eye of love—
Who knows what he may do? Come, then, my friend,
And by thy sister's hand, oh! let me steal
A letter to her bosom. I no longer
Can bear her absence, by the just contempt
She now must brand me with, inflam'd to madness.
Fly, my Rodolpho, fly! engage thy sister
To aid my letter. And this very evening
Secure an interview. I would not bear
This rack another day, not for my kingdom.
Till then, deep plung'd in solitude and shades,
I will not see the hated face of man.
Thought drives on thought, on passions passions roll;
Her smiles alone can calm my raging soul. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

SIGISMUNDA discovered.

Sig. Ah! tyrant prince! ah! more than faithless
Tancred!

Ungen'rous and inhuman in thy falsehood!
Hadst thou this morning, when my hopeless heart,
Submissive to my fortune and my duty,
Had so much spirit left, as to be willing
To give thee back thy vows; ah! hadst thou then
Confess'd the sad necessity thy state
Impos'd upon thee, and with gentle friendship,

Since we must part at last, our parting soften'd;
I should, indeed—I should have been unhappy,
But not to this extreme.
Is there, kind heav'n, no constancy in man?
No steadfast truth, no gen'rous, fix'd affection,
That can bear up against a selfish world?
No, there is none; ev'n Tancred is inconstant!
Hence! let me fly this scene! Whate'er I see,
These roofs, these walls, each object that surrounds
me,

Are tainted with his vows. But whither fly?
The groves are worse, the soft retreat of Belmont,
Its deep'ning glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,
Will wound my busy memory to torture,
And all its shades will whisper—Faithless Tancred!
My father comes. How, sunk in this disorder,
Shall I sustain his presence?

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. Sigismunda,
My dearest child! I grieve to find thee thus
A prey to tears.

Awake to reason from this dream of love,
And shew the world thou art *Siffredi*'s daughter.

Sig. Alas! I am unworthy of that name.

Sif. Thou art, indeed, to blame; thou hast too
rashly

Engag'd thy heart, without a father's sanction.
But this I can forgive; and if thy heart
Will now resume its pride, assert itself,
And greatly rise superior to this trial,
I to my warmest confidence again
Will take thee, and esteem thee more my daughter.

Sig. Oh! you are gentler far than I deserve.
It is, it ever was, my darling pride,
To bend my soul to your supreme commands,
Your wisest will; and though by love betray'd,
(Alas! and punish'd, too,) I have transgress'd
The nicest bounds of duty, yet I feel
A sentiment of tenderness, a source
Of filial nature springing in my breast,
That, should it kill me, shall controul this passion,
And make me all submission and obedience
To you, my honour'd lord, the best of fathers.

Sif. Come to my arms, thou comfort of my age!
Thou only joy and hope of these grey hairs!
Come, let me take thee to a parent's heart;
There, with the kindly aid of my advice,
Ev'n with the dew of these paternal tears,
Revive and nourish this becoming spirit;
Then thou dost promise me, my Sigismunda—
Thy father stoops to make it his request—
Thou wilt resign thy fond, presumptuous hopes,
And henceforth never more indulge one thought
That in the light of love regards the king.

Sig. Hopes I have none! Those by this fatal day
Are blasted all. But from my soul to banish,
While weeping mem'ry there retains her seat,
Thoughts which the purest bosom might have che-
rish'd,

Once my delight, now ev'n in anguish charming,
Is more, my lord, than I can promise. [sions,

Sif. Absence and time, the soft'ner of our pas-
Will conquer this. Meantime, I hope from thee
A great, a gen'rous effort; that thou wilt now
Exert thy utmost force, nor languish thus
Beneath the vain extravagance of love.
Let not thy father blush to hear it said,
His daughter was so weak e'er to admit
A thought so void of reason, that a king
Should to his rank, his honour, and his glory,
The high, important duties of a throne,
Ev'n to his throne itself, madly prefer
A wild, romantic passion, the fond child
Of youthful dreaming thought and vacant hours;
That he should quit his heav'n-appointed station,
Desert his awful charge, the care of all.
What! must for thee,
To make thee blest, Sicilia be unhappy?
Rouse thee, for shame! and if a spark of virtue

Lies slumb'ring in thy soul, bid it blaze forth;
Nor sink unequal to the glorious lesson,
This day thy lover gave thee from his throne.

Sig. Ah! that was not from virtue. Had, my father,
That been his aim, I yield to what you say.
Why did you drag me to a sight so cruel?

Sif. It was a scene to fire thy emulation.

Sig. It was a scene of perfidy! But know,
I will do more than imitate the king;
For he is false: I, though sincerely pierc'd
With the best, truest passion, ever touch'd
A virgin's breast, here vow to heav'n and you,
Though from my heart I cannot, from my hopes
To cast this prince. What would you more, my
father? [happy:]

Sif. Yes, one thing more; thy father then is
This world from thee, my honour, and thy own,
Demands one step; a step, by which, convinc'd,
The king may see thy heart disdains to wear
A chain which his has greatly thrown aside.
But above all, thou must root out for ever
From the king's breast the least remain of hope,
And henceforth make his mention'd love dishonour.
These things, my daughter, that must needs be done,
Can but this way be done—by the safe refuge,
The sacred shelter of a husband's arms.

And there is one—

Sig. Good heav'ns! what means my lord?

Sif. One of illustrious family, high rank,
Yet still of higher dignity and merit,
Who can and will protect thee; one to awe
The king himself—nay, hear me, Sigismunda—
The noble Osmond courts thee for his bride,
And has my plighted word. This day—

Sig. (Kneels.) My father!

Let me with trembling arms embrace thy knees.
Oh! if you ever wish to see me happy;
If e'er in infant years I gave you joy,
When, as I prattling twin'd around your neck,
You snatch'd me to your bosom, kiss'd my eyes,
And melting said you saw my mother there;
Oh! save me from that worst severity
Of fate! Oh! outrage not my breaking heart
To that degree! I cannot—'tis impossible—
So soon withdraw it, give it to another—
Or I shall die; shall, by the sudden change,
Be to distraction shock'd. Let me wear out
My hapless days in solitude and silence,
Far from the malice of a prying world;
At least—you cannot, sure, refuse me this—
Give me a little time; I will do all,
All I can do, to please you.

Sif. My daughter! you abuse
The softness of my nature—

Sig. Here, my father,
Till you relent, here will I grow for ever!

Sif. Rise, Sigismunda. Though you touch my
heart,

Nothing can shake the inexorable dictates
Of honour, duty, and determin'd reason.
Then by the holy ties of filial love,
Resolve, I charge thee, to receive Earl Osmond,
As suits the man who is thy father's choice,
And worthy of thy hand—I go to bring him—

Sig. Spare me, my dearest father!

Sif. I must rush
From her soft grasp, or nature will betray me!
(Aside.)

Quit me, my child!

Sig. You cannot, oh, my father!
You cannot leave me thus!

Sif. Come hither, Laura,
Come to thy friend. Now show thyself a friend.
Combat her weakness, dissipate her tears,
Cherish, and reconcile her to her duty. [Exit.]

Enter LAURA.

Sig. Oh, woe on woe! distress'd by love and
duty!

Oh, every way unhappy Sigismunda!

Lau. Forgive me, madam, if I blame your grief.
How can you waste your tears on one so false?

Unworthy of your tenderness; to whom
Nought but contempt is due, and indignation?

Sig. You know not half the horrors of my fate!
I might, perhaps, have learn'd to scorn his false-
hood;

Nay, when the first sad burst of tears was past,
I might have rous'd my pride and scorn'd himself—
But 'tis too much, this greatest, last misfortune—
Oh, whither shall I fly? Where hide me, Laura,
From the dire scene my father now prepares?

Lau. What thus alarms you, madam?

Sig. Can it be?

Can I—ah, no!—at once give to another
My violated heart? in one wild moment!
He brings Earl Osmond to receive my vows.
Oh, dreadful change! for Tancred, haughty Os-
mond. [heart]

Lau. Now, on my soul, 'tis what an outrag'd
Like yours should wish!—I should, by heav'ns,
esteem it

Most exquisite revenge!

Sig. Revenge! on whom?

On my own heart, already but too wretched!

Lau. On him! this Tancred! who has basely sold,
For the dull form of despicable grandeur,
His faith, his love!—At once a slave and tyrant!

Sig. Oh, rail at me, at my believing folly,
My vain, ill-founded hopes, but spare him, Laura.

Lau. Who rais'd these hopes? who triumphs
o'er that weakness?

Pardon the word—You greatly merit him;
Better than him, with all his giddy pomp;
You rais'd him by your smiles when he was nothing.
Where is your woman's pride, that guardian spirit
Giv'n us to dash the perfidy of man? [ence—
Ye pow'rs! I cannot bear the thought with pati-
Before the public thus, before your father,
By an irrevocable, solemn deed,
With such inhuman scorn, to throw you from him:
To give his faithless hand, yet warm from thine,
With complicated meanness, to Constantia.
And to complete his crime, when thy weak limbs
Could scarce support thee, then, of thee regardless,
To lead her off!

Sig. That was indeed a sight
To poison love; to turn it into rage [ness
And keen contempt. What means this stupid weak-
That hangs upon me? Hence, unworthy tears!
Disgrace my cheek no more! No more, my heart,
For one so coolly false, or meanly fickle,
Dare to suggest

The least excuse! Yes, traitor, I will wring
Thy pride, will turn thy triumph to confusion!
Sicilia's daughters

Shall wond'ring see in me a great example
Of one who punish'd an ill-judging heart,
Who made it bow to what it most abhorr'd,
Crush'd it to misery, for having thus
So lightly listen'd to a worthless lover.

Lau. At last it mounts, the kindling pride
of virtue;

Trust me, thy marriage will embitter his.

Sig. Oh, may the furies light his nuptial torch!
Be it accurs'd as mine! For the fair peace,
The tender joys of hymeneal love,
May jealousy awak'd, and fell remorse,
Pour all their fiercest venom through their breast!
Where the fates lead, and blind revenge, I follow—
Let me not think—By injur'd love! I vow,
Thou shalt, base prince! perfidious and inhuman!
Thou shalt behold me in another's arms;
In his thou hatest! Osmond's!

Lau. Ay, that will sting
His soul to madness.

Your cooler thought besides will of the change
Approve, and think it happy.

Sig. Talk not of Osmond, but perfidious Tancred!

Rail at him, rail! invent new names of scorn!
 Assist me, Laura, lend my rage fresh fuel;
 Support my stagg'ring purpose, which already
 Begins to fail me—Ah, my vaunts, how vain!
 How have I lied to my own heart!—Alas,
 My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms
 me!

Lau. If thy own peace and honour cannot keep
 Thy resolution fix'd, yet, Sigismunda,
 Oh, think how deeply, how beyond retreat,
 Thy father is engag'd.

Sig. Ah, wretched weakness!
 That thus enthrals my soul;
 And have I then no tears for thee, my father?
 Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,
 Thy tenderness for me? Shall I for these
 Repay thy stooping, venerable age,
 With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
 It must not be!—Thou first of angels! come,
 Sweet filial piety, and firm my breast!
 Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
 Be nobly wretched—but her father happy!
 Laura!—they come! Oh, heav'ns, I cannot stand
 The horrid trial!—Open, open, earth!
 And hide me from their view.

Lau. Madam.

Re-enter SIFFREDI and OSMOND.

Sif. My daughter,
 Behold my noble friend who courts thy hand,
 And whom to call my son I shall be proud.

Osm. Think not, I presume,
 Madam, on this, your father's kind consent,
 To make me blest. I love you from a heart,
 That seeks your good superior to my own;
 And will by ev'ry art of tender friendship,
 Consult your dearest welfare. May I hope,
 Yours does not disavow your father's choice?

Sig. I am a daughter, sir—and have no pow'r
 O'er my own heart—I die—Support me, Laura.
(Faints.)

Sif. Help—Bear her off—She breathes—my
 daughter!

Sig. Oh!
 Forgive my weakness—soft—my Laura, lead me—
 To my apartment. *[Exeunt Sig. and Lau.]*

Sif. Pardon me, my lord,
 If by this sudden accident alarm'd,
 I leave you for a moment. *[Exit.]*

Osm. Let me think—
 What can this mean? Is it to me aversion?
 Or is it, as I fear'd she loves another?
 Ha!—yes; perhaps the king, the young Count
 Tancred,

They were bred up together—Surely that,
 That cannot be—Has he not giv'n his hand,
 In the most solemn manner, to Constantia?
 Does not his crown depend upon the deed?
 What is it then? I care not what it be.
 My honour now, my dignity demands,
 That my propos'd alliance, by her father,
 And ev'n herself accepted, be not scorn'd.
 I love her too—I never knew till now
 To what a pitch I love her. Oh, she shot
 Ten thousand charms into my inmost soul!
 She look'd so mild, so amiably gentle,
 She bow'd her head, she glow'd with such confu-
 sion,

Such loveliness of modesty! She is,
 In gracious mind, in manners, and in person,
 The perfect model of all female beauty!
 She must be mine—She is!—If yet her heart
 Consents not to my happiness, her duty,
 Join'd to my tender cares, will gain so much
 Upon her gen'rous nature—That will follow.

The man of sense, who acts a prudent part,
 Not flatt'ring steals, but forms himself the heart.
[Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The Garden belonging to Siffredi's
 house.*

*Enter SIGISMUNDA and LAURA. Sigismunda with
 a letter in her hand.*

Sig. 'Tis done!—I am a slave! The fatal vow
 Has pass'd my lips! Methought in those sad
 moments,

The tombs around, the saints, the darken'd altar,
 And all the trembling shrines with horror shook.
 But here is still new matter of distress.

Oh, Tancred, cease to persecute me more!
 Oh, grudge me not some calmer state of woe;
 Some quiet gloom to shade my hopeless days,
 Where I may never hear of love and thee!
 Has Laura too conspir'd against my peace?
 Why did you take this letter? Bear it back—
 I will not court new pain. *(Gives her the letter.)*

Lau. Madam, Rodolpho *[me,*
 Urg'd me so much, nay, ev'n with tears conjur'd
 But this once more to serve the unhappy king—
 For such he said he was—that though enrag'd,
 Equal with thee, at his inhuman falsehood,
 I could not to my brother's fervent pray'r
 Refuse this office—Read it—His excuses
 Will only more expose his falsehood.

Sig. No:
 It suits not Osmond's wife to read one line
 From that contagious hand—she knows too well!

Lau. He paints him out distress'd beyond ex-
 pression,

Ev'n on the point of madness.
 He dies to see you, and to clear his faith.

Sig. Save me from that! That would be worse
 than all! *[then]*

Lau. I but report my brother's words; who
 Began to talk of some dark imposition,
 That had deceiv'd us all; when interrupted,
 We heard your father and Earl Osmond near,
 As summon'd to Constantia's court they went.

Sig. Ha! imposition? Well, if I am doom'd
 To be, o'er all my sex, the wretch of love,
 In vain I would resist—Give me the letter—
 To know the worst is some relief—Alas!
 It was not thus, with such dire palpitations,
 That, Tancred, once I us'd to read thy letters.

(Attempts to read the letter, but gives it to Laura.)
 Ah, fond remembrance blinds me! Read it, Laura.

Lau. *(Reads.)* "Deliver me, Sigismunda, from that
 most exquisite misery which a faithful heart can suffer
 —to be thought base by her, from whose esteem even
 virtue borrows new charms. When I submitted to my
 cruel situation, it was not falsehood you beheld, but an
 excess of love. Rather than endanger that, I for awhile
 gave up my honour. Every moment till I see you stabs
 me with severer pangs than real guilt itself can feel.
 Let me then conjure you to meet me in the garden, to-
 wards the close of the day, when I shall explain the
 mystery. We have been most inhumanly abused; and
 that by the means of the very paper which I gave you,
 from the warmest sincerity of love, to ensure you the
 heart and hand of
 TANCRED."

Sig. There, Laura, there, the dreadful secret
 sprung!

That paper! ah, that paper! it suggests
 A thousand horrid thoughts—I to my father
 Gave it! and he perhaps—I dare not cast
 A look that way—If yet indeed you love me,
 Oh, blast me not, kind Tancred, with the truth!
 Oh, pitying keep me ignorant for ever.
 What strange, peculiar misery is mine!
 Reduc'd to wish the man I love were false!

Lau. Madam,
 Behold he comes—the king—

Sig. Heav'ns! how escape?
 No—I will stay—This one last meeting—Leave me.
[Exit Laura.]

Enter TANCRED.

Tan. And are these long, long hours of torture
 past!

My life! my Sigismunda!

(*Throws himself at her feet.*)

Sig. Rise, my lord.

To see my sov'reign thus no more becomes me.

Tan. Oh, let me kiss the ground on which you tread!

Let me exhale my soul in softest transport!

Since I again behold my Sigismunda! (*Rises.*)

Unkind! how couldst thou ever deem me false?

How thus dishonour love? After the vows,
The fervent truth, the tender protestations,
Which mine has often pour'd, to let thy breast,
Whate'er th' appearance was, admit suspicion?

Sig. How! when I heard myself your full consent
To the late king's so just and prudent will?
Heard it before you read, in solemn senate?
When I beheld you give your royal hand,
To her, whose birth and dignity of right
Demands that high alliance? Yes, my lord,
You have done well. The man whom heav'n
appoints

To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.
In all, you have done well; but when you bid
My humbled hopes look up to you again,
And sooth'd with wanton cruelty my weakness—
That too was well—My vanity deserv'd
The sharp rebuke. [now,

Tan. Chide on, chide on. Thy soft reproaches
Instead of wounding, only sooth my fondness.
No, no, thou charming consort of my soul!
I never lov'd thee with such faithful ardour,
As in that cruel, miserable moment
You thought me false.

It was thy barb'rous father, Sigismunda,
Who caught me in the toil. He turn'd that paper,
Meant for th' assuring bond of nuptial love,
To ruin it for ever; he, he wrote
That forg'd consent, you heard, beneath my name,
Had he not been thy father—Ha! my love!
You tremble, you grow pale!

Sig. Oh, leave me, Tancred! [set

Tan. No!—Leave thee!—Never! never till you
My heart at peace, till these dear lips again
Pronounce thee mine! Without thee, I renounce
Myself, my friends, the world—Here on this hand—

Sig. My lord, forget that hand, which never now
Can be to thine united—

Tan. Sigismunda!

What dost thou mean?

Sig. Inquire no more—I never can be thine.

Tan. What, who shall interpose? Who dares
attempt

To brave the fury of an injur'd king,
Who, ere he sees thee ravish'd from his hopes,
Will wrap all blazing Sicily in flames?

Sig. In vain your pow'r, my lord—'Tis fatal error,
Join'd to my father's unrelenting will,
Has plac'd an everlasting bar betwixt us—
I am—Earl Osmond's—wife.

Tan. Earl Osmond's wife!

(*After a long pause, during which they look
at one another with the highest agitation,
and most tender distress.*)

Heav'ns! did I hear thee right? What! marry'd?
marry'd!

Lost to thy faithful Tancred? lost for ever!
Couldst thou then doom me to such matchless woe,
Without so much as hearing me? Distraction!
Alas! what hast thou done? Ah, Sigismunda!
Thy rash credulity has done a deed,
Which, of two happiest lovers that e'er felt
The blissful pow'r, has made two finish'd wretches!
But—madness!—Sure thou know'st it cannot be!
This hand is mine! a thousand thousand vows—
Enter OSMOND.

Osm. (*Snatches her hand from the king.*) Madam,
this hand, by the most solemn rites,
A little hour ago, was giv'n to me,

And did not sov'reign honour now command me,
Never but with my life to quit my claim,
I would renounce it—thus!

Tan. Ha, who art thou?

Presumptuous man!

Sig. (*Aside.*) Where is my father? Heav'ns!

Osm. One thou shouldst better know—Yes—
view me, one

Who can and will maintain his rights and honour,
Against a faithless prince, an upstart king,
Whose first base deed is what a harden'd tyrant
Would blush to act.

Tan. Insolent Osmond! know,
This upstart king will hurl confusion on thee,
And all who shall invade his sacred rights,
Prior to thine—thine, founded on compulsion,
On infamous deceit!—I will annul,
By the high pow'r with which the laws invest me,
Those guilty forms in which you have entrapp'd,
My queen betroth'd, who has my heart, my hand,
And shall partake my throne—if, haughty lord,
If this thou didst not know, then know it now;
And know, besides, as I have told thee this,
Shouldst thou but think to urge thy treason further—
Thy life shall answer for it.

Osm. Ha! my life!—

It moves my scorn to hear thy empty threats.
When was it that a Norman baron's life
Became so vile, as on the frown of kings
To hang?—Of that, my lord, the law must judge;
Or, if the law be weak, my guardian sword—

Tan. Dare not to touch it, traitor, lest my rage
Break loose, and do a deed that misbecomes me.

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. My gracious lord, what is it I behold?
My sov'reign in contention with his subject?
Surely this house deserves from royal Tancred
A little more regard, than to be made
A scene of trouble, and unseemly jars.
Heavens! can your highness
From your exalted character descend,
Unkindly thus disturb the sweet repose,
The secret peace of families, for which
Alone the free-born race of man to laws
And government submitted?

Tan. My lord Siffredi,
Spare thy rebuke. The duties of my station
Are not to me unknown. But thou, old man,
Dost thou not blush to talk of rights invaded;
And of our best our dearest bliss disturb'd?
Thou, who with more than barbarous perfidy
Hast trampled all allegiance, justice, truth,
Humanity itself, beneath thy feet?
Thou know'st thou hast—I could, to thy confusion,
Return thy hard reproaches; but I spare thee
Before this lord, for whose ill-sorted friendship
Thou hast most basely sacrific'd thy daughter.
Farewell, my lord. For thee, lord constable,
Who dost presume to lift thy surly eye
To my soft love, my gentle Sigismunda,
I once again command thee on thy life—
Yes, chew thy rage, but mark me, on thy life,
No further urge thy arrogant pretensions! [*Exit.*

Osm. Ha! Arrogant pretensions! Heaven and
earth!

What! arrogant pretensions to my wife?
My wedded wife! Where are we? in a land
Of civil rule, of liberty and laws?
Not, on my life, pursue them? Giddy prince!
My life disdains thy nod. It is the gift
Of parent heaven, who gave me to an arm,
A spirit to defend it against tyrants.
Mine is a common cause. My arm shall guard,
Mix'd with my own, the rights of each Sicilian;
Ere to thy tyrant rage they fall a prey,
I shall find means to shake thy tottering throne,
And crush thee in the ruins!
Constantia is my queen!

Sif. Lord constable,
Let us be stedfast in the right; but let us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness. Remember that my
house

Protects my daughter still; and ere I saw her
Thus ravish'd from us by the arm of power,
This hand should act the Roman father's part.
Fear not; be temperate; all will yet be well.
I know the king. Trust me, to reason
He will return.

Osm. He will! By heavens, he shall!
You know the king—I wish, my Lord Siffredi,
That you had deign'd to tell me all you knew—
And would you have me wait, with duteous pati-
ence,

Till he return to reason? Ye just powers!

When he has planted on our necks his foot,
And trod us into slaves; when his vain pride
Is cloy'd with our submission.

No, no, my lord! there is a nobler way,
To teach the blind oppressive fury reason:
Oft has the lustre of avenging steel
Unseal'd the stupid eyes—The sword is reason!

Enter RODOLPHO, with Guards.

Rod. My lord high constable of Sicily.
In the king's name, and by his special order,
I here arrest you prisoner of state.

Osm. What king? I know no king of Sicily,
Unless he be the husband of Constantia. [*orders*]

Rod. Then know him now—behold his royal
To bear you to the castle of Palermo.

Sif. Let the big torrent foam its madness off.
Submit, my lord—No castle long can hold
Our wrongs. This, more than friendship or alli-
ance,

Confirms me thine; this binds me to thy fortunes,
By the strong tie of common injury,
Which nothing can dissolve. I grieve, Rodolpho,
To see the reign in such unhappy sort
Begin.

Osm. The reign! the usurpation call it!
This meteor king may blaze awhile, but soon
Must spend his idle terrors—sir, lead on—
Farewell, my lord—more than my life and fortune,
Remember well, is in your hands—my honour!

Sif. Our honour is the same. My son, farewell—
We shall not long be parted. On these eyes
Sleep shall not shed his balm, till I behold thee
Restor'd to freedom, or partake thy bonds.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. The prospect lowers around. I found the
king,
Though calm'd a little, with subsiding tempest,
As suits his generous nature, yet in love
Abated nought, most ardent in his purpose;
Inexorably fix'd, whate'er the risk,
To claim my daughter, and dissolve this marriage—
I have embark'd, upon a perilous sea,
A mighty treasure.

Bear witness, heaven! thou mind-inspecting eye!
My breast is pure. I have prefer'd my duty,
The good and safety of my fellow-subjects,
To all those views that fire the selfish race
Of mortal men, and mix them in eternal broils.

Enter an Officer belonging to Siffredi.

Offi. My lord, a man of noble port, his face
Wrapt in disguise, is earnest for admission.

Sif. Go, bid him enter— [*Exit Offi.*]
Ha! wrapt in disguise!
And at this late unseasonable hour!
Who can it be?

Enter OSMOND, discovering himself.

Sif. Earl Osmond, you? Welcome, once more,
To this glad roof! But why in this disguise?
Would I could hope the king exceeds his promise!
I have his faith, soon as to-morrow's sun

Shall gild Sicilia's cliffs, you shall be free—
Has some good angel turn'd his heart to justice?

Osm. It is not by the favour of Count Tancred
That I am here. As much I scorn his favour,
As I defy his tyranny and threats—
Our friend Goffredo, who commands the castle,
On my parole, ere dawn to render back
My person, has permitted me this freedom.
Know then, the faithless outrage of to-day,
By him committed whom you call the king,
Has rous'd Constantia's court. Our friends, the
friends

Of virtue, justice, and of public faith,
Ripe, for revolt, are in high ferment all.
I thence of you, as guardian of the laws,
As guardian of this will, to you entrusted,
Desire, nay more, demand your instant aid,
To see it put in vig'rous execution. [*rence.*]

Sif. You cannot doubt, my lord, of my concur-
Who, more than I, have labour'd this great point?
'Tis my own plan; and if I drop it now,
I should be justly branded with the shame
Of rash advice, or despicable weakness.
But let us not precipitate the matter.

Constantia's friends are numerous and strong;
Yet Tancred's, trust me, are of equal force:

E'er since the secret of his birth was known,
The people all are in a tumult hurl'd,
Of boundless joy. Oh! if our prattling virtue
Dwells not in words alone—Oh, let us join,
My generous Osmond, to avert these woes,
And yet sustain our tott'ring Norman kingdom!

Osm. But how, Siffredi, how? If by soft means
We can maintain our rights, and save our country,
May his unnatural blood first stain the sword,
Who with un pitying fury first shall draw it!

Sif. I have a thought—The glorious work be
thine.

Suppose my daughter, to her God devoted,
Were plac'd within some convent's sacred verge,
Beneath the dread protection of the altar—

Osm. Ere then, by heavens! I would
Turn whining monk myself.

And pray incessant for the tyrant's safety.
What! how! because an insolent invader,
A sacrilegious tyrant, demands my wife;
What! shall I tamely yield her up,
Even in the manner you propose? Oh, then
I were supremely vile! degraded! sham'd!
The scorn of manhood! and abhorr'd of honour!

Sif. There is, my lord, an honour, the calm child
Of reason, of humanity, and mercy,
Superior far to this punctilious demon,
That singly minds itself, and oft embroils
With proud barbarian niceties the world.

Osm. My lord, my lord, I cannot brook your
prudence;

It holds a pulse unequal to my blood—
Unblemish'd honour is the flower of virtue!
The vivifying soul! and he who slights it,
Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

Sif. No more, you are too warm.

Osm. You are too cool.

Sif. Too cool, my lord? I were indeed too cool,
Not to resent this language, and to tell thee—
I wish Earl Osmond were as cool as I
To his own selfish bliss—ay, and as warm
To that of others—But of this no more—
My daughter is thy wife—I gave her to thee,
And will, against all force, maintain her thine.
But think not I will catch thy headlong passions,
Whirl'd in a blaze of madness o'er the land;
Or, till the last extremity compell'd me,
Risk the dire means of war—The king, to-morrow,
Will set you free; and, if by gentle means
He does not yield my daughter to your arms,
And wed Constantia, as the will requires,
Why then expect me on the side of justice—
Let that suffice.

Osm. It does—Forgive my heat,
My rankled mind, by injuries inflam'd,
May be too prompt to take and give offence.

Sif. 'Tis past—Your wrongs, I own, may well
transport

The wisest mind—But henceforth, noble Osmond,
Do me more justice, honour more my truth,
Nor mark me with an eye of squint suspicion—
Return, my son, and from your friend Goffredo
Release your word. There try, by soft repose,
To calm your breast.

Osm. Bid the vex'd ocean sleep,
Swept by the pinions of the raging north—
But your frail age, by care and toil exhausted,
Demands the balm of all-repairing rest. [skies,

Sif. Soon as to-morrow's dawn shall streak the
I, with my friends in solemn state assembled,
Will to the palace, and demand your freedom.
Then by calm reason, or by higher means,
The king shall quit his claim, and in the face
Of Sicily, my daughter shall be yours.
Farewell.

Osm. My lord, good night. [Exit *Sif.*

(After a long pause.) I like him not—
Yes, I have mighty matter of suspicion.
My honour is not safe, while here my wife
Remains. Who knows but he this very night
May bear her to some convent, as he mention'd.
The king too, though I smother'd up my rage,
I mark'd it well—will set me free to-morrow.
Why not to-night? He has some dark design—
By heav'ns, he has! I'm abus'd most grossly;
Made the vile tool of this old statesman's schemes;
I will not wait his crawling timid motions,
I will convince him that Earl Osmond never
Was form'd to be his dupe—I will bear her off
This night, and lodge her in a place of safety:
I have a trusty hand that waits not far.
Hence! let me lose no time—One rapid moment
Should ardent form, at once, and execute
A bold design—'Tis fix'd—The mine is laid,
And only wants my kindling torch to spring.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Sigismunda's Apartment.*

Thunder. SIGISMUNDA and LAURA discovered.

Lau. Heavens! 'tis a fearful night!

Sig. Ah! the black rage
Of midnight tempest, or th' assuring smiles
Of radiant morn, are equal all to me.
Nought now has charms or terror to my breast.
The seat of stupid woe! Leave me, my Laura.
Kind rest, perhaps, may hush my woes a little.
Oh, for that quiet sleep that knows no morning!

Lau. Madam, indeed I know not how to go.
Indulge my fondness—Let me watch awhile
By your sad bed, 'till these dread hours shall pass.

Sig. Alas! what is the toil of elements, (*Thunder.*)
This idle perturbation of the sky,
To what I feel within? Oh, that the fires
Of pitying heaven would point their fury here!
Good night, my dearest Laura.

Lau. Oh, I know not
What this oppression means—But 'tis with pain,
With tears, I can persuade myself to leave you—
Well then—Good night, my dearest Sigismunda.

[Exit.

Sig. And am I then alone? The most undone,
Most wretched being now beneath the cope
Of this affrighting gloom that wraps the world—
I said I did not fear—Ah, me! I feel
A shiv'ring horror run through all my powers!
Oh, I am nought but tumult, fears, and weakness!
And yet how idle fear, when hope is gone,
Gone, gone for ever! Oh, thou gentle scene

(Looking towards her bed.)

Of sweet repose, where, by the oblivious draught
Of each sad toilsome day, to peace restor'd,
Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile,—
Thou hast no peace for me! What shall I do?

How pass this dreadful night, so big with terror?
Here with the midnight shade, here will I sit,
(Sitting down.)

A prey to dire despair, and ceaseless weep
The hours away—Bless me—I heard a noise—
(Starting up.)

No, I mistook; nothing but silence reigns,
And awful midnight round. Again! Oh, heav'ns!
My lord the king!

Enter TANCRED.

Tan. Be not alarm'd, my love!

Sig. My royal lord, why, at this midnight hour—
How came you hither?

Tan. By that secret way
My love contriv'd, when we, in happier days,
Us'd to devote these hours, so much in vain,
To vows of love, and everlasting friendship.

Sig. Why will you thus persist to add new stings
To her distress, who never can be thine?
Oh, fly me! fly! you know—

Tan. I know too much.
Oh, how I could reproach thee, Sigismunda!
Pour out my injur'd soul in just complaints!
But now the time permits not; these swift mo-
ments—

I told thee how thy father's artifice
Forc'd me to seem perfidious in thy eyes.
Ever since—a dreadful interval of care!
My thoughts have been employ'd, not without hope,
How to defeat Siffredi's barb'rous purpose.
But thy credulity has ruin'd all,
Thy rash, thy wild—I know not what to name it—
Oh, it has prov'd the giddy hopes of man
To be delusion all, and sick'ning folly!

Sig. Ah, gen'rous Tancred! ah, thy truth de-
stroy me!

Yes, yes, 'tis I, 'tis I alone am false!
My hasty rage, join'd to my tame submission,
More than the most exalted filial duty
Could e'er demand, has dash'd our cup of fate
With bitterness unequal'd. But, alas!
What are thy woes to mine?—to mine! just
heaven! [me!

Now is thy turn of vengeance—hate, renounce
Oh, leave me to the fate I well deserve,
To sink in hopeless misery! At least,
Try to forget the worthless Sigismunda!

Tan. Forget thee! No! Thou art my soul itself!
I have no thought, no hope, no wish but thee!
Ah, how forget thee! Much must be forgot,
Ere Tancred can forget his Sigismunda!

Sig. But you, my lord, must make that great
effort.

Tan. Can Sigismunda make it?

Sig. Ah, I know not
With what success—But all that feeble woman
And love-entangl'd reason can perform,
I to the utmost will exert to do it.

Tan. Oh, barbarous Sigismunda!
And canst thou talk thus steadily; thus treat me
With such unpitying, unrelenting rigour?
Poor is the love, that rather than give up
A little pride, a little formal pride,
The breath of vanity, can bear to see
The man, whose heart was once so dear to thine,
By many a tender vow so mix'd together,
A prey to anguish, fury, and distraction!
Thou canst not surely make me such a wretch,
Thou canst not, Sigismunda! Yet relent,
Oh, save us yet! Rodolpho, with my guards,
Waits in the garden—Let us seize the moments
We ne'er may have again. With more than power
I will assert thee mine, with fairest honour.
The world shall ev'n approve; each honest bosom
Swell'd with a kindred joy to see us happy.

Sig. The world approve! what is the world
to me?

The conscious mind is its own awful world—
And mine is fix'd—Distress me, then, no more;

Not all the heart can plead (and it, alas!
Pleads but too much)
Shall ever shake th' unalterable dictates
That tyrannize my breast.

Tan. 'Tis well—no more—
I yield me to my fate. Yes, yes, inhuman!
Since thy barbarian heart is steel'd by pride,
Shut up to love and pity, here behold me
Cast on the ground, a vile and abject wretch!
Lost to all cares, all dignities, all duties!
Here will I grow, breathe out my faithful soul,
Here at thy feet—Death, death alone shall part us!

Sig. Have you then vow'd to drive me to perdition!

What can I more? Yes, Tancred! once again
I will forget the dignity my station
Commands me to sustain—for the last time
Will tell thee, that, I fear no ties, no duty,
Can ever root thee from thy hapless bosom.
Oh, leave me! fly me! were it but in pity!
To see what once we tenderly have lov'd,
Cut off from every hope—cut off for ever!
Is pain thy generosity should spare me.
Then rise, my lord; and if you truly love me,
If you respect my honour, nay, my peace,
Retire! for though th' emotions of my heart
Can ne'er alarm my virtue; yet, alas!
They tear it so, they pierce it with such anguish—
Oh, 'tis too much! I cannot bear the conflict!

Enter OSMOND.

Osm. Turn, tyrant, turn! and answer to my honour,
For this thy base insufferable outrage!

Tan. Insolent traitor! Think not to escape
Thyself my vengeance! *(They fight, Osm. falls.)*

Sig. Help, here, help! Oh, heavens!
(Throwing herself down by him.)

Alas, my lord, what meant your headlong rage?
That faith, which I this day, upon the altar,
To you devoted, is unblemish'd, pure
As vestal truth; was resolutely yours,
Beyond the power of aught on earth to shake it.

Osm. Perfidious woman! die! *(Shortening his sword, he plunges it into her breast.)* and
to the grave

Attend a husband, yet but half aveng'd!

Tan. Oh, horror! horror! execrable villain!

Osm. And, tyrant! thou!—thou shalt not o'er
my tomb

Exult—'Tis well—'Tis great!—I die content!
(Dies.)

Enter RODOLPHO and LAURA.

Tan. *(Throwing himself down by Sig.)* Quick!
here! bring aid! Ah, that gentle bosom
Pours fast the streams of life.

Sig. All aid is vain,
I feel the powerful hand of death upon me—
But, oh! it sheds a sweetness through my fate,
That I am thine again; and without blame
May in my Tancred's arms resign my soul!

Tan. Oh, death is in that voice so gently mild,
So sadly sweet, as mixes even with mine
The tears of hovering angels! Mine again!
And is it thus the cruel fates have join'd us?
Are these the horrid nuptials they prepare
For love like ours? Yes, death shall soon unite us.

Sig. Live, live, my Tancred! Let my death
suffice

To expiate all that may have been amiss.
May it appease the fates, avert their fury
From thy propitious reign!

Enter SIFFREDI, fixed in astonishment and grief.

My father! Oh, how shall I lift my eyes
To thee, my sinking father?

Sif. Awful heaven!
I am chastis'd—My dearest child!

Sig. Where am I?
A fearful darkness closes all around—

My friends! We needs must part—I must obey
Th' impetuous call. Farewell, my Laura!
Oh, my dear father, bow'd beneath the weight
Of age and grief—the victim ev'n of virtue,
Receive my last adieu! Where art thou, Tancred?
Give me thy hand—But, ah—it cannot save me
From the dire king of terrors, whose cold pow'r
Creeps o'er my heart—Oh!

Tan. How these pangs distract me!
Oh, lift thy gracious eyes;—Thou leav'st me then!
Thou leav'st me, Sigismunda!

Sig. Yes, but thy love and tenderness for me,
Sure makes it needless—Harbour no resentment
Against my father, venerate his zeal,
That acted from a principle of goodness,
From faithful love to thee. Live, and maintain
My innocence embalm'd, with holiest care—
Preserve my spotless memory! Oh—I die—
Eternal Mercy take my trembling soul!
Oh, 'tis the only sting of death to part
From those we love—from thee—farewell, my
Tancred! *(Dies.)*

Tan. Thus then!

(Flies to his sword, is held by Rodolpho.)

Rod. Hold, hold, my lord! Have you forgot
Your Sigismunda's last request already?

Tan. Off! set me free! Think not to bind me
down,

With barb'rous friendship, to the rack of life!
What hand can shut the thousand thousand gates
Which death still opens to the woes of mortals?
I shall find means—No pow'r in earth or heav'n
Can force me to endure the hateful light,
Thus robb'd of all that lent it joy and sweetness!
Off, traitors, off! or my distracted soul
Will burst indignant from the gaol of nature,
To where she beckons yonder. No, mild seraph,
Point not to life—I cannot linger here,
Cut off from thee, the miserable pity,
The scorn of humankind! A trampled king!
Who let his mean, poor-hearted love, one moment,
To coward prudence stoop! who made it not
The first undoubting action of his reign,
To snatch thee to his throne, and there to shield
Thy helpless bosom from a ruffian's fury!
Oh, shame! Oh, agony! Oh, the fell stings
Of late, of vain repentance! Ha! my brain
Is all on fire! a wild abyss of thought!
Th' infernal world discloses! See! Behold him!
Lo! with fierce smiles he shakes the bloody steel,
And mocks my feeble tears. Hence, quickly hence!
Spurn his vile carcass! give it to the dogs!
Expose it to the winds and screaming ravens!
Or hurl it down that fiery steep to hell,
There with his soul to toss in flames for ever.
Ah, impotence of rage!

Rod. Preserve him, heaven!

Tan. What am I? Where?

Sad, silent, all? The forms of dumb despair,
Around some mournful tomb. What do I see?
This soft abode of innocence and love
Turn'd to the house of death! a place of horror!
Ah, that poor corse! pale! pale! deform'd with
murder!

Is that my Sigismunda?

(Throws herself down by her.)

Sif. *(After a pathetic pause, looking on the scene before him.)* Have I liv'd

To these enfeebled years, by heav'n reserv'd
To be a dreadful monument of justice?

Taught hence, ye parents, who from nature stray,
And the great ties of social life betray;
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part:
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.
Ye vainly wise, who o'er mankind preside,
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride;
Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

[Exeunt.]

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE;

OR, THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS:

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY WILLIAM SHIRLEY.



Act V.—Scene 5.

CHARACTERS.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES	LORD CHANDOS	CARDINAL PERIGORT	LORD RIBEMONT
EARL OF WARWICK	ARNOLD	ARCHBISHOP OF SENS	LORD CHARNEY
EARL OF SALISBURY	JOHN, KING OF FRANCE	DUKE OF TOURAIN	MARIANA
LORD AUDLEY	DAUPHIN	DUKE OF ATHENS	LOUISA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Prince of Wales's Tent.*

PRINCE EDWARD *discovered, seated*; EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF SALISBURY, LORD AUDLEY, LORD CHANDOS, *and others, standing.*

P. Edw. My lords, I summon'd ye in haste to
Intelligence is brought me that our foes [council.
Have levied, to oppose us, such a strength
As almost staggers credibility.

What's to be done? To tarry longer here,
And brave their fury in the heart of France,
Would be a rashness that may hazard all.
Consider, therefore, well, my fellow-warriors,
And aid my judgment with your good advice;
Speak, Warwick, your opinion.

War. Royal sir,
It is for marching back, with speed, to Bourdeaux.
Our little army, harass'd with fatigue,
And heavy-laden with the spoils of war,
Should, like the careful bees, ere storm o'ertake us,
Secure our treasures, and prepare for rest.
Hayock has wanton'd in our hard campaign,
And manly daring won increase of glory:
Then let not now presumption madly risk
Reprisals from such force. Be timely prudent:
The voice of wisdom urges our retreat,
Obey it and be happy.

Aud. Shameful thought!
What, spirit dastards, by inglorious flight?
No; never let it, mighty prince, be said,
That we who, two succeeding summers, chas'd

From shore to shore of their extensive realm
Collected armies, doubling each our own,
Should here, at length, discover abject fear,
And skulk for coward safety. What are numbers?
Let all their kingdom's millions arm at once,
And crowding, clust'ring, cram the field of fight!
Such timid throngs, with multiply'd dismay,
Would make confusion do the task of valour,
And work out their destruction.

Sal. Audley's thoughts
Accord with mine: while Salisbury has breath,
His tongue shall hurl defiance at their force.
Remember, princely Edward, Cressy's field:
Remember ev'ry battle we have fought,
How much out-counted, yet how greatly victors!
Loud were the calls that broke our sleep of peace,
And bade us rouse and buckle on our arms:
A throne usurp'd, your royal father's right;
A violated truce, a vile attempt
To filch away the fruits of painful conquest,
By basely bribing servants from their duty.
Assaults so infamous, such rank dishonour,
At last awoke our monarch's high resentment;
Oh! give it glorious scope. Unhinge, destroy
Their very pow'r of doing future wrongs:
So shall the rescu'd world pour forth its blessings,
And kings and kingdoms thank our arm for safety.

Chan. If Chandos gives his voice for our retreat,
'Tis not from coward motives: all can witness
I have met danger with as firm a spirit
As any in our host. But as success
Hath crown'd our arms with ample spoils and glory,

Why, when the season is so far advanc'd,
(Hopeless of profit,) should we longer stay,
By soothing pride, to brave adversity?
Consider, gracious prince, and you, my lords,
What difficulties clog a winter march
In hostile countries; parties harassing,
And want of all convenience and supplies.
I do confess, the wrongs that urg'd us hither
Were such as merited severe revenge:
And vengeance we have had. Their burning towns
Have lighted us on many a midnight march,
While shrieks and groans, and yellings echo'd round.
Fear and confusion were our harbingers,
And death and desolation our attendants. [paings,
Such have their suff'rings been through two cam-
And that a third may rise with added horrors,
And carry indignation to his goal,
Now homeward let us look; and wisely there
Recruit, in time, our vigour and our numbers;
Thence, with the cheerful spring, to issue forth,
Again to labour in the field of fame. [tongue,

P. Edw. True wisdom, Chandos, dictates to your
And modest, manly eloquence adorns it.
My lords of Salisbury and Audley, you,
Who cherish truth and candour in your minds,
Must yield to arguments so clear and strong.
Believe me, friends and brothers of the war,
A momentary ruin may involve us:
Such mighty hosts are rais'd, and now in motion,
As well will task our utmost skill to 'scape.
Upon the plains of Poitiers are encamp'd,
Th' extensive plains that our retreat must skirt,
An army double ours.

Aud. And shall we pass?
Go tamely by? And give 'em cause for vaunting,
That Englishmen avoided once a battle?
No; never let us merit such a stain;
But boldly seek 'em, dare their double numbers,
And drive 'em, if a combat they decline,
To skip and wanton at a safer distance.

Sal. Give us, my prince, the pleasure but to spring
This gaudy flight of prating popinjays,
And we'll retire contented.

Chan. There my voice
Shall join ye, lords: to force them from their home
At such a juncture will be doubly glorious!
Or should they venture battle, their discomfit
Will render our retreat to Bourdeaux safe,
And end our labours with a noble triumph.

P. Edw. Then be it so: for Poitiers we'll pre-
pare. (Rising.)
Give instant orders, good my lords, for marching:
To-morrow's sun shall see us face our foes.
There, if they wait our coming, we once more
Will dress contention in her Gorgon horrors:
Drive fear and slaughter through their shudd'ring
ranks,
Stalk o'er their mangled heaps, and, bath'd in blood,
Seize with red hands the wreath of victory.
Here break we off; go each where duty calls.

[Exeunt Lords.]
Now for an office is most grateful to me.
Who waits? Let Arnold know that I expect him.
(A Gentleman appears and retires again.)
How poor the pomps and trophies of the field,
The blaze of splendour, or that bubble praise,
Compar'd with what the sympathizing heart
Feels from a gen'rous action!

Enter ARNOLD.

Welcome, Arnold.
I ne'er behold thy face, but pleasure springs
With the remembrance of those sprightly days,
Which led through early youth our happy friendship.
Thou wert my brother then; familiar ease
Season'd our sports, and doubled each delight.
Thither my soul, from ceremonious pomp,
And all the heavy toils of high command,
Oft backward looks, with wishes to renew

Those lively transports, unallay'd by care,
Our boundless happiness, our bursts of joy.

Arn. So honour'd, gracious prince, as I have been,
From humble fortune rais'd to envy'd greatness,
And still with ev'ry grace each gift made precious,
Oh! what are words in payment of such blessings?
What, ev'n my life? were life itself laid down
In gratitude for such transcendent goodness.

P. Edw. If there's a transport tow'ring to divine;
If, in atonement for its load of cares,
One vast enjoyment is the gift of greatness,
'Tis that we can bestow where merit claims,
And with our favours cheer or charm the soul.
Thine is the vacant military post,
By Mountford's death reverted to my gift;
And keep thy office in my household still:
I must not lose the servant in the soldier.
Be henceforth both, and, what is more, my friend.

Arn. How shall I praise—

P. Edw. Arnold, I merit none.
If thou hast kindness done thee, I have pleasure:
There is no joy a gen'rous mind can know,
Like that of giving virtue its reward;
Nor ought such payment be esteem'd a bounty;
For to deserve and give is equal favour.
But let me ask thee of thy beauteous charge:
How has the noble Mariana borne
Captive calamity?

Arn. With resignation
Worthy her birth and dignity of spirit.
Forgetting her misfortunes, all her talk
Turns on the topic of your kind protection.

P. Edw. Let it extend to all that can relieve
The mind from harsh reflections on her state.
We're now preparing for the plains of Poitiers:
Accommodate her on the wearying way
With thy best care. Remember, I request it. [Exit.

Arn. Rely, my royal master, on my duty.
Needless injunction: Mariana's charms
Have given her here such absolute command,
My very soul, my ev'ry pow'r, is hers.
But the cold maid, whene'er I plead my passion,
Chills me with sighs, and stifles all my flame
Of love with streaming tears. Benignant heav'n!
Bless'd as I am with royal Edward's favour,
And Mariana's charms: and all beyond
Let mad ambition grapple for and gain. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter LORD CHARNEY and the ARCHBISHOP OF
SENS.

Char. My lord of Sens, I gladly give your grace
A joyful welcome to the plains of Poitiers.
You come the happy harbinger of comfort,
Returning to old Charney's woe-worn mind.
The king's approach revives my drooping spirits,
It feeds the dying lamp of life with hope
That I shall live to riot in revenge.
Those English locusts, who devour our wealth,
Who spoil and slaughter with so wild a fury—
Grant, ye good pow'rs! these eyes may see de-
And I shall die contented. [stroy'd,

Sens. Ev'ry tongue
Joins that petition: your misfortunes, lord,
Most nearly touch the king.

Char. Oh! they are great:
The pride of ancient lineage treasur'd up,
Trophies of war and ornaments of pomp,
These won by valour, those with honour worn;
Favours of monarchs, and the gifts of heaven;
The relics of a glorious ancestry,
Are, with the mansion of my great forefathers,
A heap of ashes now; a wide-spread ruin.
My age's blessing, too, an only daughter,
Torn from her home to hard captivity,
The prey, the victim of a fell revenge.
Oh, matchless misery! Oh, Mariana!

Sens. Your sorrows have been wept by ev'ry
eye:

And all have wonder'd what should mark you out
For such peculiar vengeance.

Char. Nothing but
The service done our master, when I brib'd
Their governor to give up Calais to us:
Who, like a villain, broke his plighted faith,
And sacrific'd the gallant troops I led
To Edward's fury: slaughter'd all or taken,
I was amongst the train who grac'd his triumph.
There the proud king insulted me with taunts;
He call'd our undertaking vile and base:
With low'ring brow and bitterness of speech,
Adding, he hop'd the fortune of his arms
Would give him to reward my treachery.
The father's wishes hath the son accomplish'd:
For which, may all the rage of ev'ry curse,
Flames, famines, pestilences, slaughters, join
To root from nature the detested race.

Sens. Grant it, good heav'n! But see, the Duke
of Athens.

Enter DUKE OF ATHENS.

Char. Lord constable, most welcome to my arms.

Ath. I thank you, noble Charney.

Char. Are the train
Of royal warriors, sir, arriv'd?

Ath. They are.

Char. Oh! joyful tidings! Sir, another hour
Shall speak, at large, my pleasure to behold you:
The present claims my duty to the king. [*Exit.*]

Ath. My lord of Sens, these secret marches made
From different parts by our divided host,
May steal us on our unprepared foes,
And give our arms, at length, an ample vengeance.

Sens. I greatly hope it. As I think, to-morrow,
Or I mistook the king, they'll all be here?

Ath. With early day, the instant we arriv'd,
A numerous party, led by Ribemont,
Came up and join'd us. Those the dauphin brings,
Our last division, are to march by night;
We may expect them with to-morrow's dawn.

Sens. See, Ribemont is here.

Enter LORD RIBEMONT.

Rib. Why, this looks well!

Here's bustle, expedition! Once again
We shine in arms, and wear a face of war.

Sens. Oh! may they never be again laid down
Till England is repaid with all the plagues
Her sons have brought on France. My eager soul,
As does the fever'd lip for moisture, longs
To see destruction overwhelm that people.

Rib. Indulge no guilty hatred, rev'rend lord;
For fair report, and, let me add, experience,
Picture them lovely to impartial judgment.
The world allows they're valiant, gen'rous, wise;
Endow'd with all that dignifies our nature:
While for their monarch, we'll appeal to facts,
And, sure, they speak him wonderful indeed!
Did not Germania's ermin'd princes meet,
And, as the most renown'd, the first of men,
Elect great Edward to imperial sway?

While he, sublime in ever-conscious glory,
Disdaining rule but on his native throne,
Saw sovereigns offer vassalage in vain.
Then, to his court, from ev'ry peopled realm,
Ev'n from our own, did not the fam'd in arms,
The harness'd knights repair to fill his lists?
To take his judgment in all martial strife?
Submitting int'rest, honour, all was precious,
And ev'n beyond appeal: owning his voice,
Like that of heav'n, incapable of error.

Sens. It grates my soul to hear a Frenchman talk
Of greater glories than he finds at home.
Is not this monarch you would make a god,
Our master's enemy, our country's foe?

Rib. A foe he is, but he's a noble foe.
I know his worth, and therefore will I speak it.
At our attack of Calais, 'twas my fortune
To meet in fight this third king Edward's sword.
I found him all that heathens held their gods,

Artful and mighty; (pardon the proud vaunt)
Too much for me to conquer. Long we stood
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
Till by superior soldiership o'ercome,
I yielded to a monarch; but so well,
With hardy vigour, I sustain'd the combat,
That freedom, ransomless, was my reward.
The royal victor, when he bade me go,
Took from his brow this string of orient wealth,
Around my temples twin'd the glittering wreath,
And cry'd, "Shine there, my token of applause."
Oh! if his valour wing'd amazement high,
Where was its flight, when his heroic soul,
Forgetting that my sword had aim'd his slaughter,
O'erlook'd all low regards, all partial ties,
And gave a vanquish'd enemy renown.

Sens. Detested boast! Ambition's taint, my lord,
So warps, so biasses the soldier's judgment—

Rib. Ah! biasses! I tell thee, priest, ambition—
When was it wanting in a churchman's soul?
More odious there, and more pernicious far,
Than when it fires the warrior's breast to glory.
But, down my rage: your office should be peaceful;
Your habit's sacred—let your speech be suited.

Sens. Reproving sir, you think you rail secure,
And so secure remain—howe'er your cause
Might bring ev'n your allegiance into question.

Rib. Said'st thou allegiance? what a vile resort!
And would thy jaundic'd malice stain my fame?
But loyalty, long prov'd, dares bid defiance
To all the base perversion of thy tongue.

I praise my foes, because they merit praise:
I'll praise them to the king—and after fight 'em.
My soul disdains such narrow-hearted spleen,
As owns no excellence beyond a tribe,
Or hates, from envy, all superior merit.

Ath. Forbear, my lord, consider you're enrag'd
With one whose function does forbid revenge.

Rib. Why does the meddling priest provoke
resentment?

Let him obey that function: preach repentance
To money-scraping misers, sordid slaves,
The cringing minions of corrupted courts,
The dregs of stews and tyrants of the gown.
There let his zeal be vehement and loud,
But not come here to sap the soldier's honour,
And teach inglorious lessons in a camp. [*Exit.*]

Ath. Forgive him, good my lord; brave Ribe-
Is all the warrior, bold above restraint, [mont
Of nature noble, but unpolish'd manners.

Sens. I do forgive him. Yet a time may come—
(*Aside.*)

Ath. Sir, go we to the presence?

Sens. I attend you. [*procure*]

Ath. There grant, ye pow'rs! our counsels may
The kingdom's safety, and its peace ensure:
In one brave action may our arms succeed,
And in their turn the daring English bleed. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The English Camp.

*Enter EARL OF SALISBURY and LORD CHANDOS,
meeting.*

Chan. Good-morrow, Salisbury; yon rising sun,
As was your wish, beholds us here encamp'd
Upon the plains of Poitiers.

Sal. Noble Chandos,
It was my wish; a wish for England's honour.
To Frenchmen, whom so much we've aw'd and
humbled,
Methinks I would not give the least pretence
For arrogance and boasting.

Enter EARL OF WARWICK.

War. Valiant lords,
Wild consternation reigns! Our scouts have brought
Intelligence the enemy surrounds us.
By sudden, secret marches, they have drawn

Their troops from ev'ry fertile province hither,
And cut off our retreat.

Sal. Why, then, we'll fight them.

War. Most fatal was our yesterday's advice;
But 'tis his highness' will we straight to council:
Haste, good my lords, for on a single hour,
Perhaps a minute, now our fate depends. [us,

Sal. I'll not believe the French will dare attack
How great soe'er their numbers. But with words
We will not waste the time that may be precious;
Then to the prince's tent, my lords, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A private Tent.*

Enter ARNOLD, leading MARIANA.

Arn. Now, lovely captive, wilt thou doubly
triumph:

The happier cause of France at length prevails,
And we are all undone.

Mar. What mean you, Arnold?

Arn. Encircled here by thy whole country's force,
Unable to sustain their fierce assault,
And all retreat cut off, we have no prospect
But that of total slaughter.

Mar. Hear me, heav'n,
Who oft hast witness'd to the silent tears,
Stream'd down in gratitude for gen'rous treatment.
Now witness (spite of all my country suffers)
That these descend in pity for my foes.

Arn. The fatal accident again restores thee
To liberty, and safety, while from me
It cuts away all hopes of happiness.
I wish not to outlive the bloody hour
Must give thee to thy father, whose abhorrence
Of all that's English, soon will interpose,
And plunge my soul for ever in despair.
Let then thy fancy image what I feel!
Grief chokes the very passages of vent,
And I want utterance for—

Mar. There is no need.
I know thy heart, know all its tender feelings,
Know what sad tumults doubts and fears create,
Whose mingling agonies, in wounded minds,
Sharpen a torture poignant ev'n to madness.
If to thy eloquence of words and looks,
My virgin modesty and captive state
Have hitherto forbid my tongue to answer,
Yet sure my eyes have told my heart was thine.
But now, away with fears and forms; distress
Bears me above restraint, and I will own
To heav'n, to earth, to thee, my father, country,
That Arnold is most dear, most precious to me.

Arn. Hold, my transported heart! Thou heav'nly
maid!
What raptures rush at that enchanting sound!
Happy as I am now, destruction, come,
O'erwhelm me in this moment of my bliss;
Ne'er let me pine in hopeless anguish more,
But die thus clasp'd in Mariana's arms.

Mar. And will our fate—will cruel fate divide
us?

Arn. Oh! do not name it: with the very thought
Frenzy assaults me. No, we must not, cannot,
Will not be parted. No—

Mar. Alas! I fear
The choice will not be ours. A father's pow'r,
If France prevails, for ever tears thee from me.
And must they conquer? Oh! I find, I feel
I've lost already all regard for France:
England's my country; any country's mine,
That gives me but my safety and my love.
Inform me, tell me, is there no escaping? [rest,

Arn. Thou wilt need none. For me and for the
We have, alas! no prospect but of—

Mar. Stop!
Nor dare inflame a wild imagination,
Lest madness follow: 'midst relentless foes,
Methinks I see thee fall! Behold 'em strike!
I hear thy groans! I see thy gushing blood!
Thy writhing body trampled in the dust!

Oh! save me from the horror. Let us fly;
Let us away this moment: Let us—

Arn. Whither?

Where can we fly? All hope of flight is lost;
There is no possibility—

Mar. There is.

Let us, while yet occasion will permit,
Fly to my father.

Arn. Father!

Mar. He'll protect us.

Arn. Protect us! Dire protection! at the thought
My blood runs chill, and horror quite unmans me.

Mar. Think on the dangers that you brave by
staying. [merit

Arn. Think, rather, on the hell that I should
By such desertion—dire and damning guilt!
How dreadfully it shakes me!

Mar. Dost thou tremble?

Then, what should I, a helpless woman, do?
Imagine that, and if thou art a man,
Feel for what I may suffer.

Arn. Suffer! Thou?

Mar. Yes, Arnold, I! The woes that I may suffer—
Amongst the deadly dealings of the field,
Some well-aim'd weapon, through a bleeding wound,
May set thy soul at liberty for ever.
While I, (of mortals though the most undone)
Wanting all means of honourable death,
Must suffer woes beyond description dreadful.
What are my friends, my father, or my country?
Cold are the comforts that they all can give,
When thou, dear darling of my heart, art lost.
Pleasure, and hope, and peace will perish with thee,
And this forlorn, this joyless bosom, then
Become the dreary mansion of despair.
Shall not I rave, blaspheme, and rend my locks?
Devote the hour that gave me birth? and curse
The sun and time, the world, myself, and thee?
Till frenzy prompting, 'gainst some dungeon wall
I dash my burning brains to finish torture.

Arn. Do not awake, thou lovely pleader, do not,
Such tumult-working thoughts within a mind
On madness verging.

Mar. Let us, then, away. [me to it.

Arn. Oh! not for worlds! Not worlds should bribe

Mar. And wilt thou urge thou lov'st me?

Arn. More than life! [thee,

Mar. By heav'n, 'tis false! The spirit that's within
Is not of worth to hazard aught so noble.

Arn. Will daring ev'n to die convince thee?

Mar. No;

Death is a coward's refuge. Dare to live;
Dare wretchedness, reproach—

Arn. No more, no more;

Tempt me no more in vain.

Mar. Art thou so fix'd?

Arn. As fate.

Mar. I've done.

Arn. Then why that angry look?

Mar. It is a curse entail'd upon the sex
To have our counsel scorn'd, our love despis'd.
Go to thy ruin; to my ruin go:
I give thee up—and all my hopes for ever. [dew?

Arn. Why wilt thou blast me with that baleful
Each tender tear that falls in sorrow from thee
(Like melted ore fast dropping on my heart)
Drives life before it with excess of pain.
Come, friendly slaughter, now my only hope,
Free me from sufferings not to be endur'd.

Mar. What, in the hour of trial wouldst thou
shrink?

Steal to the shelter of a timeless grave,
And leave me on the rack of dire despair?
Is this a proof of that superior spirit
Asserted by the lordly boaster, man?

Oh! shame upon thee!

Arn. Hear me—

Mar. Not the winds,
That hang the curling billows in the clouds,

Are more impetuous than the rage of scorn
That rises in my bosom.

Arn. Let but reason

Weigh the dire consequence of such a flight.

Mar. The consequence! Why, what do you for-
But certain slaughter? [sake]

Arn. Horrid, damning thought!

Mar. I hop'd my risking wretchedness for love
Would have provok'd some emulation—

Arn. Oh!

Mar. But thou art poor, the hero of pretence;
And, therefore, thus, for ever—

Arn. Take me, lead—

No, stop! it surely was some syren's voice
Would lure me to destruction. Off! stand off!
Thou, thou art she that would ensnare my soul,
Ruin my peace, and sacrifice my fame.
But timely be advis'd: forbear to urge
A deed that all the earth would scorn me for,
All hell want plagues to punish.

Mar. Be undone—

Arn. Undone I am, whatever course I take.
Dreadful alternative! despair, or death,
Or everlasting shame.

Mar. I did not pause;
I chose for *Arnold's* love to hazard all:
To suffer, if misfortune were our lot,
And never once reproach him or repine.
But he rejects such truth, such tenderness.

Arn. Oh! hear me, help me, save me, sacred

Mar. Deserts a woman in adversity! [powers!
And seeks, in death, a rescue from the woes
Her fortitude encounters!

Arn. 'Tis too much—

It tears my brain—my bosom! oh!

Mar. Thou'rt pale! [me;

Arn. Dizzy and sick—the objects swim before
Reach out thy hand to save me ere I sink:
Oh! what a deprivation of all pow'rs!
Lead me to my tent, I beg thee lead.

Mar. I will.

Lean fearless on my arm, it can sustain thee.

Arn. Oh! boasted manhood, how I feel thy
weakness! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A magnificent Pavilion, in which KING
JOHN appears seated in state. On stools, below
him, sit the DAUPHIN, DUKES OF BERRY, AN-
JOU, TOURAIN, ORLEANS, and ATHENS, ARCH-
BISHOP OF SENS, LORDS RIBEMONT, and
CHARNEY, Attendants and Guards all standing.*

K. John. At length, we've caught these lions in
our toils,
These English spoilers, who through all our realm
Have mark'd their way with rapine, flames, and
slaughter:

Now, by my sacred diadem, I swear,
Beyond a conqueror's joy my pleasure swells,
For that my foes have wrought their own confusion,
And found misfortunes where they meant to deal 'em.
What say you, lords, must soft'ning pity sway?
Or shall we glut our vengeance with their blood?

Char. Heav'n gives them up the victims of your
wrath;

Indulge it, then, to their destruction. Mercy
Would mark your majesty the foe of France.
Your bleeding country cries for retribution:
I join it, with a voice by woes enfeebled;
Hear, feel, and strike in such a moving cause,
The cause of wrongs, of wounds, of weeping age.
The widow'd bride, the childless father calls:
The helpless, parentless, unshelter'd babe!
Matrons, bewailing their whole race cut off;
And virgins panting from the recent rape!
Oh! hear, redress, revenge us, royal sir,
For vengeance now is in your pow'r to grant.

Rib. Anger and hatred are disgraceful motives;
Calm dignity should ever counsel kings,
And govern all their actions. When they strike,

It ne'er should be to gratify resentment,
But, like the arm omnipotent of heav'n,
To further justice; to create an awe
May terrify from evil; better minds,
And benefit society.

Ath. The nuncio,
Who follow'd fast your majesty to Poitiers,
Hath sent to claim an audience in behalf
Of yon endanger'd English.

Sens. Do not hear him. [we not?

K. John. Say, lord archbishop, wherefore should

Sens. Knowing your godlike and forgiving nature,
I fear 'twill rob you of much martial glory:
Else might your fame in arms, for this day's action,
Rival the boasts of Macedon or Rome.
And sure your valiant soldiers will repine,
To have the laurels, now so near their grasp,
Snatch'd from their hopes for ever.

Rib. Abject minion!

How shameful to that habit are such flatteries.

(Aside.)

K. John. Yes, I well know my soldiers pant, im-
patient

To seize this feeble quarry. But our foes,
I must remind you, are so close beset,
That famine soon will throw 'em on our mercy.
Princes and lords, what cause have we to fight?
Why should we waste a drop of Gallic blood,
When conquest may be ours on cheaper terms?

Dauph. But will it suit the glory of your arms
To wait their inclination to surrender?

Or ev'n to grant such parley, as might plume
Their saucy pride t' expect capitulation?

Oh! no, my royal father, rush at once,
O'erwhelm 'em, crush 'em, finish them by slaughter.

Rib. Think not, prince Dauphin, they'll e'er stoop
for terms:

Believe me, we have rather cause to expect
A fierce attack, to cut their passage through,
Or perish in the attempt. I know them well,
In many a field have try'd their stubborn spirit;
Have won some honour, by their king, though van-
quish'd;

And when I ponder their intrepid courage,
How much they dare to suffer and attempt,
I'm lost in wonder; and no Cressy need
To make me tremble to provoke their fury.

Dauph. Your tongue, the herald of your vanity,
Methinks, is loud in what were better lost
To all remembrance—a disgraceful tale.
To boast of honours from a victor's bounty,
Is stooping low; is taking abject fame.
If you have valour, give it manly sway,
Busy your sword, but let your tongue be silent.

Rib. My talent never 'twas to idly vaunt—

K. John. No more of this, presumptuous Ribe-
mont,

My lords, we will determine yet on nothing.
I've sent a spy, of known abilities,
To find out the condition of our foes;
From whose report, in council, we'll resolve
On measures that may promise most success.
Meantime, do you inform the nuncio, Athens,
His audience shall be granted. Lords, lead on:
We'll make our morning's progress through the
camp. [Exeunt all but Athens and Rib.]

Rib. What boasts made I?

I told the truth, and wherefore, then, this taunt?
Shame on such modesty! The king, just now,
Nice as he seems in breeding and in forms,
With patience heard a supple, fawning priest
Strip all the shrines of fam'd antiquity,
Ev'n make great Cæsar and the son of Philip
Resign their laurels to his nobler claim:
Nay, thought him sparing, doubtless, that he left
Great Hercules and Jove unspoil'd to grace him.
By my good sword, an oath with soldiers sacred,
I swear 'twould make an honest stomach heave
To see a throat, so squeamish for another,

Open and gulp a potion down, enough
To poison half mankind.

Ath. Brave Ribemont,
The king's distaste was that you prais'd his foes.
To talk of Cressy and of Edward's feats,
Was to remind him of our crown's disgrace:
'Twas to proclaim what we should wish forgotten,
Our slaughter'd armies, and our monarch's flight.

Rib. What, are our ears too delicate for truth?
If English valour has disgrac'd our arms,
Instead of mean forgetting, we should stamp
The hated image stronger on our minds;
For ever murmur and for ever rage,
Till thence eras'd by nobler feats of arms.
Such are my thoughts, and such my resolution:
I share our country's scandal, and would join
My sword, my blood, to purge away the stain.

Ath. Here, then, occasion meets that patriot-
wish;

Here you may help to blanch our sully'd glory.

Rib. I differ, Athens, widely in opinion;
The harvest is too thin, the field too bare,
To yield the reapers honour. On my soul,
I pity the brave handful we encircle,
And almost wish myself an Englishman
To share a fate so noble.

Ath. Gallant spirit!

Rib. Would our exulting king acquire renown,
Let him reduce his numbers down to theirs.
Then sword to sword, and shield to shield, oppose,
In equal strife, these wondrous sons of war.
There conquest would be glorious! but, as now,
With all our thousands and ten thousands join'd,
By heav'n! 'tis most infamous to fight.

Ath. I must away; my duty calls me hence.
I must applaud this generous regard
For a brave people that have done you honour;
Convinc'd, whene'er you face these fearless foes,
You'll fight 'em warmly as you've prais'd.

Rib. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The English Camp.

Enter LORD AUDLEY and LORD CHANDOS, meeting.

Aud. You're well encounter'd, Chandos; where's
the prince?

Chan. Directing the entrenchments: ev'ry duty
His active ardour leads him to engross.
Such heav'nly fortitude inflames his soul,
That all beholders catch new courage from it,
And stifle with astonishment their fears.
From cool unruffled thoughts his orders issue,
While with the meanest soldier he partakes
In ev'ry toil; inspiring, by example,
A glorious zeal and spirit through the camp.

Aud. Yet feels he, as the father of our host,
For ev'ry man's misfortune, but his own.
Thrice have I seen him in successive rounds,
Kindle new courage in each drooping heart,
And drive all fear, all diffidence away.
Yet on the task would tenderness intrude,
As dangers stole and imag'd on his mind:
When, pausing, he would turn his head aside,
Heave a sad sigh, and drop a tender tear.

Enter EARL OF SALISBURY.

Chan. Well, what says Salisbury?

Sal. Why, 'faith! but little:

It is yon Frenchmen's place to talk at present.

Aud. How stand the troops?

Sal. Believe me, not so firm,
But our light-footed enemies, if dext'rous,
May trip up all their heels.

Chan. True to his humour:
My good Lord Salisbury will have his gibe,
Howe'er affliction wrings.

Sal. And wherefore not?

Will burial faces buy us our escape?
I wish they would: then no Hibernian hag,
Whose trade is sorrow, should out-sadden me.
But, as the business stands, to weep or laugh,

Alike is bootless; here is our dependance.

(Touching his sword.)

Aud. What are their numbers?

Chan. Full a hundred thousand. [no matter;

Sal. Ours but some eight: great odds, my friends:
The more will be our glory when we've beat them.

Aud. What swells their host so mightily's (I'm
told)

The Earls of Neydo, Saltsburg, and Nassau,
Have join'd their troops. The Earl of Douglas, too,
Assist them with three thousand hardy Scots,
Their old and sure allies.

Chan. I hear the same. [our pris'ner.

Sal. What! Scotchmen here? whose monarch is

Aud. Ta'en by a priest and woman; at the head
Of such raw numbers as their haste could gather,
When all our vet'ran warriors, with their king,
Were winning laurels on the fields of France.

Chan. And hither now, perhaps, his subjects come
To fight for captives to exchange against him. [get,

Sal. For captives! This poor carcass they may
When 'tis fit booty for their kites and crows:
But while this tongue can speak, I'd root it out
Ere Scot or Frenchman it should own my master.

Chan. The prince approaches, lords.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, EARL OF WARWICK,
and Attendants.

P. Edw. Ah! saidst thou, Warwick,
Arnold gone over to the foe?

War. He is.

A trusty spy brought the intelligence,
Who saw him enter in the adverse camp,
Leading his captive charge.

P. Edw. Impossible; [there

War. I've search'd his quarters since, myself, and
Nor he or Mariana can be found. [bind

P. Edw. What has a prince that can attract or
The faith of friends, the gratitude of servants?
Blush, greatness, blush! Thy pow'r is all but poor,
Too impotent to bind one bosom to thee!
A blow like this I was not arm'd to meet;
It pierces to my soul.

Sal. All-righteous heav'n,
Reward the villain's guilt! Believe not, prince,
Throughout our host, another can be found
That worlds would buy to such a base revolt.

P. Edw. I hope it, will believe it, Salisbury;
Yet must lament that one has prov'd so worthless.
I lov'd him too: but since he has forgot
The ties of duty, gratitude, and honour,
Let us forget an Englishman could break 'em,
And, losing his remembrance, lose the shame.
My lords, I have despatches in my hand,
Advising that the nuncio cardinal,
Good Perigort, is now arriv'd at Poitiers,
And means to interpose in our behalf.

Aud. His interposing is a gen'rous office,
And I applaud it; but, believe me, prince,
Our foes will rate their mercy much too high.
I'd hope as soon a tiger, tasting blood,
Can feel compassion, and release his prey,
As that a Frenchman will forego advantage.

P. Edw. I've by the messenger that brought my
letters,

Sent him the terms on which I warrant treating.
The sum is, my consent to render back
The castles, towns, and plunder we have taken,
Since marching out of Bourdeaux; and to plight
My faith, that I, for sev'n succeeding years,
Will wield no hostile sword against their crown.

Sal. It is too much, my prince, it is too much.
Give o'er such traffic for inglorious safety.
Or let us die or conquer.

P. Edw. Salisbury,
Rely upon a prince and soldier's promise,
That caution sha'n't betray us into meanness.
Heav'n knows, for me, I value life so little,
That I would spend it as an idle breath,

To serve my king, my country, nay, my friend.
To calls like these our honour bids us answer,
Where ev'ry hazard challenges renown.
But sure the voice of heav'n, and cry of nature,
Are loud against the sacrifice of thousands
To giddy rashness. Oh! reflect, my friends,
I have a double delegated trust,
And must account to heaven and to my father,
For lives ignobly sav'd, or madly lost.
Till Perigort shall, therefore, bring their terms,
Suspend we all resolves; but those receiv'd,
Determination must be expeditious:
For, know, our stock of stores will barely reach
To furnish out the present day's subsistence.

Aud. If so, necessity, the last sad guide
Of all misfortune's children, will command.

Chan. We must submit to what wise heav'n
decrees.

P. Edw. Let that great duty but direct the mind,
And men will all be happily resign'd:
Accept whate'er th' Almighty deigns to give,
And die contented, or contented live:
Embrace the lot his Providence ordains,
If deck'd with laurels, or depress'd with chains,
Inur'd to labour, or indulg'd with rest,
And think each movement he decrees the best.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The French Camp.*

Enter DUKE OF ATHENS *and* LORD RIBEMONT.

Rib. Lord constable, I was not in the presence
When Perigort had audience with the king:
Inform me, for I wish to know, does peace
Her olive-garland weave? or must the sword
Be kept unsheath'd, and blood-fed vengeance live?

Ath. The king expecting me, I cannot tarry
To let your lordship know particulars;
But the good father, who ev'n now set forward,
Carries such terms as, from my soul, I wish
Young Edward may accept: for 'tis resolv'd,
If they're rejected, instant to attack 'em.
Yonder's the fugitive, I see, advancing,
Who left their camp this morning. If we fight,
And you have there a friend you wish to save,
This man may point you to his post. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Rib. This man—by heav'n, there's treason in his
aspect!
That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pore on earth,
That bended body, and those folded arms,
Are indications of a tortur'd mind,
And blazon equal villany and shame.
In what a dire condition is the wretch,
Who, in the mirror of reflexion, sees
The hideous stains of a polluted soul!
To corners, then, as does the loathsome toad,
He crawls in silence: there sequester'd chews
The foamy ferment of his pois'nous gall,
Hating himself, and fearing fellowship.

Enter ARNOLD, *musings.*

Arn. Whathave I done? And where is my reward?
Charney withholds his daughter from my arms,
My flatter'd recompense for—Hold, my brain!
Thought that, by timely coming, might have sav'd
Is now too late, when all its office serves [me,
But to awaken horror. (*Aside.*)

Rib. I'll accost him.

Are you an Englishman?

Arn. I had that name,
(Oh! killing question!) but have lost it now.

Rib. Lost it, indeed!

Arn. Illustrious Ribemont!
(For was your person less rever'd and known
By ev'ry son of Britain, on your brow
That splendid token of renown you wear,
Would be your herald,) pity, if you can,
A wretch, the most undone of all mankind.

Rib. I much mistake your visage, or I've seen
In near attendance on the Prince of Wales. [you

Arn. I was, indeed; (oh! scandal to confess it!)
I was his follower, was his humble friend;
He favour'd, cherish'd, lov'd me—heav'nly pow'rs!
How shall I give my guilty story utterance?
Level your fiery bolts, transfix me here,
Or hurl me howling to the hell I merit.

Rib. Invoke no pow'r; a conscience such as thine
Is hell enough for mortal to endure.
But let me ask thee, for my wonder prompts me,
What bait affords the world, that could induce thee
To wrong so godlike and so good a master?

Arn. True, he is all, is godlike, and is good.

Edward, my royal master, is, indeed,
A prince beyond example. Yet your heart,
If it has ever felt the power of beauty,
Must mitigate the crime of raging love. [a fire

Rib. Love! Thou lost wretch! And could so frail
Consume whate'er was great and manly in thee?
Blot virtue out, and root each nobler passion
Forth from thy mind? The thirst of bright renown?
A patriot fond affection for thy country?
Zeal for thy monarch's glory? And the tie
Of sacred friendship, by thy prince ennobled?
Begone, and hide thy ignominious head,
Where human eye may never penetrate;
Avoid society, for all mankind
Will fly the fellowship of one like thee.

Arn. Heav'n! wherefore saidst thou that we must
And yet made woman? [not err,

Rib. Why accuse you heav'n?
Curse your inglorious heart for wanting fire,
The fire that animates the nobly brave!
The fire that has renown'd the English name,
And made it such as ev'ry age to come
Shall strive to emulate, but never reach.
There thou wert mingled in a blaze of glory,
Great—to amazement great! But now how fall'n!
Ev'n to the vilest of all vassal vileness,
The despicable state of female thralldom.

Arn. From letter'd story single out a man,
However great in council or in fight,
Who ne'er was vanquish'd by a woman's charms.

Rib. Let none stand forth, there is no cause they
Beauty's a blessing to reward the brave; [should:
We take its transports in relief from toil,
Allow its hour, and languish in its bonds:
But that once ended, dignity asserts
Its right in manhood, and our reason reigns.

Arn. Untouch'd by passion, all may talk it well;
In speculation who was e'er unwise?
But appetites assault like furious storms,
O'erbearing all that should resist their rage,
Till vigour is worn down; and then succeeds
A gloomy calm, in which reflexion arms
Her scorpion brood—remorse, despair, and horror!

Rib. But could contrition ever yet restore
To radiant lustre a polluted fame?
Or man, however merciful, forget
That justice brands offenders for his scorn?
Truth, the great touchstone of all human actions,
The fair foundation of applause or blame,
Has ting'd thy honour with too foul a stain,
For all repentant tears to wash away.
All eyes 'twill urge to dart their keen reproaches,
Each tongue to hiss, and ev'ry heart to heave
With indignation at thee.

Arn. All the pride,
That here should kindle into high resentment,
I find is gone. My spirit's sunk, debas'd;
My guilt unmans me, and I'm grown a coward. (*Aside.*)

Rib. The trumpets may awake, the clarions swell,
That noble ardour thou no more canst feel,
Disgrac'd from soldier to a renegade.
Anon, while o'er the dreadful field we drive,
Or dealing deaths, or daring slaught'ring swords,
Do thou at distance, like the dastard hare,

All trembling, seek thy safety. Thence away,
As fortune, or thy genius may direct,
Thy conscience thy companion. But be sure,
Whatever land you burden with your weight,
Whatever people you hereafter join,
Tell but your tale, and they will all, like me,
Pronounce you abject, infamous, and hateful. *[Exit.]*
Arn. Abject and hateful! Infamous! I'm all!
The world has not another monster like me:
Nor hell, in all its store of horrid evils,
Beyond what I deserve. Already here
I feel the shafts, they rankle in my bosom;
And active thought anticipates damnation.

Enter MARIANA and LOUISA.

Mar. He's here! I've found my heart's companion
Rejoice, my Arnold, for my father softens; *[out.]*
He half forgets his hatred to thy country,
And hears with temper while I praise thy virtues:
We soon shall conquer. Ah! what mean those tears?
Why art thou thus?

Arn. And canst thou ask that question?
Thou soft seducer, thou enchanting mischief,
Thou blaster of my virtue. But, begone!
By heav'n, the poison looks so tempting yet,
I fear to gaze myself in love with ruin.
Away, away! enjoy thy ill-got freedom.
And leave a wretch devoted to destruction.

Mar. Destruction! how the image strikes my soul,
As would the shaft of death, with chilling horror!
Hear me—but hear me! 'tis the cause of love!
Your Mariana pleads. For Arnold's peace,
For mine, for both—nay, do not turn away,
And with unkindness dash the rising hope,
That strives for birth, and struggles with despair.

Arn. Oh! yes, despair; it is most fit you should,
As I must ever do.

Mar. Wherefore? Why?
How are you alter'd, or myself how chang'd,
That all our blessings are transform'd to curses?
Have you not sworn (you did, and I believ'd you)
My flatter'd beauties and my faithful love,
Were all that Arnold wish'd to make him happy?

Arn. Curs'd be your love, and blasted all your
 beauties,
For they have robb'd me of my peace and honour.
Looks not my form as hideous as my soul,
Begrin'd like hell, and blacken'd to a fiend?
Go, get thee hence, thou blaster of my fame,
Bear thy bewitching eyes where I no more
May gaze my—but I've nothing now to lose,
Nought but a hated life, which any hand
Would be most merciful to rid me of.

Mar. If I am guilty, 'tis the guilt of love,
And love should pardon what himself inspir'd.
Oh! smooth the horrors of that anguish'd brow,
Thy tortur'd visage fills me with affright.
Look on me kindly, look as you were wont;
Or ease my bursting heart, or strike me dead.

Arn. Give me again my innocence of soul,
Give me my forfeit honour blanch'd anew,
Cancel my treasons to my royal master,
Restore me to my country's lost esteem,
To the sweet hope of mercy from above,
And the calm comforts of a virtuous heart.

Mar. Sure kindness should not constrne into guilt
My fond endeavours to preserve thee mine:
Life, love, and freedom are before you all,
Embrace the blessings, and we yet are happy.

Arn. What! with a conscience sore and gall'd
 like mine?

To stand the glance of scorn from ev'ry eye?
From ev'ry finger the indignant point?
In ev'ry whisper hear my spreading shame?
And groan and grovel, a detested outcast?
A taunting Frenchman, with opprobrious tongue,
Pronounc'd me abject, infamous, and hateful,
And yet I live! And you yet counsel life.
The damn'd beneath might find or fancy ease,

And fear to lose existence soon as I!
No, die I must—I will—but how—how—how—
Nay, loose my arm, you strive in vain to hold me.
Mar. Upon my knees—see, see these speaking
 tears—

Arn. Be yet advis'd, nor urge me to an outrage:
Thy pow'r is lost; unhand me! then, 'tis thus,
Thus I renounce thy beauties; thus thy guilt;
Life, love, and treason I renounce for ever. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Then welcome death, distraction, ev'ry
 curse! *[ders!]*
Blast me, ye lightnings! strike me, roaring thun-
Or let me tear, with my outrageous bands,
The peaceful bosom of the earth, and find
A refuge from my woes and life together.

(Flinging herself on the ground.)

Stand off! away! I will not be withheld;
I will indulge my frenzy. Loss of reason
Is now but loss of torment. Cruel Arnold!

Enter LORD CHARNEY.

Char. Whence is this voice of woe? This frantic
Why is my child, my Mariana thus? *[posture?]*

Mar. Thy flinty heart can best resolve the ques-
 tion: *(Rising.)*

Thou that relentless saw'st my tears descend,
And, urg'd by stubborn haughtiness and hatred,
Hast given me up to endless agonies.
The man that merited thy best regard,
The man I lov'd, thy cruelty has made
Alike implacable. He's gone, he's lost.
Arnold is lost, and my repose for ever. *[ruins,]*

Char. Why, let him go, and may th' impending
The hov'ring mischiefs that await their arms,
Him, them, and all of their detested race,
Involve in one destruction.

Mar. No, let ruin
O'er take the proud, severe, and unforgiving;
Crimes that are strangers to an English nature.
They are all gentle. He was mild as mercy,
Soft as the smiles that mark a mother's joy,
Clasping her new-born infant. Shield him, heav'n!
Protect him, comfort him. Thou cruel father,
Thou cause of all my sufferings, all my woes;
Give him me back, restore him to my arms,
My life, my lord, my Arnold! Give him to me,
Or I will curse my country, thee, myself,
And die the victim of despairing love. *[Exit.]*

Char. Follow her, watch her, guard her from
 her fury. *[Exit Louisa.]*

Oh! dire misfortune! this unhappy stroke
Surpasses all the sorrows I have felt,
And makes me wretched to the last extreme. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The PRINCE OF WALES discovered,
seated in state in his tent; at the entrance to which
his standard stands displayed: the device, three
ostrich feathers, with the motto of "Ich Dien:"*
EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY, LORDS
AUDLEY and CHANDOS, Nobles, Officers, and
Guards standing.

P. Edw. I've sent my Lords of Oxford, Suffolk,
 Cobham,
To meet the nuncio, and conduct him hither:
From whom we may expect to hear the terms
On which the French will deign to give us safety.

(Trumpets.)

Chan. Those trumpets speak the cardinal's ar-
 rival:

And see, the lords conduct him to your presence.
(Trumpets.)

*Enter three English Lords, preceding CARDINAL
PERIGORT and his retinue. On the Nuncio's
bowing, the Prince advances from his seat and
embraces him.*

P. Edw. Lord cardinal, most welcome to my arms:
I greet you thus, as England's kindest friend,
Misfortune's refuge, and affliction's hope.
It is an office worthy of your goodness,

To step betwixt our danger and destruction,
Striving to ward from threatened thousands here
The blow of fate.

Per. Grant, gracious heaven, I may!
For from my soul, great prince, I wish you rescue;
And have conditions from your foes to offer,
Which, if accepted, save ye.

P. Edw. We attend. *(Takes his seat.)*

Per. No art for mild persuasion in your cause
Have I omitted: but imperious France,
Too fond of vengeance, and too vain of numbers,
Insists on terms, which only could be hop'd
From such a scanty unprovided host;
And prudence will direct, from many evils
To choose the lightest. Their conditions are,
"That, to the castles, towns, and plunder taken,
And offer'd now by you to be restor'd,
Your royal person, with an hundred knights,
Are to be added pris'ners at discretion."

P. Edw. Ah! pris'ners!

Aud. Oh! insolent, detested terms!

Sal. An hundred thousand first of Frenchmen fall,
And carrion taint the air! I cannot hold. *(Aside.)*

P. Edw. *(After a pause.)* My good lord cardinal,
what act of mine

Could ever usher to their minds a thought,
That I would so submit?

Per. Could I prescribe,
You should yourself be umpire of the terms;
For well I know your noble nature such,
That int'rest would be made the slave of honour.
But to whate'er I urg'd, the king reply'd,
Remember Cressy's fight! to us as fatal,
As that of Cannæ to the Roman state.
There fell two mighty kings, three sovereign princes,
Full thirty thousand valiant men of arms,
With all the flower of French nobility,
And of their firm allies; for which (he cried)
What can redeem the glory of my crown,
But to behold those victors in our chains?
It is a bitter potion; but reflect,
That royal John is noble, and will treat
Such foes with dignity; while fortune pays
Less than the stock of fame his father lost.

P. Edw. Yes, Philip lost the battle with the odds
Of three to one. In this, if they obtain it,
They have our numbers more than twelve times told,
If we can trust report. And yet, my lord,
We'll face these numbers, fight 'em, bravely fall,
Ere stoop to linger loathsome life away
In infamy and bondage. Sir, I thank you—
I thank you from my soul, for these, for me,
That we have met your wish to do us kindness:
But for the terms our foes demand, we scorn
Such vile conditions, and defy their swords.
Tell 'em, my lord, their hope's too proudly plum'd;
We will be conquer'd ere they call us captives.

Per. Famine or slaughter—

P. Edw. Let them both advance
In all their horrid, most tremendous forms; [die,
They'll meet, in us, with men who'll starve, bleed,
Ere wrong their country, or their own renown.
Sound there to arms! My pious friend, farewell.
Disperse, my lords, and spirit up the troops;
Divide the last remains of our provision,
We shall require no more; for who survives
The fury of this day will either find
Enough from booty or a slave's allowance.

Per. How much at once I'm melted and amaz'd!
Stop, my lords, and give a soul of meekness scope,
In minutes of such peril. By the host
That circles heav'n's high throne, my bleeding heart
Is touch'd with so much tenderness and pity,
I cannot yield ye to the dire decision.
Let me, once more, with ev'ry moving art,
Each soft persuasion, try the Gallic king:
Perhaps he may relent. Permit the trial:
I would preserve such worth, heav'n knows I would,
If hazard, labour, life, could buy your safety.

P. Edw. Lord cardinal, your kindness quite un-
mans me,

My mind was arm'd for ev'ry rough encounter;
But such compassion saps my fortitude,
And forces tears. They flow not for myself,
But these endanger'd followers of my fortunes:
Whom I behold as fathers, brothers, friends,
Here link'd together by the graceful bonds
Of amity and honour: all to me
For ever faithful, and for ever dear.
The worth that rooted while my fortune smil'd,
You see not ev'n adversity can shake:
Think it not weakness, then, that I lament them.

Per. It is the loveliest mark of royal virtue,
'Tis what demands our most exalted praise,
Is worthy of yourself, and must endear
The best of princes to the best of people.
Till my return be hope your comforter:
If 'tis within the scope of human means,
I'll ward the blow.

P. Edw. Good heav'n repay you, sir: [them
Though acts of kindness bear such blessings with
As are their full reward. My lord, farewell.

[Exit Perigort, attended as he came in.]

Aud. Well, sir, how fare you now?

P. Edw. Oh! never better:

If I have frailty in me, heav'n can tell,
It is not for myself, but for my friends.
I've run no mean inglorious race, and now,
If it must end, 'tis no unlucky time.
As yon great planet, through its radiant course,
Shoots, at his parting, the most pleasing rays;
So to high characters a gallant death
Lends the best lustre, and ennobles all.

Aud. Why, there, my prince, you reach even
virtue's summit:

For this I love you with a fonder flame,
Than proud prosperity could e'er inspire.
'Tis triumph, this, o'er death.

P. Edw. And what is death,
That dreadful evil to a guilty mind,
And awe of coward natures? 'Tis but rest:
Rest that should follow every arduous toil;
Relieve the valiant, and reward the good:
Nor find we aught in life to wish it longer,
When fame is once establish'd.

War. That secure,

Our foes, who wail its loss, can ne'er recover
The glory ravish'd from 'em.

P. Edw. Who can tell?

Has fortune been so badly entertain'd,
That she should leave us? No, my noble friends;
Her smiles and favours never were abus'd:
Then what we merit we may yet maintain.

Chan. An hundred of us, with your royal person,
Deliver'd up their pris'ners at discretion!
The French have surely lost all modesty,
Or the remembrance of themselves and us.

Aud. But here, in my mind's tablet, there remains
A memorandum, that might make 'em start
In this career of their presumptuous hope.
Nine times the seasons scarce have danc'd their
rounds,

Since the vain father of their present king,
Philip, who styl'd himself his country's fortune,
Gaudy and garnish'd, with a numerous host,
Met our great Edward in the field of fight.
I was one knight in that illustrious service,
And urge I may (for 'tis a modest truth)
We made the Frenchmen tremble to behold us:
Their king himself turn'd pale at our appearance,
And thought his own trim troops, compar'd with ours,
Effeminated cowards. Such they prov'd;
And since that day, what change in them or us
Can ground security on wondrous odds?
The same undaunted sprits dare the combat;
The same tough sinews and well-temper'd blades,
Again shall mow them down, like autumn corn,
Another harvest of renown and glory.

Cham. There the brave monarch of Bohemia
In vain, to kindle valour in their hearts: [strove,
He fought, he fell; when our victorious prince
Seiz'd his gay banner with yon boast, "I serve."
(*Pointing to the Prince's standard.*)

Which now more suited to his princely charge,
Triumphantly, as conqueror, he wears;
And in his honour England's eldest hope
Shall ever wear it, to the end of time.

Sal. Now as I live, I wish we were at work,
And almost fear the nuncio may succeed.
Methinks we should not lose the blest occasion,
Or for surpassing ev'ry former conquest,
Or gaining glorious death, immortal fame.

P. Edw. Then set we here ill fortune at defiance,
Secure, at least, of never-fading honour.

(*They all embrace.*)

Oh! my brave leaders, in this warm embrace,
Let us infuse that fortitude of soul,
To all but England's daring sons unknown;
Firm as the stately oak, our island's boast,
Which fiercest hurricanes assault in vain,
We'll stand the driving tempest of their fury.
And who shall shake our martial glories from us?
Yon puny Gauls! They ne'er have done it yet,
Nor shall they now. Oh! never will we wrong
So far ourselves, and our renown'd forefathers.
Here part we, lords; attend your sev'ral duties.
Audley, distribute through the camp provisions;
Keep ev'ry soldier's spirits in a glow,
Till from the French this final message comes:
Then if their pride denies us terms of honour,
We'll rush outrageous on their vaunting numbers;
And teach them that with souls resolv'd, like ours,
Ev'n desperation points the way to conquest.
When (in defiance of superior might)
Plung'd in the dreadful storm of bloody fight,
Shall ev'ry Briton do his country right. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The French Camp.*

Enter LORD RIBEMONT.

Rib. The troops array'd, stand ready to advance.
And this short pause, this silent interval,
With awful horror strikes upon my soul;
I know not whence it comes, but till this moment,
Ne'er did I feel such heaviness of heart.
Fear! thou art still a stranger here; and death
Have I not seen in ev'ry form he wears?
Defy'd him, fac'd him, never fled him yet:
Nor has my conscience since contracted guilt,
The parent of dismay: then whence is this?
Perhaps 'tis pity for yon hopeless host.
Pity! for what! the brave despise our pity;
For death, encounter'd in a noble cause,
Comes, like the gracious lord of toiling hinds,
To end all labours and bestow reward.
Then let me shake this lethargy away.
By heav'n, it wo'not off! The sweat of death
Is on me! a cold tremor shakes my joints!
My feet seem riveted! my blood congeals!
Almighty pow'rs! Thou ever awful form!
Why art thou present? Wherefore—what, a sigh!
Oh! smile of sweet relief! if aught from heav'n
A mortal ear be worthy to—again
That piteous action, that dejected air!
Speak out the cause; I beg thee speak—'tis gone!
Yet would I gaze, by such enchantment bound—
Thou pleasing, dreadful vision! Oh! return,
Unfold thy errand, though I die with hearing.

Enter DUKE OF ATHENS.

Ath. You're well encounter'd, Ribemont; the
Ere this, has Edward's answer; as I past [king,
The boundaries of our camp on yonder side,
In this my progress to equip the field,
I saw the nuncio posting like the wind;
He and his train, on horses white with foam,
Their course directed to our monarch's tent.

What means this, Ribemont? thou'rt lost in
thought.

Rib. Athens, I am unsoldier'd, I'm unmann'd!
Wonder you may, my noble friend, for see,
I shake, I tremble.

Ath. Say, at what?

Rib. Why, nothing. [battle,

Ath. Should the vast host that here are rang'd for
(Warm with impatience, eager for the fray,)

Behold that Ribemont alone has fear,
What wonder would it cause! for thou, of all,
Art sure deservingly the most renown'd.
Come, be thyself—for shame!

Rib. Believe me, Athens,
I am not stricken with a coward's feeling:
Not all yon army to this sword oppos'd,
Should damp my vigour, or depress my heart:
'Tis not the soldier trembles, but the son.

Just now a melancholy seiz'd my soul,
A sinking, whence I knew not, till, at length,
My father's image to my sight appear'd,
And struck me motionless.

Ath. 'Twas only fancy.

Rib. Oh! no, my Athens, plainly I beheld
My father in the habit that he wore,
When, with paternal smiles, he hung this weapon
Upon my youthful thigh, bidding me use it
With honour—only in my country's cause.
Within my mind I treasur'd up the charge,
And sacred to the soldier's public call
Have worn it ever. Wherefore, then, this visit?
Why in that garb in which he fix'd my fortune,
And charg'd me to repay his care with glory?
If 'tis an omen of impending guilt,
Oh! soul of him I honour, once again
Come from thy heav'n, and tell me what it is,
Lest erring ignorance undo my frame. [brain.

Ath. Nought but a waking dream—a vapour'd

Rib. Once his pale visage seem'd to wear a smile,
A look of approbation, not reproof.
But the next moment, with uplifted hands
And heaving bosom, sadly on the earth
He turn'd his eyes, and sorely seem'd to weep:
I heard, or fancy'd that I heard a groan,
As from the ground his look was rais'd to me;
Then, shaking with a mournful glance his head,
He melted into air.

Ath. Pr'ythee, no more;
You talk'd of melancholy, that was all;
Some sickness of the mind: occasion'd, oft,
Ev'n by the fumes of indigested meals.
To-morrow we will laugh at this delusion.

Rib. To-morrow! Oh! that mention of to-mor-
row—

There are opinions, Athens, that our friends
Can pass the boundaries of nature back,
To warn us when the hour of death is nigh.
If that thy business was, thou awful shade,
I thank thee, and this interval of life,
However short, which heaven vouchsafes me yet,
I will endeavour as I ought to spend.

Ath. See, through yon clouds of dust, with how
much speed

The nuncio hastens to the English camp!
Perhaps the terms for safety are agreed,
Then where's a meaning for thy fancy'd vision?

Rib. No matter where, my spirits are grown light:
Returning vigour braces up again
My nerves and sinews to their wonted tone.
My heart beats freely, and, in nimble rounds,
The streams of life pursue their ready course:
Lead on; our duty calls us to the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Prince of Wales's Tent.*

*Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LORD CHANDOS, and
Attendants, meeting LORD AUDLEY.*

P. Edw. Well, Audley, are the soldiers all re-
fresh'd? [meals,

Aud. All: and although, perchance, their last of

It seem'd so cheerful as surpass'd my hope;
 Still joining hands, as off they drain'd the bowl,
 Success to England's arms was all the cry.
 At length a hoary vet'ran rais'd his voice, [thers!
 And thus address'd his fellows: "Courage, bro-
 The French have never beat us, nor shall now.
 Our great third Edward's fortune waits our arms;
 And his brave son, whose formidable helmet
 Nods terror to our foes, directs the fight;
 In his black armour, we will soon behold him
 Piercing their throng'd battalions. Shall not we,
 At humble distance, emulate his ardour,
 And gather laurels to adorn his triumph?"
 Then did they smile again, shake hands, and shout,
 While, quite transported at the pleasing sight,
 I wept, insensibly, with love and joy. [there,
P. Edw. I too could weep! Oh! Audley, Chandos,
 There rest I all my hope. My honest soldiers,
 I know, will do their duty.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Royal sir,
 A person muffled in a close disguise,
 Arriv'd, this instant, from the adverse camp,
 As he reports, solicits to receive
 An audience of your highness, and alone.

P. Edw. Retire, my lord. Conduct him straight-
 way in. [Exit Gentleman.

Chan. Your highness will not trust yourself
 unguarded:

It may be dangerous. Consider, sir. [scorn:

P. Edw. Caution is now my slave, and fear I
 This is no hour for idle apprehensions.

[Exeunt Lords, &c.

Enter ARNOLD in a disguise, which he throws off.

Your business, sir, with—Arnold! Get thee hence.

Arn. Behold a wretch laid prostrate at your feet,
 His guilty neck ev'n humbled to the earth;
 Tread on it, sir; it is most fit you should.
 I am unworthy life, nor hope compassion,
 But could not die till here I stream'd my tears
 In token of contrition, pain, and shame. [move,

P. Edw. Up, and this instant from my sight re-
 Ere indignation urges me to pay
 Thy horrid treasons with a traitor's fate. [ther;

Arn. Death if I'd fear'd, I had not ventur'd hi-
 Conscious I merit all you can inflict:
 But doom'd to torture, as by guilt I am,
 I hop'd some ease in begging here to die;
 That I might manifest, where most I ought,
 My own abhorrence of my hated crime.
 Thus, on my knees, lay I my life before you;
 Nor ask remission of the heavy sentence,
 Your justice must pronounce. Yet, royal sir,
 One little favour let me humbly hope:
 (And may the blessings of high heav'n repay it:)
 'Tis, when you shall report my crime and suffering,
 Only to add, he gave himself to death,
 The voluntary victim of remorse.

P. Edw. I shall disgrace my soldiership, and melt
 To woman's weakness, at a villain's sorrow.
 Oh! justice, with thy fillet seal my eyes;
 Shut out at once, his tears, and hide my own. (Aside.)

Arn. Am I rejected in my low petition
 For such a boon? Nor can I yet complain;
 Your royal favours follow approbation,
 And I of all mankind have least pretence
 To hope the bounty of a word to ease me.

P. Edw. Rise, Arnold. Thou wert long my chosen
 servant;

An infant-fondness was our early tie:
 But with our years (companions as we liv'd)
 Affection rooted, and esteem grew love.
 Nor was my soul a niggard to thy wishes:
 There set no sun but saw my bounty flow,
 No hour scarce pass'd unmark'd by favour from me.
 The prince and master yet I set apart,
 And singly here arraign thee in the friend.
 Was it for thee, in fortune's first assault,

Amidst these thousands, all by far less favour'd,
 To be the first, the only to forsake me?

Was it for thee, for thee to seek my foe,
 And take thy safety from the means that sunk
 The man of all the world that lov'd thee most?
 In spite of me my eyes will overflow,
 And I must weep the wrongs I should revenge.

Arn. Tears for such guilt as mine! Oh! blast-
 ing sight!

Cover me, mountains! hide me and my shame!
 A traitor's fate would here be kind relief
 From the excessive anguish I endure.

P. Edw. Having thus fairly stated our account,
 How great's the balance that appears against thee!
 And what remains? I will not more reproach thee.
 Love thee I must not, and 'twere guilt to pity.

All that with honour I can grant is this:
 Live—but remove for ever from my sight.
 If I escape the dangers that surround me,
 I must forget that Arnold e'er had being:
 I must forget, in pity to mankind

(Lest it should freeze affection in my heart,)

That e'er such friendship met with such return.

Arn. Oh! mercy more afflicting than ev'n rage!
 That I could answer to with tears and pray'rs;
 But conscious shame, with kindness, strikes me
 mute.

Great sir, (forgive intrusion on your goodness,)
 My boon you have mistaken, life I ask'd not;

'Twas but to witness to the deep remorse,
 That with a harpy's talons tears my bosom.
 Love, the pernicious pois'ner of my honour,
 In poor atonement's sacrific'd already;
 And life, devoted as the all I've left,
 I'm ready now and resolute to pay.

But as my miseries have touch'd your soul,
 And gain'd remission of a traitor's fate,
 Oh! add one favour, and complete my wishes.
 To the dear country that must scorn my name,
 (Though I still love it as I honour you,)
 Permit my sword to lend its little aid,
 To pay a dying tribute. Grant but that,
 And I will weep my gratitude with blood. [thee,

P. Edw. Stain'd and polluted as my eyes behold
 Honour no longer can endure thy sight.

If 'tis in valour to accomplish it,
 Redeem thy reputation; but if not,
 To fall in fight will be thy happiest hope.
 Away, nor more reply.

Arn. Exalted goodness! [Exit.

P. Edw. If passions conquer'd are our noblest
 Misruling anger, ever mad revenge, [boasts,
 And thou, too partial biasser, affection;
 Confess I once have acted as I ought. (Trumpets.)
 Ah! by those trumpets, sure, the nuncio's come!

[A Gentleman appears and retires.

Who's there? Acquaint the lords I wish to see 'em.
 Now does the medley war begin to work:
 A thousand hopes and fears all crowd upon me!

*Enter EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY,
 LORDS AUDLEY, CHANDOS, and other, and
 Attendants.*

Oh! welcome, friends! But see, the cardinal.
 (Trumpets.)

Enter CARDINAL PERIGORT, attended.

Well, gen'rous advocate, we wait our doom.

Per. Prepare, prepare, for an immediate battle:
 Inflexible is France in her demands,
 And all my pray'rs and tears have prov'd in vain.

P. Edw. Lord Cardinal, may righteous heav'n
 reward

The pious charity of soul you've shewn.
 If France insists so high, it shall be try'd;
 The desp'rate chance of battle shall be try'd.
 The fates attend, the balance is prepar'd;
 And whosoe'er shall have the lot to mount,
 May heav'n stretch wide its everlasting doors,
 And give them happy entrance all.

Per. Amen!

Illustrious prince, and you his noble followers,
Remains there aught that I can do to serve ye?
My function suits not with a field of slaughter;
In Poitiers, therefore, must I seek my safety.
There, while the battle rages, round and round
My beads shall drop to pray'rs, that ev'ry saint
Will succour and support the English arms.
But should the fortune of your foes prevail,
And leave ye victims to immortal honour,
The pious offices I'll make my own,
O'er ev'ry grave to breathe a thousand blessings,
And water all your ashes with my tears.

P. Edw. My gentle friend, such goodness will
renown you.

Per. Take from my hand, my heart, my very soul,
My amplest benediction to you all. *(They bow.)*
I now can stifle in my tears no longer—

Oh! gallant prince, farewell. Farewell to all.

Heav'n guard your lives, and give your arms success!

*[Exit with his Attendants. On the Cardinal's
going out, the Prince and Lords continue for
some time fixed and mute.]*

Aud. You loiter, sir; our enemies advance,
And we're in no array.

P. Edw. Away, despatch;
Marshal the army by the plan I gave;
Then march it straight to yonder eminence:
Whence I'll endeavour to inflame their zeal,
And fit them for the toils this day demands.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the English Camp.*

Enter MARIANA and LOUISA.

Lou. Thus, madam, has obedience prov'd my
The hurry and confusion of the field *[duty:*
Giving us opportunity to 'scape,
We've reach'd the English camp. But whither now?
Where would you bend your course? Behold,
around,

How the arm'd soldiers, as they form in ranks,
Dart from impassion'd looks ten thousand terrors!
The scene is dreadful!

Mar. Then it suits my mind,
The seat of horrors terrible to bear.
On—let us find him.

Lou. Dearest lady, think;
Nor follow one that rudely spurn'd you from him.

Mar. It was not Arnold spurn'd me, 'twas his
guilt,
The guilt I plang'd him in. Louisa, thou
Hast ne'er experienc'd passions in extremes,
Or thou wouldst know that love, and hate, and scorn,
All opposites together meet, and blend
In the wild whirl of a distracted soul.

Lou. Behold, he comes!

Mar. Support me, gracious pow'rs!

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. Ah! Mariana! When will torture end?
(Aside.)

Mar. How shall I stand the shock of his re-
proaches? *(Aside.)*

Arn. Why art thou here? Oh! why, unhappy
maid? *[ruin,*

Mar. Since my too fatal rashness wrought thy
'Tis fit, at least, that I should share it with thee.
Therefore, my friends, my father, and my country,
I have forsook for ever; and am come
To claim a portion here in all you suffer.

Arn. Return again, I beg thee; I conjure thee,
By all the wondrous love that fir'd our hearts,
And wrought—but let not that be more remember'd.
If thou hast wish for happiness or peace,
Go to thy father back, and think no more
Of a lost wretch who hastens to oblivion.

Mar. Request it not; I never will forsake thee:
One fortune shall conduct, one fate involve us:
I'll shew the world that my unhappy crime
Was neither child of treachery or fear,

But love, love only! and the guilt it caus'd,
As I inspir'd, I'll share its punishment.

Arn. You cannot, nay, you must not think of it:
You broke no faith; I only was to blame:
And, to engage thee to secure thy safety,
Know the dire state of my determin'd soul:—
Heav'n and my prince permitting, I have sworn
To brave all dangers in the coming fight;
And when my sword has done its best for England,
To lay my load of misery and shame
Together down for ever; death I'll hunt
So very closely that he sha'n't escape me.
Be timely, then, in thy retreat; and heav'n
And all good angels guard thee! On thy lips
I'll seal my fervent pray'rs for blessings on thee.

(Kisses her.)

Oh! what a treasure does my soul give up
A sacrifice to honour! *(Going.)*

Mar. Stop a moment:

One single moment, Arnold: let me gather
A little strength to bear this dreadful parting.
And must it be—hold, hold, my heart—for ever?
Oh! bitter potion! kind physician, pour
One drop of hope to sweeten it a little. *[give,*

Arn. Hope ev'ry thing: hope all that earth can
Or heav'n bestow on virtues such as thine.

(Trumpet.)

That trumpet summons me: I must away!
Oh! measure by thy own the pangs I feel. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Then they are mighty; not to be express'd,
Not to be borne, nor ever to be cur'd.
My head runs round! my bursting brain divides!
Oh! for an ocean to ingulph me quick;
Or flames capacious as all hell's extent!
That I might plunge, and stifle torture there.

Lou. Hence, my dear lady; for your peace, go
hence. *[eyes,*

Mar. I'll dig these eyes out; these pernicious
Enslaving Arnold, have undone him.—Ah!

(Trumpet.)

That raven trumpet sounds the knell of death!
Behold, the dreadful, bloody work begins!
What ghastly wounds! what piteous, piercing
Oh! stop that fatal falchion! if it fall, *[shrieks!]*
It kills my Arnold!—Save him, save him, save—
Exit, running; Louisa follows.

SCENE IV.—*A rural Eminence, with the distant
prospect of a camp.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD.

P. Edw. The hour advances, the decisive hour,
That lifts me to the summit of renown,
Or leaves me on the earth a lifeless corse.
The buz and bustle of the field before me,
The twang of bow-strings, and the clash of spears,
With ev'ry circumstance of preparation,
Strike a tremendous awe!—Hark! Shouts are
echo'd

To drown dismay, and blow up resolution
Ev'n to its utmost swell! From hearts so firm,
Whom dangers fortify, and toils inspire,
What has a leader not to hope! And yet
The weight of apprehension weighs me down.
Oh! Soul of nature! great eternal Cause! *(Kneels.)*
Who gave and govern'd all that's here below;
'Tis by the aid of thy Almighty arm
The weak exist, the virtuous are secure.
If to your sacred laws obedient ever,
My sword, my soul, have own'd no other guide;
Oh! if your honour, if the rights of men,
My country's happiness, my king's renown,
Were motives worthy of a warrior's zeal;
Crown your poor servant with success this day,
And be the praise and glory all thy own. *(Rises.)*

Enter LORD AUDLEY.

Aud. Now, royal Edward, is the hour at hand,
That shall, beyond the boast of ancient story,
Ennoble English arms; forgive, my hero,

That I presume so far, but I have sworn
To rise your rival in the common fight.
We'll start together for the goal of glory,
And work such wonders that our fear-struck foes
Shall call us more than mortals! As of old,
Where matchless vigour mark'd victorious chiefs!
The baffl'd host, to cover their disgrace,
Cry'd out the gods assum'd commanders' forms,
And partial heav'n had fought the field against
them!

P. Edw. Audley, thy soul is noble: then toge-
(Safe from the prying eye of observation) [ther
Let us unmask our hearts. Alas! my friend,
To such a dreadful precipice we're got,
It giddies to look down. No hold, no hope,
But in the succour of Almighty Pow'r!
For nothing but a miracle can save us.

Aud. I stifle apprehensions as they rise,
Nor e'er allow myself to weigh our danger.

P. Edw. 'Tis wisely done: and we'll at least en-
deavour

(Like the brave handful at Thermopylæ)
To make such gallant sacrifice of life
As shall confound our enemies. Oh! think
On the great glory of devoted heroes,
And let us emulate the godlike flame,
That dignify'd the chiefs of Greece and Rome!
Souls greatly rais'd, above all partial bonds,
Who knew no tie, no happiness distinct,
But made the general weal their only care:
That was their aim, their hope, their pride; the end
For which they labour'd, suffer'd, conquer'd, bled!

Aud. Exalted, great incitement!

P. Edw. What may happen,
Since none can say, prepare we for the worst.
Then as a man whom I have lov'd and honour'd,
Come to my arms, and take a kind farewell:

(*They embrace.*)

If we survive, we will again embrace,
And greet each other's everlasting fame;
If not, with him whose justice never errs,
Remains our fit reward.

Aud. You melt me, sir!

I thought my nature was above such weakness;
But tears will out.

P. Edw. They're no reproach to manhood:
But we've not leisure now for their indulgence.

Aud. True, glorious leader; to more active duties
The sev'ral functions of our souls are summon'd.
Safety and honour, liberty, renown!
Hope's precious prospect, and possession's bliss!
All that are great and lovely; urg'd together,
The arm of valour in their dear defence.

P. Edw. And valour well shall answer the de-
mand;

Our foes, to wear the trophies of the day, [tell
Must wade through blood to win 'em. Heav'n can
How many souls may pay the fatal price,
Or whose may be the lot: if mine be one,
Say, Audley, to my father, to my country,—
Living, they had my service; at my death,
My pray'rs and wishes for eternal welfare.

Aud. Request not that which, if the day be lost,
I ne'er shall execute.—I have to ask
A favour, which I hope you'll not refuse.

P. Edw. Nothing that suits my Audley to solicit.

Aud. It is that I may be the first to charge:
I think I can rely upon my courage
To set a good example.

P. Edw. Be it thine.—

And see, the troops approach! (*Trumpets.*)

Aud. Each upright form
Darting defiance, as they move, to France!
Where is the pow'r can cope with souls like these?
Resolv'd on conquest or a glorious fate!
Unmoveable as rocks, they'll stand the torrent
Of rushing fury, and disdain to shrink:
But let yon panting wasps discharge their stings,
And then in clusters crush 'em. (*Trumpets.*)

Enter EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY,
LORD CHANDOS, and other Commanders. Parties
of Soldiers appear between all the side scenes, with
Officers leading them, so seeming as if the whole of
the army was drawn up.

P. Edw. Countrymen,
We're here assembled for the toughest fight
That ever strain'd the force of English arms.
See yon wide field with glittering numbers gay,
Vain of their strength, they challenge us for slaves,
And bid us yield their pris'ners at discretion.
If there's an Englishman amongst ye all,
Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage;
Let him depart. For me, I swear by heav'n,
By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me,
Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands:
This I resolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
Ye all resolve the same.

Soldiers. All, all resolve it.

Sal. Conquest or death is ev'ry Briton's choice.

P. Edw. Oh! glorious choice! And know, my
gallant soldiers,

That valour is superior far to numbers,
There are no odds against the truly brave:
Let us resolve on conquest, and 'tis ours.
But should the worst that can befall us—death,
'Twill be a fate to envy more than pity.
And we have fathers, brothers, sons, or friends,
That will revenge our slaughter.

Soldiers. On, lead on.

P. Edw. I see the gen'rous indignation rise,
That soon will shake the boasted pow'r of France:
Their monarch trembles midst his gaudy train,
To think the troops he now prepares to meet,
Are such as never faint'd yet with toil.
They're such as yet no pow'r on earth could awe,
No army baffle, and no town withstand.
Heav'n's! with what pleasure, with what love I gaze,
In ev'ry face to view his father's greatness!
Those fathers, those undaunted fathers, who
In Gallic blood have dy'd their swords.
Those fathers who in Cyprus wrought such feats,
Who taught the Syracusians to submit,
Tam'd the Calabrians, the fierce Saracens,
And have subdu'd, in many a stubborn fight
The Palestinean warriors. Scotland's fields,
That have so oft been drench'd with native gore,
Bear noble record; and the fertile isle,
Of fair Hibernia, by their swords subjected,
An ample tribute and obedience pays.
On her high mountains Wales receiv'd their laws,
And the whole world has witness'd to their glory.

Aud. Lead us to action, and each Briton here
Will prove himself the son of those brave fathers.

P. Edw. View all yon glitt'ring grandeur as your
spoils,
The sure reward of this day's victory.
Strain ev'ry faculty, and let your minds,
Your hopes, your ardours, reach their utmost
bounds.

Follow your standards with a fearless spirit;
Follow the great examples of your sires;
Follow the noble genius that inspires ye;
Follow this train of wise and valiant leaders,
Follow, in me, your brother, prince, and friend.
Draw, fellow-soldiers; catch th' inspiring name!
We fight for England, liberty, and fame!

[*They draw their swords and go out. Trumpets
sounding.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An extensive Plain, with the distant view
of a Town.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, EARL OF WARWICK,
LORD CHANDOS, and Attendants.

P. Edw. Haste to my Lord of Oxford, and re-
He ply his archers with redoubled vigour: [quest
[*An Attendant bows, and goes out.*]

I see already they've confus'd the foe;
Their ranks are broken, and they seem to doubt
If they should stand or fly!

Chan. Then now's the time
To press 'em with the weight of all our force;
For Frenchmen, if they're once dismay'd, are lost.

War. Excess of fury marks the battle yonder!
Lord Salisbury there sustains a heavy charge.

P. Edw. Warwick, away and reinforce his party,
Or numbers may o'erbear him. Fly this instant.
[*Exit Warwick.*]

Oh! for an arm of iron, but to answer
The mighty ardour that inflames my soul! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ARNOLD, bleeding.

Arn. Yet more of Gallic blood, I must have
To wash my stains of infamy away. [more,
What, are the multitudes o'erthrown already?

Greater must down to gratify my rage,
And in my country's vengeance crown my own.
Ah! what! retreating!—Cowards—Follow me—

[*He joins an English Party who were giving
way, and they beat the French off.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter KING JOHN, DUKE OF TOURAIN, DUKE OF
ATHENS, and Attendants.*

K. John. By heav'n! a panic seizes all my troops.
Inform me, Athens, what's the cause of this?

Ath. Some parties that the Prince of Wales de-
tach'd

Round yonder mountain, have attack'd our rear;
And the division which the Dauphin led,
Dispersing in confusion; they have pierc'd
With fury to the centre of our host! [mand

K. John. Fly, Athens, to my son, with my com-
That he collect again his scatter'd men,
And lead them to our succour. Shameful sight!

[*Exit Athens.*]
That such a handful should confound us thus.

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF SENS, with a drawn sword.

Sens. Confusion seize! but there's no need to
Too much it rages in our host already. [wish it,
I got this weapon from a feather'd wretch,
Who cast it down, and skipp'd like any deer!
I wish the villain had it in his heart.

Howe'er, I took the keen incumbrance up,
And us'd it better than his master could;
For with this arm, unpractis'd in the office,
I clove a brawny Briton to the chine!

Tour. Heav'n's! how we're press'd. No party
but gives way! [my boy,

K. John. Perdition seize the cowards!—Come,
We'll do our duty, tho' they all desert us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter ARNOLD.*

Arn. My arm begins to weary with the fight;
Death, I have cramm'd thy rav'nous jaws with offal;
Now, turn, my friend, and give me timely rescue.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. Thou double traitor! must I stain my sword
With the foul streams that circle in thy veins,
Who art so base, so branded? Infamous!
By heav'n, it almost is a guilt to fight thee!

Arn. Here I can answer, for my cause is good:
It is my country's! And thou, haughty lord,
Think not thou e'er again shalt awe my soul,
Or, unchastis'd, reproach me with a crime
I loathe, and here am come to expiate.
The earth I've crimson'd with thy country's blood:
And if the pow'rs, to what is shed already,
Will add but Ribemont's, I ask no more:
The foe I next may meet to mine is welcome.

Rib. Can aught in valour purge thy Æthiop soul,
Expunge thy blots, and rank thee with the brave?
Dar'st thou assert the cause thou hast betray'd?
Or hope a second guilt atones the first?

No; the joint vengeance of wrong'd France and
England [thy due;

I send in this! (*Arnold falls.*) There's something of
To infamy, and hell, I leave the rest. [*Exit.*]

Arn. Death I have caught—his shaft is in my
heart—

It tugs with nature—When shall I get free?

*Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LORD CHANDOS, and
Attendants.*

P. Edw. Slaughter hath wanton'd here! What
stream of blood!

What heaps of mangled bodies strew the ground!
Death hath had able ministers at work;

A pompous tribute they have paid, indeed!
Arnold, hast thou done this?

Arn. Offended prince,
You find my fluttering soul upon the wing:
All a poor, desp'rate, and despairing wretch
Could do, this arm has wrought.

P. Edm. Thrice have I mark'd
Thy valour wonderful!

Arn. All worthless quite:
That I could pay a hundred thousand lives
In gratitude to you, and love for England;
But feeble nature fail'd my better wish,
So here I render up a loathsome life—

P. Edw. As heav'n may pardon me, thy orime's
forgot.

Arn. Then I am happy. Hear it, sacred pow'rs!
And give him glory great, as is his goodness.

I go. Methinks the gloomy way before me
Is stripp'd of half its horrors. Friendly death,
Receive a parting—pity'd—pardon'd—Oh! (*Dies.*)

Chan. He dies!—Is gone!

P. Edw. Proving, my noble friend,
His soul was genuine English; and could tow'r
O'er all calamities but conscious guilt.

Chan. Heav'n's pardon greet him! Mighty
prince, behold

Where gallant Audley, like a tempest, pours
Destruction through the thickest ranks of foes!

P. Edw. Oh! Chandos, with astonishment, my eye
Hath mark'd his valiant wonder-working sword!
Come, let us kindle at the great example,
And emulate the ardour we admire! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter KING JOHN, DUKE OF TOU-
RAIN, and Attendants.*

K. John. (*Turning back.*) Rally our men, my
valiant lord of Ewe,

Or we are all undone. Oh! gracious heav'n,
How has a kingdom crumbled from my grasp!

Tour. Let us preserve ourselves by timely flight,
Our broken army is dispersing. See!—
Behold the dastards how they run in thousands,
Oh, shame! almost before a single foe.

K. John. My dear Tourain, to what have I re-
duc'd thee?

A ruin now of pomp! A royal wretch!
For thee I could weep blood; for thee I fear

To lose a life no longer worth my care,
Stripp'd as I am of dignity and fame. [tune:

Tour. I ask of heav'n but to partake your for-
Not wasting on myself a single care,
I send out all attendant on my king.

K. John. Tears will have way. Oh! majesty,
give place,

For nature governs now. Almighty Pow'rs!
Must children and must kingdoms suffer thus?
Because my pride to reason shut my ears,
When dazzled with the gilded phantom, glory?
I scorn'd the terms that might have bless'd us all!
Too late—It is the curse of giddy mortals
To see their errors, and repent too late.

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF SENS.

Sens. The Dauphin, Dukes of Anjou, Berry,
Orleans,

Have led the way in flight! Earl Douglas follows,

Fainting with many wounds, and all his Scots
Have, like our French and the auxiliar troops,
Forsook their posts. For safety, sir, away.

K. John. Dare not to urge it! I disdain the thought.

Go, like my coward sons and brother, go!
Though all desert me, singly will I stand
And face my foes, till, cover'd o'er with wounds,
I gain a fate becoming of a king.

Enter LORD CHARNEY, bleeding and faint.

Char. Embrace this moment as your last for flight:

The field is lost! I have not breath for more.
This honest wound came timely to my rescue,
Or I'd been curs'd to wail the dregs of life
Away in anguish. Parent earth, receive me.

(Lies down.)

This is the goal to which all nature runs,
And I rejoice to reach it. All is lost!
My country, monarch, daughter, life, and—oh!—

(Dies.)

K. John. Thou, Charney, hast escap'd—*(A shout)*
What noise is that? *[no retreating,*

Tour. The sound of triumph. Now there is
For, see! they have beset us all around.

K. John. Come, then, thou darling of thy father's soul,

We'll link our wretched fortunes here together.

And if a king's example can inspire

The few yet faithful in my lost condition,

Cast fear behind, and daringly come on,

Determin'd still to conquer or to die. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*A full Prospect of the field.*

Enter LORD RIBEMONT.

Rib. Ill-fated Athens, thou hast breath'd thy last—

But wherefore call'd I thee ill-fated? since
Death but prevented thee the curse of seeing
Our arms dishonour'd, and our country lost.
Now, sacred soul of him who gave me life,
The purpose of thy visit is explain'd.

No private evil, not a fate like mine—

That were a trivial call for thee to earth:

It was to warn me of a heavier loss—

Our diadem and fame. Ah!—I'm alone

Amidst a field of foes. Let me collect

A decent vigour, like the hunted lion,

With an assault to dignify my fall,

And not shrink, tamely, to a vulgar fate.

Enter LORD AUDLEY.

Aud. For England?

Rib. France—By heav'n! the gallant Audley.

Now, fortune, I forgive thy partial dealing:

For, next to victory, my wish has been

To fall by so renown'd an arm as Audley's.

Aud. Brave Ribemont, I will return thy praise,

And own thee noblest of my country's foes.

Had we been natives of one happy land,

The gen'rous semblance of our souls had link'd us

In friendship's dearest bonds.

Rib. But here we stand,

Determin'd champions in opposing lists,

Each in his country's cause, the other's foe.

Come, for I long to try this season'd blade

Upon true metal. If I conquer thee,

I take no portion of the foul disgrace

Which heav'n this day has thrown upon our arms.

But should my fortune, (as perhaps it may,) *[reach*

Like my poor country's, bow the head to England,

Then, Audley, wilt thou add to thy renown,

By doing what thy king has only done—

Baffle the warrior he pronounc'd a brave one!

Now for determination.

Aud. Hold a moment:

Look on the field, brave Ribemont; behold

Thou hast no passage for escape left open!

Me shouldst thou vanquish, from the thousands
Captivity or death must be thy lot. *[round thee,*

Then make not havoc of great qualities,
Nor to thy kingdom lose, through desperation,
The bravest arm and noblest heart it boasts.
Give my fond wish the power but to protect thee:
Resign thy sword; I'll prove no conqueror,
But clasp thee with a warmth of gen'rous friendship.

Rib. Audley, I thank thee; but my hour is come.

You bid me look upon the field; look thou,

And see the glory of my country blasted!

To lose a day like this, and to survive it,

Would be a wretchedness I'll ne'er endure.

No; in a nation's fate be mine involv'd:

To fall with France is now the only means

To satisfy my soul, and save my fame.

Aud. Oh! yet—

Rib. I'm fix'd!

Aud. Why, then, for England this.

Rib. And this for France. *(They fight.)*

Aud. What! neither get the better?

'Tis a tough task. Again.

(They fight again.)

Rib. Why, valiant lord,

The balance still nods doubtful; as the pow'rs

Were undetermin'd which must yield the day.

Are our fates grown of such high consequence,

That heav'n should pause upon the great decision?

Let us no longer worry one another,

Where can the vulnerable spot be found?

Aud. Why there.

(They fight. Ribemont falls, and Audley is wounded.)

Rib. No, there.

Aud. We are companions still. *[fast;*

Rib. Inward I bleed: the streams of life run

And all that did invigorate deserts me.

Audley, the palm of victory is thine:

I yield, I die—but glory in my fall:

It is beneath the noblest English arm,

And that secures my fame: thy bosom now

May harbour him that is thy foe no more.

(Audley kneels, and takes him in his arms.)

Why, this is kind! thus lock'd in thy embrace,

To let a rival warrior breathe his last.

Report me truly as thy sword has found—

I know thou wilt—and, in the long hereafter,

If we can meet—I'll thank thee for't.—Farewell!

(Dies.)

Aud. Farewell, brave Ribemont; thou fearless soldier!

Peace to thy ashes, to thy soul reward,

And honour crown thy name! A foe could weep;

But pity would disgrace a death like thine.

(Trumpets.)

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LORD CHANDOS, and Attendants.

P. Edw. (Turning back.) Give instant orders to recall our parties;

I will not hazard, by a rash pursuit,

So vast a victory! And let my standard

Be hoisted on the highest neighb'ring tree,

To guide our troops returning from the chase.

England, my Chandos, triumphs! For our arms

Have won the noblest field that e'er was fought!

Ah! Audley bleeding! then must conquest mourn,

And I lament, amidst my spoils and trophies,

The best of nobles, warriors, and of friends.

Aud. Faint with the loss of blood, I hope no more. *[reach*

P. Edw. Summon assistance; all that wealth can

To him who gives me but his life's assurance.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Advance that banner o'er us. Long, oh! long

May'st thou survive to wear this well-won honour.

(He knights and embraces Audley.)

My bravest knight, my most belov'd of men,

Lead him away; repose him in his tent.

Soon as the hurry of the field is o'er,

I'll come in person and attend his cure.

Aud. There lifeless lies the arm that gave the
A braver soldier never press'd the earth. [wound:
On his remains let due distinction wait,
To dignify the dust that once was noble.

[*He is led off.*]

P. Edw. The valiant Ribemont! Take hence
his corpse,
And see that every solemn rite be paid:
With honours suited to his high renown,
Conduct the body to its peaceful grave.

[*Ribemont is carried off.*]

Chan. The field is thinn'd! And now, far off re-
The dying voice of tumult faintly sounds, [mov'd,
Like the hoarse thunder in a distant sky;
Or hollow roarings of subsiding waves,
After their conflict with a furious storm. [us,

P. Edw. An awful horror! The sad scene before
Pompous with desolation! as declines
The glow and ardour of our martial flame,
Softens the mind to mournful meditation.
How many souls have ta'en eternal flight,
Who, but this very morning, on the wing
Of expectation, look'd through years to come!
So have the bubbles of their hopes been broke;
So may it fare with us—And such is life!

[*Enter LOUISA, and falls on her knees.*]

Lou. Oh! mighty prince, whose matchless vir-
tues charm

The many realms your victories have aw'd,
Lend your compassion, your protection lend,
To wretched, bleeding, dying penitence.

P. Edw. What wouldst thou say?

Lou. Unhappy Mariana,
At once the victim of distressful love,
And deep remorse for treachery—

P. Edw. Go on.

Lou. Frantic and weeping, ran o'er all the field,
Till chance directed her to Arnold's corpse,
That welt'ring lay in blood. She kiss'd it oft,
Bath'd it with tears, tore her dishevell'd locks,
Smote her poor bosom, sobb'd, and sadly groan'd,
Till snatching from his clay-cold hand his sword,
She plung'd it sudden in her side! sunk down,
And call'd on death to lock their last embrace;
I (but too late to save her) interpos'd,
And cry'd for help—alas! in vain. But now,
Pluck'd by some passing soldiers from the body,
They force her, raving and reluctant, hither.

P. Edw. Oh! Chandos, what a moving sight is
here!

[*Enter Soldiers, forcing in MARIANA, distracted and
bleeding.*]

Mar. Off, let me go! I will not be torn from him:
Relentless monsters! Let us mingle blood,
And die together. What do I behold!
Oh! hide me, friendly earth! for ever hide me
From that offended face. [*Sinks down.*]

P. Edw. Look up, fair mourner,
[*Kneeling by her.*]

And gather comfort from my friendly tears.

Mar. Comfort from thee? Thou injur'd godlike
hero,

Load me with curses! Stab me with reproaches—
Thy sweetness cannot! but the hand of heav'n,
That strikes for injur'd virtue, heavy falls,
And crushes me beneath it.

P. Edw. Weep not thus. [this?

Mar. What art thou made of, heart, to bear all
That grov'ling in the dust—abandon'd—

P. Edw. Nay,
Do not be so wilful—And—

Mar. Indeed, great prince,
The dear, departed Arnold was ensnar'd,
Seduc'd, betray'd by me. But heav'n can witness,
My only motive was his preservation.
Danger, despair, provok'd the guilty deed,
Which horror, death, and infamy reward.
Forgive the breathless soldier that rever'd,
And servant that ador'd you, sir! On me

Heap all your indignation; scorn, detest,
Despise, and hate my memory for ever.

P. Edw. No; both have my compassion, my for-
giveness. [sound!

Mar. Forgiveness, said you? Oh! celestial
Catch it, ye angels, hov'ring on the wing,
To waft me to the bar of heav'n's high justice!
Offended virtue pities and forgives!
Chant it aloud, and cheer with this foretaste
Of goodness infinite—my drooping—Oh!— [*Dies.*]

Chan. She's breathless!

P. Edw. Heav'n, I hope, will think their crime
Enough was punish'd by affliction here.
Lay them together.—Well, my Lord of Warwick—

[*Enter EARL OF WARWICK.*]

War. I've view'd the adverse camp, as you com-
manded;

Where all the wealth of France was sure collected,
To grace the ruin of that wretched people:

Each tent profuse! like those of Pompey's host,
When on Pharsalia's plain he fought great Cæsar,
And lost the world, his life, and Rome her freedom.

P. Edw. All-righteous heav'n! thy hand is here
conspicuous:

Pride and presumption finish thus their shame. [*Shout.*]

Chan. 'Tis a train of pris'ners; bring hither.

[*Enter EARL OF SALISBURY, with Officers and Sol-
diers, conducting KING JOHN, the DUKE OF TOU-
RAIN, ARCHBISHOP OF SENS, and several French
Noblemen, prisoners.*]

P. Edw. Brave Salisbury, you're welcome to my
The field is ours! [arms.

Sal. And nobly was it fought! [ted
Behold, my noble prince, how well we have acquit-
The claims our adversaries made on us.

Your veteran swordsman, Sir John Pelham, sends
This royal trophy to adorn your triumph.

P. Edw. Most wise and valiant of all Christian
kings,

Rever'd for virtues, and renown'd in arms!
That I behold you thus, dissolves my heart
With tender feeling; while I bend the knee
In humble praise of that good Providence,
Which gives so great a victory to England!
For you, great monarch! let your godlike soul
Strive with adversity, and still preserve,
As well you may, your royal mind unconquer'd.
Fortune is partial in her distributions:

Could merit always challenge its reward,
In other lights we might this hour have stood,
Perhaps the victor you, and I the captive:
But fear no wrong, the good should never fear it.
This land, from whence my ancestors have sprung,
By me shall not be injur'd: for yourself,
And this illustrious train of noble pris'ners,
My care shall be to treat you as I ought. [sin,

K. John. My gracious conqueror, and kindest cou-
This goodness more than victory renowns you!

That I'm unfortunate is no reproach,
I brav'd all dangers as became a king,
Till by my coward subjects left and lost. [riv'd,

P. Edw. Lead to my tent; when we are there ar-

Prepare a banquet with all princely pomp,
At which I'll wait, and serve my royal guests.

My noble lords, and brave companions all,
I leave your praise for the wide world to sound:
Nor can the voice of fame, however loud,
Out-speak the merit of your matchless deeds.

Oh! may Britannia's sons, through every age,
As they shall read of this so great achievement,
Feel the recorded victory inspire
An emulation of our martial fire,

When future wrongs their ardour shall excite,
And future princes lead them forth to fight;
Till, by repeated conquests, they obtain
A power to awe the earth, and rule the main;

Each tyrant fetter gloriously unbind,
And give their liberty to all mankind. [*Exeunt.*]

ABROAD AND AT HOME;

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY J. G. HOLMAN.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH
OLD TESTY
YOUNG FLOURISH
YOUNG TESTY
CAPTAIN O'NEILL

HARCOURT
SNARE
BLUFF
KEEPER
DICKY

FOLLOWERS
SERVANTS
LADY FLOURISH
MISS HARTLEY
KITTY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Sir Simon Flourish's house.

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH and OLD TESTY.

Sir S. But, my good friend Testy, do lower the pitch of your voice a little; for to speak so very loud is really not well-bred.

Old T. I'll speak as loud as I like, and say what I like. D— your breeding! an ounce of honesty is worth an hundred weight of it.

Sir S. There now! ounce and hundred weight! Can't you contrive to think and talk a little like a man of fashion? When you quitted business, you should have disposed of your vulgarity with your stock in trade. Copy me. Do you find anything vulgar about me?

Old T. Psha! you and I lived too long together to think of cajoling each other: you are as vulgar as I am; I wish you were half as honest.

Sir S. My good friend, if we are not to attempt cajoling each other, the less you say about your honesty the better.

Old T. Why, what have you to say against my honesty?

Sir S. Nothing; I am too well bred: beside, I was your partner in trade for twenty-five years, I reaped half the profits of your ingenuity, and had you been honest, I might be poorer. But, my dear friend, let us settle our business a little quietly, if you will be so kind. Your son, you say, is come to town: good. You insist he may be introduced to our ward, Miss Hartley: he shall.

Old T. That's fair.

Sir S. I thought you'd say so; because 'tis very unfair to my own son, who, being absent from England, ought not to have a rival introduced to the lady I wish to be his wife. But remember, as she cannot marry without our joint consent, we must agree that which ever she prefers shall have our mutual approbation.

Old T. Why, yes.

Sir S. Ah! mine is the boy that will win her! Educated with every advantage; now receiving the last polish, the finishing stroke to his accomplishments, in a tour through Europe. Oh! he is a—

Old T. Yes, he is a pretty boy. That youth will put foreign ingenuity to the test. If they can send him away more dissipated than they find him, I will give them credit for one miracle.

Sir S. Leave your growling, good Mr. Bear, and look after your own unlicked cub. His country breeding will render him vastly pleasing to a young lady.

Old T. He is a model of perfection. Innocent himself, he will never suspect that evil exists; that may make him liable to imposition: but I have adopted a remedy in my choice of a profession for him.

Sir S. As how, pray?

Old T. To render him in some degree a match for the roguery of the world, I shall make him a lawyer.

Sir S. And I dare say his Yorkshire simplicity will qualify him admirably for the profession.

Old T. Well, Flourish, the only thing we were ever in one mind about was parting, and I conclude you have no objection to it now.

Sir S. None in the least.

Old T. I shall send my son; and mind, fair play's the word.

Sir S. Certainly. Let me see you out.

Old T. Oh! d— your civility! Stay where you are. *[Exit.]*

Sir S. Oh! you pretty behaved, accomplished creature! Is it not strange, that in so many years acquaintance the polish of my manners should not have induced him to rub off his vulgar rust?

Serv. Captain O'Neill, sir.

Sir S. Shew the Captain in. *[Exit Serv.]*

Enter CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

I rejoice to see you, Captain O'Neill. You are welcome to town.

Capt. Sir Simon Flourish, your most obedient. Permit me to inquire after her ladyship, and your lovely ward, Miss Hartley.

Sir S. Both in fine health and spirits; and they will very much regret not being at home to receive you.

Capt. Proud as I always am to pay them my profound respects, at this moment my business lies entirely with you, Sir Simon.

Sir S. Oh Lord! I hope he doesn't want to borrow money of me. *(Aside.)* Your commands, if you please, Captain.

Capt. An affair of honour compels me to be troublesome to you.

Sir S. An affair of honour compels him to be troublesome to me! Oh! that is worse than borrowing money. *(Aside.)*

Capt. My wounded reputation must be healed.

Sir S. Oh lord! Oh lord! How have I offended him? *(Aside.)*

Capt. Slander can only be washed out with blood.

Sir S. Oh! my precious blood! Oh dear, oh dear! I suppose I have said some ill-natured thing of him behind his back, for I am sure I never durst affront him to his face. *(Aside.)*

Capt. A little after your leaving Bath—

Sir S. A little after my leaving Bath! Oh! yes, some d—d good-natured friend blabbed when my back was turned. *(Aside.)* Why, really, Captain, I don't recollect what can have given you offence at Bath.

Capt. That I readily believe; for it would be hard to expect you to recollect what you never heard.

Sir S. Eh!

Capt. I say, Sir Simon, you cannot be expected to know the insult offered me by a man who did not arrive till you were gone.

Sir S. Oh! the man that insulted you did not arrive till I was gone? Lord! what a load is off my mind! *(Aside.)* And so, Captain, a villain had the audacity to insult you?

Capt. I was insulted, Sir Simon.

Sir S. You'll not let him live. You'll tear him to atoms; I know you will. Blood and thunder! if it were my case—

Capt. Be cool, Sir Simon; you are too desperate.

Sir S. I am; I know it is my fault; but—fire and fury!—Can I assist you in this business?

Capt. That is the very cause of my visit to you. Will you honour me so far as to deliver a bit of a message for me?

Sir S. What, carry a challenge for you?

Capt. Exactly.

Sir S. What, and be your second?

Capt. If I may take the liberty to ask such a favour?

Sir S. My dear Captain, give me your hand. I am the happiest man alive to serve a friend. I'll see you through this affair; I'll take care of you. Where am I to go? What am I to do first?

Capt. Why, first of all, there is a little preparatory business. Before I can receive satisfaction for the injury done me I must put it in the power of my adversary to give it me.

Sir S. As how, pray?

Capt. You must know, the young man is unluckily in prison for debt: and as he has friends who are able to release him, I thought it would be taking a liberty to rob them of a pleasure they have the best right to; but they scorn to be outdone in politeness, and I believe, would let him remain till doomsday, before they would dispute the point with me.

Sir S. And so, you mean to pay his debts on purpose to fight him?

Capt. I do, and I wish I had a better motive; for though injured honour demands atonement, I would rather do one little bit of a kindness than revenge a thousand injuries.

Sir S. Will it cost you much?

Capt. More than is quite convenient, and therefore, I must trespass on your goodness in a second instance.

Sir S. Eh! what, how?

Capt. I shall be under the necessity of troubling you for three hundred pounds.

Sir S. Lord! it is a vast deal of money: I think you had better not fight him till there is an act of insolvency. Or, couldn't you get a snug little room in the prison, and fight him at his own home? that would be more genteel and accommodating. No, no; plague take it! that won't do; for, if you kill him, they will keep us there. I should like to see you fight amazingly; but then, to pay three hundred pounds for it, it is very dear: I only paid a guinea to see Johnson and big Ben, and their way of fighting is quite as fashionable now-a-days.

Capt. Understand me, Sir Simon. I don't intend to be under an obligation to you or any man. I have brought my commission as security for the sum.

Sir S. Security! My dear friend, do you think I want security? That is like a trader: there is no security with people of fashion. Yet I may as well take it by way of memorandum. *(Takes the commission.)* Well, tell me who he is, and where he is to be found. I'll carry him the money and the challenge.

Capt. Oh! by no means. He must not know the money comes from me. He may feel it unpleasant to be under an obligation to a man he has wronged; and to know that I had injured his feelings, would not be the way to satisfy mine.

Sir S. You are a very strange man! There is the money, manage it your own way. *(Gives him notes.)*

Capt. I thank you; and as soon as he has got the miseries of a prison a little out of his mind, you shall wait on him.

Sir S. As soon as you please. The sooner the better.

Capt. You are too impetuous, you fiery little fellow! We must not be in a hurry, for misfortune is apt to lower a man's spirit, and I scorn to meet a foe in a state of degradation.

Sir S. Well, you must act as you choose, only fight soon, for I shall think of nothing else. I know I am a desperate dog. When I was at school, they used to call me the little game cock. You are to do as you like, but were it my own affair, I should stand close, muzzle to muzzle, toe to toe. D—! I'd fight him in a saw-pit. I wonder I have not fought yet. I never was even asked to be a second till now; but, I believe, I know pretty well from the newspapers what a second has to do. To load the pistols, measure the ground, take care they stand near enough, and let them fire as long as they like. I believe that is all. Oh! no; if the parties are wounded, he is to leave them on the

ground, to the mercy of chance, and take care of himself.

Capt. I am not to dictate your conduct, Sir Simon; only it might be as well if every second would consider that his office is that of a friend to adjust an affair of honour, not of a sheriff to witness an execution. Good morning, Sir Simon. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. What a lucky dog I am! To be concerned in a duel was the only thing wanting to complete me as a man of fashion. I shall state the case next day in the newspapers, with my name at full length. Then a glorious confusion always takes place! People just remember the names, but forget whether they were principals or seconds. Oh! my character will be up: I shall be a man of fashion, indeed!

Enter LADY FLOURISH and MISS HARTLEY.

Lady F. My dear Sir Simon, how glad I am you're at home! If I am ever so little a while away from you, my darling, it appears a long, tedious age. How does my lovey do? Do look tender: 'tis so becoming to you; and beside, if you don't, you know you break my heart.

Sir S. Now really, Lady Flourish, you are too fond before company, indeed you are. 'Tis your only fault, my dear. But you ought to consider, that to be fond of a husband at all, is very unfashionable; and therefore, when a wife feels that amiable weakness, she ought never to expose it before people.

Lady F. But I can't help exposing it. Miss Hartley knows I have been talking of nothing else but my dearest the whole time I have been out: all the while I was buying my china, and my gold muslins, and my lace, I was longing to be at home with my darling.

Sir S. Lord! my dear, I wish you had indulged your longing, and then you wouldn't have laid out so much money. And how is my dear Miss Hartley? You don't seem in spirits.

Miss H. Indeed I am not; but the cause of my want of spirits must remain a secret to you. (*Aside.*) They, sir, who, like me, never knew misfortune, are apt to trifle with their felicity.

SONG.—MISS HARTLEY.

*The heart that has ne'er tasted sorrow,
E'en happiness often will cloy;
And we ever from misery borrow
Our knowledge of exquisite joy.*

*To those who all anguish would smother,
The best use of life is unknown;
To feel for the woes of another,
Or value the bliss that's their own.*

Sir S. Old Testy's stupid bumpkin of a son is to be introduced to you this morning: but there is no fear of his rivalling my boy Jack. How I long to see the rogue again! Where is he now, I wonder? May be, eating macaroni with the grand duke, or having the honour of kissing the toe of his holiness the pope. Oh! what high fellows my son is living with!

Lady F. Wherever he is, my dearest, he can meet nobody so fine a gentleman as his papa.

Sir S. Oh! you are too partial, Lady Flourish, a great deal; a great deal too partial. I have news for you: Captain O'Neill has been here.

Lady F. Captain O'Neill in town?

Sir S. I should like to tell them of his engaging me to be his second. (*Aside.*) You know the Captain is a man of great bravery, and knowing me to be of the same turn—um—um—we have had a good deal of conversation on the subject of duelling.

Lady F. I hope the Captain is not going to fight a duel? (*Alarmed.*)

Sir S. Oh dear! no.

Lady F. I am glad to hear you say so. I was quite agitated at the thought of any friend of your's being engaged in so horrid a business.

Sir S. I must not blab, I find. She'd lay an information, and destroy my renown. Were I a principal instead of a second, I should be vastly obliged to her. (*Aside.*) I wonder how many duels Jack has fought abroad—that is, fought, or been second in. 'Tis just the same thing. The credit is the same, and so is the danger, pretty nearly; for the principals are often so cursedly frightened that it is an even chance whether they hit their antagonist, or their own second.

Miss H. Though I abhor the practice, yet when men deem such trials necessary, I hope they conduct themselves with proper courage.

Sir S. That is mighty well of you. You don't know what it is to receive a man's fire, or you would not talk so lightly about it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Young Mr. Testy. sir.

Sir S. Very well.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Lady F. Come, my dear, rest yourself a little before you encounter the fatigue of this bumpkin's conversation.

Sir S. Ay, do; I'll talk to him first.

[*Exeunt Lady F. and Miss H.*]

Enter YOUNG TESTY.

Well, Tom, I'm glad to see you: you are welcome to London. Oh! what a quiz it is! (*Aside.*)

Young T. Thank you, thank you, Sir Simon. Lord, Lord! why, you be quite another guise kind of a man than what you used to be. I remember, as thof it was but yesterday, when father and you used to weigh I and Jack Flourish in the great warehouse scales, and I always were heaviest.

Sir S. Yes, and you'll continue heaviest as long as you live. But, Tom, don't talk about weights and scales; 'tis so vulgar. D— trade, and all that belongs to it. I am a gentleman and a knight now.

Young T. Yes, Sir Simon, so they tell me; but for all that, don't d— trade; for I don't think as how you'd ha' been a gentleman and a knight, if the money you got by the warehouse had not given you a bit of a lift.

Sir S. Oh! the vulgar young dog! (*Aside.*)

Young T. Well, Sir Simon, father sent me a courting; and so, you see, I am come; so no more words, let's set about it.

Sir S. Oh! yes, with all my heart. I'll see if Miss Hartley is ready to receive you. What a young savage! I dare say they would buy him at Exeter 'Change. [*Aside and exit.*]

Young T. Well, faint heart never won fair lady. Dang it! I'll shew her a Yorkshire boy is not afraid of a pretty girl.

SONG.—YOUNG TESTY.

*I ne'er by a lass yet was scouted,
I know the right method to get her;
No cringing for me,
I'll soon let her see
That I'm bold, and she'll like me the better.*

*I'm a boy that's not easily flouted,
If she give herself airs, why, e'en let her;
When to kiss her I try,
"You're rude, sir," she'll cry,
"Why, I am, and you like me the better."*

*When she finds that I'm not to be routed,
And at morn, noon, and night I beset her,
She'll alter her tone,
And readily own,
Though I'm rude, that she likes me the better.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Sir Simon Flourish's house.*

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH and KITTY.

Sir S. And now give me a kiss, you little rogue you. (*Kisses her.*)

Kitty. Lard! Sir Simon, how can you be so rude!

Sir S. Now, Kitty, mind you say all the ill-natured things you can to your young mistress of this country blockhead. Always praise my son Jack to her, and he'll bring you over trinkets enough for you to set up a raffle-shop at Margate. Here the booby comes. Now you may go and fetch Miss Hartley.

Enter YOUNG TESTY.

There, Mr. Testy, good bye: I leave you to your love-making. What a lout it is!

[*Aside to Kitty, and exit.*]

Young T. So, this be young madam that father wants me to marry. Egad! she is a tight lass enow! (*Aside.*) Well, miss, and so father says as how he wishes I'd marry you; and so, d'ye see? if you've no mighty objection, we may even be axed in church together.

Kitty. What does the booby mean? Lord! he takes me for my mistress. Not such a booby as I thought him. (*Aside.*)

Young T. Why, you don't answer, miss. Speak out: don't be shame-faced. So, as I was saying, I have no disliking to you, nor liking for anybody else, and if you have no particular disliking to me more than to other people, I dare say we shall be as happy a couple as goes.

Kitty. Gemini! what a flutter I am in! If I can but make him believe I am my mistress, my fortune is made. I must try to behave like a lady; but if I am modest, like my mistress, I shall never pass upon him. No, no; I must be free and dashing, as fine ladies are in general. (*Aside.*) Why, young man, I have been considering what you have been saying; and, as I don't think you quite so great a brute as I expected you to be, I don't much care if I take you upon trial.

Young T. Take me upon trial! What, does she make a horse of me? But, dang it! free and easy! I like her the better. (*Aside.*) But mayhap, miss, if I am not so great a brute now, I may be a greater when I am married. Ah! what do you say to that, my tight filly?

Kitty. I'll do all I can to make you fashionable.

Young T. Thank you, thank you. I'll do as much for you. Dang it! I didn't think I should have been so much at home with a fine lady.

Kitty. What is your name, young man?

Young T. Tom Testy.

Kitty. Well, Tom—

Young T. Tom! How familiar and kind!

Kitty. I'll have you, Tom. 'Tis a bargain.

Young T. Is it? There's my hand, and my lips, too. How little we know in Yorkshire about London folk. They told me, your fine ladies were squeamish and shy, and all that nonsense.

Kitty. No, Tom. That is quite gone by in high life.

Young T. So much the better. Well, but miss, and when shall we be married? eh! Let it be soon.

Kitty. When you like; 'tis all one to me. Only, Tom, don't mention it, let us be snug. We'll steal a march; marry first, and tell the old ones after.

Young T. So we will: that will be good fun.

Kitty. Now mind, when you go home to your father, you don't tell him what we have settled.

Young T. No, not I; but I don't live at father's; I've got a place of my own, do as I like, live in the Temple. I am to be a counsellor, father says, and a plaguy good one I shall make; for it is all done

by eating, and I have a fine appetite, if the London air don't spoil it. Lord! what a happy life we shall lead!

DUETT.—KITTY and YOUNG TESTY.

Kitty. When I'm married, I'll be gay,
Still flaunting as shall please me;
Careless what I do or say,
No power on earth shall tease me.
If you e'er, in jealous spite,
Should hint at horns ideal,
Then my way to set you right
Will be to make them real.

Young T. Husbands, now, for horns who care,
Must be less wise than nice, ma'am,
While, at market, horns will bear
So very high a price, ma'am:
And for lawyers, too, like me,
No trouble it at all is,
Since Horn-fair remov'd we see
To Westminster old hall is.

Both. Then since we agree so easy to be,
Let's marry as soon as we can;
For, not to demur, whate'er may occur,
Is, surely, the very best plan. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The King's Bench Prison.*

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. Was ever man more miserably circumstanced? Bred up as heir to a splendid fortune, and all my hopes destroyed by the caprice of a splenetic old uncle. Shut up here, in the King's Bench, for debt; and, not only deprived of the happiness of beholding the woman I adore, but ashamed to acquaint her with the wretchedness of my situation.

AIR.—HARCOURT.

Once, all that could enchant the sight
Enraptur'd fancy drew,
And deck'd each prospect of delight
With tints of brightest hue.
In fairy loveliness array'd,
The beauteous objects shone,
While charm'd I gaz'd, Hope sweetly said,
"These prospects are thine own."

But fancy, now, from forms of joy,
Averts her sick'ning sight;
Her pencil horrors wild employ,
And scenes of blackest night;
The dismal pictures rise to view
Where direst ills combine,
Despair exclaims, "Bid Hope adieu,
These prospects now are thine."

Enter a Servant belonging to the Prison.

Serv. Mr. Flourish, sir has sent you the book of travels he borrow'd; and says he will call on you presently.

Har. That good-humoured, whimsical fellow, Flourish, is always welcome to me.

Serv. It is queer enough that his father, Sir Simon Flourish, should be hummed so as to think he is going the tour of Europe, when, all the while, he never got a step farther than St. George's Fields. [*Exit.*]

Young F. (*Singing without.*) "Over the hills," &c.
Har. Here he comes.

Enter YOUNG FLOURISH in a shabby light-coloured coat, with black breeches and boots.

Young F. Ah! my boy, Harcourt, how are you?
Har. Why, Jack, what makes you booted?

Young F. A man ought to be booted when he's on a journey. A'n't I going the tour of Europe?

Har. Oh! I beg your pardon; I had forgot: but you don't seem furnished with a very elegant riding dress; boots and black are not very correct—eh!

Young F. The customs of countries differ: but to tell you the truth, so much travelling has made vast havoc among my leather, and as for my black small-clothes, I wear them as mourning for the demise of my last coloured pair.

Har. But, my dear Jack, what can be the joke of your staying in this sad place?

Young F. All the joke was in getting here. Staying is not quite so comical.

Har. But, Jack, I must know what brought you here?

Young F. Poll.

Har. Poll! What Poll?

Young F. Not know Poll? Where the devil have you lived? Not know Poll? Why, Poll is the rage—in Hyde Park every morning—rides the best horse—drives the best curricule—gives the best dinners; d—e! the first dutchess in the land envies Poll.

Har. I beg Poll's pardon for not knowing her.

Young F. So you ought, for Poll's familiar and kind, she'd have no objection to knowing you. But the thing is, father said I should be a man of fashion, and so I am, a'n't I? D—e! you still look at my legs: well, black-legs don't make a bit less a man of fashion.

Har. Oh! by no means.

Young F. Well, but about Poll. As I was to be a man of fashion, who so proper to make me one as Poll? Poll has made and unmade half the fine men of the day. I kept Poll when I was at school; Poll stuck to me at college; and when father fixed I should travel, and see the world, who so fit to shew it me as Poll?

Har. Well, why didn't Poll shew it you?

Young F. She did, she shewed me here.

Har. But why not take her abroad with you?

Young F. She would not go. Poll said she would do anything but cross the water with me. And I could not find in my heart to go abroad without her. So I touched father's cash, and resolved to finish my education in my own country.

Har. Very patriotic, truly!

Young F. Well, father went to Bath—I staid in town—the money flew—Poll knew how to dash it. When all was gone, it was natural enough to come here, you know.

Har. But how were you able to leave Poll?

Young F. She did not trouble me to think about that: when the money was gone, Poll left me.

Har. So Poll would not follow your fortunes to the King's Bench? How unkind!

Young F. So I told her: "Ah! Poll!" said I, "'tis d—d ill-natured to leave me."

Har. And what did she say?

Young F. She only laughed, and said, she told me at first, she'd do anything but cross the water with me.

Har. You must throw yourself on your father's mercy at last, and the sooner you do it the better.

Enter Servant with a letter.

Young F. For me?

Serv. No, sir; for Mr. Harcourt.

Young F. Ah! nobody writes to me.

Har. (*Reads.*) "I am led to believe the enclosed notes will liberate you. They are sent for that purpose." Astonishing! No name! Does anybody wait?

Serv. No, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Har. This must be from my dear girl.

Young F. Ah! you are a happy fellow! Your dear girl writes to you. Though Poll would not cross the water, she might send me a letter now and then. It is d—d unkind. But no, no, poor

girl, I shouldn't scold her for what she can't help; I ought to remember Poll can't write.

Har. This must be my Harriot's generosity. Charming girl! How could she discover my situation? But what will not love discover?

Young F. So, you're going to leave me. 'Tis devilish hard to be cut by everybody.

Har. Depend on it, my dear fellow, I will be with you soon.

Young F. Ah! do come and see me. Don't be like Poll, afraid of crossing the water.

Har. No, Jack, depend upon it. Adieu! Now to my charming girl. [*Exit.*]

Young F. Ah! your's is a charming girl, indeed, to send you money. If Poll had a million, I dare say she wouldn't think of sending me a shilling, and yet she used to say she loved me vastly.

SONG.—YOUNG FLOURISH.

When to my pretty Poll I went,
And I to travel sought her,
"Ah! stay at home, dear Jack," says she,
"I cannot cross the water."
What could I do? Away I flew,
A curricule I bought her;
Six smoking bays, all Hyde Park's gaze,
From Tattersall's I brought her.
"Dear Jack," says she, "how kind you be!
(She'd coax like Eve's own daughter,)
With you I will both live and die,
Do all but cross the water."
Then splashing, dashing through the town,
She drove, the stare of all;
The echo of her rattling wheels
Was, "There goes pretty Poll!"
Oh! pretty, pretty Poll!
From ev'ry tongue the echo rung
"See, there goes pretty Poll!"
What a lad then was I!
All to dress at me try,
And my praise to withhold none so currish,
With a girl so divine!
Such dinners! such wine!
What a d—d clever dog was Jack Flourish!
But an end to my cash,
And my fame goes to smash,
No friends my good qualities nourish;
For they, once so kind,
Now agree in one mind,
What a d—d stupid flat was Jack Flourish!
Thus cut by my friends, by bailiffs seiz'd,
And this vile limbo near,
Yet with one hope I still was pleas'd,
That Poll my cage would cheer.
To Poll I told where I must go,
And not to leave me sought her;
She, laughing, cried, "Dear Jack, you know
"I cannot cross the water." [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Garden belonging to Sir Simon Flourish's house.

MISS HARTLEY discovered.

Miss H. How distressing is my Harcourt's absence! and the mysterious concealment of his residence increases my anxiety. Can he think so meanly of me, as to suppose his loss of fortune will lessen my affection?

AIR.—MISS HARTLEY.

Not mine the narrow soul, assur'd,
In riches joy to find;
Not mine by title's glare allur'd,
To genuine merit blind.
In wealth and rank who seek for bliss,
Contempt or pity move,
They never choose so much amiss,
Whose hearts were form'd for love.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. My life!

Miss H. Oh! Charles.

Har. My angel, what a tedious absence!

Miss H. If my Charles thought it so, why not sooner fly to his adoring Harriot?

Har. I followed you to Bath, but unluckily you had left it the day before I arrived; and what then happened I could not prevail on myself to disclose to you: I was resolved to bear my misfortunes alone; but your kindness has dispelled them, and now I fly with gratitude to thank my deliverer.

Miss H. Your deliverer!

Har. Yes, my Harriot; attempt not to conceal your generous conduct. But for you, a prison would have been my habitation for life.

Miss H. A prison, Charles! Has such been your distress, and yet conceal it from me?

Har. Can it be possible that I am not indebted to you for my deliverance?

Miss H. By concealing from me your situation, you prevented me from being your deliverer. Oh! Charles, that was a false pride, which avoided the assistance of her who loves you. True affection should seek occasions for receiving kindness, conscious it bestows most delight when it affords the power of obliging.

Har. Pardon me, Harriot. Poverty will be proud. But what am I to think? See here, my love, this cover enclosed notes sufficient to discharge my debts.

Miss H. Whoever has had the pleasure of releasing you claims my gratitude, yet excites my envy.

Har. Generous girl! To avoid suspicion, I had better leave you now, my Harriot.

DUETT.—HARCOURT and MISS HARTLEY.

Miss H. Ah! must you away while nature's so gay,
And all things to happiness move?

*Hark! the feather'd warbler's throat
Pours of joy the swelling note,
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.*

Har. Ah! wert thou away, 'twould cease to be gay,
No longer to happiness move,
'Tis thou art the soul
Gives life to the whole,
And infuses the spirit of love.

Miss H. Hark! the tuneful current near
Sweetly steals upon mine ear;
And its gentle murmurs prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

Har. Ah! dear girl, wert thou not here,
No more these sounds would sweet appear,
The murmur'ing stream would cease to prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

Both. Ah! dear youth, wert thou away,
Ah! dear girl, wert thou away,
No more would nature's face be gay;
No more each sound would sweetly prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Sir Simon Flourish's house.

Enter LADY FLOURISH and KITTY.

Lady F. Kitty, did you see old Testy's Yorkshire prodigy when he was here?

Kitty. Yes, my lady.

Lady F. I conclude he is a shocking Saracen.

Kitty. Yes, my lady.

Lady F. I suppose Miss Hartley votes him a sad bore.

Kitty. Lard! your ladyship, I could not think of Miss Hartley being troubled with such a brute of

a fellow; especially, my lady, as his honour, Sir Simon, designs miss for his own son; so, an't please you, my lady, I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

Enter CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

Lady F. Captain O'Neill, I am prodigiously happy to see you. Kitty, you need not wait.

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Capt. I protest and vow, that meeting your ladyship gives me the most superlative pleasure.

Lady F. Why, then, I protest and vow the pleasure is mutual.

Capt. Your ladyship does me a great deal of honour. I will beg of her ladyship to say a kind word for me to Miss Hartley, for I want very much to be thought well of by that lovely girl. (*Aside.*) I am glad to find your ladyship alone.

Lady F. Glad to find me alone, Captain?

Capt. Prodigiously so, my lady. I have a favour to beg of your ladyship.

Lady F. A favour of me! I hope, Captain, you are not going to ask anything improper.

Capt. I hope your ladyship will not think it so.

Lady F. Indeed but I shall, if I ought to think it so; for though you are a very pretty man, and very much of a gentleman, and dance delightfully, and have a profusion of elegant accomplishments, and—

Capt. Oh! madam, madam, you confuse me.

Lady F. Do I? Well, I protest, 'tis very becoming to you. Confusion seems quite natural to you; but I will have compassion on your modesty.

Capt. It is very generous in your ladyship to compassionate a national infirmity. Bashfulness and the brogue always go together. But let me intreat you to take an interest in my happiness.

Lady F. I take an interest in your happiness! You'll absolutely make me faint.

Capt. What should your ladyship faint about? Why, my lady, I but desire—

Lady F. Oh! you should conquer your desires!

Capt. But I only wish—

Lady F. Fie, fie! I must not gratify your wishes. Don't press me any further; for though I have a great deal of resolution, you have an infinity of insinuation.

Capt. I wish you would let me insinuate my meaning.

Lady F. Don't shock me. I know what you want to insinuate. Think what a dreadful thing it is to seduce the wife of your friend.

Capt. My lady—

Lady F. Oh! Captain O'Neill, how can you go to persuade me to be unfaithful to poor, dear, little Sir Simon?

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Sir S. Can I believe my ears? Why, fire and fury! Captain O'Neill, how durst you think of such a thing?

Capt. Here's a blessed piece of a blunder!

Lady F. Sir Simon, I'm quite shocked at your intrusion. How can you be so ill-bred? I beg you'll not interfere with my concerns. I am myself the guardian of my honour, and will not brook so insolent a monitor. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. Oh! you violator of friendship! Oh! you seducer! Why, Tarquin was a Joseph to you.

Capt. Sir Simon, upon my honour, I meant not the least harm.

Sir S. Why, did I not hear her say you wanted her to be unfaithful to poor, dear, little Sir Simon.

Capt. Will you hear me, Sir Simon?

Sir S. No, you monster of iniquity! you wanted to separate a pair of fine turtle-doves. You deluder of innocence, you destroyer of the peace of families!

Capt. Very well, Sir Simon, I plainly see what you mean. You are too fond of fighting to listen to reason; and since nothing but spilling my innocent blood will appease you, I must submit. There, Sir Simon; (*pulling out pistols*) I little thought to cock either of these against you.

Sir S. Cock them against me!

Capt. Take your choice, sir.

Sir S. Take my choice! No, I sha'n't take my choice.

Capt. Oh! you may trust to them; they have done execution in their time. But may be, you don't think one a piece enough? Well, then, fetch a pair of your own; I'll measure out a few paces while you are gone.

Sir S. A few paces!

Capt. Oh! I beg your pardon; I had forgot: you like to fight muzzle to muzzle.

Sir S. Muzzle to muzzle! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Capt. Well, I must assent to your savage propensities. I must fight you how you like.

Sir S. But d—e if I'll fight at all!

Capt. Not fight me? Oh! the patience of St. Patrick could not brook such contemptuous treatment. You won't even fight me?

Sir S. I won't upon my soul.

Capt. You positively refuse to treat me like a gentleman? Oh! what extremities you drive me to! (*Strikes Sir S. with his cane.*) How can you distress me so?

Sir S. How the devil can you distress me so?

Capt. Not fight me? Oh! 'tis cruel treatment!

Sir S. It is, upon my soul.

Capt. Now will you fight me?

Sir S. You are taking the worst way in the world to persuade me.

Capt. I'll try it a little more, however.

Sir S. Hold, for mercy! I'll ask your pardon—anything. What will satisfy you?

Capt. Nothing that a poltroon can offer. I am sorry I have degraded myself by striking a coward.

Sir S. So am I—very.

Capt. Oh! you are a desperate dog! You would stand close, toe to toe, muzzle to muzzle. D—e! you'd fight in a saw-pit. Oh! you are a pretty fellow for a second!

Sir S. Very well for a second, but not quite so well for a principal. But, Captain, I hope you'll be kind enough not to mention this trifling affair; for 'tis a pity the reputation a man has been collecting his whole life, should be whisked away in a moment. What a vapour honour is, that it will fly away in the dusting a coat! Do be tender, Captain; pray, don't mention this.

Capt. In my opinion, you are too contemptible to be mentioned at all.

Sir S. Your opinion I shall always have the highest respect for.

Capt. Good b'ye, my little game cock! I shall remember you always stand muzzle to muzzle. Oh! you are a desperate dog, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Sir S. I have been very unlucky. I am afraid I have not acted quite like a man of fashion. In the first place, to interrupt a gentleman's making love to my wife, was not at all like a man of fashion; no, that was very low breeding, indeed. As to getting a beating, that will happen to men of fashion, now and then. But one part of my behaviour, I hope, sets all to rights—I behaved very ill, and I asked pardon. If that is not like a man of fashion, the devil's in it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of the King's Bench Prison, with a view of the high wall.*

Enter YOUNG FLOURISH.

Young F. I have been puzzling over maps, these two hours, to find out where I have been, or rather,

where I ought to have been; and 'tis a great deal more troublesome to travel in imagination than in reality: for I must keep my eyes open, while I am tracing my journey on paper; but if I had gone it in earnest, I might have slept comfortably from post to post, as most travellers do.

Enter HARCOURT and CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

Ah! Charles, my boy! coming to see me so soon is kind, indeed.

Har. And I have brought a friend to see you.

Capt. What a mighty queer world we live in! This is a gentleman I am proud to hear call me friend, and yet, half-an-hour ago, I was ready to cut his throat.

Young F. Cut your friend's throat?

Capt. Why, it happens every day, don't it? Your making a wonder of that proves you live out of the world.

Young F. By your account, to live out of the world seems the only chance one has to live at all.

Capt. You are pretty right there; for between those who, having too little courage, want to be thought to have enough, and those who have so much 'tis always boiling over, a quiet man's life is in a constant state of requisition.

Young F. But how came you two to quarrel?

Capt. The only way that two honest men can quarrel—by mistake. However, before we troubled our pistols to speak for us, we thought it no dishonour to speak a little for ourselves; by which means we found out that though we met to settle a dispute, devil a dispute we had to settle.

Young F. How was that?

Capt. Why, it appears that this same good-looking countenance of mine is unlucky enough to resemble the phiz of a gentleman blacklegs, who by a little trick or two in the way of his trade, disburthened our friend of his cash. He thought, when he met me in the rooms at Bath, (and the place, to be sure, was not much in my favour,) that he had nicked his man, and accosted me accordingly. We lost one another in the crowd, and he departed in his error. I learnt his name, and followed him to London; where, if I hadn't had wisdom enough to ask an explanation, I might have been sent out of the world for the misfortune of resembling a scoundrel.

Har. How much I must ever feel bound to you!

Capt. Ah! Harcourt, appearances are very deceitful, and he who forms his opinions from them will blunder on in the dark, let the sun shine ever so bright.

Young F. And that is blundering, indeed.

Har. Captain O'Neill, my friend, Jack Flourish, is a very whimsical fellow: if he had been out of limbo you would have seen him earlier; for I should have brought him for my second.

Young F. No, you would not: for to be second in a duel is, in my mind, an employment pretty nearly as honourable as to be Jack Ketch's deputy.

Capt. All the Flourishes are not of that opinion. I presume, you are no relation to that little game cock, Sir Simon?

Young F. My father a little game-cock?

Capt. Sir Simon your father! Why, Sir Simon's son is on his travels.

Young F. Yes, Sir Simon's son travels like a mill-horse, a great deal in a small space. But here he is; here's Jack Flourish; and if he had not had the wisdom to stay at home, he would have lost the good fortune of becoming acquainted with you. He is a fool who quits Old England, for d—e, if he'll find such fellows anywhere as he leaves behind him.

Capt. I should be jealous of your praise if Old England and Old Ireland were not exactly the same spot of ground. So you are, really and truly,

the fine travelled young gentleman, Mr. Flourish? Oh! you are a hopeful boy! I assure you, your father believes you have been seen and admired in every court in Europe.

Young F. So I ought to have been seen and admired in every court in Europe, but I was unluckily introduced at the court of King's Bench, and am not likely to visit any other court in a hurry.

Har. You must contrive to be on terms with your father, to assist me in obtaining his sanction to my passion for his ward, Miss Hartley.

Capt. What! you have a passion for Miss Hartley? So have I too. That is unlucky.

Har. A passion for Miss Hartley?

Capt. Yes: but I am by no means sure she has a passion for me; so, if you can prove she has for you, there are two to one against me.

Young F. I'll lay the odds.

Capt. Is it so? Enough said, then. He that can't make sport, never let him spoil it. 'Tis true, I had a liking for the young lady, but the first principle of my liking was to make her happy; and as long as that is brought about, whether by you or me, is the same thing among friends. Ha, ha, ha! My young traveller, I can't help laughing to think that this very morning I was dusting the coat of a relation of your's.

Young F. That was very kind of you; and while your hand is in I'll thank you to dust mine, for I'm sure it wants it.

Capt. Farewell, my young traveller; every assistance I can give, you may depend on. Well, Charles, you are a lucky dog to get such a sweet girl as Miss Hartley. Oh! the dear creatures, how I love them!

SONG.—CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

*In the smiles of the fair
Is the best cure for care,
If ruffled our bosom, they charm it to ease;
Or with eye sweetly glancing,
Our hearts they set dancing,
They calm us and rouse us e'en just as they please.*

*The wise prop of a state,
Or the warrior so great,
Oft bows down to kiss beauty's rod on his knees;
'Tis the province of beauty
To teach men their duty,
For women can do with us just what they please.*

*E'en the miser quits gold,
Their bright charms to behold,
And gives them his soul, for he yields them his keys;
The dear rogues are so clever,
Oh! bless 'em for ever,
And may they rule over us just as they please. [Exit.]*

Har. Jack, I've been thinking how you are to get at liberty.

Young F. Have you? Well, how?

Har. Acquaint your father that you are returned from abroad, then get a rule for the day, and see him: his joy at the sight of you may soften his heart, and pave the way for your forgiveness.

Young F. Well said. I'll do it: I'll have a rule: I'll hire a horse, as we call it.

Har. Well, my boy, success attend you. All the assistance I can give you, depend on. Farewell, my young traveller! [Exit.]

Young F. D—e! 'tis a lucky thought. Ay, but they won't trust me out alone. I must take one of their watch-dogs along with me. How shall I manage that? I have it. Yonder goes little Dicky. That's lucky! He's the man for my purpose. I must go to Monmouth-street myself to brush up appearances, and so I'll take little Dicky with me, dress him smartly, and introduce him to my father as a foreign nobleman who came over with me.

Well said! Huzza! Dicky, Dicky! I am so happy that I shall see the outside of that d—d wall once more!

Enter DICKY.

Dicky. Do you want me, Master Flourish?

Young F. Dicky, my boy, you are a clever little fellow; you are the only man that can serve me.

Dicky. Vy, then, make it worth my while, and nobody readier.

Young F. I am going to have a rule: hire a horse, as we call it; and you shall get up behind. There is nobody else in your way fit for a gentleman's companion: you are the only genteel article.

Dicky. To be sure, they are d—d vulgar.

Young F. I am going to take you to my father's, and you must pass for a man of fashion.

Dicky. Well, my master, I'll try. I shall look it very well.

Young F. No, no: I must put you on a laced coat.

DUETT.—YOUNG FLOURISH and DICKY.

Young F. Dicky, I shall smartly dress you.

Dicky. Why, I'm smart enough, Lord bless you!

Young F. No, no.

Dicky. Why so?

What am I to pass for, pray?

Young F. For a man of rank, I say.

Dicky. Why, then, don't I hit it quite? Sure, I'm dress'd exactly right.

Young F. Why, really, Dicky, I must own
You're in the style of men of ton;
In side-boxes oft we view
Men of fashion dress'd like you.

Dicky. In side-boxes oft you see
Men of fashion dress'd like me.

Young F. Very true,
Just like you;
But that will not with daddy do.

Dicky. Why so?

Young F. You must know,
Dad's a bit of the old beau,
And thinks it most becoming when
Men of fashion dress like gentlemen.

Dicky. In side-boxes oft you see
Men of fashion dress'd like me.

Young F. Dad thinks it most becoming when
Men of fashion dress like gentlemen.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Young Testy's Chambers in the Temple.

YOUNG TESTY and SNARE discovered.

Snare. And so you like London prodigiously?

Young T. Hugely! What did my quiz of a father mean by keeping me in the country so long? I ought to have been as wise as I am now five years ago.

Snare. To be sure; and your knowledge would not have surprized people either.

Young T. No, not at all. I am not half so knowing as I ought to be, for all I was bred in Yorkshire.

Snare. That was in your favour.

Young T. Oh! 'twas heaven's mercy I was pitched into a 'cutish country, or I should never have been able to shew my face here. Why, boys of sixteen here know a great deal more than I do.

Snare. Boys of sixteen! Men of sixteen, you mean. Sixteen! why, 'tis the prime of a man's life. Who are your greatest men on the turf? your men of sixteen. Who keep your dashing women in the greatest style? your men of sixteen.

Young T. So I thought. It came into my head that keeping your dashing women was a very young trick.

Snare. Everything is now in a state of forwardness unknown to our ancestors. London may be termed an immense hot-house, where everything is forced. You eat your fruit before it is in season. You run through your constitution before it is matured. You spend your estate before you are in possession, and get divorced from your wife before you ought to have married. 'Tis a lively system, is it not?

Young T. Ay, a short life and a merry one.

Snare. But you were out of luck last night.

Young T. Yes, a little; and when I had lost all my money, it was vastly friendly of you to lend me the two hundred pounds; but I lost them too.

Snare. It will happen so sometimes. A lad of spirit does not mind such trifles. I will thank you, though, to return me the money: for I am rather out of cash.

Young T. Eh!

Snare. I'll thank you for the two hundred pounds I lent you.

Young T. My dear friend, I could as soon give you a million. My father does not allowance me in such a grand style as that comes to. I must catch him in a devilish good humour, ay, and in a great many of them, before I get two hundred pounds of him.

Snare. 'Tis d—d shabby of you to borrow money you can't pay.

Young T. Is this your friendship? Why, did not you force it on me? Did not you tell me you only lived in obliging your friends?

Snare. You make a small mistake; I told you I only lived by obliging my friends. But as it is not convenient to you to pay the money, give me your note, and it will do just as well.

Young T. Ah! now you are my friend again. I thought you would not desert me so soon. You who so kindly took me by the hand, taught me to punt at faro, told me the nicks and crabs at hazard, and though you never play yourself, were so kind to introduce me to all your friends that do.

Snare. Here's a stamp; sign your name: I have filled it up. I thought you couldn't pay me directly.

Young T. What is this? (*Reads.*) "*On demand, I promise to pay Nic. Snare, Esquire, four hundred pounds. Value received.*" Dang it, man, you lent me but two.

Snare. And do you think I'm to be paid nothing for my risk? Your father may disinherit you, and I may never get a doit. No, no; I shall never live by obliging my friends at that rate.

Young T. Oh! this is d—d scandalous! pay four hundred pounds for two, and not have the worth of a sixpence to shew for it! D— London! I wish I had staid in Yorkshire all the days of my life.

Snare. It is very ungrateful of you to put yourself in a passion with me, who have taught you so many pretty games.

Young T. Yes, and you want to teach me another pretty game: to shew me that one and one make four.

Old T. (*Knocking without.*) Tom, let me in.

Young T. Zounds! my father! I must open the door.

Snare. (*Holding him.*) No, you sha'n't till you have settled our business.

Old T. (*Without.*) Tom, I say, let me in.

Young T. Coming, sir.

Snare. If you don't sign, I'll tell him all your pranks.

Young T. (*Signs.*) There, and the devil do you good with it. D— gaming! d— swindling! and d— (*Opens the door.*)

Enter OLD TESTY.

How do you do, sir?

Old T. How do I do! You made great haste to ask me. Why, you have company. Is this the way you pass your mornings? You ought to be at study, sir.

Young T. This gentleman comes to assist me in my studies, sir.

Old T. Oh! that is very kind of him. Thank you, sir, for all you have taught my son.

Snare. Oh! sir, 'tis a pleasure to me.

Old S. Do you practise much at the bar, sir?

Snare. Not much now, sir. I have had in my time a pretty deal of Old Bailey practice.

Old T. And retired from it with your just deserts?

Snare. Not exactly, sir, or I must say I should have been in a more elevated situation. Men often retire from the bar with less than they merit.

Old T. More's the pity. Well, I will not intrude any longer, Tom. I called to give you money to pay for your furniture and your books: never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way. There's a draft for four hundred pounds. And so, good morning, and thank you kindly for all you have done for my son. [*Exit.*]

Snare. A very good kind of an old gentleman that father of your's: mind what he says—"Never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way." That four hundred pounds will just balance our little account.

Young T. Why, you a'n't such a rogue?

Snare. You had better be correct in your language, young gentleman, or you must satisfy my honour.

Young T. Oh! d— your honour! Did not you hear my father say, it was for my upholsterer and bookseller? They have been for their money already, and if I don't pay them, who knows but they will send me to gaol?

Snare. Oh! no. Tradesmen are used to go without their money; but gentlemen like me, must touch the ready, or your character is lost for ever. So at once pay me, or I'll expose you.

Young T. There—plague take you!—there is the money. And now if I don't marry directly, I may go hang myself; and of two evils—

Snare. Marry, by all means. Good b'ye, Tom. Remember, I live by obliging my friends. [*Exit.*]

Young T. The devil fly away with such friends! Oh! I'm in a pretty mess! If Miss Hartley hadn't taken such a fancy to me, what would have become of me! 'Tis heaven's mercy I was a likely lad! My beauty has saved my bacon. I'm in a fine way! I shall certainly be arrested; I can't save my liberty, that is certain. All I can do is to try to lose it my own way. Of the two, 'tis better to marry than go to gaol; but at whose suit I shall be obliged to surrender myself, my wife's, or my tradesmen's, depends entirely on whether the bailiff or the parson does his business quickest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Lady Flourish's Dressing-room; a sofa, and sash-window with curtains.*

KITTY discovered.

Kitty. Well, thank my stars, I sha'n't long be obliged to do such menial business. Called here, and called there. No, no; I shall soon be young Mr. Testy's wife; and then Madam Testy will call her servants about her as haughtily as the first lady in the land.

AIR.—KITTY.

*What a hard lot is ours now, indeed and indeed,
'Tis a terrible life that we poor servants lead;
Up early and late,
To toil and to wait,*

To do as one's bid,
Yet sure to be chid,
Ill humours to bear,
And yet not to dare
Tho' with anger we burn,
To be spiteful and cross in return.

What a hard lot is ours, then, indeed and indeed!
'Tis a terrible life that we poor servants lead!

To be sure, when one happens a service to get in,
Where, to aid madam's frolics, her secrets we're let in,
Why, then, I must own, of our blabbing afraid,
The maid is the mistress, the mistress the maid.

They coax one so pretty!
'Tis "dear Mrs. Kitty!"
You're so kind and clever,
I'll love you for ever."

Our wages they double,
Yet give us no trouble;
And, while they're so civil,
We're as saucy and pert as the devil.

What a hard lot is theirs, then, indeed and indeed!
'Tis a terrible life our poor mistresses lead!

But the times are so alter'd, these places are rare
now,
For who knows their intrigues, there are few ladies
care now,

A faux-pas to conceal they will use little labour,
While each lady's in countenance kept by her neigh-
bour.

Their spouses so kind, too,
Such foibles are blind to;
Nay, some will assume our vocation;
If a go-between's needed,
We're pass'd by unheeded,
The husband takes our occupation.

What a strange lot is theirs, then, indeed and indeed!
'Tis a whimsical life that some husbands lead!

Enter OLD TESTY.

Dear me! here comes my papa that is to be.

Old T. What, I have found somebody at last: I have been hunting from room to room, and the devil a soul could I see.

Kitty. Sir, my master and mistress are not at home.

Old T. Since I can't prove to the contrary, I incline to believe so.

Kitty. Pray, sir, let me shew you out. You have intruded yourself into my lady's dressing room.

Old T. Don't hurry me, you young baggage! and, pray, who are you, with that pretty face?

Kitty. Your daughter that is to be. (Aside.) I am Kitty, sir.

Old T. Kitty, you are a pretty girl. Give me a kiss, Kitty.

Kitty. Lard! sir, don't be rumbustical.

Old T. I say, Kitty—this is what I have wanted a long while. (Aside.) I say, Kitty, do you like your place? Should you have any objection to quit it, to live with a middle-aged gentleman as a kind of a housekeeper? eh!

Kitty. Lard! sir, I hope you have no design upon my honour.

Old T. No, not I; I dare say your honour has been long out of the way of anybody's design. But tell me, could you like such a plain-spoken, comely-looking, matter-of-fact man as myself? eh!

Kitty. This is lucky: I'll humour the old fellow, and when I marry his son, he'll not be angry with me, for fear of my exposing him. (Aside.)

Old T. Well, what do you say, my pretty?

Kitty. I don't know what to say, sir. If I could have it under your hand that you wouldn't forsake me—

Old T. Under my hand—hum! D— it! there is no making love now without signing and sealing.

A love-letter will be sent back unopened, unless 'tis on stamped paper; and Cupid himself would not be half so good a go-between as a common attorney.

AIR.—OLD TESTY.

Woman now, by grace and feature,
Sighs and vows, will not be caught,
If you'd have the pretty creature,
The pretty creature must be bought.

You may swear,
You may tear,
You may cry,
You may lie,
You may kneel,
You may feel

All the pangs that from love's raging fervours arise,
And proclaim her an angel dropp'd down from the skies.

No pity she shews

For your budget of woes;

She scoffs at your tears, and derides all your pain,
And e'en darling flatt'ry assails her in vain.

Who then finds the way

His addresses to pay,

In a style which this whimsical creature can fix?

He who drives to her door

In a chariot and four,

Or old Nick himself in a fine coach and six.

Well, what am I to give to you under my hand?

Kitty. Only your promise that you love me, and won't forsake me.

Old T. Come, there is no great harm in a promise without a penalty. (Aside. Takes out his pocket-book, and writes on a leaf.) There, there's my written promise, and now, my pretty dear— (Going to kiss her.)

Sir S. (Without.) Kitty! Is your lady come home, Kitty?

Kitty. Oh, dear me! here is Sir Simon. What shall I do? Coming, sir. I wouldn't have him see you and me alone together, for the world.

Old T. Nor I neither. The rascal would banter me to death.

Kitty. And I should lose my character. Oh! dear sir, hide yourself.

Old T. Where, where?

Kitty. Anywhere, sir.

Sir S. (Without.) Kitty!

Kitty. Coming, sir. There, under the sofa, sir.

Old T. Zounds! I shall be cramped to death.

Sir S. (Without.) Kitty, I say!

Kitty. Make haste, make haste.

Old T. Well, if I must, I must. (Gets under the sofa.) Send him away directly.

Kitty. Yes, sir, yes.

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Sir S. Why, Kitty, what are you in such a bustle about? My lady is not at home, is she?

Kitty. No, sir, no.

Sir S. I'm glad of it. I came home on purpose to catch you alone, Kitty.

Old T. (From under the sofa.) Oh ho! you did, did you?

Sir S. You are the prettiest little rogue in the world, Kitty. You know how long I have been in love with you, Kitty; now, do have compassion on me.

Kitty. Pray, sir, be quiet, and don't take such liberties.

Sir S. Why, my dear, charming Kitty—

Lady F. (Without.) Pray, Captain O'Neill, do me the kindness to walk this way.

Kitty. My lady's voice!

Sir S. By all that's discordant! She must not see me here with you. I told her I should not be at home till night. She'll suspect something.

Kitty. Well she may, if she sees me in this rumpled condition. Oh dear! what shall I do? where shall I run?

Sir S. Here, here; come, quick.

Kitty. Oh dear! oh dear! (*Both go behind the window-curtain.*)

Enter LADY FLOURISH and CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

Lady F. This way, Captain O'Neill. Allow me to shew you into my little dressing-room.

Capt. Your ladyship does me great honour.

Lady F. Pray, sit down. I conducted you here, Captain O'Neill, that I might not be agitated again by Sir Simon's intrusion.

Sir S. Vastly well.

Capt. Madam, the reason of my now calling is—

Lady F. I know your reasons very well, you can't impose upon me, though you have on my husband.

Capt. My dear lady, I wish to be understood—

Lady F. I don't in the least doubt it: but gentlemen of your country, with the best intentions in the world, sometimes find it a very difficult matter. But I understand you perfectly; the passion you ventured to intimate this morning—

Capt. I have, now, my lady, entirely relinquished—

Lady F. What, you barbarous man, have you ensnared my susceptible heart, and do you now abandon your conquest?

Capt. I ensnare your susceptible heart!

Lady F. Yes, you inhuman creature! Oh, oh! (*Crying.*) 'Tis too much, too much to bear!

Sir S. (*Rushing from behind the curtain.*) 'Tis too much for me to bear. To hear one's wife make love to another man, is too much for anybody to bear.

Capt. Sir Simon!

Lady F. Sir Simon!

Sir S. Yes, the wronged Sir Simon. Is this the way you reward my faithful love, my fond attachment? (*Lady F. sinks on the sofa, fainting.*)

Capt. Get her a little water, Sir Simon: I'll give her some air. (*Going towards the window.*)

Sir S. Don't give her any air, she'll be better without it. (*Captain O'Neill runs to open the window, throws aside the curtains, and discovers Kitty: she screams, which calls the attention of Lady F.*)

Lady F. Very well, Sir Simon. This is your faithful love, your fond attachment!

Capt. Oh! the blessing of mutual affection! These are the fond turtle-doves! 'Faith! you are well paired.

Lady F. I shall never recover this terrible shock.

Capt. Now the impediment is removed, let me recommend a little ventilation to your ladyship. (*Opens the window.*) Pray, sit and enjoy it as comfortably as you can. (*Runs to the sofa, and draws it back towards the window, by which Old Testy is discovered.*) What have we got here? It looks like a great turtle, left on the shore by the retiring of the tide. Favour me with one of your fins. (*Raising him up by the arm.*)

Sir S. Mr. Testy, what the devil do you do here?

Lady F. Mr. Testy, what is your business in my dressing-room?

Old T. Your dressing-room is a place of wonderful business, indeed!

Capt. Pray, to which party do you belong?

Old T. Which party! You see I am out now; and what is not uncommon, I kept my place as long as I could.

Sir S. What do you mean by your outs and ins in my house? I have a great mind to make an example of you. To be found under the sofa in

my wife's dressing-room! why, the bank of England could hardly pay the damages a liberal crim. con. jury would give me.

FINALE.

Sir S. I'll teach you to play the antic.

Old T. So you can for you know how.

Lady F. They will surely drive me frantic.

Kitty. I am innocent, I vow.

Capt. Oh! be quiet;
Make no riot.

Sir S. Make no riot! but I will.

Capt. You've forgot.

Sir S. No, I've not;
No, with you I'm very still.

Capt. Come, agree,
For I see
You had all the self-same plan,
All but the modest Irishman.

Sir S. For no good he came, 'tis certain.

Lady F. I know nothing why he came;

Old T. Why went you behind the curtain?

Lady F. Ah! Sir Simon, blush for shame!

Old T. Oh, the curtain!

Lady F. Pretty flirting;

Sir S. True, my tender, darling wife,
Constant dove!

Lady F. Faithful love!

Capt. Psha! leave off this foolish strife,
For you had all the self-same plan.

Sir S. But me and the modest Irishman.

Kitty. Ma'am, forgive me;

Lady F. That I'll never.

Kitty. Don't forget your freaks are known:

Lady F. Character you've lost for ever:

Kitty. Pray, my lady, where's your own?

Lady F. I don't heed it,
Servants need it,
Ladies do as well without.

Capt. Come, give o'er,
Talk no more,
Why keep up this foolish rout,
When you had all the self-same plan.

Lady F. } But me and the modest Irishman.
Kitty. }

All. Suspicious certainly appear,
But I'm in my conscience clear,
And therefore nothing have to fear;
For you had all the self-same plan,
But me and the modest Irishman.

'Tis quite shocking,
You're but mocking,
You to innocence pretend!
You're found out,
Past a doubt:
Cease your folly to defend;
For you had all the self-same plan,
But me and the modest Irishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

HARCOURT and MISS HARTLEY discovered.

DUETT.—HARCOURT and MISS HARTLEY.

Tell me, my love, wou'd'st thou forego
Transports, which only lovers know
To heal at once the poignant smart
That still must rack the anxious heart;

*Trembling, lest all its scheme of joy
Fortune for ever shou'd destroy.
Ah! no, the throbbings of delight,
Which in each pulse proclaim thy sight,
The bounding heart's tumultuous beat,
Swelling its kindred heart to meet,
Are joys for which all pain I'd prove,
And never, never cease to love.*

Miss H. Here comes Sir Simon. Heavens! how shall I account for your being here?

Har. Don't be alarmed, my love; I'll think of some excuse.

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Sir S. Eh! who have we here? a young man tête-à-tête with my ward! Well done, it runs through the family; I'll be bound there is not an unpaired turtle in my whole establishment. This is a worse business than my wife's a great deal, for this young lady will wish to carry her fortune as well as her inclinations, out of my family. Now, though my wife may send her affections on a visit, I still keep at home all I married her for. Pray, Miss Hartley, have I the honour of knowing this gentleman?

Miss H. The gentleman, sir, has business with you. (*Retires.*)

Har. Sir, your son, who is my particular friend, both of the same college, has commissioned me to acquaint you of his safe arrival in England.

Sir S. My boy arrived! Huzza! sir, I shall be proud of your acquaintance. How soon may I expect to see my son?

Har. Very shortly, sir. I got the start of him, and hastened to make you happy with this intelligence.

Sir S. How far have you been travelling, sir?

Har. Just as far as your son, Sir Simon?

Sir S. Well, sir, and how do you like foreign parts?

Har. Ah! sir, I believe travellers, who have seen more of foreign countries than I have, will give the palm to old England.

AIR.—HARCOURT.

*Thy glory in war let those loudly proclaim,
Who mistake discord's blast for the trumpet of fame,
And give slaughter the meed of renown;
'Tis Britain, thy praise,
The sword ne'er to raise
In ravage and plunder's fell cause;
But to guard sacred honour's pure laws,
And the pride of the base to bring down.
Still o'er the fall'n foe
Let pity's tear flow,
Not sound forth the triumph of blood.
No, Britain, thou art great and good;
Let this thy glory be,
This let admiring nations see,
That with thee
Dwells sweet Humanity.*

Sir, I must now take my leave.

Sir S. Won't you stay till your friend arrives?

Har. Now, Sir Simon, I am particularly engaged; but I shall hope for the pleasure of being further known to you.

Sir S. You honour me very much, sir, and a thousand thanks for your kind visit. [*Exit Harcourt.*] My son returned, and so soon to see him! This atones for all my disasters. The sight of my accomplished boy will almost compensate for the loss of being second in a duel to an Irishman; will almost make me forget the hearty threshing he gave me, and my wife's making love to him. These are misfortunes, to be sure, but Jack is come home, and I will think no more of them. [*Exit.*]

Miss H. I will endeavour to repress every anxious thought, and dwell only on the prospect of future happiness.

AIR.—MISS HARTLEY.

*Come, smiling Hope, dispel each chilling fear.
And with thy glowing beams my bosom cheer;
On future blessings dart thy vivid ray,
Chasing the low'ring clouds of doubt away;
To bright perspective still direct my eye,
And cast in shade the brightest objects nigh. [*Exit.*]*

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter BLUFF, the Bailiff, and Followers.

Bluff. Are you sure, Tom, you dogged the right man?

1st Fol. Quite sure, Master Bluff.

Bluff. And why didn't you take him?

1st Fol. Because he got into church before I could get at him.

Bluff. And so I am to be kept waiting here till he chooses to come out of church? Oh! here he comes.

Enter YOUNG TESTY and KITTY.

Young T. Well, the job is done; I'm a married man for the first time in my life. 'Tis devilish comical. I wonder how I shall like it. Mrs. Testy, how do you do, my dear?

Kitty. How do you do, Tom?

Young T. Tom! I don't know whether I like to be called Tom now. It don't shew respect enough from a wife to her husband.

Kitty. Respect from a wife to a husband! Oh! Tom, your country education! I see you will be very troublesome to me.

Young T. I don't know whether I shall be troublesome or no. Dang it, one can't begin too soon to shew one is determined to wear the breeches. (*Aside.*) Mrs. Testy, I desire you will consider what is due to a husband.

Kitty. And I desire, Mr. Testy, you will consider what is due to a wife.

Bluff. And I desire, Mr. Testy, you will consider what is due to a creditor. (*Taps him on the shoulder.*) I am sorry, good folks, to interrupt your nuptial harmony. Here's a little bit of a writ against you.

Young T. At whose suit?

Bluff. Your bookseller's.

1st Fol. And here's another.

Young T. At whose suit?

1st Fol. Your upholsterer's.

Kitty. Writs against my dearly beloved? How soon the comforts of matrimony begin!

Young T. Well, I don't mind; when I touch my wife's fortune I shall be at liberty directly.

Kitty. Your debts must be very small, if your wife's fortune will pay them. (*Aside.*)

Young T. Where must I go?

Bluff. That depends on how much of the ready you have got.

Young T. D—n it, they are all for the ready. I say, wife—my dear—

Kitty. What do you want? (*Sulkily.*)

Young T. Have you got any of the ready?

Kitty. No, not I.

Young T. Haven't you, indeed! Search.

Kitty. I have nothing but two pocket pieces and a silver bodkin.

Bluff. Come, come; poor as a rat, I see. You must go to prison directly; I have no room for such paupers as you, so come along.

Young T. My darling, and must I be torn from my loving wife? (*Sobbing.*)

Kitty. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! 'tis very distressing.

Young T. Bless my soul, who is that coming yonder? sure, 'tis Jack Flourish; it is—stand back a little.

Enter YOUNG FLOURISH and DICKY, both dressed in Monmouth-street finery.

Young F. Here I am once more at large in London streets. What a luxury it is again to be jostled about, and nearly run over by the coaches and carts. Lord, how happy I am to be out of that d—d cage, though only for a day. Dicky, you look vastly well.

Dicky. Yes, my master, good clothes become me.

Young F. As I was obliged to have a jailor to attend me, it is lucky, Dicky, I could get one so much of a gentleman.

Dicky. It would be d—d hard if I could not behave like a gemman, who have lived all my life in gemmen's company, in the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and the debtor's side of Newgate.

Young F. Yes, Dicky, 'tis certainly very genteel to be intimate in those places; but, you know, one should not brag of one's connexions, so mum's the word before my father; I must pass you off for a foreign Count; so mind your hits, Dicky.

Young T. Ecod! I'll speak to him. Don't let him see your face. Do you walk a little that way, (to *Kitty*.) for as I am going to ask a favour of him, it might not be so prudent to let him know I have married his mistress.

Kitty. Lord! you fool, many a gentleman would be much obliged to you for marrying his mistress. [Exit.]

Young T. I say, Jack—Jack Flourish.

Young F. Eh!

Young T. What, don't you know me? I know you, you see, for all your outlandish clothes.

Young F. What, Tom Testy?

Young T. Yes, I be Tom Testy.

Young F. I am devilish glad to see you.

Young T. Be you, indeed; that's right, 'Tis lucky to meet friends when one wants them, is it not? One should never be shy of a friend when he is in trouble, should one?

Young F. No, to be sure not. What the devil does he mean? (*Aside*.)

Young T. If I was to meet a friend with a bailiff at his elbow (*Flourish turns and looks at Dicky*.) I should be as glad to see him as if I met him walking with a nobleman.

Young F. Bailiff and nobleman! Yes, yes, he twigs me. He knows Dicky here in his real and masquerade character both. (*Aside*.)

Young T. I say, I should be as happy to shake hands with him at one time as another.

Young F. And so should I, upon my soul. (*Shaking hands*.) O d—n it, all's up; I am found out. (*Aside*.) I say, Tom, I see how the thing is. How the devil came you to know it?

Young T. Know it! dang it, I could not help knowing it; for before he said a word, he gave me such a cursed thump on the shoulder, as nobody would have ventured to have done that hadn't the law to back him.

Young F. Eh!—(*Looking about and seeing Bluff*.)

Bluff. Come, come, I an't to stay here a whole term arresting you. Will the gemman bail you or not?

Young T. Ay, Jack, will you bail me?

Young F. I bail! I bail you! Here's an affair! What, Tom, you arrested? Ha, ha! well said, young Rural.

Young T. Don't laugh, don't laugh, Jack. What will you do for me?

Young F. I can't bail you, I'm not a house-keeper. But where are you going?

Young T. (*To Bluff*.) Ay, where am I going?

Bluff. Straight to the King's Bench.

Young F. The King's Bench; that's unlucky, (*aside*) for then we shall know more of one another than I wish. I say, Tom, Newgate is a very pretty prison. You had better go to Newgate.

Young T. Newgate! Don't mention it.

Young F. Well, there is no persuading people to their good against their inclination. If you will go to the King's Bench, I will certainly come and see you there.

Young T. Will you be so kind?

Young F. I will, upon my soul.

Young T. It is vastly good-natured of you.

Young F. Not at all; it won't be putting me out of my way in the least.

Young T. It is your good-nature makes you say so. Good b'ye, Jack; we shall meet again soon, then.

Young F. Yes, Tom, much sooner than I wish (*Aside*.) Farewell.

Young T. Good b'ye, you'll not forget to come.

Young F. No, not I; but if I should, here is a gentleman will remind me.

[*Exeunt Young F. and Dicky.*]

Bluff. Take care of him. [*To one of his Followers, who exits with Young T.*] Now, how stand our other jobs?

QUARTETTO.—BLUFF and Followers.

*Jemmy Chimier, the rhymer, from his garret I haul'd,
By Sir Thunder O'Blunder I was cursedly maul'd;
For young Stakehall of Rakehall I was sent on the scout,*

So I sought him and caught him at Lady Plunder's rout,

Blessing on those gaming-houses!

Oh, the thought our spirits rouses,

They're the cause of our well-doing,

They draw in ten flats to ruin.

Charming Faro!

Game so rare O!

Fleece away, ye dames of style,

Fill your purses,

Laugh at curses,

Bailiffs bless you all the while.

1 Fol. I've a writ for Colonel Spendall,

2 Fol. I have one for Doctor Endall,

3 Fol. And I one for Simon Lendall.

All. Bravo! Nab 'em, have 'em tight,

Merry then we'll be at night;

These will yield a jovial quaff

To us officers o' th' staff. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Sir Simon Flourish's House.

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH and OLD TESTY.

Sir S. I am surprized you have the assurance to enter my doors again. Where the devil are you come to hide yourself now? There is no sofa here for you; but you may get up the chimney if you will.

Old T. Psha! I am come on business; you'll, may be, like worse your darling boy; your accomplished traveller is not far off.

Sir S. I know it.

Old T. You know it, do you? What, you know he is in the King's Bench?

Sir S. What do you say?

Old T. In Banco Regis.

Sir S. What the devil should he do in the King's Bench. He is just arrived from abroad, and I shall see him in a few minutes.

Old T. In a few minutes! So you may, but you must gallop to St. George's Fields, then. Ha, ha, ha! the all-accomplished youth that has been getting the finishing stroke to his fashionable education! Well, you have not been much out, it is

the finishing stroke to many a fashionable education.

Sir S. What is come to the man! That d—d sofa you crept under has cramped your faculties as well as your limbs. Don't tease me with your nonsense.

Young F. (*Without.*) *Par ici Monsieur le Comte.*

Sir S. There, there, what dy'e say now? My son is in the King's Bench, is he?

Old T. Why here he is 'faith! and I've been told a d—d lie, then.

Enter YOUNG FLOURISH and DICKY.

Sir S. My dear, dear Jack, come to my arms.

Young F. Ah! *mon Pere*, comment vous portez vous? *O mon Dieu!* I had forgot; I must speak English now. How do you do, father?

Sir S. What, forgot your English, boy?

Young F. 'Tis so long since I have spoken it, that it is as awkward to me, as the acknowledgement of an old friend to a man who has got sudden promotion. Well, father, how do you do?

Sir S. Happy to see you, my boy.

Young F. *Bien obligé*—D—n it, there I go again.

Sir S. Never mind, Jack, it shews your breeding.

Young F. Ah! Testy! how are you, my old boy?

Old T. La, la! There's French for you, puppy.

Young F. As sulky as ever, eh! (*Slapping him on the shoulder.*) Why don't you travel and polish a bit, my old buck?

Old T. Polish a bit, my old buck! Don't be so d—d familiar, or I shall try whether my cane can't polish a bit, my young buck.

Young F. What a sour old Crab it is, father. *Permettez moi à vous*—(*Stopping himself.*)—Psha! that is, permit me to introduce to you my friend and companion, Count Tipstaffo Kingsbencheni.

Old T. Those d—d foreign names, I never could learn one of them.

Sir S. I am the Count's most obsequious humble servant.

Dicky. Vy, my master, for matter of that—

Young F. Silence, you dog, or you'll ruin me. The Count speaks little English. Hush!

Sir S. Well, my boy, tell me where you have been.

Young F. You'll know all in good time, father; to tell you, at once, where I have been, would surprise you too much.

Sir S. Really!

Young F. It would, upon my honour.

Sir S. What, then, you have been further than you expected to go?

Young F. Not further. I have been where I did not expect to go.

Sir S. Indeed!

Old T. Now the old doting fool will swallow all his lies for gospel.

Sir S. Well, Jack, come tell me all about it. I say, are the women very pretty abroad?

Young F. If I had not found them so pretty at home, I might have been able to tell you. (*Aside.*) The women, sir, are, to be sure, very handsome; but leaving England to seek beauty, is like going abroad to look for liberty. The prime commodities are in our own market.

Sir S. Well, Jack, in what court did you chiefly reside?

Young F. In what court? Why, where I chiefly resided was not exactly a court; but it belonged to one.

Sir S. And so, my son lived in a palace?

Young F. Yes, yes, a kind of a palace, large enough of all conscience; rooms rather shabby, though—not kept neat, and surrounded by a d—d high wall.

Sir S. Ay, for fear people should get in.

Young F. No, for fear people should get out.

Sir S. What, so afraid to part with you?

Young F. Oh! very much. Once I have the honour to get in, 'tis devilish hard to get out again.

Sir S. Now, in my mind, that is carrying civility too far.

Young F. But how is my mother-in-law, Lady Flourish, eh? Why, you look glum, father; has anything happened?

Sir S. Oh, nothing, but what is so common now-a-days, that 'tis quite a folly to think about it. But I am very rude to pay so little attention to your friend the Count. Sir, would you be pleased to take some refreshment?

Dicky. I thank your honour, nothing at all; I took a drap of gin as I came along.

Young F. Oh, curse you, you stupid dog.

Old T. A drap of gin!

Sir S. 'Tis a strange liqueur for a foreign nobleman. The Count speaks English pretty fluently, though rather queerly.

Young F. Yes, yes, he don't speak much; but the little he does, he speaks like a native.

Old T. Yes, like a native of Broad St. Giles's.

Young F. Don't let him hear you, he'll be offended, and he is a d—d fighting little fellow, when he is provoked.

Enter Servant, and gives a letter to Sir Simon.

Sir S. (*Opens it.*) It looks like a woman's hand. (*Reads.*) "*This comes to desire you to tell Mr. Testy, that his son is in the King's Bench. This is from one who is much concerned in his welfare.*"

Why, Testy, you find there is a little bit of a mistake. 'Tis your son, not mine, that is in the King's Bench. Ha, ha, ha!

Old T. I don't know whether I am awake, or asleep, alive or dead.

Sir S. Ha, ha, ha! he would have it you were in the King's Bench.

Young F. (*Confused, and endeavouring to overcome it by assumed gaiety.*) I in the King's Bench! yes, I look vastly as if I had been in the King's Bench. Ha, ha, ha! (*All laugh.*)

Old T. It can't be; 'tis out of all human possibility.

Sir S. You may soon be convinced; you may see him in a few minutes; but you must gallop to St. George's Fields, then. Ha, ha, ha!

Old T. I'll go directly, and if I find him there, I'll disinherit him; and I'll adopt—d—e, I'll adopt one of the Catabaw Indians.

Sir S. We will go along with you.

Old T. Come, then, call a coach there; I'm mad, stark mad. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. Won't you go, Jack?

Young F. What, to the King's Bench? I wonder what kind of a place it can be. I have a great mind to go out of curiosity. What do you say, Count, will you go by way of a lounge? (*Dicky going to speak, Young F. stops him.*) You need not speak, the Count nods assent.

Sir S. Ay, it will be a new sight to the Count.

Young F. Not very. (*Aside.*) Come, Dicky, for go we must, you know.

Dicky. Ay, ay, returnable—*nolens, volens.*

Young F. Hush! yes, yes, the Count and I will go with you, and see this queer kind of a place. What do you stop for, father?

Sir S. To let the Count go first.

Young F. Ay, by all means; I beg the Count's pardon. [*Exeunt ceremoniously.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the King's Bench.*

KITTY, YOUNG TESTY, and the Keeper, discovered.

Keeper. Though the prison is so full, you have got as good as a room to yourselves, for there is only one gentleman belongs to it.

Young T. One gentleman belongs to it.

Keeper. Yes. He is gone out on a day rule, but he must be home soon; he'll be pleasant company for you and the lady.

Young T. Yes, very; 'tis devilish pleasant to have a gentleman sleep in the room with one's wife.

Keeper. It may be a little awkward to the lady at first, but she'll soon come into it.

Old T. (Without.) Where is this ungracious villain?

Young T. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! here's my father. Hide yourself, hide yourself. *(To Kitty, who conceals herself behind one of the beds.)* Now I shall have it sweetly.

Enter OLD TESTY, SIR SIMON FLOURISH, and YOUNG FLOURISH.

Old T. Let me come to the rascal. Why, you graceless wretch, what have you to say for yourself?

Young T. Lord, father, you have come upon me in such a hurry, I have not settled what I have to say for myself.

Young F. They have lodged him in my room, by Jupiter. *(Aside.)*

Old T. You to turn out profligate and extravagant, when I took such care to the contrary! Didn't I breed you out of the way of all manner of harm?

Sir S. Yes, and therefore not knowing it, when he saw it, how was he able to avoid it?

Young T. Ay, how was I able to avoid it?

Old T. Till you came to London, did you know what it was to have more than sixpence in your pocket?

Sir S. Then how the devil did you expect him to know the value of guineas, when you trusted him with them?

Old T. Hold your tongue, will you?

Sir S. Didn't I always tell you how foolish you were to bring him up in that ridiculous way. I knew my plan was the best, was it not, my boy? *(To Young F.)*

Young F. Oh, certainly, father; no doubt about it.

Keeper. Oh, here's Master Flourish come home. Pray, Master Flourish—*(Young F. makes signs to him to hold his tongue.)*

Sir S. Master Flourish come home! Why, how the devil does he know you?

Young F. (Crossing over to the Keeper.) Ah! what, Bobby, is it you? Hold your tongue, you dog. *(Aside.)* Oh, I knew Bobby abroad. Bobby was head gaoler to the Emperor of Morocco. Ah! Bobby, how do you do, Bobby; how long have you been in England, Bobby?

Keeper. How long have I—

Young F. (Putting his hand to his mouth, and drawing him aside.) I want to talk with you, Bobby, about the Emperor's two daughters, Boblatilda and Gruntawiska. Come this way. Excuse me, *(to Sir Simon)* I have some secrets to talk to Bobby about. *(They retire.)*

Old T. Well, you rascal, what can you say for yourself, you stupid dolt?

Young T. Why, father, if I have been a stupid dolt one way, I have been pretty cunning another. I was cheated out of my money, to be sure, but I have cheated other people out of a wife.

Old T. A wife! What does the blockhead mean?

Young T. Not such a blockhead as you think. Suppose now, I should have married Miss Hartley, all out of my own head, without any of your help?

Old T. and Sir S. Married Miss Hartley!

Young T. Ay, married Miss Hartley; and suppose she should like me well enough to follow me to prison.

Enter MISS HARTLEY, HARCOURT, and CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

Old T. Prodigious!

Sir S. Nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me.

Old T. Come to my arms. All is forgiven. You are a clever boy. I did not think it had been in you. Eh! Simon, what do you think of my boy, now?

Sir S. I am petrified!

Old T. Huzza, huzza! Yorkshire for ever! Huzza!

Capt. I am glad to find you so merry; we heard you were come here, and thinking a friend of our's might be in a little hobble, we came to intercede.

Old T. There needs no intercession; 'tis all right, 'tis all as it should be, my dear girl. *(To Miss Hartley.)* We have heard of your marriage. Take him, take him, take your husband.

Miss H. Sir!

Old T. Nay, don't be shame-faced; it is all known, 'tis all forgiven.

Har. All known! all forgiven! Generous conduct! our mutual affection made us overlook every other consideration, and marriage has now ratified the union of our hearts.

Sir S. What is all this?

Old T. Why, Tom, what the devil, has your wife married another husband so soon?

Har. What do you mean?

Old T. Why, what the devil right have you to marry Tom's wife?

Young T. My wife! that is a good one. I believe they are all mad. I never saw that fine lady in my life.

Old T. You didn't? And all you have been telling me about your marriage is a d—d lie, then. Let me come at him. *(They hold him.)*

Young T. Will you be quiet, father, and hear a little reason? I tell you I married Miss Hartley, and you shall have her own word for it. Mrs. Testy! Mrs. Testy! *(Kitty comes forward.)* There, what do you say now? There's my wife!

Old T. The devil it is! *(All laugh.)*

Young T. Why, what the devil do you all laugh at?

Sir S. Only at a little error in your politics. My rural Machiavel, instead of the mistress, you have married the maid.

Young T. What!

Kitty. It is very true, husband.

Young T. The devil it is!

Old T. Well, Mr. Wiseacre, you have married all out of your own head, without my help, and now you may keep your precious bargain without my help. You may starve, you may rot in a prison, for you shall never have sixpence from me.

Kitty. Lord, sir, how can you be so unkind! You didn't look so cross at me the last time I saw you.

Old T. Eh! what?

Kitty. Don't you remember, how good-humoured you looked just before you got under the sofa.

Sir S. Oh! now the murder is out. I say, Testy, you had better give hush-money, for if we old fellows let the girls tell all they know about us, it may not be for our credit; besides, the world may be spiteful enough to say you are angry with your son, because you wanted to marry the girl yourself.

Kitty. I don't know, sir, as to marrying, but I have a little bit of paper here, which—

Old T. Hold your tongue, say no more. I believe you are quite good enough for the blockhead you have got, and so he may pack into Yorkshire again, and carry you with him as a sample of a London fine lady.

Sir S. But this gentleman's taking the liberty of marrying our ward without our consent is a thing which—

Capt. Oh! 'tis a very great insult; and a word in your ear, my little game-cock: If you mean to call him to account for it, I'll be your second.

Sir S. I don't want to have anything to do with seconds.

Capt. When I was going to fight him, you were to have been my second, and I only offer to return the obligation.

Sir S. What, is this the gentleman you redeemed out of prison, to have the pleasure of fighting?

Har. Is it to you, then, I owe my liberty? Generous man!

Capt. Oh, it was very generous, to be sure, to release you out of prison, that I might have the satisfaction of sending you out of the world. But Sir Simon, this gentleman, in fortune, is equal to the lady he has wedded.

Har. Captain O'Neill, I am not conscious of what you are asserting.

Capt. But I am, or I would not assert it. Understanding that your uncle had taken it into his head to be angry with you for nothing at all, I called on the old gentleman to talk with him a little about it. "If your nephew had been guilty of a dishonourable action," said I, "devil a word would O'Neill offer in his behalf; but as he has been a dupe to the villany of others, restore him to your favour, and launch him into the world again, with experience for his pilot." So the old gentleman shook hands with me, and swore he was ready to do the same with you as soon as you pleased.

Har. Thanks are too poor for such nobleness of soul!

Capt. Nobleness of soul! for walking a few steps out of my common road, for the pleasure of reconciling a discarded nephew to a rich old uncle. Oh, if people would but just lengthen their morning's walk to do a few good-natured actions, they can scarcely conceive what health and spirits such exercise would give them, and how much sweeter they would rest for it at night.

Young F. Harcourt, I give you joy.

Sir S. Give him joy! why, you part with your mistress very easily.

Young F. 'Tis the fashion, father.

Sir S. Well, I think we may all adjourn, we have staid in this dismal place long enough.

Young F. I have for one, I'm sure.

Sir S. Then let us be gone directly.

Young F. That is sooner said than done.

Enter DICKY.

Dicky. Master Flourish, here is the man from Monmouth-street. He knows you are come home, and he must, and will have his cloaths. He has got mine.

Sir S. Must have his cloaths! Knows you are come home! Why, that is the Count. I smell powder.

Capt. And that is a scent I know you're not fond of.

Sir S. Hush! Knows you are come home! What, this is your home, then?

Young F. Why, father, the—the—the—

Sir S. The—the—I thought there was something d—d odd about that Emperor of Morocco's gaoler, and I suppose you will tell me now, the Count is the Emperor himself.

Young F. Come, father, the truth must out: The two different systems of education have at last been completed in the same college; and though I don't think keeping terms here absolutely necessary for the finish of every young gentleman's education; yet, as a school of adversity, it has taught me this lesson:—Never, by folly and extravagance, to run the chance of returning, when once you do me the honour to take my name out of the books.

Capt. Come, you must forgive him. You know the brave are always compassionate.

Sir S. Very true; besides, it is useless to repine at what is past, especially as you acknowledge you have learned some good, which I am not quite sure you would have done by travelling; and if your friends here will be but indulgent, you may possess all the credit of going ABROAD with the advantage of having remained AT HOME.

FINALE.

Capt. Now put an end to silly strife,
Malice is but folly;
Let's wisely pass a merry life,
Waste no jot in care.

Sir S. Why that's well said, come let's away.
With heart's good-humour'd, faces gay,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

Har. Possessing all I prize on earth,
Farewell, melancholy,
Each hour will give new pleasure birth,
Blest with thee, my fair.

Miss H. Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleasure float,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

Young T. To harmony I don't object,
While I've luck to meet it;
In home duetts I can't expect
Much of harmony.

Kitty. Come, let's be wise, and from this day,
With hearts good-humour'd, faces gay,
We'll sing fal, lal, &c.

Young F. Our mirth and joy may all partake,
Humbly I intreat it,
And let your cheering plaudits make
Our poet full of glee.

Old T. Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleasure float,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

[Exeunt.]

THE CARMELITE;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.



Act V.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SAINT VALORI
LORD HILDEBRAND
LORD DE COURCI

MONTGOMERI
GYFFORD
FITZ-ALLAN

RAYMOND
MATILDA
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A rocky Shore, with a view of the sea, at break of day.*

Enter FITZ-ALLAN and RAYMOND, meeting.

Raym. Well met, Fitz-Allan; what's the time of day?

Fitz-A. Broad morning by the hour.

Raym. Sleeps the sun yet?

Or has the stormy south, that howls so loud,
Blown out his untrimm'd lamp, and left us here
To be witch-ridden by this hag of night,
Out of time's natural course?

Fitz-A. Methinks, the winds,
Which peal'd like thunder thro' Glendarlock's
towers, [clouds,

Have lower'd their note a pitch; the flecker'd
Lifting their misty curtain in the east,
Unmask the weeping day.

Enter MONTGOMERI, hastily.

Mont. Oh! are you men?

Have you less mercy than the winds and waves,
That you stand here aloof?

Fitz-A. Why, what has chanc'd?

Mont. A noble vessel breaks upon the rocks,
That jut from old Dunnose's rugged base;
And, as the floating fragments drive ashore,
Our plund'ring islanders (convert their hearts,
Holy St. Michael!) dash the drowning wretches
From the poor wreck they cling to, and engulf
them [me!

Quick in the boiling waves: by heav'n that made
I could forswear my nature, when I see
Man so degenerate!

Raym. Lo! we are ready:
Lead to the beach.

Mont. Alas! 'tis now too late:

I had not left it but that all was lost:
The element had mercy, man had none.

Two I have sav'd; the one a Carmelite,
Noble the other in his mien and habit;
I left them in the outskirts of the grove;
Let us go forth, my friends, and bring them in:
You to that quarter, I to this. Away. [Exeunt.

Enter LORD HILDEBRAND and SAINT VALORI.

Saint V. Bear up, Lord Hildebrand; there's hope
in view.

Seest thou yon turrets, that o'er top the wood?
There we may shelter from the storm, and men
More merciless than rocks and winds, that wreck'd
Our strong-ribb'd galley in the foaming surge.

Lord H. I see the towers you point at, but I fear
My limbs will fail their burden ere we reach them.
Let me lie down beneath these oaks, and die.

Saint V. If thus you shake with the soul's ague,
fear,

Back to the sea, and seek the death you fled from;
Make not a coward's grave on English ground;
Your life is stak'd, your gauntlet is exchang'd,
Each drop of blood about you is in pledge
To meet the champion of Saint Valori,
A lady's champion, in King Henry's lists:
There fight; or if you needs must die, die there;
Fall as a Norman knight should fall, in arms.

Lord H. Father, your words accord not with
your weeds.

Saint V. Our ancestors were holy men, and they
Ordain'd the combat, as the test of truth;
Let them who made the law defend the law,
Our part is to obey it. Hark! who comes?
The islanders will be upon us. Stand!

Re-enter FITZ-ALLAN and RAYMOND.

Fitz-A. What, ho! Montgomeri! the men are
found.

Saint V. Inhuman Englishmen! Will you destroy
Your brethren? We are Normans.

Re-enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Ye are men,
Let that suffice; we are no savages.
Saint V. 'Tis the brave youth who sav'd us.
Mont. Heav'n hath sav'd you, [death:
To heav'n give thanks, oh! men redeem'd from
All else have perish'd. 'Tis a barbarous coast.
Saint V. How is your island nam'd?
Mont. The Isle of Wight. [fatal!
Saint V. Alas! that isle so fair should prove so
And you our benefactor, by what name
Shall we record you in our prayers?
Mont. I am call'd
Montgomery.
Saint V. 'Twill be our grateful office,
Generous Montgomery, to make suit to heaven
To bless, reward, and from distress like ours
Protect you ever.
Mont. Now declare thyself, [dumb,
And this thy mournful friend, whom grief makes
Say who he is.
Lord H. A wretch without a name.
Saint V. A gentleman of Normandy he is,
One who has seen good days. 'Tis now no time
To tell you further: he has wounds about him,
And bruises dealt him on the craggy beach,
That cry for charity. Whose is that castle?
Mont. A lady's, whom we serve, of Norman
birth. [Normans;
Saint V. Then lead us to her gates, for we are
Poor, helpless men, fainting with want of food
And over-watching: tedious nights and days
We struggled with the storm: the greedy deep
Has swallow'd up our ship, our friends, our all,
And left us to your mercy. Sure, your lady,
Who owns so fair a mansion, owns withal
A heart to give us welcome. You are silent.
Fitz-A. To save you, and supply your pressing
wants
With food and raiment, and what else you need,
We promise, nothing doubting: more than this
Stands not within our privilege: no stranger
Enters her castle.
Saint V. Wherefore this exclusion?
What can she fear from us?
Fitz-A. Ask not a reason;
We question not her orders, but obey them.
Saint V. Then lay us down before her castle-
gates,
And let us die: inhospitable gates!
Your roofs shall echo with our famish'd shrieks.
A Norman she! impossible: our wolves
Have hearts more pitiful.
Mont. Your saints in bliss,
Your calendar of martyrs does not own
A soul more pure, a virtue more sublime:
Her very name will strike defamers dumb.
Saint V. Speak it.
Mont. Saint Valori.
Saint V. Uphold me, heaven!
The ways of Providence are full of wonder,
And all its works are mercy. How now, sir!
Will you betray yourself? what shakes you thus?
Lord H. I sicken at the heart: let me go hence,
And make myself a grave.
Saint V. Be patient: stay!
And has your lady here consum'd her youth
In pensive solitude? Twenty long years,
And still a widow?
Mont. Still a mournful widow. [yet
Saint V. Has she such sorrows of her own, and
No heart to pity ours? It cannot be:
I'll not believe but she will take us in,
And comfort her poor countrymen.
Mont. Forbid it, heav'n,
That misery thus should plead, and no friend found
To speak in its behalf! I'll move her for you.
Saint V. The mother of our Lord reward you
'Twill be a Christian deed. [for it!

Fitz-A. Montgomery, turn:
Have you your senses? the attempt is madness.
Raym. Where is the man, native or foreigner,
(Inmates excepted,) ever pass'd her doors?
Who dares to ask it?
Mont. I; Montgomery.
Raym. So dare not I.
Fitz-A. Nor I: success attend you!
But share the attempt I dare not; so, farewell!
[Exit with Raymond.
Mont. Farewell to both! Strangers, be not dis-
may'd,
I'll soon return; the place will be your safeguard.
[Exit.
Saint V. Lord Hildebrand, stand not aghast:
you see
The youth is confident: look up and live!
Lord H. By my soul's penitence, I'd rather die
Unpitied, starv'd, and to her castle dogs
Bequeath my untomb'd carcass, than receive
Life from her hands; the widow of Saint Valori!
That brave, heroic champion of the cross,
Who, from the holy wars returning home,
Within the rugged Pyrenæan pass—
Saint V. No more of that: I have your full con-
fession;
You slew Saint Valori, and now his widow
Provokes you by her champion to defend
The rights you seiz'd, the title you inherit,
And hold by bloody charter. What's your fear?
Saint Valori's dead; he cannot rise again,
And beard you in the lists.
Lord H. Oh! that he could;
So I were not a murderer.
Saint V. Grant you slew him, [wound
Twenty long years have staunch'd the bleeding
Of him you slew, and laid his angry ghost.
Have you not rear'd his stately tomb, endow'd
The abbey of Saint Valori, and purchas'd
Perpetual masses to reclaim his soul
From purgatory's bondage? Have you faith
In absolution's power, and do you doubt
If yet atonement's made?
Lord H. I do perceive
The hand of heav'n hangs o'er me and my house:
Why am I childless else? seven sons swept off
To their untimely graves; their wretched mother
By her own hand in raging frenzy died;
And last behold me here, forlorn, abandon'd,
At life's last hour, before her surly gate,
Deaf to my hungry cries: and shall we rank
Such judgments in the casual course of things?
To me 'tis palpable that heav'nly justice
Puts nature by, and to the swelling sum
Of my uncancell'd crimes adds all the lives
Of them who sunk this morning.
Saint V. What know'st thou,
Blind or obdurate man? Shall we despond,
On whom the light of this deliverance shines?
No, let us boldly follow: there's a voice
Augurs within me wondrous things, and new,
Now on the moment's point: for, of a certain,
I know this lady shall set wide her gates
To give us joyful welcome: sable weeds
Shall turn to bridal robes, and joy shall ring
Thro' all her festive mansion, where of late
Deep groans and doleful lamentations howl'd.
Therefore no more: from my prophetic lips
Receive heaven's mandate—and behold 'tis here!
Enter MONTGOMERI.
Mont. Health to your hopes, that were but now
so sick!
Ye sons of sadness, cast off your despair;
Heav'n has vouchsaf'd deliverance, and sends
Its angel messenger in person to you.
Saint V. Then let me kneel, and hail the heav'nly
vision! (Kneels.)
Enter MATILDA.
To Him, to Him alone, who, by the hand,

Leads his unseeing creatures thro' the vale
Of sorrow, to the day-spring of their hope,
Be praise and adoration! A poor monk, (*Rising.*)
Who has trod many a weary league, as far
As there was Christian ground to carry him,
Asks for himself, and for this mournful man,
Newly escap'd from shipwreck, food and rest,
Warmth, and the shelter of your peaceful roof.

Mat. Are ye of Normandy?

Saint V. We are of Normandy:

But were we not your countrymen, distress
Like ours would make us so. Two of your servants
Spoke harshly, and had thrust us from your gates,
But for this charitable youth.

Mat. Alas!

I am a helpless solitary woman,
A widow, who have lost—Oh, God! oh, God!
'Twill turn my brain to speak of what I've lost:
It is amongst the lightest of my griefs
That I have lost myself.

Saint V. Thyself?

Mat. My senses:

At best they are but half my own, sometimes
I am bereft of all. Therefore, I lead
On this lone coast a melancholy life,
And shut my gate, but not my charity,
Against the stranger.

Saint V. Oh! support me, heav'n!
'Tis she, 'tis she! that woe-tun'd voice is hers;
Those eyes, that cast their pale and waning fires
With such a melting languor thro' my soul,
Those eyes are her's and sorrow's. Heart, be still!
She speaks again. (*Aside.*)

Mat. You shall have food and clothing;
I'll bring you medicines for your bruised wounds.
What else you need, declare.

Saint V. If I speak now,
She cannot bear it, it will turn her brain. [*men—*
What shall I say? (*Aside.*)—We are your country-
Oh! my full heart! Oh! anguish to dissemble!

Mat. Nay, if you weep—

Saint V. Let us but touch your altar:
We are the sole sad relics of the wreck.
Let us but kneel and offer up one prayer
For our soul's peace, then turn us forth to die.

Mat. Mercy forbid it! Oh! approach and enter.
If you can weep, we will converse whole days,
And speak no other language; we will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face oppos'd,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word. Pray you, pass on;
I had not been thus strict, but that I hear
Lord Hildebrand is on the seas: I hope
You are not of his friends.

Lord H. Death to my heart!

Oh! father Carmelite, I must have leave—

Saint V. On your salvation, peace!

Mat. What would he say? [*away;*

Saint V. His brain begins to turn: take him
I pray you, lead him hence.

[*Montgomeri leads off Hildebrand.*

Mat. Alas! I pity him.

Why dost thou stay behind? Whence that emotion?
What wouldst thou more?

Saint V. I would invoke a blessing,
But that each sainted spirit in the skies
Will be thy better advocate.

Mat. Remember,

When you converse with heav'n, there is a wretch
Who will be glad of any good man's prayers.
Farewell.

Saint V. Oh! tell me, have you, then, endur'd
Twenty long years of mournful widowhood?

Mat. They say 'tis twenty years ago he died:
I cannot speak of time; it may be so;
Yet I should think 'twas yesterday.

Saint V. I saw you—

Mat. You saw me! When?

Saint V. When you did wed your lord.

The paragon of all this world you was.
Grief has gone o'er you like a wintry cloud.
You've heard this voice before.

Mat. I think I have:

It gives a painful sense of former days:
I've heard such voices in my dreams; sometimes
Convers'd with them all night; but then, they told
me

My senses wander'd. Pray you, do not harm me:
Leave me, good monk; indeed I know you not.

Saint V. I wore no monkish cowl in that gay hour
When you wore bridal white. On Pagan ground,
Beneath the banner of the Christian cross,
Faithful I fought; I was God's soldier, then,
Tho' now his peaceful servant.

Mat. You have fought
Under the Christian cross? You shake my brain.

Saint V. Peace to your thoughts! I will no far-
ther move you:

Shall I not lead you hence?

Mat. Stand off; stand off!

The murderer of Saint Valori is abroad;
The bloody Hildebrand is on the seas.
Rise, rise, ye waves! blow from all points, ye winds,
And whelm th' accursed plank that wafts him over
In fathomless perdition! Let him sink,
He and his hateful crew! let none escape,
Not one; or if one, let him only breathe
To tell his tale, and die! Away, begone!
You've made me mad.

Saint V. I was Saint Valori's friend:
He never yet bled with the battle's wound,
But I shed drop for drop: when o'er the sands
Of sultry Palestine with panting heart
He march'd, my panting heart with his kept time,
And number'd throb for throb.

Mat. Where are my people?
What, ho! Montgomeri! Lead, lead me hence.

Re-enter MONTGOMERI, hastily, with GYFFORD.
Give me thine arm; support me. Oh! 'tis well.
To horse, to horse! I have a champion now,
Whose hand, heart, soul, are mine, and mine are his;
One who has valour to assert my cause,
And worth to wear the honours he defends.

Mont. What hast thou done, old man?

Gyf. Stay not to question;
Look to the lady: leave the monk with me.

Mat. Come, let us hence; I do not live without
thee. [*Exit with Mont.*

Saint V. Amazement! Speak, what kindred, what
affection,
What passion binds her to that youth? Resolve me,
Who and what is he?

Gyf. You are curious, father.
Who he may be I know not; what he was
I well remember.

Saint V. What was he?

Gyf. Her page;
A menial thing, no better than myself.

Saint V. Heavens! can it be? Will she so far
descend

From her great name, to wanton with her page?
Saw you the look she gave him?

Gyf. I did see it. [*them,*

Saint V. It seem'd as tho' his eyes had magic in
That charm'd away her madness. Ha! you sigh:
What means that pensive movement of your head?
Answer.

Gyf. Good father, question me no more.
Fortune can level all things in this world,
Pull down the mighty and exalt the mean:
But you and I, methinks, have outliv'd wonders.
Now to the castle: shut both ears and eyes:
Hear without noting; see, but not observe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Matilda's castle.

Enter SAINT VALORI and GYFFORD.

Gyf. With awful wonder I survey and hear you,
Whilst thro' the veil of that disguiseful habit,

Thro' all the changes time and toil have wrought
In that once noble visage, I scarce trace
The lineaments of my most honour'd lord.

Saint V. Awake from this surprise, and hear me,
Gyfford.

I am no spectre, but thy living master :
Wounded and breathless, on the ground I lay
Welt'ring in blood : th' assassins fled and left me ;
There I had soon expir'd, but that a company
Of merchants, journeying from Venice, found me,
And charitably stanch'd my bleeding wounds.
To their own homes they bore me : heal'd, restor'd,
In a Venetian galley I embark'd,
And sail'd for Genoa ; but ere we reach'd
Our destin'd port, a Saracen assail'd
And master'd our weak crew. To tell the tale
Of my captivity, escape, return,
Would ask more leisure, and a mind at ease.

Gyf. But why does brave Saint Valori appear
A bearded Carmelite?

Saint V. This holy habit,
Thro' a long course of dangerous pilgrimage,
Has been my saving passport: thus attir'd,
I reach'd my native castle, found it lorded
By the usurper Hildebrand; with zeal
I burn'd to call my faithful people round me,
And throw off my disguise; this I had done,
But straight arriv'd a herald from King Henry
To warn him to the lists against the champion
Of my supposed widow: the pale coward
Shrunk, yet obey'd the summons. The thought
struck me
To join his train, and in my sovereign's presence,
At the last trumpet's signal, to come forth
Before the king, the lords, and armed knights,
And strike confusion to the caitiff's soul.
The rest needs no relation.

Gyf. 'Tis resolv'd
To-morrow for Southampton we depart;
There Henry keeps his court.

Saint V. Why, then, to-morrow
Truth and the morning-sun shall rise together,
And this black night of doubt shall be dispell'd:
Till, then, lock fast my secret in thy heart,
And know me for none other than I seem.
Lo! where they come. Yet, yet I will be patient;
Time will bring all things forth. Gyfford, withdraw.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MATILDA and MONTGOMERI.

Mat. I think he said he was my husband's friend;
If so, I've been too harsh: reason forsook me,
For he did speak of things that rent my heart:
But let that pass. Dost thou observe, Montgomeri?

Mont. With fix'd attention and devoted heart
I hear, and note your pleasure.

Mat. I am calm,
Thou seest I am, and not about to speak,
As sometimes, when my thoughts obey no order:
Therefore, I pray thee mark: thou must have noted
With what a tenderness I've train'd thee up
From helpless infancy to blooming manhood:
Hast thou not noted this?

Mont. I were most vile
Did I forget it.

Mat. I am sure thou dost not;
For from the moment of thy birth till now
I've nurs'd thy opening virtues, mark'd their growth,
And gloried in the fruit of my adoption:
I've register'd each movement of thy soul,
And find it tun'd to honour's loftiest pitch,
To soft affection modell'd, and to love,
The harmony of nature: my best hopes
Are satisfied, and thou art all I pray'd for.

Mont. What thou hast made me, that I truly am,
And will be ever: hands, head, heart, are your's.

Mat. The day is coming on, the wish'd-for day
(After a night of twice ten tedious years)
At length is coming on: justice is granted:
I go to Henry's court; Lord Hildebrand

Is summon'd to the lists: and where's the man
To avenge the widow's cause?

Mont. Where is the man!
And can you want a champion? Have I liv'd
The creature of your care, the orphan child
Of your adopting charity, the thing
Your plastic bounty fashion'd from the dust
Of abject misery; and does my heart
Utter one drop of blood that is not your's?
One artery that does not beat for you?

Mat. Know, then, I have a champion, noble,
brave,

Heir of the great Saint Valori, my son. [liv'd,

Mont. What do I hear? thy son! Where has he
That I have never seen him? never known

There was a living hero of the name?
Oh! tell me where he is, that I may fly
To do him faithful service, on my knee
Brace on his glittering armour, bear his shield,
The glorious badge of his nobility,
And shout with triumph, when his conqu'ring sword
Cleaves the assassin's crest. Oh! send me hence,
To hail his victory, or share his fall.

Mat. Thou art my son.

Mont. Merciful God! thy son!

Mat. Thou art my son; for thee alone I've liv'd,
For thee I have surviv'd a murder'd husband;
For thee—but it would break thy filial heart
To hear what I have suffer'd; madness seiz'd me,
And many a time, (sweet Jesus intercede,
For I was not myself!) yes, many a time
In my soul's anguish, with my desperate hand
Rais'd for the stroke of death, a thought, a glance
Of thee, my child, has smote my shatter'd brain,
And stopp'd th' impending blow.

Mont. Oh! spare thyself,

Spare me the dread description.

Mat. Thou hast been
Thy mother's guardian angel: furious once,
In the mind's fever, to Glendarlock's roof
Madd'ning I rush'd; there, from the giddy edge
Of the projecting battlements, below,
Measuring the fearful leap, I cast my eye:
Thy cherub form arrested it; my child
Upon the pavement underneath my feet
Sported with infant playfulness; my blood
Drove back upon my heart; suspended, pois'd,
High hung in air, with outstretch'd arms I stood,
Pondering the dreadful deed; thy fate prevail'd,
Nature flew up, and push'd me from the brink:
I shrunk, recoil'd, and started into reason. [ror.

Mont. Oh! terrible to thought. Oh! pictur'd hor-
It pierces to my brain; there's madness in it.

Mat. Yes, sorrow had o'erturn'd thy mother's
brain:

I have been mad, my son; and oftentimes
I find, alas! all is not yet compos'd,
Sound, and at peace: it takes a world of time
To heal the wounds of reason; even now,
When I would fain relate my life's sad story,
I cannot range my scatter'd thoughts in order
To tell it as I should. I pray thee, pardon me;
I'll do my best to recollect myself,
If thou'lt be patient.

Mont. Patient! Oh! thou sufferer!
Oh! thou maternal softness! hear thy son,
Thus kneeling, bathing with his tears thy feet,
Swear to cast off each fond, alluring thought,
The world, its honours, pleasures, and ambition;
Here in this solitude to live with thee,
To thee alone devoted.

Mat. No, my son:
Tho' in this solitude I have conceal'd thee,
Ev'n from thyself conceal'd thee, to evade
A fell usurper's search, and stemm'd the tide
Of nature, gushing to a mother's heart;
Still I have done it in the sacred hope
Of some auspicious hour, when I might shew thee
Bright as thy father's fame.

Mont. I own the cause,
And know how watchfully this hungry vulture
Has hover'd o'er thee on his felon wings.
Now I can solve this solitude around us,
Why thou hast built thine aerie in this crag,
And with a mother's care conceal'd thy young.

Mat. Another day, and then—meanwhile be secret;

Discovery now would but disturb the house
From its sobriety, and mar the time
Of awful preparation. Pass to-morrow!
(Oh! all ye saints and angels, make it happy!)
Then, if thou com'st a living conqueror home,
This roof, that still has echoed to my groans,
Shall ring with triumphs to Saint Valori's name:
But if—

Mont. Avert the sad, ill-omen'd word!
Thou shalt not name it: my great father's spirit
Swells in my bosom. When my falchion gleams,
When the red cross darts terror from my shield,
The coward's heart shall quail, and heaven's own
arm,

Ere mine can strike, shall lay the murderer low.

Mat. Thy father stirs within thee: hark! methinks

I hear the shrieks of his unburied ghost, [me!
Screaming for vengeance. Oh! support, defend
See where he gleams, he bursts upon my sight!
'Tis he, 'tis he! I clasp him to my heart;
My hero! my Saint Valori! my husband!

(Embraces him.)

Re-enter GYFFORD, unseen.

Gyf. Husband! oh, fatal word! undone for ever!

Mat. I will array thee in a sacred suit,
The very armour my Saint Valori wore,
When in the single combat he unhors'd
And slew the Lord Fitz-Osborn. On that helm
High-plum'd victory again shall stand,
And clap her wings exulting; from that shield
Vengeance with gorgon terrors shall look forth,
Awfully frowning. Ha! what man art thou?

(Discovering Gyfford.)

Gyfford, what wouldst thou? wherefore this intrusion?

Gyf. A noble messenger from Henry's court
Is landed on the isle.

Mat. From the king, say'st thou?

Gyf. A runner of his train, whose utmost speed
Scarce distanc'd him an hour, is now arriv'd,
And gives this warning.

Mat. Did you not inquire
His master's name and title?

Gyf. Lord De Courci.

Mat. A generous and right noble lord he is:
Our Normandy boasts not a worthier baron,
Nor one affianc'd to our house more kindly:
Prepare to give him welcome. Follow me.

[Exit with Montgomeri.]

Gyf. Yes, to destruction; for that way thou lead'st.

Husband! her husband! her Saint Valori!
It cannot be. Without the church's rite,
Wed him she could not; to conceal those rites,
And wed by stealth, is here impossible.
What must I think? That he is yet her husband
In meditation only, not in form.
Embracing, too! Oh! mortal stab to honour!
Oh! shame, shame, shame! that I should live to
see it.

Enter SAINT VALORI, hastily.

Saint V. What hast thou seen? My mind is on the rack;

Thou'st been in conference with thy lady; speak!
If thou hast aught discover'd that affects
My honour, tell it.

Gyf. Hard task you enjoin;
Would rather I were in my grave, than living
To utter what I've seen.

Saint V. Nay, no evasion.

Gyf. For the world's worth I would not with
my knowledge

Add or diminish of the truth one tittle. [truth

Saint V. Gyfford, as thou shalt render up the
To the great Judge of hearts, say what thou know'st
Of my unhappy wife; nor more nor less,
Give me the proof unvarnish'd.

Gyf. I surpris'd

Her and Montgomeri heart to heart embracing—

Saint V. Death! Heart to heart embracing!
Woman, woman! [lay;

Gyf. Fond and entranc'd within his arms she
Then with uplifted, rapturous eyes exclaim'd,
"My hero! my saint Valori! my husband!"

Saint V. Husband! reflect. Art sure she call'd
him husband?

Gyf. If there be faith in man, I've spoke the
truth. [past:

Saint V. Why, then, the truth is out, and all is
I have no more to ask.

Gyf. Hear me with favour;
I'll not abuse the license of old age
And faithful service with too many words.

Saint V. What canst thou tell me? I have one
within

That is my monitor: not unprepar'd
I meet this fatal stroke, nor with revilings
Or impious curses (be my witness, Gyfford!)
Do I profane heav'n's ear, tho' hard and painful
This bitter visitation of its wrath.

Gyf. Tho' to the sure conviction of my senses
I saw and heard what I have now reported,
Yet, circumstances weigh'd, I must believe
As yet, she is not wedded.

Saint V. Ha! not wedded?

Perish the man who dares to breathe a doubt
Of her unspotted chastity. Not wedded!
Yet heart to heart embracing! dreadful thought!
Death in his direst shape approach me rather
Than that dishonest thought!

Gyf. Would I had died
Ere I had seen this day!

Saint V. Wretch that I am,
Why was I snatch'd from slaughter? why deliver'd
From barbarous infidels? why, when o'erwhelm'd
And sinking in th' oblivious deep, preserv'd,
Wash'd like a floating fragment to the shore,
Sav'd, nourish'd, ransom'd by the very hand
That cuts my heart asunder; set in view
Of all my soul held dear; and now, ev'n now,
As I reach forth my hand to seize the goal,
The resting-place and haven of my hope,
Dash'd in a moment back, and lost for ever?

Gyf. Such is the will of heaven! For me, thus
old,

And blighted with misfortune, I've no strength,
No root to bear against this second storm;
There, where I fall, I'll make myself a grave.

Saint V. No more of this: you've heard my last
complaint;

For I must soon put off these monkish weeds,
And what a consecrated knight should do,
Fitting the cross he wears, that must be done.
How stands your preparation for to-morrow?
Will she depart?

Gyf. I think she will; for now
The Lord De Courci, from King Henry sent,
Bears courtly salutation to your lady,
With formal summons to her challenger.

Saint V. If it be that De Courci who was once
My youth's companion, and my bosom friend,
A more accomplish'd knight ne'er carried arms:
His coming is most timely. Tell me, Gyfford,
Rememberest thou the armour which I wore
When in the lists I combatted Fitz-Osborn?
I gave it to my wife.

Gyf. I well remember.

Saint V. And hath she kept it, think'st thou?

Gyf. She hath kept it.

Saint V. 'Tis well; for that's the suit, the very
Which I must wear to-morrow. [suit,

Giff. Ah! my lord,
She hath bestow'd that armour on her champion;
And young Montgomeri, with to-morrow's dawn,
Starts, like another Phæton, array'd
In substituted splendour: on his arm
He bears the shield of great Saint Valori,
A golden branch of palm, with this device,
"Another, and the same!" 'Twill be a pageant
Glittering as vanity and love can make it. [take?

Saint V. Mournful as death. My armour will she
My shield, my banners, to array her champion?
Let them beware how they divide the spoil
Before the lion's kill'd. Oh! fall of virtue.
Oh! all ye matron powers of modesty;
How time's revolving wheel wears down the edge
Of sharp affliction! Widows' sable weeds
Soon turn to grey; drop a few tears upon them,
And dusky grey is blanch'd to bridal white;
Then comes the sun, shines thro' the drizzling show'r.
And the gay rainbow glows in all its colours. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter LORD HILDEBRAND and SAINT VALORI.

Lord H. Ah! father Carmelite, where hast thou
been?

Was it well done to leave thy wretched friend
To be devour'd by heart-consuming anguish?

Saint V. I left you to repose.

Lord H. I know it not:

Sleep is my horror; then the furies rise;
Then pale Saint Valori appears before me:
Trembling I wake, cold damps bedew my limbs,
And my couch floats with tears. Is this repose?

Saint V. No; yet it moves my wonder why your
conscience,

Mute for so many years, should on the sudden
Break into voice, and cry so loud against you.
I found you lull'd in a luxurious calm,
Feasting upon the spoils of him you stabb'd;
Your castle flow'd with revelry and wine,
And you the loudest of the sons of riot:
Where was your conscience then?

Lord H. With you it came;
You are the father of my soul's repentance:
Your fascinating eye pervades my breast;
Conscious, abash'd, uncover'd to the heart,
I stand before you; to your ear confide
Things unreveal'd to man. Now, as I see you,
Tho' in religion's peaceful garment cloth'd,
Saint Valori, methinks, appears before me,
Dreadful in arms, and braves me to the lists.

Saint V. Take food and rest, recruit your body's
And you'll forget these fears. [strength,

Lord H. I'll die with famine
Before I'll eat the charitable bread
Of her I made a widow; and for sleep,
I tell thee once again, sleep is my horror.
Methought but now by shipwreck I was plung'd
Into the foaming ocean; on the shore
Your figure stood with beck'ning hand outstretch'd
To snatch me from the waves; cheer'd with the
sight,

Thro' the white surf I struggled; with strong arm
You rais'd me from the gulf; joyful I ran
T' embrace my kind preserver, when at once
Off fell your habit, bright in arms you stood,
And with a voice of thunder cried aloud,
"Villain, avant! I am Saint Valori!"

Then push'd me from the cliff: down, down I fell,
Fathoms on fathoms deep, and sunk for ever.

Saint V. This was your dream.

Lord H. Now hear my waking terrors.
Rous'd by this dream I started; to the wall
Furious I rush'd, to dash my desperate brains:
Burst with the force, a secret door flew open,
Where full in view a lighted altar blaz'd
With holy tapers bright; around it hung

The funeral trophies of Saint Valori;
Red gleam'd the banner of the bloody cross,
And on a tablet underneath was written,
"Pray for the peace of his departed soul!"
Upon my knees I dropp'd, and would have pray'd,
When soon, behold, the lady widow enter'd,
Led by the generous youth who sav'd our lives:
I rose, made low obeisance, and retir'd.

Saint V. You left them there. Did all this pass
in silence?

Lord H. All; not a word was spoken.

Saint V. Did you note
Her look, her action? How did she dismiss you?
Abruptly, eagerly?

Lord H. With matron grace,
Her hand thus gently waving, she dismiss'd me;
The other hand most lovingly was lock'd
In his on whom she lean'd.

Saint V. No more of this.

Hark! you are summon'd: rouse from this despair;
Shake off your lethargy. (Trumpets.)

Lord H. What trumpet's that?

Saint V. To you, or to your challenger, the last;
Death sounds the knell, and justice seals the doom.

Lord H. My soul sinks down abash'd: I cannot
fight; [murder.

What would you more? I have confess'd the

Saint V. You have confess'd you know not what:
retire!

Go to your chamber; I will quickly follow.

And bring you comfort. [Exeunt.

*Enter MATILDA and her Domestics, LORD DE
COURCI and his train.*

Mat. My noble lord, thrice welcome! you are
come [sence

To glad the mourner's heart, and with your pre-
Make her poor cottage rich.

Lord De C. Most noble lady,
Henry of Normandy, the kingly heir
Of England's mighty conqueror, of his grace
And princely courtesy, by me his servant,
As a most loving father, kindly greets you;
Which salutation past, I am to move you
Upon the matter of your suit afresh,
Its weight and circumstance; how many years
It hath been let to sleep; what forfeiture
And high default you stand in, should it fail:
Conjuring you, as fits a Christian king,
By the lov'd memory of your honour'd lord
Who now hath tenanted the silent grave
These twenty years and more, not to proceed
In this high matter on surmise, or charge
Of doubtful circumstance; the crime alledg'd
Being so heinous, the appeal so bloody,
And he whom you attain so brave and noble.

Mat. I know, my lord, in property the law
Can plead prescription and the time's delay;
But justice, in an inquisition made for blood,
With retrospective eye thro' ages past,
Moves her own pace, nor hears the law's demur.
Why I have let this murder sleep thus long,
Necessity, and not my will, must answer.
The conqueror William, and his furious son,
With iron hand upheld th' oppressor's power,
And stopp'd their ears against the widow's cries.
In painful silence brooding o'er my grief,
On this lone rock, upon the ocean's brink,
Year after year I languish'd, in my dreams
Conversing oft with shadowy shapes and horrors,
That scar'd me into madness. Oh! my lord,
Bear with my weakness: pray, regard me not;
I have a remedy at hand—my tears. (Weeps.)

Lord De C. Sad relict of the bravest, best of men,
Tell not thy griefs to me, nor let my words
(Which by commission, not of choice, I speak)
Shake thy firm purpose; for on England's throne
No tyrant sits, deaf to the widow's cause,
But heav'n's vicegerent, merciful and just.
If steadfast thou art fix'd in thy appeal,

Stedfast in justice is thy sovereign, too.
Bring forth thy knight appellant, for the lists
Expect him, and may heav'n defend the right!

Mat. Thanks to thy royal sender! on my knee
I offer prayers to heaven for length of days,
And blessings shower'd on his anointed head.
Now, gallant lord, you shall behold my champion,
My shepherd boy, who, like the son of Jesse,
Unskill'd in arms, must combat this Philistine.
Montgomeri, come forth!

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Lord De C. Is this your knight? [strength]

Mat. This is my knight. I trust not in the
Of mortal man; heaven will uphold my cause,
And to a murderer's heart will guide the blow,
Tho' from an infant's hand.

Lord De C. Of what degree
Must I report him? In the royal lists,
Against so proud a name as Hildebrand,
The warlike forms of knighthood will demand
That noble shall to noble be oppos'd.

Mat. Not unprepar'd I shall attend the lists;
And, at my sovereign's feet, prefer the proofs
Which honour's forms demand.

Lord De C. You know the peril,
If you fall short.

Mat. I take it on my head.

Lord De C. Where have you serv'd? what bat-
tles have you seen?

Mont. Few and unfortunate have been the fields,
Where I have fought. I serv'd a sinking cause;
Robert of Normandy was my liege lord,
For I am Norman born.

Lord De C. Have you been train'd
In tournaments?

Mont. I never broke a lance,
Nor shall I, as I hope, but in his heart
Who stabb'd Saint Valori.

Lord De C. Noble lady,
I would impart something of nearest import
To your more private ear.

Mat. Let all withdraw: *(They withdraw.)*
Leave us. And now, my lord and honour'd guest,
Impart your noble thoughts; for sure I am
None others can be native of a soul,
Where courtesy and valour are enshrin'd,
As in a holy altar, under guard
Of consecrated keepers; therefore, speak.

Lord De C. Let infamy fix on me, when I wrong
A confidence so generous. Heav'n bestow'd
One friend, the pride and blessing of my life;
Heav'n, when you lost a husband, from me also
Took that one friend away, and in his grave
Buried my heart beside him.

Mat. Yes, my lord,
We both have cause to mourn him: I remember
The day he parted for the holy wars,
His manly bosom struggling to repress
Its bursting passion, in those racking moments,
When stern religion rent him from my arms,
Then, even then, in his capacious soul
Friendship had part—you shar'd it with Matilda.
Need I proceed? Ah! no, for you was present,
You took him from me, on your neck he fell;
I parted, sunk, and never saw him more.

Lord De C. 'Twas in those parting moments he
committed
A sacred charge, the very test of friendship,
Your soft, unshelter'd beauty, to my care.
I serv'd, consol'd you, lov'd you as a brother;
But soon Saint Valori call'd me from my charge,
For war and sickness had consum'd our host,
And Palestine was drench'd with Christian blood.
We fought, we conquer'd, and from Pagan hands
Rescued the captive cross: and now command
My zealous heart, you are its mistress still.

Mat. There needs not this, my lord; for I can read
Your zeal without a preface: freely then,
As a friend should, and plainly speak your thoughts.

Lord De C. When rumour of this combat reach'd
Without delay, I sent a trusty page, [my ears,
Offering myself as your devoted knight:
He brought for answer, that you had a champion;
You thank'd me for my offer; cold repulse
Temper'd in courteous phrase! still I submitted
In silence, as became me, to your pleasure,
Musing who this might be—

Mat. And now you find him
A stripling youth unknown, in arms a novice,
And you condemn my choice; these are your
thoughts.

Lord De C. I do confess it. Oh! reflect in time;
Think not, because nature hath cast a form
In fair proportion, strung his youthful joints
With nerves that bear him bounding to the chace,
Or hurl the wrestler in the shouting ring,
That you have train'd a champion to encounter
A combatant so practis'd in the lists,
So valorous in fight as Hildebrand. [my lord,

Mat. What I have done, I've done. Your zeal,
May start new terrors for my hero's danger,
Shake me with new alarms, but change it cannot.

Lord De C. Turn not away, but still with pa-
tience hear me.

Think what you are, great in yourself, yet greater
As brave Saint Valori's widow: oh! preserve
That name untainted; hear what honour counsels;
Truth makes me bold, your danger is my warrant.

Mat. You was my husband's friend; I own your
Lo! I am turn'd to hear. Proceed. [plea.

Lord De C. I was his friend,
I am your's also; and as such, I warn you
Against a deed so fatal, that the steel
Of Hildebrand gave not a stab more mortal
To life than this to fame.

Mat. My lord, my lord!
You rise too fast upon me, and advance
Too strongly on so weak a disputant,
So much to seek for reason as I am.

Lord De C. May I not then demand, what is
this boy,
Whom you thus dignify? this page, this lacquey,
The very topmost pitch of whose promotion
Had been to touch the stirrup of Saint Valori?

Mat. What is he!—but you question me too
harshly;

I'll answer to the King; but to a friend
Who treats me with suspicion, I am silent.
You bid me call to memory what I am:
I hope, when thus you school me, you yourself
In your own precepts need no monitor.
I think I am as humble as I should be
Under such hard correction. I acknowledge
Two powerful duties: to my husband one,
The first and strongest; to yourself the next,
As my much-honour'd guest; but I oppose
The tyranny of friendship, which would stamp
Dishonour on the worthy, and forbid
My free affections to direct their choice
Where nature warrants, and my soul approves.

[Exit.

Lord De C. Why, then, there's no perfection in
the sex,
Or I had found it here. Farewell to grief;
So much for tears! though twenty years they flow
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks;
And still the ambush'd smile lurks underneath
The watry surface, ready to start up
At the next lover's summons; now to greet
A hero's passion, now to wed a page.

Enter SAINT VALORI.

Saint V. My Lord De Courci, doth your memory
To recollect a certain pledge of love, [serve
A jewel, which the lady of this house
Gave to her husband by your hands?

Lord De C. A bracelet;
She took it from her arm when they did part:
I well remember it.

Saint V. Was it like this?

Lord De C. The very same; I gave it to Saint Valori
When he embark'd for Palestine.

Saint V. You did:

I had it then; your memory is perfect. [of this?

Lord De C. You had it then! What must I think

Saint V. Can you this little token keep in mind,
And not remember him you gave it to?

Lord De C. Explain yourself; you speak in
mysteries. [surprise

Saint V. Be temperate, then; let not your loud
Betray me to the house: I'm here unknown.

Lord De C. Impossible! though the dead rose
Yet this cannot be he. [again,

Saint V. My friend! my friend!

Come to my arms! let this embrace convince you.

Lord De C. Oh, earth and heaven! he lives.

Saint V. He lives, indeed,
To a new life of misery. Be still!

Forbear to question me: another time
Thou shalt hear all, but let this hour be sacred

To friendship's pressing call. My wife! my wife!

Lord De C. Oh! my prophetic fears.

Saint V. Unhappy woman!

For why should I accuse her? twenty years
A mournful widow, and at last to start

So wide from all propriety; and now,
After so brave a struggle, now to sink

Her honour, which still bore so proud a sail
Through the rough tide of time. Oh! bitter

Oh! aggravating shame! [thought!

Lord De C. Alas! my friend,

How shall I comfort you? I see you point
At young Montgomeri: in friendship's right

I ask'd her private ear, and boldly urg'd
The peril of her fame.

Saint V. And what reply? [I touch'd

Lord De C. Patient at first she heard; but when
The master-string, and set to view how base

The choice of such a minion, such a page,
Then—but 'twere painful to describe the scene,

Vain to conceal: she loves him to distraction.

Saint V. Can it be doubted? She has married

Lord De C. Indeed! [him.

Saint V. I have a trusty servant here,
Who saw her clasp him in her wanton arms,

Twine, like pale ivy round the polish'd bark
Of the smooth beech, whilst rapt'rous she exclaim'd,

"My hero! my Saint Valori! my husband!"—
Oh! she is lost, beyond redemption lost.

Lord De C. Who now shall dream of constancy
in woman? [bat.

What's to be done? Your life dissolves the com-
Saint V. That shame I've sav'd her from: Lord

Is dying in this house. [Hildebrand
Lord De C. Lord Hildebrand!

How many strange events are here combin'd
Of sorrow and surprise; so thick they crowd,

So swift they change, I know not where to turn,
Nor what to counsel.

Saint V. What can counsel give?

Can words revoke, can wisdom reconcile,
Th' indissoluble web which fate has wove?

And shall I stay and harbour here with shame?
Walk, like a discontented moping ghost,

To haunt and hover round their nuptial bed,
When I can die, as I have liv'd, in arms?—

Off, holy counterfeit! begone, disguise!

Lord De C. Stop, I conjure you; rush not on
despair. [so long

Saint V. Despair! And have I worn the cross
But as the mask and mockery of religion?

No, 'tis the armour of a Christian knight,
And with this gauntlet I defy despair.

Lord De C. Then by that sacred symbol, by our
friendship

And faithful brotherhood in God's holy service,
I do beseech thee to persist in hope:

For whilst one circumstance of doubt remains,

One, though the slightest fragment is afloat,
That fond credulity e'er clung to, still,
Still will I keep some happy chance in view
To save thy lady's honour.

Saint V. Gallant friend,
Thy counsel shall prevail; I will persist;
And as misfortune is the world's best school
For true philosophy, I will extract
The cordial patience from the bitter root
Of this implanted pain. Come, brave De Courci!
Pleasure's gay scene, and hope's delusive dream,
Are vanish'd, lost; love's fairy palace sinks
In the false fleeting sand on which 'twas built;
Whilst thy immortal constancy alone
Stands in the waste, a solitary column,
To tell life's mournful traveller where once
Joy revell'd, and a stately fabric rose. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the castle.

Enter MATILDA and LORD HILDEBRAND.

Mat. Stop, stranger! wherefore have you left
your chamber?

Will you go forth with all your wounds about you?
Return, nor rashly counteract our care,
That labours to preserve you.

Lord H. Shall I make
Your house a grave? The wounds you see are no-
thing, [ments;

Their pain may be assuag'd by drugs and oint-
Nature abounds in simples, that can heal
These tumours of the body.

Mat. If the cure
Be, as you say, so easy, why oppose it?

Is pain your choice, that you resist our medicines,
And thus expose your rankling wounds undress'd

To the raw, fest'ring air?

Lord H. Ah! generous lady,
'Tis but a superficial flattering art

To heal the skin, and make the surface whole,
When an unsearchable and mortal sting

Has pierc'd the nobler part.

Mat. That sting is grief:
You mourn a wife, perhaps, or some dear friend,

In your late shipwreck lost: if it be so,
I'll not arraign your sorrow; yet remember,

Though short of their allotted time they fell,
'Twas heav'n that struck them short, they were
not murder'd,

As my Saint Valori, by vile treach'rous man.

Lord H. Oh, horror! horror!

Mat. Have I touch'd the cause?
Was there a friend? a wife?

Lord H. Nor wife, nor friend;
And yet—

Mat. What yet? Your heart perhaps was fix'd
Upon your freighted treasures, hoarded up

By carking care, and a long life of thrift;
Now, without interest or redemption, swallow'd

By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever:
What then? your cares have perish'd with your
fortune. [wail

Lord H. The wreck of friends and fortune I be-
As things heav'n gives and takes away at pleasure;

Conditional enjoyments, transient loans,
Bliss that accumulates a debt of pain:

Swift their succession, sudden their reverse.
To-day the setting sun descends in tears,

To-morrow's dawn breaks forth, and all is joy:
But guilt involves me in perpetual night;

No morning star, no glimmering ray of hope;
Eternal tossings on a bed of thorns,

Conscience, that raven, knelling in my ear,
And vulture furies plucking at my heart!

Mat. Then I conjectur'd right, and 'tis remorse
Which tortures you; I read it in your eyes:

Did that descending virtue come on earth,
To set at large the captive or the free?

'Twas to redeem the captive: turn to him,
Turn then, and seek your saving hope, repentance;

Go to your Carmelite, confess to him,
Fly to your soul's physician for a cure;
Whether with soft emollients he assuage,
Or with corrosive penances consume
The cank'rous gangrene that now gnaws your heart.

Lord H. I have confess'd to him, he knows my guilt;

But what can he, alas! there lives but one
Under heav'n's canopy, who can absolve.
Hither th' immediate hand of heav'n has led me,
Hopeless of pardon, to expire before you,
And cast your husband's murderer at your feet.

Mat. Ah! scorpion! is it thou? I shake with horror.

Thee have I pitied? thee have I preserv'd?
Monster, avaunt! Go to the rocks for food,
Call to the winds for pity! lay thee down
Beneath some blighted yew, whose pois'nous leaf
Kills as it falls; there howl thyself to death!
Hangs the roof o'er us yet? I am astonish'd.
Art not asham'd, oh! earth, to bear him yet?
Oh! sea, to cast him up again? Begone!

Lord H. I do not wait for pardon, but for death;
Call to your servants; whelm me with their swords.
Heav'n throws me on your mercy; you receiv'd
And gave me shelter; hospitably tender'd
Food and restoring med'cines; I refus'd them:
My thirst is unallay'd, my wounds undress'd,
No particle of food has past my lips,
For I disdain a fraud upon your pity;
And, where I can't have pardon, scorn support.
The only mercy I implore is death.

Mat. Mercy! and dare thy tongue pronounce the name?

Mercy! thou man of blood, thou hast destroy'd it,
It came from heaven to save Saint Valori:
You saw the cherub messenger alight
From its descent; with outspread wings it sate,
Covering his breast; you drew your cursed steel,
And through the pleading angel pierc'd his heart.
Then, then the moon, by whose pale light you
struck,

Turn'd fiery red, and from her angry orb
Darted contagious sickness on the earth;
The planets in their courses shriek'd for horror;
Heav'n dropt maternal tears. Oh! art thou come?

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Why dost thou tremble? Why this ghastly terror?

Mat. Save me, support me! In thy arms I fall:
I mov'd not till thou cam'st, lest I had sunk
Upon the floor, and catching at the hand
That stabb'd Saint Valori, his touch had kill'd me.

Mont. That stabb'd Saint Valori! Is this the wretch?

Is this Hildebrand before me? Draw, thou traitor!
Stand to defence, or die!

Lord H. Behold my heart!
Strike! I expect no mercy.

Mat. Stop thine hand:
Black though he be, as infamy can make him,
He is defenceless, wounded, and expiring.

Lord H. Wilt thou not add, repentant? I am vanquish'd,

Body and soul laid prostrate by despair.
I do confess my crime; what can I more?
Castle, demesne, and treasure, all the spoils
Of my accursed avarice, I resign:
Take my life too; dismiss me from a world
Where I have none to mourn me, no kind hand
To close my eyes; of children, wife, and friends,
(Save only this poor Carmelite) bereft;
Be merciful to him, he is not guilty.

If I dare ask a little earth to cover me
For Christian decency, I would—but that,
That were too much—my tears will sink a grave.

Mont. He's deeply penitent: you'll not refuse
What he petitions for: 'twere most unchristian
To let him die without the church's rites.

Mat. Forbear!

Mont. He's dying—see, he faints—he falls.

(*Hildebrand sinks on the ground.*)

'Twill give him comfort in the hour of death;
And that I'd give ev'n to a murderer.

Mat. You never knew your father, and in you
Pity is natural; in me 'tis treason
To breathe the air which his pollution taints;
A crime to look upon his eyes and live. [fall:

Mont. I feel, I feel your cause; there let him
Die where he lists, but give his corpse a grave.
And see, the Carmelite approaches.

Mat. Ha!

The Lord De Courci, too! Stand by the body;
And if the wretch has breath to speak again,
Call them to witness his confession. Mark!
In heav'n's own presence, mark this awful scene,
And write it on thy heart. Farewell! Be constant!
[Exit.

Enter SAINT VALORI and DE COURCI.

Mont. Noble De Courci, and thou, reverend father,

From whom the penitent in life's last hour
Draws holy comfort, look upon that wretch,
Visit his soul with peace at its departure,
And take confession from his dying lips.

Saint V. Withdraw, and stand apart then, out of hearing. [They withdraw.

Lord Hildebrand, if thou hast sense and motion,
Reach forth thine hand. So! If thou canst, look
I am the Carmelite. [up!

Lord H. Oh! save me, save me!
I am a sinful man.

Saint V. But not a murderer:
He who speaks to you is Saint Valori.

Lord H. God of my hope! is it some blessed
Or living man that speaks? [spirit,

Saint V. A living man,
Saint Valori himself; no spirit. Mark!
I grasp your hand in token of forgiveness:
Dost thou perceive it?

Lord H. At my heart I feel it.
Can you forgive me? May I die in peace?

Saint V. Lo! thus with friendly hand I close
thine eyes:

Sleep, sleep! and be at rest from thy afflictions;
Would mine were laid beside thee in the grave!

Lord H. Oh! balmy comfort! oh! how sweet
to die!

Farewell for ever: do not quit my hand;
Let it not go, till I am dead. Farewell! (*Dies.*)

Saint V. He's dead; his soul forsook him with
that sigh.

Now, sirs, return—'tis past; I have beheld
Religion's triumph, a repentant death.

Re-enter DE COURCI and MONTGOMERI.

Call to your servants, and remove the body.

Mont. There is a charitable house hard by,
Where, on the ocean's edge, a few poor monks,
A slender brotherhood of Mercy dwell;
For human misery a small asylum;
There often from the foundering bark escap'd,
The houseless wretch finds shelter, and his wounds
With balsams by the fathers cull'd, are dress'd:
There we'll entomb the body.

Saint V. Be it so. [wreck:

Mont. You now alone survive the morning's
You by peculiar providence are sav'd
From a devoted vessel, which the sins
Of its dire owner sunk; still I must wonder
How God's own servant with a demon leagu'd,
And piety with murder could embark. [care

Saint V. You think he was a murderer; have a
How you incline too rashly to such tales.
Let not your vassals triumph and rejoice
Too much o'th' sudden; let your castle keep
Some remnant of its old propriety:
And you, the champion, hang not up your lance
In token of a bloodless victory,

But keep it sharpen'd for a fresh encounter ;
And stick your valour to the test, young knight,
Lest haply some new questioner should come,
And dash your feast with horror.

Mont. Reverend stranger,
It will become your order to desist [ing,
From threats, which cover some mysterious mean-
And speak without disguise. You boast yourself
Noble Saint Valori's friend, yet plead the cause
Of Hildebrand, defend him from the crime
Of murder, and with gloomy menace bid me
Expect some new appellant. Lo! I'm ready.

Saint V. Away, vain boy, away!

Mont. Vain let me be,
Not of myself, but of the cause I stand for :
The lady of Saint Valori accounts me
Worthy to be her champion, by that title
I do impeach the memory of Lord Hildebrand ;
And in the presence of this lord, whose person
Stands for the king, arraign him as a murderer :
If any love his memory so well
As to adopt his cause, let him stand forth,
I pledge myself to answer.

Saint V. Lord De Courci,
Shall I reveal myself? I'm strongly tempted?

[*Aside.*]
Lord De C. I do protest against it ; and conjure
Whilst he is thus in train, leave it to me [you,
To draw confession up.

Saint V. I am content.

Lord De C. Montgomeri, in virtue of my charge
I've noted your defiance : should there come
A knight of known degree to challenge it,
Say, by what stile and title wilt thou answer?

Mont. Ask that of her in whose defence I stand.

Lord De C. We know thee for her champion ;
but declare,
Hast thou no nearer name, no closer tie?

Saint V. Answer to that. 'Tis palpable, 'tis gross :
Your silence is confession.

Mont. Ah! good father,
Have you so us'd confession as an engine
To twist and torture silence to your purpose,
And stain the truth with colouring not its own?

Saint V. The man who flies to silence for evasion,
When plainly questioned, aims at a deception
Which candour's self will construe to condemn him.

Mont. Thyself a stranger, dark, inscrutable,
With Hildebrand associate, thou to question me!
First answer for thyself.

Saint V. For myself then—

Lord De C. Stop, re-collect your thoughts.

Saint V. Thanks, noble lord!
For myself, then, I own I am your debtor
For no less gift than life ; and though that life
Makes what you gave a gift of misery,
Yet is the gift uncancell'd.

Mont. Set it down
For nothing but the mutual debt of nature,
Common from man to man. To-morrow's sun,
With favouring winds to aid us, shall transport
This castle's noble mistress and myself
Across the streight that severs this fair isle
From its maternal shore ; there to renew
At Henry's feet, against this bloody man
Newly deceas'd, our criminal appeal,
Arraigning him for murder.

Saint V. Ha! beware!

Mont. Who shall oppose it?

Saint V. I ; this noble witness ;
Truth, and the living evidence of sight.

Mont. To you, my Lord De Courci, not to him,
Who is a son of peace, to you, a knight
Seal'd with the cross, and militant for truth,
Thus I appeal. What say you to our charge?

Lord De C. False, false ; I pledge my life upon
the proof. [dare

Mont. Ha! by my father's soul, if thou shalt
To whisper that to-morrow—

Lord De C. If I dare
To whisper it! My herald shall proclaim it ;
I'll cry it in the lists. There is my gauntlet.
(*Throws it down.*)

Saint V. Hold! I forbid it.
(*Takes up Lord De Courci's gauntlet.*)

Brother of the cross,
Upon your knightly honour I conjure you,
Put up your gauntlet : I revoke the combat.
Hear me, young sir, you tread upon your grave ;
Fate waves the sword of vengeance o'er your head ;
I've pass'd it by, and paid you life for life.
Lo! I provoke you to a gentler combat ;
Behold my peaceful gauntlet! Take this jewel ;
(*Gives the bracelet.*)

And an hour hence, when I am on my way,
Shew it to her (what shall I call your lady?)
To her that own'd it once.

Mont. I will obey you.

What more have you in mind?

Saint V. Tell her the monk,
Through all his pilgrimage from Holy Land
Preserv'd it sacred ; journeying night and day,
By sea, by land, in shipwreck, in the waves,
Still guarded it with reverence more devout
Than holy relics of departed martyrs.
Now 'tis no longer worth : 'tis her's, 'tis your's,
'Tis the next favourite's prize, a transient bauble,
The fleeting emblem of a woman's love.

No more : farewell! Come, gallant lord, to horse.
[*Exit with Lord De Courci.*]

Mont. To horse! why so a warrior would have
call'd ;

With such a step a warrior would have trod :
A monk!—Mysterious man! I'll not believe it.
This jewel may unfold the labyrinth—
What then? Shall I commit the clue
To sorrow's trembling hand, or firmly hold it
Till more shall be discover'd? Time direct me!

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chapel with an altar decorated with
the funeral trophies of Saint Valori. MATILDA
is discovered kneeling at the altar. MONTGOMERI
enters, and after a pause, speaks.*

Mont. Still at the altar! Ever on her knees!
Nothing but peace! peace to her husband's soul!
Perpetual requiems. If, as we believe,
Th' uncircumscribed spirit of a man
Walks after death, till it can find a grave,
Or holy church, with soul-compelling hymns,
Shall chant it to repose, I am amaz'd
My father's ghost, whilst unappeas'd by prayer,
Ne'er took its shadowy journey to this spot.
Why, when De Courci and the monk outfac'd me,
Did he not then arise with all his wounds,
And scare them to confession? I am lost,
Bewilder'd, and perplex'd. But see! she moves.
(*Matilda arises, and comes down from the altar.*)

Mat. My son! my joy! my blessing!

Mont. Whence is this?

What sudden transformation? By my hopes,
There is a joyful emanation round thee,
That strikes a gleam of rapture to my heart.
What angel of good tidings hath been with thee?
Who hath exorcis'd thy despair, and breath'd
This beam of placid pleasure in thine eyes?

Mat. Thy father hath been with me.

Mont. Heav'n's! my father? [with him

Mat. I've seen him in my vision ; commun'd
Before the altar : soft his accents fell,
Like voices of departed friends heard in our dreams,
Or music in the air, when the night-spirits
Warble their magic minstrelsy.

Mont. Indeed!

Would I had seen him, too!

Mat. Would heav'n thou hadst.

Mont. What was his form?

Mat. Majestically sweet ;
He smil'd upon me ; straight through all my veins

Methought I felt a thrilling virtue run,
Healing, where'er it cours'd, both heart and brain.

Mont. Saw you no wounds about him?

Mat. None, no wounds;
Nor was he in his youth, or when he died,
But grey with years, and much transform'd by
time:

At first I knew him not, and as he spoke,
So chang'd methought he was, with pain I trac'd
The faded record.

Mont. Spoke he of his murder?

Mat. Oh! not a word; but as it ne'er had been,
And he were living now, so look'd and spoke.

Mont. 'Tis strange—one question more. Say,
did this form
Ne'er visit you before?

Mat. Never, till now.

Mont. Nor this, nor any other shape?

Mat. Oh! never, never.

Mont. Then, I own my confidence is shaken;
And fit it is no longer to conceal
What I have newly heard so boldly vouch'd,
That my faith reels.

Mat. Speak, I conjure thee, speak!

Mont. I came this instant from the Carmelite
And Lord De Courci: on the floor was stretch'd
The breathless corpse of Hildebrand; the monk
In his last moments had been private with him:
I urg'd the murder, to his own confession
Appealing in my accusation's proof;
When, strange to tell, his confessor the monk
Boldly denied that he had kill'd Saint Valori.
Rous'd at this daring insult, and indignant,
I turn'd upon De Courci, and demanded
If he would vouch the falsehood; he, more hot
And no less confident than t'other, hurl'd
Defiance in my teeth, and to the ground
Threw down his gauntlet, pledging to the truth
Of what the monk affirm'd.

Mat. I am amaz'd;
There is a trembling expectation in me,
That by some secret impulse draws me on
To the great revelation of my fate:
Therefore proceed!

Mont. Before I could reply,
The Carmelite had seiz'd De Courci's pledge,
And with a tone and gesture more befitting
A haughty warrior than a son of peace,
Sternly forbade the challenge to proceed:
Then with a mournful action turning tow'ards me,
And sighing, drew from forth his bosom this,
This pearly chain. (*Produces the bracelet.*)

Mat. Ah! Do my eyes betray me?
Help, help! uphold me, whilst I look upon it.
The same, the same! I gave it to my husband;
My last, fond, parting pledge: guide, guide my
hands,
My trembling hands, to touch it. Sacred relic!
Enthusiastic as the pilgrim's kiss,
Thus to my lips I press thee. Hail, thrice hail!
To thee, oh! altar, with these banners deck'd,
Hallow'd with daily incense, and besieg'd
With never-ceasing requiems for his soul,
I dedicate this trophy of my love!
Lead me, my son!

Mont. Oh! dost thou love thy son?

Mat. Love thee! Oh! heaven!

(*Falls on his neck, weeping.*)

Mont. By that, then, I conjure thee
Come to thy couch. Now, as thy cheek turns pale,
Convulsion shakes thy lip, and the full stream
Bursts from thine eyes, return not to the altar:
Let me conduct thee forth.

Mat. Where, where's the monk?
Shall I not see him?

Mont. Yes, thou suffering saint!
Be patient for a while, and thou shalt see him.

Mat. Come, then, dispose of me as to thy love
And piety seems best: I will obey.

Let me have this; thou wilt not take this from me?
(*Holding the bracelet.*)

Mont. Not for the worth of all this world.

Mat. I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SAINT VALORI, LORD DE COURCI, and
GYFFORD.

Saint V. Suffer this last one weakness. Ha!
she's gone;

The chapel is deserted: I had hop'd
Once more to have look'd upon her ere we parted.

Lord De C. 'Tis better as it is.

Saint V. It may be so;

And yet 'twere stern philosophy, methinks,
That could refuse the sight one short indulgence,
Ere the heart breaks with sorrow.

Lord De C. I am pain'd
To see this tender sorrow swell so fast.

Saint V. Oh! call to mind how I have lov'd
this woman!

Gyfford, thou know'st it; say, thou faithful servant,
What was my passion; how did absence feed it?
But how canst thou compute my sum of sorrows?
Years upon years have roll'd since thou wast with
me:

Time hath been wearied with my groans, my tears
Have damp'd his wings, till he scarce crept along;
The un pitying sun ne'er wink'd upon my toils;
All day I dragg'd my slavery's chain, all night
Howl'd to its clanking on my bed of straw;
And yet these pains were recreation now,
To those I feel, whilst I resign Matilda.

Gyf. Stay, then, my noble master, here abide,
And to this awful place convoke your lady.

Saint V. This awful place! she'll visit it no
more;

Or, if she does, 'twill be to strip these trappings;
These mockeries shall come down, they've had
their day,

They've serv'd the uses of hypocrisy,
And festive garlands now shall fill their place
Around this nuptial altar.

Lord De C. No, my friend,
I am a witness to her unfeign'd sorrows;
And were I left to judge of them unbiass'd,
By what I saw besides, I should believe
She were the very mirror of her sex
For matchless constancy.

Saint V. You rend my heart. [*wash'd*

Gyf. Thrice on her knees this morning hath she
This altar's feet with tears, and with her pray'rs
Sent up a mingled cry of sighs and groans.

Saint V. Why, then, old man, didst thou dis-
tract my soul

With gossip tales to slander her fair fame,
And murder my repose? If thou art conscious
Of having wrong'd her, get thee hence, begone!
Fall at her feet for pardon, howl for pity,
And hide thyself where light may never find thee.

Gyf. With grief, but not with shame, I will retire
From thee and light. I have not wrong'd the truth.

Saint V. Stay, Gyfford, stay, thou loyal, good
old man!

Pity thy master, and forgive my frenzy.
Lo! I am calm again: the pledge I've given
To young Montgomeri shall be the test.
Yes, with that chain I'll draw her to the proof;
Link'd and entwin'd about her heart I'll hold it,
And tent her nature to its inmost feelings.
See, the young favorite comes.

Enter MONTGOMERI.

Mont. Oh! timely found,
Well are you thus encounter'd, holy sir!
The lady of Saint Valori demands you;
And lo! where she advances.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. Ha! 'tis well.
In presence of this altar we are met:
And may the sacred genius of the place
Prosper our interview.

Saint V. Amen! amen!

[the chapel

Mat. Good friends, withdraw! let none approach
Whilst we are private. Now, be firm, my heart.
(*They go out—she pauses some time, and then addresses herself to Saint Valori.*)

Father, I thank you! I've receiv'd your pledge,
The small, but prizeless relic you have brought me.
The bracelet, given by Lord De Courci's hands
In times long past (fie, fie upon these tears,
They will have way) to a departed friend.
Perhaps he priz'd this trifle—but, alas!
'Tis fated, like the arm from which 'twas taken,
Never to clasp him more.

Saint V. Alas! I fear it.

Mat. I hope De Courci gave it to my lord.

Saint V. He did; I saw him give it.

Mat. Ha! you saw him! [told you

Saint V. When he embark'd for Palestine; I've
We never march'd apart. I wore the cross
In those fame-seeking days.

Mat. I do remember.

And this poor favour, did my hero wear it?

Saint V. Devoutly, at his heart.

Mat. Then, then, indeed [come!

Thou hast bestow'd a treasure. Welcome, wel-
(*As she is pressing it to her heart, Saint Valori observing her agitation, runs to her assistance.*)

Saint V. He wore it like an amulet; with this
Before his heart, first through the yawning breach
Thy sacred walls, Jerusalem, he storm'd;
Tore down the moony standard, where it hung
In impious triumph; thrice their Pagan swords
Shiver'd his mailed crest, as many times
That sacred amulet was dy'd in blood
Nearest his heart.

Mat. Stop there! I charge thee stop!
Tell me no more: oh! follow him no further,
For see, th' accursed Pyrenæans rise,
Streaming with blood; there hellish murder howls;
There madness rages, and with haggard eyes
Glares in the craggy pass. She'll spring upon me,
If I advance. Oh! shield me from the sight.

Saint V. Be calm, collect thyself: it was not
there,

It was not there Saint Valori met his death.

'Twas not the sword of Hildebrand that slew him;
Though pierc'd with wounds, that ambush he sur-
viv'd. [altar:

Mat. What do I hear? Oh! look upon this
Think where you stand, and do not wrong the truth.

Saint V. He who is truth itself be witness for me!
Deep was the stroke that dire assassin gave,
Yet short of life it stopp'd; unhors'd and fall'n,
Welt'ring in blood, your wounded husband lay,
Till haply found by charitable strangers
Journeying to Venice, he was heal'd, restor'd;
And, thence embarking, by a barbarous rover
Was captur'd. Start not; but repress your terrors.

Mat. Admire not that I tremble; marvel rather
That I hear this and live. Saint Valori captur'd!
The bravest captain of the cross enslav'd
By barbarous Pagans!

Saint V. Tedious years he suffer'd
Of hard captivity—

Mat. Oh! where, ye heavens,
Where was your justice then? And died he there?

Saint V. 'Twas not his lot to find a distant grave.

Mat. Where, where? oh! speak; release me from
Where did my hero fall? [the rack!

Saint V. Where did he fall!
Nor Pagan swords, nor slavery's galling chain,
Nor murderers' daggers, Afric's burning clime,
Toils, storms, nor shipwreck, kill'd him—here he
fell!

Grief burst his heart—here in this spot he fell!

(*He falls to the ground.*)

Mat. Ah! horror, horror! Help, for mercy,
help!

My son, my son! your father lies before you.

MONTGOMERI runs in, followed by LORD DE
COURCI and GYFFORD.

Mont. My father! heav'n and earth! Oh! save
him; save him!

Where shall I turn? See, see! she faints, she
falls! (*Supports her in his arms.*)

Lord De C. He is her son. Awake, look up,
my friend!

Live, live! De Courci bids Saint Valori live.

Your rival is your son.

Saint V. (*Raising himself on his knee, unsheaths
his dagger.*)

Off! give me way:

I'll kill him in her arms.

Lord De C. He is your son;

Hear me, thou frantic father! I, De Courci,

I speak to you. Would you destroy your son?

Saint V. Bind up his wounds. Oh! if I've slain
Perdition will not own me! [my son,

Mont. He revives.

Nature awakens reason. Hush! be still.

She stirs. Withhold him from her arms awhile;

Let all be silence, whilst disposing heaven,

That showers this joy, shall fit them to receive it.

Mat. How could you say my husband is alive?

Which of you keeps him from me? Oh! 'tis cruel!

Saint V. Uncase me of my weeds: tear of my
cowl!

Now, she'll know me; now I am Saint Valori.

(*Throws off his habit, and appears in armour.*)

Mat. Stand off! Oh! blessed light of heaven,
shine forth!

Visit my aching eyes, ye solar beams,

And let me see my hero! Ha! the cross—

He gleams—he glimmers;—like a mist he rises.

He lives! he lives! I clasp him in my arms.

My lost Saint Valori! my long-lost husband!

(*Runs into his arms.*)

Saint V. Oh! my heart's joy! do I again em-
brace thee?

Soul of all honour, constancy, and truth!

Mat. This transport is too quick, it melts my
brain;

The sky runs round; the earth is all in motion;

Nay, now it whirls too fast.

Saint V. Ye saints in bliss!

Heroic matrons! ye angelic virtues,

Protect your fair resemblance! Ha! she weeps!

Kind tears, I thank you! Nature's soft relief,

Waters, that from the soul's full fount run o'er,

To joy or grief welcome alike ye flow,

Assist our patience, and assuage our pain.

Mat. Alas! alas! that I should know thee not.

What ravages have time and sorrow made

In heav'n's most perfect work, the fairest temple

Nature e'er rear'd in majesty and grace!

Saint V. What dire calamity have we escap'd!

Now 'tis dispers'd, the mists of doubt are fled,

Truth, like the sun, breaks forth, and all is joy.

My son, my son! oh! throw my arms about him,

And let me cling for ever to his neck.

Mont. Oh! sympathetic energy of nature.

This morn a nameless orphan, now the son

Of living parents: he for virtue fam'd,

For dignity of soul, and matchless courage;

She for affection, constancy renown'd,

Inspir'd with truth, with every grace adorn'd,

A woman's fondness and an angel's faith.

Mat. Heaven bear my praises! echo them, oh!
earth:

Cherubs, that come with healing on your wings,

Waft my thanksgiving back! Bright beam of mercy,

Visit the inmost chambers of my heart;

And where grief rear'd a husband's monument

Fix now his living image: there, as time

Shook not the faithful witness from my soul,

When grief assail'd it, so in joy support me,

And guard my constancy in both extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE WAY OF THE WORLD;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.



Act IV.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

SIR WILFUL WITWOULD
FAINALL
MIRABELL

WITWOULD
PETULANT
WAITWELL

LADY WISHFORT
MRS. MILLAMANT
MRS. MARWOOD

MRS. FAINALL
FOIBLE
MINCING

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—A Chocolate-house.

MIRABLE and FAINALL, rising from cards; BETTY waiting.

Mir. You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

Fain. Have we done? [you.]

Mir. What you please. I'll play on to entertain

Fain. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

Mir. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why so reserved? Something has put thee out of humour.

Mir. Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day; and you are gay: that's all.

Fain. Confess, Millamant and you quarrelled last night, after I left you: my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

Mir. Witwould and Petulant! and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in.

Fain. Oh! there it is, then. She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason. What, then my wife was there?

Mir. Yes, and Mrs. Marwood, and three or four more, whom I never saw before: Seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another, then complained aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mir. For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful

taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose, and with a constrained smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened, and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

Fain. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mir. She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such resignation.

Fain. What! though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

Mir. I was then in such a humour, that I should have been better pleased if she'd been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns at one another's apartments; where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted, but somebody moved, that, to avoid scandal, there might be one man of the community; upon which motion Witwould and Petulant were enrolled members.

Mir. And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind; and, full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia.

Fain. The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation: had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

Mir. I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

Fain. What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

Mir. She was always civil to me, till of late; I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em every thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and though you may have cruelty enough not to answer a lady's advances, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected, and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

Mir. You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

Fain. Fie, fie! friend, if you grow censorious, I must leave you. I'll look upon the gamesters in

Mir. Who are they? [the next room.]

Fain. Petulant and Witwould. Bring me some chocolate. [Exit.]

Mir. Betty, what says your clock?

Betty. Turned of the last canonical hour, sir.

Mir. How pertinently the jade answers me! (*Aside.*) Ha! almost one o'clock! (*Looking on his watch.*) Oh! y'are come.—[Enter a Footman.]—Well; is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

Foot. Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Our's was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of despatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have failed before it came to our turn; so we drove round to Duke's-place; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mir. So, so; you are sure they are married?

Foot. Incontestibly, sir: I am witness.

Mir. Have you the certificate?

Foot. Here it is, sir.

Mir. Has the tailor brought Waitwell's clothes home, and the new liveries?

Foot. Yes, sir.

Mir. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear? bid Waitwell shake his ears, and dame Partlet rustle up her feathers, and meet me at one o'clock by Rosamond's-pond, that I may see her before she returns to her lady; and as you tender your ears, be secret. [Exit Footman.]

Enter FAINALL.

Fain. Joy of your success, Mirabell; you look pleased.

Mir. Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, Fainall, that you, who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engaged, are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

Mir. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man that is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see Witwould entertained by Millamant? [person.]

Mir. Of her understanding I am, if not of her

Fain. You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

Mir. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

Mir. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations, which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less disturbance; till in a few days, it became habitual to me, to remember them without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability, in a little time longer, I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

Mir. Say you so?

Fain. I, I, I have experience. I have a wife, and so forth. Enter Messenger.

Mess. Is one 'squire Witwould here?

Betty. Yes; what's your business?

Mess. I have a letter for him, from his brother, Sir Wilful, which I am charged to deliver into his own hands.

Betty. He's in the next room, friend. That way. [Exit Messenger.]

Mir. What, is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir Wilful Witwould?

Fain. He is expected to day. Do you know him?

Mir. I have seen him. He promises to be an extraordinary person. I think you have the honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwould by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must call cousins too. [quaintance.]

Mir. I would rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel. [above forty.]

Mir. For travel! Why, the man that I mean is

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England, that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

Mir. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstocked.

Mir. Pray are the follies of this knight-errant and those of the 'squire, his brother, anything related?

Fain. Not at all; Witwould grows by the knight like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

Mir. So, one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without being ripe at all.

Fain. Sir Wilful is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy. But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good nature, and does not always want wit.

Mir. Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks' wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality; he is not exceptious; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his picture,

you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.—[Enter WITWOULD.]

Wit. Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall; Mirabell, pity me.

Mir. I do, from my soul.

Fain. Why, what's the matter?

Wit. No letters for me, Betty?

Betty. Did not a messenger bring you one but

Wit. Ay, but no other? [now sir?

Betty. No, sir,

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard! a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden; he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

Mir. A fool, and your brother, Witwould!

Wit. Ay, ay, my half-brother, My half-brother he is, no nearer upon honour.

Mir. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

Wit. Good, good, Mirabell *le drole*! Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him. Fainall, how does your lady? 'Gad I say anything in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage; I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Wit. No man in town lives well with a wife but

Fainall. Your judgment, Mirabell?

Mir. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

Wit. Mirabell.

Mir. Ay.

Wit. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons. 'Gad! I have forgotton what I was going to say to

Mir. I thank you heartily, heartily. [you.

Wit. No, but pr'ythee, excuse me, my memory is such a memory.

Mir. Have a care of such apologies, Witwould; for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory.

Fain. What have you done with Petulant?

Wit. He's reckoning his money; my money it was. I have had no luck to-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play; for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee. Since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mir. I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwould.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates. Petulant's my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honest fellow, and has a smattering—'faith and troth! a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit; nay, I do him justice, I'm his friend, I won't wrong him. And if he had any judgment in the world, he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend. [bred.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own; no more breeding than a humbailly, that I grant you: 'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mir. What, courage?

Wit. Hum! 'faith! I don't know as to that; I can't say as to that. Yes, 'faith! in controversy, he'll contradict anybody.

Mir. Though 'twere a man who he feared, or a woman who he loved.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks; we have all our failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, 'faith! Let me excuse him; I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't; if he

were my brother, I could not acquit him; that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

Mir. Ay, marry, what's that, Witwould?

Wit. Oh, pardon me; expose the infirmities of my friend! no, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's insincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no; what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that; a wit should no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

Mir. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate?

Wit. That! that's his happiness, his want of learning gives him the more opportunity to shew

Mir. He wants words? [his natural parts.

Wit. Ay, but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to

Fain. He's impudent? [explain his meaning.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mir. What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

Wit. Truth! ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it, I mean, he never speaks truth at all, that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Is master Petulant here, mistress?

Betty. Yes. [speak with him.

Coach. Three gentlewoman in a coach would

Fain. Oh, brave Petulant! three!

Betty. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring two dishes of chocolate, and a glass of cinnamon-water. [Exit with Betty.

Wit. That should be for two fasting *bona robas* and a procuress troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are. [quaintance.

Mir. You are very free with your friend's ac-

Wit. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but, to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more, by the week, to call on him once a day at public

Mir. How! [places.

Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em, because there's no more company here to take notice of him. Why, this is nothing to what he used to do; before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself.

Fain. Call for himself! What dost thou mean?

Wit. Mean, why he would slip you out of this chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him—as soon as your back was turned, whip he was gone; then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he would send in for himself, that is, I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

Mir. I confess this is something extraordinary; I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming. Oh! I ask his pardon.

Enter PETULANT and BETTY.

Betty. Sir, the coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come. 'Sbud! a man had as good be a professed midwife, as a professed gallant, at this rate; to be knocked up, and raised at all hours, and in all places. Deuce on 'em, I won't come. D'ye hear? tell 'em I won't come. Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out. [Exit Betty.

Fain. You are very cruel, Petulant.

Pet. All's one, let it pass; I have a humour to be cruel. [you use at this rate.

Mir. I hope they are not persons of condition that

Pet. Condition! condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humour. By this hand, if they were your—

a—a—your what-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I am not in the vein.

Mir. What-d'ye-call-'ems! what are they, Witwould?

Wit. Empresses, my dear. By your what-d'ye-call-'ems he means sultanaqueens.

Pet. Ay, Roxalanas.

Mir. Cry your mercy.

Fain. Witwould says they are—

Pet. What does he say th'are?

Wit. I? fine ladies, I say.

Pet. Pass on, Witwould. Harkye, by this light, his relations; two co-heiresses, his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves intriguing better than a conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off, ha, ha, ha! 'Gad! I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my

Mir. No! [mother and my sisters.

Wit. No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear Petulant.—[Enter BETTY.]

Betty. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexions, saves paint.

Fain. This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

Mir. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, some time or other, Petulant, about that business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass; there are other

Mir. Meaning mine, sir? [throats to be cut.

Pet. Not I, I mean nobody; I know nothing; but there are uncles and nephews in the world, and they may be rivals. What then? all's one for that.

Mir. Now, harkye, Petulant, come hither; explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

Pet. Explain! I know nothing. Why, you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady Wishfort's.

Mir. True.

Pet. Why, that's enough; you and he are not friends: and if he should marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, eh! [truth?

Mir. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this

Pet. All's one for that; why, then, say I know something.

Mir. Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt, 'faith! What hast thou heard of my uncle?

Pet. I! nothing; I! If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug and am silent.

Mir. Oh! raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets; what, you're a cabalist; I know you staid at Millamant's last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle or me? tell me. If thou hadst but good-nature equal to thy wit, Petulant, Tony Witwould, who is now thy competitor in fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than Mercury is by the sun. Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common sense, then, for the future?

Mir. 'Faith! I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that it may be granted thee in the meantime.

Pet. Well, harkye! (They talk apart.)

Fain. Petulant, and you both, will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

Wit. Psha, psha! that she laughs at Petulant is plain. And for my part, but that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should—harkye! to tell you a secret, but let it go no farther—between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

Fain. How!

[certain woman.

Wit. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an un-

Fain. I thought you had died for her.

Wit. Humph! no.

Fain. She has wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow anybody else. Now, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her

Fain. Why do you think so? [as he thinks.

Wit. We staid pretty late there last night, and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town, and is between him and the best part of his estate. Whether he has seen Mrs. Millamant or not, I can't say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if it should come to life, poor Mirabell would be in some sort unfortunately fobbed, i'faith!

Fain. 'Tis impossible Millamant should hearken

Wit. 'Faith! my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman, and a kind of a humorist. [lect last night?

Mir. And this is the sum of what you could col-

Pet. The quintessence. Maybe Witwould knows more, he staid longer; besides, they never mind him; they say anything before him.

Mir. I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

Pet. Ay, tête-à-tête; but not in public, because I

Mir. You do? [make remarks.

Pet. Ay, ay; I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know; they are not in awe of him: the fellow's well-bred; he's what you call a—what-d'ye-call-em? a fine gentleman: but he's silly withal.

Mir. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the park; the ladies talk of being there.

Mir. I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother, Sir Wilful's arrival.

Wit. No, no; he comes to his aunt's, my Lady Wishfort; plague on him! I shall be troubled with him, too; what shall I do with the fool?

Pet. Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble.

Wit. Oh! rare Petulant; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us, and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough; I'm in a humour to be severe.

Mir. Are you? Pray, then, walk by yourselves. Let not us be accessory to your putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? then let 'em either shew their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

Mir. But hast not thou, then, sense enough to know that thou oughtst to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

Pet. Not I, by this hand; I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

Mir. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

Where modesty's ill-manners, 'tis but fit

That impudence and malice pass for wit. [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—St. James's Park.

Enter MRS. FAINALL and MRS. MARWOOD.

Mrs. F. Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love, (we ought to think, at least,) they loathe: they look upon us with horror and distate; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love should ever die before us; and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they

once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. F. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid, dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. F. Bless me, how have I been deceived! Why, you're a professed libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your

Mrs. F. Never. [sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. Mar. You hate mankind?

Mrs. F. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your husband? [meritoriously.

Mrs. F. Most transcendently; ay, though I say it,

Mrs. Mar. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. F. There. [been to try you.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has

Mrs. F. Is it possible? dost thou hate those vipers, men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em. [Penthesilea.

Mrs. F. There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a

Mrs. Mar. And yet, I am thinking sometimes to

Mrs. F. How? [carry my aversion farther.

Mrs. Mar. By marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. F. You would not dishonour him?

Mrs. Mar. No: but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. F. Why had you not as good do it?

Mrs. Mar. Oh! if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy. [ried to Mirabell!

Mrs. F. Ingenious mischief! would thou wert mar-

Mrs. Mar. Would I were!

Mrs. F. You change colour.

Mrs. Mar. Because I hate him.

Mrs. F. So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. Mar. I never loved him; he is, and always was, insufferably proud.

Mrs. F. By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. Mar. Oh! then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again. [sudden.

Mrs. F. Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the

Mrs. Mar. What ails you?

Mrs. F. My husband. Don't you see him? He turned short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

Enter FAINALL and MIRABELL.

Mrs. Mar. Ha, ha, ha! He comes opportunely for you. [with him.

Mrs. F. For you, for he has brought Mirabell

Fain. My dear.

Mrs. F. My soul.

Fain. You don't look well to-day, child.

Mrs. F. D'ye think so?

Mir. He's the only man that does, madam.

Mrs. F. The only man that would tell me so, at least; and the only man from whom I could bear it without mortification.

Fain. Oh! my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent anything from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. F. Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night; I could fain hear it out.

Mir. The persons concerned in that affair have yet a tolerable reputation. I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

Mrs. F. He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another, by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. Mirabell, and I dare promise you will oblige us both. [Exit with Mir.

Fain. Excellent creature! well, sure, if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable

Mrs. Mar. Ay? [man.

Fain. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! nothing remains, when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like Alexander, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Mrs. Mar. Will you not follow them?

Fain. No; I think not.

Mrs. Mar. Pray, let us; I have a reason.

Fain. You are not jealous?

Mrs. Mar. Of whom?

Fain. Of Mirabell.

Mrs. Mar. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you, that I am tender of your honour?

Fain. You would intimate, then, as if there were a particular understanding between my wife and him.

Mrs. Mar. I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

Mrs. Mar. It may be you are deceived. [hend it.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to appre-

Mrs. Mar. What? [you are false.

Fain. That I have been deceived, madam, and

Mrs. Mar. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know I see through all your little arts. Come, you both love him, and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another have made you clash till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession, reddening on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes,

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not. 'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that, by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures, and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me? [love of Mirabell.

Fain. With infidelity, with loving another, with

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? to undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant?

Mrs. Mar. My obligations to my lady urged me: I had professed a friendship to her; and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

Fain. What, was it conscience, then? Professed a friendship! Oh! the pious friendships of the female sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend, too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her through strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? and have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit? To you it should be meritorious, that I have been vicious; and do you reflect that guilt upon me, which should lie buried in your own bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false; you urged it with deliberate malice; 'twas spoken in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discovered.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discovered. You, too, shall be discovered; be sure you shall. I can but be exposed; if I do it myself, I shall prevent your

Fain. Why, what will you do? [baseness.

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your wife; own what

Fain. Frenzy! [has passed between us.

Mrs. Mar. By all my wrongs I'll do't. I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

Fain. Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestowed as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it. 'Tis true, had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconciliation: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife. And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you.

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous pretence.

Fain. Death! am I not married? what's pretence? Am I not imprisoned, fettered? have I not a wife? nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow; and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to bustle through the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you be reconciled to truth and me?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent. I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. You know I love you. [is not yet—

Mrs. Mar. Poor dissembling! Oh! that—Well, it

Fain. What? what is not yet? what is not yet? is it not yet too late? [comfort.

Mrs. Mar. No, it is not yet too late; I have that

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. Mar. But not to loathe, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

Fain. Nay, this is extravagance. Come, I ask your pardon. No tears: I was to blame—I could not love you and be easy in my doubts. Pray, forbear: I believe you; I'm convinced I've done you wrong; and any way, every way, will make amends; I'll hate my wife yet more; d— her! I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, anywhere, to another world. I'll marry thee: be pacified—'Sdeath! they come; hide your face, your tears—You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way; be persuaded. [Exeunt.

Enter MIRABELL and MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. F. They are here yet.

Mir. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. F. While I only hated my husband, I could bear to see him; but since I have despised him, he's too offensive.

Mir. Oh! you should hate with prudence.

Mrs. F. Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

Mir. You should have just so much disgust for your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

Mrs. F. You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds; and would you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

Mir. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gained a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answered to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy. [with you, Mirabell.

Mrs. F. I ought to stand in some degree of credit

Mir. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune. [your pretended uncle?

Mrs. F. Who have you instructed to represent

Mir. Waitwell, my servant.

Mrs. F. He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

Mir. Care is taken for that: she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. F. Who?

Mir. Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the Fox, stand upon terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. F. So, if my poor mother be caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her, by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

Mir. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. F. She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

Mir. That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. F. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do anything to get a husband; and when she has this which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything to get rid of him.

Mir. Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. F. Female frailty! we must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.

Mir. An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl—'tis the green sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an

Mrs. F. Here's your mistress. [affected bloom.
Enter MRS. MILLAMANT, WITWOULD, and MINCING.

Mir. Here she comes, i'faith! full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—eh! no; I cry her mercy.

Mrs. F. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

Mir. You seem to be unattended, madam. You used to have the *beau monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay, fine perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like moths about a candle. I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! I have denied myself airs to-day. I have walked as fast through the crowd—

Wit. As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

Mrs. Mill. Dear Mr. Witwould, truce with your similitudes; for I am as sick of 'em—

Wit. As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

Mrs. Mill. Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess, I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. F. But, Millamant, why were you so long?

Mrs. M. Long! Lud! have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

Wit. Madam, truce with your similitudes: no, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mir. By your leave, Witwould, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife. [it.

Wit. Hum! a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess

Mir. You were dressed before I came abroad.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, that's true. Oh! but then I had—Mincing, what had I? why was I so long?

Min. Oh! mem, your la'ship staid to peruse a packet of letters.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! ay, letters: I had letters; I am persecuted with letters; I hate letters; nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

Mrs. Mill. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwould. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think I tried once, Mincing.

Min. Oh! mem, I shall never forget it.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, poor Mincing tiffed and tiffed all the morning.

Min. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem, and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips!

Wit. Indeed, so crips?

Min. You're such a critic, Mr. Witwould.

Mrs. Mill. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night?—Oh! ay, and went away. Now I think on't I'm angry—No, now I think on't, I'm pleased; for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you?

Mrs. Mill. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mir. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! I ask your pardon for that. One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover; and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! The ugly and old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation, can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now, you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mrs. Mill. One no more owes one's beauty to a

lover, than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say; vain, empty things, if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet, to those two vain, empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mrs. Mill. How so?

Mir. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! fiction. Fainall, let us leave these

Mir. Draw off Witwould. (To Mrs. F.) [men.

Mrs. F. Immediately. I have a word or two for Mr. Witwould. [Exit with Witwould.

Mir. I would beg a little private audience, too. You had the tyranny to deny me last night; though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

Mrs. Mill. You saw I was engaged.

Mir. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable; or if they were, it should be to you a mortification; for, sure, to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mrs. Mill. I please myself: besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mir. Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools? [it, next to *asafetida*.

Mrs. Mill. Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for

Mir. You are not in a course of fools?

Mrs. Mill. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me. I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you. We sha'n't agree.

Mir. Not in our physic, it may be.

Mrs. Mill. And yet, our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I sha'n't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults, I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell—I'm resolved—I think—You may go. Ha, ha, ha! What would you give that you could help loving me?

Mir. I would give something that you did not know I could not help it. [what do you say to me?

Mrs. Mill. Come, don't look grave, then. Well,

Mir. I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

Mrs. Mill. Sententious Mirabell! Pr'ythee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child, in an old tapestry hanging.

Mir. You are merry, madam; but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mrs. Mill. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I won't laugh; don't be peevish. Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy; as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now. Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well: I see they are walking away.

Mir. Can you not find, in the variety of your disposition, one moment—

Mrs. Mill. To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot likely to speed? No.

Mir. But how came you to know it?

Mrs. Mill. Without the help of conjuration, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. [Exit with Mincing.

Mir. I have something more—Gone! Think of

you! to think of a whirlwind, though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned; and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct. Oh! here comes my pair of turtles. What, billing so sweetly! is not Valentine's day over with you yet?—[Enter WAITWELL and FOIBLE.]—Sirrah, Waitwell, why, sure, you think you were married for your own recreation, and not for my convenience.

Wait. Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have, indeed, been billing; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mir. Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

Foi. Oh la! sir, I'm so ashamed. I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did, indeed, sir.

Foi. I told my lady, as you instructed me, sir, that I had a prospect of seeing Sir Rowland, your uncle; and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to shew him; which, I'll be sure to say, has made him so enamoured of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet, and worship the original. [eloquent in love.]

Mir. Excellent Foible! Matrimony has made you

Wait. I think she has profited, sir; I think so.

Foi. You have seen Madam Millamant, sir?

Mir. Yes.

Foi. I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night. [time—(Gives money.)]

Mir. Your diligence will merit more; in the mean-

Foi. Oh! dear sir, your humble servant.

Wait. Spouse—

Mir. Stand off, sir; not a penny. Go on and prosper, Foible. The lease shall be made good, and the farm stocked, if we succeed.

Foi. I don't question your generosity, sir; and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress till I come. Oh dear! I'm sure that (looking out) was Mrs. Marwood that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'ye, Waitwell. [Exit.]

Wait. Sir Rowland, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment, she forgets herself.

Mir. Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself, and transform into Sir Rowland?

Wait. Why, sir, it will be impossible I should remember myself. [Exit Mir.] Married, knighted, and attended, all in one day! 'tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into Waitwell. Nay, I sha'n't be quite the same Waitwell neither; for now I remember, I'm married, and can't be my own again.

Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life,
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Lady Wishfort's house.

LADY WISHFORT at her toilet, PEG waiting.

Lady W. Merciful! no news of Foible yet?

Peg. No, madam.

Lady W. I have no more patience—If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear? An arrant ash colour, as I'm a person. Look you

how this wench stirs! why dost thou not fetch me a little red? didst thou not hear me, mopus?

Peg. The red ratafia, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry brandy?

Lady W. Ratafia, fool! no, fool, not the ratafia, fool! Grant me patience! I mean the Spanish paper, idiot; complexion. Darling paint, paint, paint; dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient! I cannot come at the paint, madam; Mrs. Foible has locked it up, and carried the key with her.

Lady W. Plague take you both! Fetch me the cherry-brandy, then. [Exit Peg.] I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmsick, the curate's wife, that's always breeding. Wench, come, come, wench; what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

Enter PEG, with a bottle and china cup.

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

Lady W. A cup! save thee; and what a cup hast thou brought! dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? why didst thou not bring thy thimble? hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill. So, again. (Knocking heard.) See who that is. Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table. What, wouldst thou go with the bottle in thy hand, like a tapster? [Exit Peg.] As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road before she came to me.—[Re-enter PEG.]—No Foible yet?

Peg. No, madam; Mrs. Marwood.

Lady W. Oh! Marwood! let her come in. Come in, good Marwood.—[Enter MRS. MARWOOD.]

Mrs. Mar. I'm surprised to find your ladyship in dishabille at this time of day.

Lady W. Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Mar. I saw her but now, as I came masked through the park, in conference with Mirabell.

Lady W. With Mirabell! you call my blood into my face with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which, if I'm detected, I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruined. Oh! my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected. [Foible's integrity.]

Mrs. Mar. Oh! madam, you cannot suspect Mrs.

Lady W. Oh! he carries poison in his tongue that would corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah! dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity? Hark! I hear her. Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom. You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you. There are books over the chimney: Quarles and Prynne, and the Short View of the Stage, with Bunyan's works, to entertain you. [Exit Mrs. Mar.] Go, you thing, and send her in.—[Exit Peg. Enter FOIBLE.]—Oh! Foible, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foi. Madam, I have seen the party.

Lady W. But what hast thou done?

Foi. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promised. But a man so enamoured—so transported! well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—poor Sir Rowland, I say.

Lady W. The miniature has been counted like—But hast thou not betrayed me, Foible? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell? What hadst thou to do with him in the park? answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foi. So mischief has been before-hand with me; what shall I say? (Aside.) Alas! madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the

worst, I could have borne: but he had a fling at your ladyship, too; and then I could not hold: but, i'faith! I gave him his own.

Lady W. Me! what did the filthy fellow say?

Foi. Oh! madam, 'tis a shame to say what he said: with his taunts and fleers, tossing up his nose. "Humph!" says he, "what, you are hatching some plot," says he, "you are so early abroad; or catering," says he, "ferretting for some disbanded officer, I warrant. Half-pay is but thin subsistence," says he. "Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see," says he, "what, she must come down pretty deep now she's superannuated," says he; and—

Lady W. Odds my life! I'll have him murdered. I'll have him poisoned. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer, to have him poisoned in his wine.

Foi. Poison him! poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir Rowland, and get him disinherited. Oh! you would bless yourself to hear what he said.

Lady W. A villain! superannuated!

Foi. "Humph!" says he, "I hear you are laying designs against me, too," says he, "and Mrs. Milamant is to marry my uncle;" he does not suspect a word of your ladyship; "but," says he, "I'll fit you for that, I warrant you," says he; "I'll hamper you for that," says he, "you and your old frippery, too," says he; "I'll handle you"—

Lady W. Audacious villain! handle me! would he durst! Frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouthed fellow! I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

Foi. The sooner the better, madam.

Lady W. Will Sir Rowland be here, say'st thou? when, Foible?

Foi. Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knight-hood, with that impatience in which Sir Rowland burns for the dear honour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

Lady W. Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags; a tatterdemallion. I hope to see him hung with fatters, like a Long-lane pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouthed railer: I warrant the spendthrift prodigal is in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birthday. I'll spoil his credit with his tailor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

Foi. He! I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate first, and angle into Blackfriars for brass farthings, with an old mitten.

Lady W. Ay, dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear Foible. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive Sir Rowland with any economy of face. The wretch has fretted me, that I am absolutely decayed. Look Foible.

Foi. Your ladyship has frowned a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernable in the white varnish.

Lady W. Let me see the glass. Cracks, say'st thou? why, I am arrantly flayed: I look like an old peeled wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before Sir Rowland comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

Foi. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must sit for you, madam.

Lady W. But art thou sure Sir Rowland will not fail to come? or will he not fail when he does come? will he be importunate, Foible, and push? for if he should not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forced to advance. Oh! no, I can never advance: I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy,

neither. I won't give him despair. But a little disdain is not amiss: a little scorn is alluring.

Foi. A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

Lady W. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best. You see that picture has a sort of a—eh! Foible?—a swimmingness in the eyes. Yes, I'll look so. My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be removed; I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know; I'll be surprised; I'll be taken by surprise. [man.]

Foi. By storm, madam; Sir Rowland's a brisk

Lady W. Is he? Oh! then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension. Let my things be removed, good Foible. [Exit.]

Enter MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. F. Oh! Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I should come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

Foi. Discover what, madam?

Mrs. F. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

Foi. Oh! dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell might have hindered his communicating this secret.

Mrs. F. Dear Foible, forget that.

Foi. Oh! dear madam, Mr. Mirabell is such a sweet winning gentleman—But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity. Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot choose but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success. Mrs. Marwood has told my lady; but I warrant I managed myself. I turned it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. Mirabell railed at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed, that she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to-night, she says.

Mrs. F. Oh rare Foible!

Foi. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him; besides, I believe Madam Marwood watches me; she has a *penchant*; but I know Mr. Mirabell can't abide her. John, remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me if I stay.

Mrs. F. I'll go with you up the back stairs, lest I should meet her. [Exeunt.]

Enter MRS. MARWOOD.

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why, this wench is the *pass-partout*, a very master-key to every body's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carried it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems 'tis over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite, then, but from a surfeit: else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant; to procure for him! a pattern of generosity, that I confess. Oh! man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, a driveller, with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! Madam Marwood has a *penchant*, but he can't abide her. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chemist upon the day of projection.

Enter LADY WISHFORT.

Lady W. Oh! dear Marwood, what shall I say

for this rude forgetfulness? But my dear friend is all goodness. [very well entertained.]

Mrs. Mar. No apologies, dear madam. I have been

Lady W. As I'm a person, I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself; but I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do. (*Calls.*) Foible! I expect my nephew, Sir Wilful, every moment, too.—Why, Foible!—He means to travel for improvement.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Sir Wilful should rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

Lady W. Oh! he's in less danger of being spoiled by his travels. I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquired discretion to choose for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks, Mrs. Millamant and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

Lady W. I promise you I have thought on't; and since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word, I'll propose it.—[*Enter FOIBLE.*]—Come, come, Foible. I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner. I must make haste.

Foi. Mr. Witwould and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

Lady W. Oh dear! I can't appear till I'm dressed. Dear Marwood, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em? I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me. [*Exit with Foible.*]

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT and MINCING.

Mrs. Mill. Sure, never anything was so unbred as that odious man. Marwood, your servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a colour: what's the matter?

Mrs. Mill. That horrid fellow, Petulant, has provoked me into a flame. I have broken my fan. Mincing, lend me your's. Is not all the powder out of my

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done? [hair?]

Mrs. Mill. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talked; nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted everything that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwould and he would have quarrelled. [have fit.]

Min. I vow, mem, I thought once they would

Mrs. Mill. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of choosing one's acquaintance as one does one's clothes.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, though never so good, as we are of one suit, though never so fine. A fool and a doily stuff would now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

Mrs. Mill. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but fools never wear out. They are such *drap-de-berry* things! without one could give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so, indeed. Or what think you of the play-house? A fine, gay, glossy fool should be given there, like a new masking-habit after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you would but appear barefaced now, and own Mirabell, you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwould as your hood and scarf. And, indeed, 'tis time, for the town has found it; the secret is grown too big for the pretence: indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it than my Lady Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which, in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

Mrs. Mill. I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decayed beauty, or a discarded toast. Mincing, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice. [*Exit Mincing.*] The town has found it! what has it found? That Mirabell loves me is no more a secret, than it is a secret

that you discovered it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discovered it is a secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are nettled.

Mrs. Mill. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

Mrs. Mill. Oh, silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! His constancy to me has quite destroyed his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear I never enjoined it him, to be so coy: if I had the vanity to think he would obey me, I would command him to shew more gallantry. 'Tis hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh—ha, ha, ha!—though I grant you 'tis a little barbarous. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis so much fine raillery, and delivered with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry!

Mrs. Mill. Dear creature, I ask your pardon. I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. Mirabell and you both may think a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you—

Mrs. Mill. Oh dear! what? for, 'tis the same thing, if I hear it. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! madam, why, so do I. And yet the creature loves me. Ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it? I am a sybil if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer, and within a year or two as young. If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you. But that cannot be. Well, that thought makes me melancholic. Now I'll be sad. [sooner than you think.]

Mrs. Mar. Your merry note may be changed

Mrs. Mill. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

Enter MINCING.

Min. The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

Enter PETULANT and WITWOULD.

Mrs. Mill. Is your animosity composed, gentlemen?

Wit. Raillery, raillery, madam; we have no animosity; we hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity. The falling out of wits, is like the falling out of lovers. We agree in the main, like treble and bass. Eh! Petulant? [to contradict—]

Pet. Ay, in the main. But when I have a humour

Wit. Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict, too. What! I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like Jews.

Pet. If he says black's black—if I have a humour to say 'tis blue—Let that pass; all's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Wit. Not positively must; but it may, it may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

Wit. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

Mrs. Mar. I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

Wit. Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts. [me.]

Pet. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not

Mrs. Mar. That's a sign, indeed, 'tis no enemy to you. [that have it.]

Pet. No, no; 'tis no enemy to anybody but those

Mrs. Mill. Well, an illiterate man's my aversion. I wonder at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make love.

Wit. That, I confess, I wonder at, too.

Mrs. Mill. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

Pet. Why should a man be any further from being married though he can't read, than he is from being hanged? The ordinary's paid for setting the psalm, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow, in both cases, a man may do it without book; so all's one for that.

Mrs. Mill. D'ye hear the creature? Lord! here's company! I'll be gone. *[Exit with Mincing.]*

Enter SIR WILFUL WITWOULD in a riding-dress, and Footman.

Wit. In the name of Bartholomew and his fair, what have we here? *[know him?]*

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you

Wit. Not I. Yes, I think it is he. I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the revolution.

Foot. Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the meantime.

Sir W. Dressing! What, 'tis but morning here I warrant with you in London; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in Shropshire. Why, then, belike my aunt ha'n't dined yet;

Foot. Your aunt, sir? *[eh! friend?]*

Sir W. My aunt, sir? yes, my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir. Why, what, dost thou not know me, friend? Why, then, send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, eh?

Foot. A week, sir; longer than any in the house, except my lady's woman.

Sir W. Why, then, belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou seest her; eh, friend?

Foot. Why, truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dressed. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir W. Well, pr'ythee, try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, inquire her out; dost hear, fellow? and tell her, her nephew, Sir Wilful Wit-

Foot. I shall, sir. *[would, is in the house.]*

Sir W. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: pr'ythee, who are these gallants?

Foot. Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. *[Exit.]*

Sir W. Oons! this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a' knows his own name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. Witwould, your brother is not behind-hand in forgetfulness. I fancy he has forgot you, too. *[bers first, I say.]*

Wit. I hope so. The deuce take him that remem-

Sir W. Save you, gentlemen and lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. Witwould; why won't you speak to him? And you, sir.

Wit. Petulant, speak.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem! *(Surveying him round.)*

Sir W. Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No offence, I hope, sir. *[sir.]*

Sir W. May be not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant,

Wit. Smoke the boots, the boots; Petulant, the boots. Ha, ha, ha! *[boots.]*

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the information of your

Sir W. Why, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may inquire further of my horse, sir.

Pet. Your horse, sir! your horse is an ass, sir.

Sir W. Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

Mrs. Mar. The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir. 'Slife! we shall have a quarrel betwixt a horse and an ass, before they find one another out. You must not take anything amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends here, though it may be you don't know it. If I am not mistaken, you are Sir Wilful Witwould.

Sir W. Right, lady; I am Sir Wilful Witwould, so I write myself; no offence to anybody, I hope; and nephew to the Lady Wishfort of this mansion.

Mrs. Mar. Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

Sir W. Hum! What, sure, 'tis not—yea, by'r lady, but 'tis. 'Sheart! I know not whether 'tis or no. Yea, but 'tis, by the wrekin. Brother An-

thony! what, Tony, i'faith! what, dost thou not know me? By'r lady, nor I thee, thou art so belaced, and so beperiwigged. 'Sheart! why dost not speak? art thou overjoyed? *[brother.]*

Wit. Odso! brother, is it you? your servant,

Sir W. Your servant! why, your's, sir.

Wit. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir W. 'Sheart! sir, but there is, and much offence. A plague! is this your inns-o'-court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

Wit. Why, brother Wilful of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you, 'tis not modish to know relations in town. 'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not, indeed, dear brother.

Sir W. The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart! I suspected this; by'r lady, I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write on a scrap of paper, gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this when you left off "honoured brother," and "hoping you are in good health," and so forth, to begin with a "Rat me, knight, I'm sick of a last night's debauch." You could write news before you were out of your time, when you lived with honest Pimplenose, the attorney of Furnival's-inn, you could entreat to be remembered then to your friends round the Wrekin.

Pet. 'Slife! Witwould, were you ever an attorney's clerk, of the family of the Furnivals? Ha, ha!

Wit. Ay, ay, but that was but for awhile. Not long, not long. Psha! I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that, man, to come to London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'prentice to a felt-maker in Shrewsbury; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

Sir W. 'Sheart! and better than be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have served your time; and now may set up for yourself.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to travel, sir.

Sir W. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

Pet. And the wind serve.

Sir W. Serve or not serve, I sha'n't ask licence of you, sir; nor of the weathercock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam; yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. *[at all adventures.]*

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for France

Sir W. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution, because when I make it, I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an academy in town for that, and dancing, and curious accomplishments, calculated purely for the use of grown gentlemen.

Sir W. Is there? 'tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improved. *[whale-fishing.]*

Wit. Yes, refined like a Dutch skipper from a

Enter LADY WISHFORT and FAINALL.

Lady W. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir W. Aunt, your servant.

Fain. Sir Wilful, your most faithful servant.

Sir W. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

Lady W. Cousin Witwould, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant. Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink anything after your journey, nephew, before you eat? dinner's almost ready.

Sir W. I'm very well, I thank you, aunt; however, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart! I was afraid you would have been in the fashion,

too, and have remembered to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony; belike I mayn't call him brother, for fear of offence.

Lady W. Oh! he's a railer, nephew; my cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to choose. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better. (*Fainall and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.*)

Sir W. Why, then, let him hold his tongue in the meantime, and rail when that day comes.

Enter MINCING.

Min. Mem, I am come to acquaint your la'ship that dinner is impatient.

Sir W. Impatient! why, then, belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweetheart, can you help me to a pair of slippers? My man's with his horses I warrant.

Lady W. Fie, fie! nephew, you would not pull off your boots here; go down into the hall; dinner shall stay for you. [*Exeunt Mincing and Sir W.*] My nephew's a little unbred; you'll pardon him, madam. Gentlemen, will you walk? Marwood?

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, madam, before Sir Wilful is ready. [*Exeunt Lady W., Pet., and Wit.*]

Fain. Why, then, Foible's a procuress; an errant, rank, match-making procuress. And I, it seems, am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife, all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, out-jilted, out-matrimonied, and be outstripped by my wife; 'tis scurvy wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off: you have often wished for an opportunity to part; and now you have it. But first prevent their plot; the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to Mirabell.

Fain. Ay, that had been mine, had you not made that fond discovery; that had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my dishonour by that increase of fortune. I could have worn 'em tipped with gold.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The means, the means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her. My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece and fortune, and all, at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. This has an appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between Millamant and Sir Wilful; that may be an obstacle.

Fain. Oh! for that matter, leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that; he will drink like a Dane: after dinner, I'll set his hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

Fain. Why, 'faith! I'm thinking of it. Let me see: I am married already; so that's over: my wife has played the jade with me; well, that's over, too: I never loved her, or if I had, why, that would have been over, too, by this time: jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her, I am and shall be—no, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation: as to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question. [*nourable.*]

Mrs. Mar. Besides, you forget, marriage is ho-

Fain. Hum! 'faith! and that's well thought on. Marriage is honourable, as you say.—So, so! well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a letter which shall be delivered to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand; for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have Foible provoked if I could help it, because, you know, she knows some passages—nay, I expect all will come out; but let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I be discovered.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst, I'll turn my wife to grass: I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinced that I hate Mirabell now; you'll be no more jealous.

Fain. Jealous! no, by this kiss. Let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: or, if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

All husbands must or pain or shame endure;

The wise too jealous are, fools too secure. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter LADY WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

Lady W. Is Sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, Foible? and are things in order?

Foi. Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postillion to fill up the equipage.

Lady W. Have you pulvilled the coachman and postillion, that they may not stink of the stable, when

Foi. Yes, madam. [*Sir Rowland comes by?*]

Lady W. And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertained in all points with correspondence to his passion?

Foi. All is ready, madam.

Lady W. And—well, and how do I look, Foible?

Foi. Most killing well, madam.

Lady W. Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him—no, that will be too sudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room. There's a couch—yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way; yes, and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—yes—oh! nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion: it shews the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark!

Foi. 'Tis he, madam. [*there's a coach.*]

Lady W. Oh dear! has my nephew made his addresses to Millamant? [*the parlour.*]

Foi. Sir Wilful is set in to drinking, madam, in

Lady W. Ods my life! I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go; when they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland. [*Exit.*]

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT and MRS. FAINALL.

Foi. Madam, I staid here to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half-hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir Wilful together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

Mrs. Mill. No. What would the dear man have?

I am thoughtful, and would amuse myself. Bid him come another time. (*Repeating.*)

There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.

Mrs. F. You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

Mrs. Mill. He? ay, and filthy verses, so I am.

Foi. Sir Wilful is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

Mrs. Mill. Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away, or send him hither, just as you will, dear Foible. I think I'll see him: shall I? ay, let the wretch come. (*Repeating.*)

Thyrsis a youth of the inspired train,---

Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilful; thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool; thou art married, and hast patience; I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. F. I am obliged to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.—[*Enter SIR WILFUL WITWOULD.*]
Oh! Sir Wilful, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress, up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

Sir W. Yes, my aunt will have it so: I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted; but I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is, upon further acquaintance. (*Millamant walks about repeating to herself.*) So, for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave. If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company. [be daunted.]

Mrs. F. Oh fie! Sir Wilful, what, you must not

Sir W. Daunted! no, that's not it, it is not so much for that; for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all: your servant.

Mrs. F. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door. [*Exit with Foible.*]

Sir W. Nay, nay, cousin, I have forgot my gloves. What d'ye do? 'Sheart! a'has locked the door, indeed, I think; nay, cousin Fainall, open the door; psha! what a vixen trick is this! Nay, now a'has seen me, too. Cousin, I made bold to pass through as it were—I think this door's enchanted.

Mrs. Mill. (*Repeating.*)

I pr'ythee spare me, gentle boy,
Press me no more for that slight toy.

Sir W. Anan? cousin, your servant.

Mrs. Mill. (*Repeating.*)

That foolish trifle of a heart—

Sir Wilful! [cousin?]

Sir W. Yes; your servant. No offence, I hope,

Mrs. Mill. (*Repeating.*)

I swear it will not do its part,
Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.

Natural, easy Suckling!

Sir W. Anan? Suckling! No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank heaven, I'm no minor.

Mrs. Mill. Ah! rustic, ruder than Gothio.

Sir W. Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin; in the meanwhile, I must answer in plain English. [Wilful?]

Mrs. Mill. Have you any business with me, Sir

Sir W. Not at present, cousin. Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening; if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a

Mrs. Mill. A walk? what then? [walk with you.]

Sir W. Nay, nothing; only for the walk's sake, that's all.

Mrs. Mill. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country, and everything that relates to it.

Sir W. Indeed! ha! lookye, lookye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may: here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confessed, indeed.

Mrs. Mill. Ah, l'étourdie! I hate the town, too.

Sir W. Dear heart! that's much—ha! that you should hate 'em both! ha! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country, 'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

Mrs. Mill. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may. You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir W. Not at present, cousin. 'Tis like, when I have an opportunity to be more private I may break my mind in some measure. I conjecture you partly guess; however, that's as time shall try: but, "spare to speak and spare to speed," as they say.

Mrs. Mill. If it be of no great importance, Sir Wilful, you will oblige me by leaving me. I have just now a little business.

Sir W. Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all a case; when you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that. Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say. Cousin, your servant. I think this door's locked.

Mrs. Mill. You may go this way, sir.

Sir W. Your servant: then, with your leave, I'll return to my company. [Exit.]

Mrs. Mill. Ay, ay! Ha, ha, ha! (*Repeating.*)

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

Enter MIRABELL.

Mir. (*Repeating.*)

Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

Do you lock yourself up from me to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

Mrs. Mill. Vanity! No, I'll fly and be followed to the last moment; though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mir. What, after the last?

Mrs. Mill. Oh! I should think I were poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to inglorious ease; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mir. But do not you know, that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mrs. Mill. It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh! I hate a lover, that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mir. Would you have 'em both before marriage? or will you be contented with only the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

Mrs. Mill. Ah! don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you, then, adieu? Ay, adieu, my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu! I can't do't; 'tis more than impossible: positively, Mirabell, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please. [I please.]

Mir. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as

Mrs. Mill. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will; and, d'ye hear? I won't be called names after I'm married: positively, I won't be called names.

Mir. Names!

Mrs. Mill. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar; I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss

before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go in public together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mir. Have you any more conditions to offer? hitherto, your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Mill. Trifles, as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mir. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions, that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mill. You have free leave; propose your utmost; speak, and spare not.

Mir. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask; then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out; and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

Mrs. Mill. Detestable *imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

Mir. Item, I article that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night made of oil'd skins, and I know not what—hog's-bones, hare's-gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in What-d'ye-call-it court. Item, I shut my doors against all procuresses with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, China, fans, &c. Item, when you shall be breeding—

Mrs. Mill. Ah! name it not.

Mir. I denounce against all straight lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk, such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth; but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all anniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes-waters, together with ratafia, and the most

noble spirit of clary. But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! horrid provisos; filthy strong waters. I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

Mir. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

Enter MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. Mill. Fainall, what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him. [you do?

Mrs. F. Ay, ay, take him, take him; what should

Mrs. M. Well then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright—Fainall, I shall never say it—well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. F. Fie, fie! have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms; for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mrs. Mill. Are you? I think I have, and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—here, kiss my hand though—so hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. F. Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience; you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and, in my conscience, if she should see you, would fall into fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to Sir Rowland, who, as Foible tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back-stairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, go, go. In the meantime, I'll suppose you have said something to please me.

Mir. I am all obedience. [Exit.

Mrs. F. Yonder's Sir Wilful, drunk; and so noisy, that my mother has been forced to leave Sir Rowland to appease him, but he answers her only with singing and drinking; what they may have done by this time I know not, but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Mrs. Mill. Well, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. F. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you. If you doubt him, you had better take up with Sir Wilful.

Mrs. Mill. How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

Enter WITWOULD.

Mrs. F. So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Wit. Left 'em? I could stay no longer; I have laugh'd like ten christenings—I am tipsy with laughing—yes, yes, the fray is composed; my lady came in and stopt the proceedings.

Mrs. Mill. What was the dispute?

Wit. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputtering at one another, like two roasting apples.—[Enter PETULANT, drunk.]—Now, Petulant, all's over, all's well; 'gad! my head begins to whim it about; why dost thou not speak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

Pet. Look you, Mrs. Millamant, if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off, that's all.

Wit. Thou hast uttered volumes, folios, in less than *decimo sexto*, my dear Lacedemonian. Sirrah, Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words.

Pet. Witwould, you are an annihilator of sense.

Wit. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pin-cushions; thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and Baldwin yonder, thy half-brother, is

the rest; a *gemini* of asses split, would make just four of you.

Mrs. Mill. What was the quarrel?

Pet. There was no quarrel; there might have been a quarrel.

Wit. If there had been words enow between 'em to have expressed provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

Pet. You were the quarrel.

Mrs. Mill. Me!

Pet. If I have the humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises; if you are not handsome, what then, if I have humour to prove it? If I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself. I'll go sleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thyself up like a wood-louse, and dream revenge; and hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge; I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your mistress's monkey a spider; go slay dogs, and read romances: I'll go to bed to my maid. [Exit.

Mrs. F. He's horridly drunk. How came you all in this pickle?

Wit. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight. Your husband's advice; but he sneaked off.

Enter SIR WILFUL WITWOULD, drunk, and LADY WISHFORT.

Lady W. Out upon't, out upon't! At years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

Sir W. No offence, aunt.

Lady W. Offence! as I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you—fogh! how you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio? you're an absolute Borachio.

Sir W. Borachio!

Lady W. At a time when you should commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost—

Sir W. 'Sheart! an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill; give me more drink, and take my purse. (Sings.)

Pr'ythee, fill me the glass
Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin, say the word, and I'll do't. Wilful will do't, that's the word; Wilful will do't, that's my crest; my motto I have forgotten.

Lady W. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin; but 'tis with drinking your health. O my word, you are obliged to him—

Sir W. *In vino veritas*, aunt. If I drunk your health to-day, cousin, I am a Borachio. But if you have a mind to be married, say the word, and send for the piper: Wilful will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round.—Tony, ods-heart! where's Tony? Tony's an honest fellow; but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault. (Sings.)

We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, boys.
Put the glass, then, around with the sun, boys.
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk every night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker; he has a cellar at your Antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your Antipodes. Your Antipodes are a good, rascally sort of topsy-turvy fellows: if I had a bumper, I'd stand upon my head, and drink a health to 'em. A match or no match, cousin with the hard name? Aunt, Wilful will do't.

Mrs. Mill. Your pardon, madam; I can stay no longer: Sir Wilful grows very powerful. I shall be overcome, if I stay. Come, cousin.

[Exit Mrs. Mill. and Mrs. F.]

Lady W. He would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature! I know not what to do with him. Travel, quotha! ay, travel, travel! get thee gone, get thee gone! get thee but far

enough—to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks; for thou art not fit to live in a Christian commonwealth, thou beastly pagan!

Sir W. Turks! no; no Turks, aunt: your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Mussulman is a dry stinkard. No offence, aunt. My map says that your Turk is not so honest a man as your Christian. I cannot find by the map that your Mufti is orthodox; whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and (hiccup) Greek for claret. (Sings.)

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian;
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee;
But let British lads sing,
Crown a health to the king,
And a fig for your sultan and Sophi.

Enter FOIBLE, and whispers LADY WISHFORT.
Eh, Tony!

Lady W. Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbrel? Go, lie down, and sleep, you sot; or, as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinadoed with broomsticks. Call up the wenches with broomsticks.

Sir W. Ahey! wenches, where are the wenches?

Lady W. Dear cousin Witwould get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation: you will oblige me to all futurity.

Wit. Come, knight—plague on him, I don't know what to say to him—Will you go to a cock-match?

Sir W. With a wench, Tony?

Wit. Horrible! he has a breath like a bagpipe.—Ay, ay; come, will you march, my Salopian?

Sir W. Lead on, little Tony; I'll follow thee, my Anthony, my Tanthony. Sirrah, thou shalt be my Tanthony, and I'll be thy pig—"And a fig for your sultan and Sophi." [Exit with Wit. and Foi.

Lady W. This will never do. It will never make a match; at least, before he has been abroad.

Enter WAITWELL, disguised as Sir Rowland.

Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness. I have more pardons to ask than the pope distributes in the year of jubilee: but I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance, we may unbend the severity of decorum, and dispense with a little ceremony.

Wait. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalized on the rack, and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

Lady W. You have excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing vehemence—But a day or two, for decency of marriage.

Wait. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart; or, if that should fail, I shall be poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs, and poison me; and I would willingly starve him before I die: I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction. That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

Lady W. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge. Not that I respect myself, though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

Lady W. Oh! Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet; the tears that he has felt; the trances and tremblings; the ardours and the ecstasies; the kneelings and the risings; the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings; the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes; oh! no memory can register. [He dies!

Wait. What, my rival! Is the rebel my rival?

Lady W. No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland; starve him gradually, inch by inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be bare-foot; in a month, out at knees with begging an alms. He shall starve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out like a candle's end upon a saveall.

Lady W. Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way; you are no novice in the labyrinth of love; you have the clue. But as I'm a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence. I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of

Wait. Far be it from me. [nuptials.]

Lady W. If you do, I protest I must recede, or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums; but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

Wait. I esteem it so.

Lady W. Or else you wrong my condescension.

Wait. I do not, I do not.

Lady W. Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair shrine of virtue!

Lady W. If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient—

Wait. Dear madam, no. You are all camphire and frankincense; all chastity and odour.

Lady W. Or that—[Enter FOIBLE.]

Foi. Madam, the dancers are ready; and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

Lady W. Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly. [Exit.]

Wait. Fie, fie! What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any cordial? I want spirits.

Foi. What a washy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a lady!

Wait. Oh! she is the antidote to desire. By this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days, than act Sir Rowland till this time to-morrow.

Enter LADY WISHFORT, with a letter.

Lady W. Call in the dancers. Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. (A dance.) Now, with your permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my letter: I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy, I would burn it. Speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

Foi. By heaven! Mrs. Marwood's. I know it. My heart aches—Get it from her. (To *Wait.*)

Wait. A woman's hand? No, madam; that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must be cut.

Lady W. Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return, by a frank communication. You shall see it; we'll open it together. Look you here. (Reads.)—"Madam, though unknown to you—(Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know)—I have that honour for your character, that I think myself obliged to let you know that you are abused. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland, is a cheat and a rascal"—Oh, heavens! what's this?

Foi. Unfortunate, all's ruined!

Wait. How, how! let me see, let me see!—(Reads.)—"A rascal and disguised, and suborned for that imposture."—Oh, villany! oh, villany!—"By the contrivance of"—

Lady W. I shall faint, I shall die—oh!

Foi. Say 'tis your nephew's hand. Quickly, his plot—swear it, swear it! (Apart.)

Wait. Here's a villain, madam! Don't you perceive it, don't you see it? [much.]

Lady W. Too well, too well! I have seen too

Wait. I told you at first I knew the hand. A woman's hand! The rascal writes a sort of a large hand; a Roman hand. I saw there was a throat to

be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him.

Foi. Oh, treachery!—But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

Wait. Sure! Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character.

Lady W. How!

Foi. Oh! what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! this was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguised to Madam Milamant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hidden his face.

Lady W. How, how! I heard the villain was in the house, indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when Sir Wilful was to have made his addresses.

Foi. Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship, to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

Wait. Enough; his date is short.

Foi. No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

Wait. Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause. My lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, though it cost me my life.

Lady W. No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight. If you should be killed I must never shew my face; or hanged—Oh! consider my reputation, Sir Rowland—No, you sha'n't fight. I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir Rowland, by all your love, not to fight.

Wait. I am charmed, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you; I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

Lady W. Ay, dear Sir Rowland, that will be some comfort—Bring the black box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a contract to be signed this night? May I hope so far?

Lady W. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. Oh! this is a happy discovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come; and married we will be in spite of treachery. Come, my buxom widow:

Ere long, you shall substantial proof receive
That I'm an arrant knight.

Foi. Or arrant knave.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—The same.

LADY WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

Lady W. Out of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have fostered! thou bosom traitress, that I raised from nothing! Begone, begone, begone, go, go! That I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chaffing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage—go, go, starve again, do, do!

Foi. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

Lady W. Away, out, out! go set up for yourself again! do, drive a trade, do, with your three-pennyworth of small ware, flaunting upon a pack-thread, under a brandy-seller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old frisoner-gorget, with a yard of yellow colberteen, do; an old gnawed mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade. These were your commodities, you treacherous trull! this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgotten this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

Foi. No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me; have but a moment's patience, I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduced me; I am not the first that he has

wheedled with his dissembling tongue: your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? Oh! madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage; or else the wealth of the Indies should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

Lady W. No damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a cast-serving man? No damage! Oh! thou frontless impudence!

Foi. Pray, do but hear me, madam! He could not marry your ladyship, madam; no, indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. Yes, indeed, I inquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

Lady W. What then, I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems, while you were catering for Mirabell, I have been broker for you? This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between Abigails and Andrews! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander. I'll Duke's-place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already: you shall coo in the same cage, if there be a constable or warrant in the parish. *[Exit.]*

Foi. Oh! that ever I was born! Oh! that I was ever married! A bride, ay, I shall be a Bridewell bride, oh!

Enter MRS. FAINALL.

Mrs. F. Poor Foible, what's the matter?

Foi. Oh! madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell to beat hemp. Poor Waitwell's gone to prison already.

Mrs. F. Have a good heart, Foible; Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's and my husband's doing.

Foi. Yes, yes, I know it, madam; she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady; and that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot to arrest Waitwell, when he pretended to go for the papers; and, in the meantime, Mrs. Marwood declared all to my lady.

Mrs. T. Was there no mention made of me in the letter? My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy; I fancy Marwood has not told her, though she has told my husband.

Foi. Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part: we stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship, then?

Mrs. F. Ay, all's out; my affair with Mirabell, everything discovered. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort.

Foi. Indeed, madam, and so 'tis a comfort if you knew all: he has been even with your ladyship; which I could have told you long enough since; but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will: I had rather bring friends together, than set them at a distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. F. Say'st thou so, Foible? Canst thou prove this?

Foi. I can take my oath of it, madam; so can Mrs. Mincing. We have had many a fair word from Madam Marwood, to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when we were at Hyde-park; and we were thought to have gone a walking: but we went up unawares—though we were sworn to secrecy, too; Madam Marwood took a book, and swore us both upon it; but it was but a book of poems. So long as it was not a Bible oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. F. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish.—Now, Mincing.

Enter MINCING.

Min. My lady would speak with Mrs. Foible, mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, till my old lady's anger is abated. Oh! my old lady is in a perilous passion at something Mr. Fainall has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, now that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorced.

Mrs. F. Does your lady or Mirabell know that?

Min. Yes, mem, they have sent me to see if Sir Wilful be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pounds. Oh! come, Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. F. Foible, you must tell Mincing, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foi. Yes, yes, madam.

Min. Oh! yes, mem, I'll vouch anything for your ladyship's service, be what it will. *[Exit with Foi.]*

Enter LADY WISHFORT and MRS. MARWOOD.

Lady W. Oh! my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor Sir Rowland; and now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes, and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves, and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us first despatch the affair in hand, madam; we shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

Lady W. Oh! daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh? and, as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue?

Mrs. F. I don't understand your ladyship.

Lady W. Not understand! Why, have you not been naught? have you not been sophisticated? Not understand? here I am ruined to compound for your caprices; I must part with my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough—

Mrs. F. I am wronged and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation; as false as your friend there; ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. Mar. My friend, Mrs. Fainall? your husband my friend! What do you mean?

Mrs. F. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world, at a time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence—But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concerned.

Lady W. Oh! dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns; you ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature! she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish. Oh! don't leave me destitute in this perplexity; no, stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. F. I tell you, madam, you're abused.—Stick to you! ay, like a leach, to suck your best blood: she'll drop off, when she's full. Madam,

you sha'n't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. Let 'em prove their aspersions; I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial. *[Exit.]*

Lady W. Why, if she should be innocent; if she should be wronged after all, eh? I don't know what to think; and I promise you, her education has been very unexceptionable; I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men; ay, friend, she would ha' shrieked if she had but seen a man, till she was in her teens. As I'm a person, 'tis true. She was never suffered to play with a male child, though but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the feminine gender. Oh! she never looked a man in the face, but her own father, or the chaplain; and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments and his sleek face, till she was going in her fifteen.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

Lady W. I warrant you, or she would never have borne to be catechized by him, and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing, and such debaucheries, and going to filthy plays, and profane music-meetings. Oh! she would have swooned at the sight or name of an obscene play-book: and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? and thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. Oh! dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it!

Mrs. Mar. Prove it, madam! what, and have your name prostituted in a public court; yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers! to be ushered in with an O-yes of scandal; and have your case opened by an old fumbler, in a coif like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record; not even in Domesday-book; to discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin.

Lady W. Oh! 'tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And, then, to have my young revelers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

Lady W. Worse and worse!

Mrs. Mar. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here, 'twere well. But it must after this be consigned by the short-hand writers to the public press, and from thence be transferred to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's; and this you must hear till you are stunned; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

Lady W. Oh! 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear friend; make it up, make it up! ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all; anything, everything, for composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniences which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall; if he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

Enter FAINALL.

Lady W. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood: no, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, madam, I have suffered myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady, your friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life, on condition you oblige

yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

Lady W. Never to marry!

Fain. No more Sir Rowlands; the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

Lady W. Ay, that's true.

Fain. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

Lady W. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

Fain. I learned it from his czarish majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practised in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endowed, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pounds, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession, and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased husband, Sir Jonathan Wishfort) by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offered match with Sir Wilful Witwould, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

Lady W. My nephew was *non compos*, and could not make his addresses.

Fain. I come to make demands; I'll hear no objections.

Lady W. You will grant me time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected, which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed; in the meanwhile, I will go for the said instrument, and, till my return, you may balance this matter in your own discretion. *[Exit.]*

Lady W. This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel. Must I be subject to this merciless villain?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis severe, indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's failings.

Lady W. 'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian; but she would have him, though her year was not out. Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is matched now with a witness: I shall be mad, dear friend. Is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate? Here come two more of my Egyptian plagues, too.

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT and SIR WILFUL.

Sir W. Aunt, your servant.

Lady W. Out, caterpillar! call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir W. I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt; and if I did, I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broken anything, I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound; and so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you, I'm willing to marry my cousin: so, pray, let's all be friends; she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

Lady W. How's this, dear niece? Have I any comfort? Can this be true?

Mrs. Mill. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no

hand in the plot, as you were misinformed, I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of knighthood; and for the contract that passed between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence: he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

Lady W. Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor: I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him, I fear I shall turn to stone, and petrify incessantly.

Mrs. Mill. If you disoblige him, he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady W. Are you sure it will be the last time? If I were sure of that—Shall I never see him again?

Mrs. Mill. Sir Wilful, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir W. 'Sheart! the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt; let him come in: why we are sworn brothers, and fellow-travellers. We are to be Py-lades and Orestes, he and I; he is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over seas once already; and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company. 'Sheart! I'll call him in; an I set on't once, he shall come in, and see who'll hinder him. (*Goes to the door, and hems.*)

Mrs. Mar. This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

Lady W. Oh! dear Marwood, you are not going?

Mrs. Mar. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*]

Enter MIRABELL.

Sir W. Look up, man, I'll stand by you. 'Sbud! an she do frown, she can't kill you; besides, hark-ye! she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own: 'sheart! and she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

Mir. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offered to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy. Ah! madam, there was a time, but let it be forgotten; I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet! nay, kill me not, by turning from me in disdain, I come not to plead for favour; nay, not for pardon; I am a suppliant only for pity; I am going where I never shall behold you more. [*yourself, then.*]

Sir W. How, fellow-traveller! you shall go by

Mir. Let me be pitied first, and afterwards forgotten: I ask no more.

Sir W. By'r lady, a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt. Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt; why you must, an you are a Christian.

Mir. Consider, madam, in reality, you could not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device, though I confess it had a face of guiltiness; it was at most, an artifice which love contrived; and errors which love produces, have ever been accounted venial. At least, think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear; that to your cruel indignation I have offered up this beauty, and with her, my peace and quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir W. An he does not move me, would I may never be o'the quorum. An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again, I would I might never take shipping. Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no further than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry; one doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis dissolved.

Lady W. Well, nephew, upon your account—Ah! he has a false, insinuating tongue. Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment, at my nephew's request; I will endeavour what I can to forget, but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

Mir. It is in writing, and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

Lady W. Oh! he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue. When I did not see him, I could have bribed a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smothered in my breast. (*Aside.*)

Enter FAINALL and MRS. MARWOOD.

Fain. Your debate of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument, are you prepared to sign?

Lady W. If I were prepared, I am not empowered. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having matched herself, by my direction, to Sir Wilful.

Fain. That sham is too gross to pass on me; though 'tis imposed on you, madam.

Mrs. Mill. Sir, I have given my consent.

Mir. And, sir, I have resigned my pretensions.

Sir W. And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart! an you talk of an instrument, sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, sir: it shall not be sufficient for a mittimus, or a tailor's measure; therefore, withdraw your instrument, or by'r lady, I shall draw mine.

Lady W. Hold, nephew, hold!

Mrs. Mill. Good Sir Wilful, respite your valour.

Fain. Indeed! Are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I am prepared for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use, as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant. I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilful, your right. You may draw your fox, if you please, sir, and make a bear-garden flourish somewhere else; for here it will not avail. This, my Lady Wishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turned adrift, to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

Lady W. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence to my daughter's fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

Mir. But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else, perhaps, I could advise.

Lady W. Oh! what, what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to anything to come, to be delivered from this tyranny.

Mir. Ay, madam; but that is too late; my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services? but be it as it may, I am resolved I'll serve you; you shall not be wronged in this savage manner.

Lady W. How, dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible. Hark-ye! I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

Mir. Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

Lady W. Ay, ay; anybody, anybody!

Mir. Foible is one, and a penitent.

Enter MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE, and MINCING.

Mrs. Mar. Oh! my shame! (*Mirabell and Lady W. go to Mrs. F. and Foible.*) these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. (*To Fainall.*)

Fain. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it; 'tis but the way of the world: that shall not urge me to relinquish one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more. [of it.]

Foi. Yes, indeed, madam, I'll take my Bible oath

Min. And so will I, mem.

Lady W. Oh! Marwood, Marwood, art thou false? My friend deceive me! Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

Min. Mercenary, mem! I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalina's poems. Mercenary! no, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant thing. Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. Mirabell's expedient? I'll be put off no longer; you, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this.

Mrs. F. I despise you, and defy your malice; you have aspersed me wrongfully. I have proved your falsehood: go, you and your treacherous—I will not blame it, but starve together; perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear; madam, I'll be fooled no longer.

Lady W. Ah! Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

Mir. Oh! in good time. Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

Enter WAITWELL, with a box of writings.

Lady W. Oh! Sir Rowland—Well, rascal.

Wait. What your ladyship pleases. I have brought the black box at last, madam. [promise.]

Mir. Give it me, madam; you remember your

Lady W. Ay, dear sir.

Mir. Where are the gentlemen?

Wait. At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes; just risen from sleep.

Fain. 'Sdeath! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

Enter PETULANT and WITWOULD.

Pet. How now, what's the matter? whose hand's out?

Wit. Heyday! what, are you all together, like players at the end of the last act?

Mir. You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment. [set his mark.]

Wit. Ay, I do, my hand I remember; Petulant

Mir. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear. You do not remember, gentlemen, anything of what that parchment contained. (*Undoing the box.*)

Wit. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing. [promise.]

Mir. Very well, now you shall know. Madam, your

Lady W. Ay, ay, sir, upon my honour.

Mir. Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had, by your insinuations, wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

Fain. Sir, pretended!

Mir. Yes, sir; I say, that this lady, while a widow, having it seems received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which, from her own partial opinion and fondness of you, she could never have suspected; she did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends, and of sages learned in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mentioned. You may read if you please,

(*holding out the parchment*) though, perhaps, what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

Fain. Very likely, sir. What's here? D—n! (*Reads.*) "*A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust to Edward Mirabell.*" Confusion!

Mir. Even so, sir; 'tis the way of the world, sir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtained from your lady.

Fain. Perfidious fiend! then thus I'll be revenged. (*Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.*)

Sir W. Hold, sir; now you may make your bear-garden flourish somewhere else, sir.

Fain. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, sir; be sure you shall. Let me pass, oaf! [Exit.]

Mrs. F. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment: you had better give it vent.

Mrs. Mar. Yes, it shall have vent, and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt. [Exit.]

Lady W. Oh! daughter, daughter; 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. F. Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

Lady W. Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise, and I must perform mine. First, I pardon, for your sake, Sir Rowland there and Foible; the next thing is to break the matter to my nephew, and how to do that—

Mir. For that, madam, give yourself no trouble. Let me have your consent; Sir Wilful is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action for our service, and now designs to prosecute his travels.

Sir W. 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another. My resolution is to see foreign parts; I have set on't; and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel, too, I think they may be spared.

Pet. For my part, I say little; I think things are best, off or on.

Wait. Egad! I understand nothing of the matter; I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing-school.

Lady W. Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

Mrs. Mill. Why does not that man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

Mir. Ay, and over and over again. (*Kisses her hand.*) I would have you as often as I possibly can. Well, heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir W. 'Sheart! you'll have time enough to toy after you're married; or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the meantime; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment, besides looking on.

Mir. With all my heart, dear Sir Wilful. What shall we do for music?

Foi. Oh! sir, some that were provided for Sir Rowland's entertainment are within call. (*A dance.*)

Lady W. As I'm a person, I can hold out no longer; I have wasted my spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

Mir. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge, his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union; in the meantime, madam, (*to Mrs. Fainall*) let me before these witnesses, restore to you this deed of trust; it may be a means, well managed, to make you live easily together.

From hence, let those be warn'd, who mean to wed,
Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:

For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.

[Exeunt.]

THE PANEL;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS;

ALTERED FROM BICKERSTAFF'S COMEDY OF "TIS WELL IT'S NO WORSE,"

BY J. P. KEMBLE.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA
DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL
DON PEDRO PACHECO
DON FERDINAND

LAZARILLO
MUSKATO
OCTAVIO
SERVANTS

MARCELLA
BEATRICE
AURORA
LEONARDA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Aurora's house.

Enter AURORA, followed by LEONARDA.

Aur. Undone, ruined and undone, past redemption!

Leon. Well, madam, I can't help applauding my own sagacity, for I always thought your writing to Don Carlos would come to no good.

Aur. And why did you not say so, pray? I'm sure it was chiefly by your advice I did it.

Leon. Do you think, ma'am, Don Carlos will be here to-night?

Aur. I expected him last night, you know, and shall expect every moment till I hear farther from him.

Leon. And, bless us all, what do you intend to do?

Aur. Softly, here is my brother.

Enter DON PEDRO PACHECO, who throws himself into a chair.

Leon. (*Apart to Aurora.*) Mercy on us, how cross he looks!

Don P. Leonarda, leave the room.

Leon. (*Aside.*) With all my heart; I am very glad to be out of the way. [*Exit.*]

Don P. You know, sister, when our father died, a very considerable succession devolved to me: however, being then with my regiment at Naples, I did not come to take possession, but left everything to your care and management.

Aur. I hope, sir, you have had no reason to repent—

Don P. Pray, hear me out. A particular friend writ me word, that in the month of April last, you left your lodgings, with Don Alonzo de Ribbera; and that while you were walking together on the Prado, another cavalier came up, charged him sword in hand, and killed him on the spot. In a word, it is this intelligence that has brought me here to Madrid.

Enter LEONARDA.

Leon. Don Ferdinand, sir, the nephew of Don Guzman, is below, and desires to be admitted to you.

Don P. Don Ferdinand! Shew him up.

Leon. (*Calling at the door.*) Shew the gentleman up, Lopez.

Don P. Sister, retire into the next room for a few minutes; and I desire that what has just now passed between us, may go no farther to any one.

Leon. (*Apart to Aurora.*) Well, ma'am, what was it he had to tell you?

Aur. (*Apart to Leon.*) Oh! Leonarda, he knows all.

Leon. (*Apart.*) What, ma'am, does he know the history of the wainscot?

Aur. (*Apart.*) Hush! not that, thank heaven; but everything else. [*Exit with Leon.*]

Enter DON FERDINAND.

Don F. Don Pedro, I rejoice to find you.

Don P. Your air speaks a mind in agitation; what's the matter?

Don F. Don Carlos is at this moment in Madrid.

Don P. You are positive you saw Don Carlos?

Don F. I am as positive it was him as that I this moment see you. Now, as I am shortly to be married to my cousin, it is highly incumbent upon me to render myself acceptable to my uncle; and, I am certain I can do nothing more likely to please him, than taking vengeance on the man who killed his son. I, therefore, expect that you will lend me your assistance upon so interesting an occasion, and accompany me to the place where the servant is ready to lead us.

Don P. I will most willingly do what you desire. Lopez, my sword; tell my sister, I shall be in again presently. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURORA and LEONARDA.

Aur. Oh! too sure, too sure he is come; and they are gone to destroy him.

Leon. (*A bell rings.*) Hist, ma'am, hist!

Aur. What ails you?

Leon. Hark!

Aur. How now!

Leon. (*Bell rings again.*) As I hope to be saved, I heard the little bell ring below; he's come here, and is now at the garden-door.

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL and MUSKATO.

Don C. Beautiful Aurora!

Aur. You cannot think how rejoiced I am to see you at this moment: yet, I fear, the asylum I have to offer you will not prove so much to our wishes as my letters to Portugal made you hope; for my brother arrived here from Italy, yesterday.

Don C. Your brother!

Aur. I had no notice of his coming; otherwise, you may be sure, I should have apprized you, that you might have deferred your journey, at least, for some time.

Don C. It will be impossible for me to stay in your house, then.

Aur. Why so? I have prepared a retreat for you, where his utmost cunning will never be able to find you.

Musk. Ay, ma'am, but the constables—

Leon. Nor they, neither; hear my lady out.

Aur. This house consists, like many others in Madrid, but of two stories: the upper, I occupy myself; the lower, which, on my father's death, I found I had no occasion for, I let to one Octavio, a wine-merchant; on this division of the building, a back staircase, which made the communication between the two stories, with a small closet adjoining, became useless; and, by mutual consent, was stopped up, by a partition on the side of the apartment below, as well as on this. When I had

thoughts of bringing you back to Madrid, it occurred to me that the partition on my side might again be secretly opened, and prepared in such a manner as would effectually screen you from any search, should it ever be suspected that you were in the house: accordingly, the thing is done; (*going to the back-scene, she pushes back a panel, which discovers the head of a staircase*) and this moveable panel will, when you please, admit you into a place of security; and, when fastened on the inside—

Don C. Excuse me, ma'am, I have too grateful a sense of your kindness, to avail myself of a retreat which must expose you. In this emergency, the most simple way is to return to the place from whence I came.

Musk. That's my advice, sir; let us go to the inn directly, take our mules, o'God's name, and set off. Ladies, my master and I have the honour of wishing you all health and happiness.

Aur. You have, by some accident or other, been seen since you came to Madrid by young Ferdinand, the nephew of Don Guzman de Ribbera. His servant dogged you to your inn; and he and my brother are just gone in search of you.

Don C. Don't be alarmed; we have arms to defend ourselves.

Musk. (*Getting behind his master.*) No, no, ladies, don't be alarmed.

Aur. Talk not of defence, I beseech you; but, in pity to me, and out of regard to yourself, go into the place I have shewn you for this night: my brother will certainly go out early in the morning; and we will then consult together for your better and safer accommodation.

Musk. What the lady says, sir, is just and reasonable: I have considered the matter; and if you don't do it, I'll give myself up to justice immediately, and try to be admitted king's evidence.

Don C. I'll do anything for your safety.

Aur. For my safety be it, then.

Leon. Here, here, get you in. The closet's on the left hand, where you'll find a bed and a pallet; we'll be sure to come to you early in the morning; and, in the meantime, for your lives, don't come out upon any account whatsoever.

Aur. No, upon no account. Come, let us go into the next room.

Musk. Hip! Signora Leonarda, won't you leave us a bottle and a crust?

Leon. Feel in the closet. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON PEDRO PACHECO, sheathing his sword, followed by DON FERDINAND.

Don P. So, at length we are got into, at least, a temporary shelter. Who is the person we have wounded?

Don F. I think some one said, the secretary of the Duke of Medina.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Signor Octavio, the wine-merchant below, desires to speak to you.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. I understand, Don Pedro, you have had a scuffle in the street; you are known; and the person you have wounded is the Duke of Medina himself.

Don P. Fatal accident! the Duke himself!

Don F. Why do you stand like one confounded? Do you not hear what Signor Octavio says? You and your family must be gone from hence; I will

stay behind and see your goods removed with all possible diligence.

Oct. What is most valuable may be put into my warehouse in half-an-hour; and if Don Pedro will commit the key of his apartments to my charge, I will do my utmost to quash whatever inquiries may be made after him.

Don P. Get a coach to the door, and call hither my sister and her maid; I must dispose of them in safety, the first thing I do.

[*Exeunt Don Ferdinand and Octavio.*]

Enter AURORA and LEONARDA.

Aur. What are your commands, sir?

Don P. Don Ferdinand came hither just now, to desire I would accompany him on an affair of honour; but we have missed the person we went in search of, and, by mistake, assaulted another, who proves to be the Duke of Medina.

Aur. Well, sir, and what—

Don P. I must withdraw immediately to a place of safety; and, before we part, I will see you and your maid lodged in a nunnery.

Leon. I am sure I'll not go into a nunnery.

Don P. Then I'm sure you shall go into the street. Come, give me both your hands: (*seizing a hand of each*) nay, no struggling. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OCTAVIO and several Officers.

Oct. Come in, gentlemen; come in, and welcome; but why force the door? I had the key in my possession, and would have willingly opened it for you.

1 Offi. I want a gentleman called Don Pedro; my people understand these are his lodgings.

Oct. Don Pedro?

1 Offi. Ay, ay; you know him well enough.

Oct. I knew a sister of his who had these lodgings; but, as you may see, she has been gone from them some time.

1 Offi. (To his people.) Well, have you found any one?

Oct. That Don Pedro you look for is not here, I assure you, gentlemen; you may credit what I say. (*Gives money.*)

1 Offi. To be sure, Don Guzman, since you say the gentleman is not here, we'll take your word. Come along, comrades. [*Exeunt Officers.*]

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA.

Don G. My nephew has told me all, and I suppose you would give this tenement a bargain to any one that would take it off your hands?

Oct. To be sure, sir, on an occasion like this—

Don G. You would be glad to take anything you could get; isn't that what you were going to say? so, if twenty dollars a month will be sufficient, I'll e'en hire the premises for my own use, and take possession directly.

Oct. Surely, sir, twenty dollars are too little.

Don G. Well, but consider, it's doing the young man a favour; and, belike, seeing my family in the house would satisfy the police, and prevent further inquiries.

Oct. I really think, sir, that as your chief motive for taking the apartment is to serve Don Pedro, the sooner you and your family come into it the better.

Don G. I am of that opinion too; and as, very luckily, my time is just up where I now lodge, and I want some larger rooms, in consequence of my daughter's marriage, which I shall shortly celebrate, I shall send to you for the key within this half hour.

Oct. You will oblige me, Don Guzman, by charging yourself with the key now; for having a small vineyard near town, I have shut up my place below, and sent all my servants, men and women, to work there.

Don G. And you want to go yourself, is it not so?

Oct. I thought of setting off before this, and staying for the remainder of the week, had not Don Pedro's affairs detained me.

Don G. Well, well, go your ways, and mind your business; I'll take the key from you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL and MUSKATO.

Musk. They are gone out again, and have locked the door upon us.

Don C. Did you hear all that has passed, Muskato?

Musk. Yes, sir, every word of it; but don't grow desperate upon that account, things are not so bad as we expected; this is a respite, at least, if not a reprieve.

Don C. A respite! Has not Don Guzman taken this house over my head, and am I not by that means in the hands of my most cruel and avowed enemy?

Musk. Yes, sir, but he does not know you are in his hands; and by some fortunate means or other, you may, perhaps, contrive to slip through his fingers.

Don C. To complete my misfortune, too, the merchant below is gone out with his family, and has shut up his doors; so that my retreat is stopped that way. By forcing the lock of the door, we may get out before our enemy returns; I know the danger of shewing myself at this hour in the streets, but—

Musk. Oh! sir, nothing is so dangerous as staying here, if we can get out; so, pray, let us force the door; I have broken a lock before now upon a less justifiable occasion; and, if you'll lend me your assistance, I'll do my endeavour to master this. (*Goes to the door, and returns in a fright.*) Quick, sir, quick; get back to the staircase.

Don C. What's the matter?

Musk. Don Guzman's people are in the house; come here, and hide yourself, and ask no questions. [*Exeunt behind the panel.*]

Enter BEATRICE and LAZARILLO.

Beat. And so, these are the lodgings we are in such a hurry to leave our old ones for?

Laz. Ay; how do you like them?

Beat. Like them, not at all; I never saw such a battered barrack in my days. Who could build the dog-hole? In the first place, that door has not common sense in it; then the stairs are the wrong way; and the windows, mercy on us! what pigeon-holes! and a mile and a half from the ground.

Laz. Ay, there's the fault; you want to be gaping and staring into the street.

Beat. Lazarillo, run to the old gentleman, and tell him if he has not already signed the agreement, he must by no means take this house. I hear a coach; sure, it is not my lady already?

Laz. But it is though; you had better tell her you don't like the house.

Beat. So I shall, I promise you.

Enter MARCELLA.

La! ma'am, you are in great haste; I did not expect to see you these three hours.

Mar. I set out to oblige my father; nothing

would satisfy him but I must come directly to see the apartments, and dispose of the furniture according to my own fancy.

Beat. Furniture, ma'am! I'm sure it's a pity to put any into them; if the kennel were mine I should think of nothing but pulling it down, and selling the rubbish to the best bidder.

Laz. Mrs. Beatrice is difficult to please, ma'am.

Mar. My father tells me, Lazarillo, that it is to please your master he takes these lodgings; and I suppose it is by his desire that we come to them so suddenly. Do you know the reason of Don Ferdinand's extraordinary attachment?

Laz. Why, ma'am, I am generally pretty well acquainted with my master's secrets.

Mar. I beg your pardon; I did not know it was any secret, or I should not have asked.

Laz. Oh! ma'am, there's no secret; that is to say, no absolute secret; but as far as this here, ma'am, the air and situation, I believe—

Beat. In short, ma'am, Signor Lazarillo is a person who seldom chooses to seem ignorant of anything. Did your master ever tell you why he liked these lodgings?

Laz. I can't say he ever did.

Beat. Then you can give my lady no satisfaction as to her question.

Laz. Well, Mrs. Beatrice, I did not speak to you.

Mar. Never mind her, Lazarillo, but go and take care of those things I brought in the coach. [*Exit Lazarillo.*] Ah, Beatrice!

Beat. Ay, ma'am, here I am.

Mar. I feel myself very unhappy.

Beat. Oh, fie! ma'am, to tell me so, on the eve of your marriage, as it were.

Mar. 'Tis the thought of that makes me melancholy.

Beat. Is it, indeed? I'm sure, then, ma'am, you and I are of very different dispositions. I wish I were going to be married; the deuce a thing should I think of but what would make me very glad.

Mar. How, Beatrice! suppose you were going to set out upon a journey, which presented you with the most beautiful prospect; but on the first advances you made, you found yourself on the brink of a precipice, what would you do?

Beat. A very great precipice, do you mean; or only a little sort of a declivity?

Mar. Psha! I'm not in a jesting humour.

Beat. Well, but, ma'am, let me understand you. You ask me, if I were going to set out on a journey which presented me with the most beautiful prospect, and on the first advances I made I found myself on the brink of a precipice, what I would do?

Mar. Ay.

Beat. Why, then, ma'am, I'll tell you: in case it was not a very ugly precipice indeed, I would muster up all my strength, shut my eyes, so, and give a great jump.

Mar. In short, Beatrice, my cousin, Don Ferdinand—

Beat. (*Stopping her mistress.*) He's here, ma'am.

Enter DON FERDINAND.

Don F. How happy am I to arrive at a moment when you pronounce my name!

Mar. I had just begun to talk to Beatrice, when your coming into the room interrupted me. I will take up the discourse again, if you please; and finish what I was going to say to her.

Don F. I am content.

Beat. Stand there, then, sir; and we'll proceed in our discourse as if you were fifty miles off. Come, ma'am, begin.

Mar. I say, then, Beatrice, my cousin, Don Fer-

dinand, no doubt, imagines that marriage is a dispensation from the subaltern duties exacted by complaisance, since he already begins to fail in those marks of tenderness and regard I expected to find from him: he forgets that love is nourished by attention; and that the slightest negligence kills it.

Don F. Ah! dear Marcella, did you know how uneasy you make me by this kind of discourse.

Mar. And why uneasy? what I spoke was said to Beatrice; and you need take no notice of it, as you need not be supposed to overhear.

Beat. That's right, ma'am; and to let you know another thing, sir, you are not to take the words out of my mouth; my lady spoke to me, and it's my part to answer; and here's the way I do it:—I suppose, ma'am, Don Ferdinand is like the rest of his sex; who, for the most part, follow women as they hunt hares and foxes; when the animal's caught, the sport is over. I once had a sweetheart myself, ma'am, that used to call me his queen, and his goddess; and made verses, and repeated such moving lines as these to me:

*"When first I attempted your pity to move,
You seem'd deaf to my sighs and my prayers;
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"*

Come, ma'am, give him your hand to kiss, and tell him you are friends with him. Look you there, sir, I knew it. There's nothing does with us like a little coaxing.

Don F. (*Kissing Marcella's hand.*) Your father, my dear, is determined to have our wedding a public one; and Saturday next, he assures me, shall be the happy day. Just as I left home, a good many of your things were brought, which I have ordered to be sent here, with some boxes of rich wine and foreign sweetmeats, for the ball I intend to give a select number of our friends, to-morrow night. In the meantime, I'll step back to the old lodgings to see things properly taken care of. Lazarillo, bring up those parcels. And you, Mrs. Beatrice, will not find yourself forgotten. [*Exit.*]

Beat. Oh! then, there's something for me. I suppose it's the new gown he promised to give me; and that your mantua-maker took measure of me for. I long to see it. Lazarillo, I say, will you be all day?

Laz. (*Without.*) Coming, Mrs. Beatrice, coming.

Beat. Why don't you make haste, then?

Laz. (*Without.*) It's impossible to make haste enough for impatient people.

Enter LAZARILLO, followed by other Servants, laden with boxes, cases of wine, &c.

Beat. Have not you something that your master gave you for me, pray?

Laz. I have something for everybody, but that's your bundle, I believe. (*Gives her a parcel, which she immediately opens.*) Here, comrades, bring in the table, and set it yonder, that I may put these things upon it; quick, quick.

Beat. (*Having displayed her gown on a chair.*) Dear madam, look here; upon my life, it's very pretty. I have a good mind to try it on now. (*Going to unpin herself.*) Do you think it will become me, ma'am?

Mar. Your head runs upon nothing but your dress. Follow me, to see the condition of the other rooms.

Laz. We are going back for more things, Mrs. Beatrice; you'll please to take care of what we leave behind.

Beat. Oh! stay, then, till I shut the doors. (*Shuts the opposite door; returning, she stops a mo-*

ment to admire the gown.) Well, I swear and vow, it's one of the genteel things I ever saw in my life. I wish, however, there had been a little more puffing upon the sleeves. [Exeunt.

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL and MUSKATO.

Musk. (*Speaking as he pushes back the panel.*) I will go out.

Don C. Muskato—

Musk. Zounds! sir, don't tell me; as good be hanged as famished. (*Perceiving the table that has been put against the panel, which prevents his coming forward.*) Heyday! what have we here? They have raised a buttress against our wooden wall. (*Puts his hands among the things on the table, and throws some of them down.*)

Don C. What are you doing?

Musk. Making a noise. How shall I remove these impediments? (*Attempting to push the table from him, he overturns it.*) Oh Lord! oh Lord!

Don C. Death and hell! are you bent on our ruin?

Musk. For heaven's sake, sir, don't swear. D—n the table! I did but just touch it. However, nobody has heard. (*Taking up and opening a box.*) What have we here? Sweetmeats! (*Eating a piece.*) Excellent, i'faith! and here are cakes. (*Opening one of the cases.*) Wine, wine, wine! (*Falling upon his knees, and looking back on his master.*) Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*) Will you pledge me?

Don C. They'll certainly come upon us.

Musk. (*Speaking with his mouth full.*) Lord! what an admirable blessing did Nature bestow upon man, when she gave him a good stomach! If your friends and family could be apprized of your situation and design—but as the matter stands, sir, I don't think we shall be able to make our escape by violence.

Don C. We can't pick our way through the walls, then?

Musk. No, sir; I wish we could; but I'll tell you, sir, I think one of us might get out unnoticed, by means of a disguise: now suppose I take upon me this disguise, make my escape, inform your friends where you are, and have 'em ready—

Don C. But how?

Musk. You see that gown there, and the veil and things along with it; I'll carry it into your repository, dress myself a-la-demoiselle, watch my opportunity when it is dark, and, I warrant, get clear without any suspicion.

Don C. 'Sdeath! here is somebody coming.

Musk. Is there? (*Gathering the clothes under his arm.*) Let me lay hold of that bottle, then.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (*Singing.*) Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal. (*Seeing the condition the room is in, she turns her song, by degrees, into a scream.*) Oh, oh! ma'am, ma'am, come here and see what has happened!

Enter MARCELLA.

Mar. What's the matter?

Beat. The devil's the matter.

Mar. Who has been in the room?

Beat. I don't know, ma'am.

Mar. This seems to have been done on purpose.

Beat. (*Looking about, screams.*) Ah!

Mar. How now!

Beat. My new gown, ma'am, where's my new gown? Lazarillo! Lopez! Sancho!

Mar. This is very odd.

Beat. Lazarillo! I will have my gown.

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA and LAZARILLO.

Don G. There's always a rout, and a racket, wherever this girl is. What are you after now, Mrs. Fidget?

Beat. Lazarillo, did not you give me my things in this room, and did you not see me leave them here when you went out again?

Laz. Ay; well, what then, suppose I did?

Beat. Well, and you must answer for them.

Don G. And who is to answer for all this pretty work, I would be glad to know? Why, you silly baggage you, did you think your frippery was stuffed into the boxes and wine-cases, that you have broken them to pieces?

Beat. It was not I.

Don G. Who then?

Beat. Old Nick, I believe.

Don G. 'Gad! I have a good mind to lay my my cane across your shoulders.

Beat. Speak to him, ma'am, will you?

Mar. Upon my word, sir, it is something very extraordinary; we left the things here in good order, a little while ago, and this moment that we came into the room again, we found them in the condition you see.

Laz. Some dog got in I suppose, sir.

Beat. Ay, some dog upon two legs. Dogs in Spain don't drink wine and eat sweetmeats, nor steal gowns; indeed, sir, you ought to pay me for my things.

Don G. I pay for them, hussy! do you think I stole your dab of a gown?

Beat. Some of your servants did.

Laz. Do you suspect me, Mrs. Beatrice?

Don G. Heyday! do you know where you are?

Beat. I will have my gown.

Don G. Come, child, you shall go with me to the other lodgings, where we will dine, and after dinner return hither, by which time most of the furniture will be moved; and, do you hear? let those things be taken away, and this room set to rights immediately; and if you find this slattern's trumpery in any hole or corner, lay them by for her.

Beat. Lazarillo, you certainly stole my things.

Laz. I stole your things! d—e, if you say so again—

Beat. Take that, you impudent jackanapes. (*Gives him a box on the ear.*)

Don G. Ay, ay, before my face, and behind my back, too; no respect to me on either side.

[Beating them out before him with his cane.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

LAZARILLO and BEATRICE discovered.

Laz. Pray, Mrs. Beatrice, how soon is my master and your lady to be married?

Beat. (*Viewing herself in the glass.*) If you want to know, it's a question you ought to ask them.

Laz. I must, i'faith! for it will be necessary for me to get my things and look a little about me.

Beat. What! and so you don't intend to stay with Don Ferdinand?

Laz. Oh! d—n it, no; it would not do for me at all. Service with a single gentleman, well and good; but married families are hell and the devil.

Beat. Do you intend to list for a soldier, then; or turn barber; or what? 'Tis dangerous being

out of place; I have known several of your fraternity come to an untimely end by it.

Laz. To tell you the truth, I am afraid to stay with Don Ferdinand, lest, as valets are apt to ape their masters, I should be tempted to imitate him; and, as he has married your mistress, the devil might put it into my head to marry you.

Beat. (*Turning round, and surveying him with an air of contempt.*) What is the matter with this glass? it always makes me look browner than any other in the house. (*Wiping it with her handkerchief, and going from it in a minuet step.*) We shall have a ball here to-morrow evening; I suppose the company will desire to see me dance an alle-mande, or a fandango, or something.

Laz. Come, you have enjoyed it long enough; now let me look at myself a little.

Beat. Lazarillo, give me the glass.

Laz. (*Viewing himself.*) D—e, if I don't think people look very well in it.

Beat. Give me the glass, I say.

Laz. Come and kiss me for it.

Beat. I'll see you hanged first.

Laz. Then you sha'n't have it. Tol de rol, lol lol.

Beat. Come, let us dance then. Lord! here's Don Guzman and your master! [*Runs out.*]

Laz. The devil!

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA and DON FERDINAND.

Don F. I have been at the Duke of Medina's; and I find his wounds are not so bad as I at first apprehended. The report, however, of Don Pedro being the person who assaulted him, rather gains ground.

Don G. Like enough.

Don F. Some officers have, as I understand, been, within these two hours, walking backwards and forwards before this house, and looking at it very inquisitively.

Don G. Then, belike, they still suspect that Don Pedro is in it.

Don F. So it would seem.

Don G. And we may have a visit from them in the night, perhaps, when we least desire their company. I'll strive to prevent them. Come hither, you sir. Go to the Conde de Lemos, governor of Madrid; his palace is hard by; give my respects, and tell his excellency, I shall be much obliged to him, if he will order me, directly, a couple of sentinels to stand at my door. Tell him I shall want them for two or three days, till I have married my daughter. [*Exit Lazarillo.*]

Don F. I have not seen Don Pedro since yesterday, sir; and, as he has given me an intimation where he is concealed, I will now, with your permission, step to him for a few minutes.

Don G. Well, well, go then; you'll be back to supper? [*Exit Don F.*] And now that we have got pretty well over the hurry of moving, let me see what I have to do to-morrow. In the first place, early in the morning, to go my lawyers, to desire them to be here precisely at eleven o'clock, to settle the business of my daughter's marriage. Secondly, to go to Father Bartolin, our parish priest.

Enter BEATRICE and LAZARILLO, on opposite sides.

Beat. (*Calls loudly.*) Lazarillo!

Laz. (*Answering loudly.*) Here!

Don G. (*Clapping his fingers to his ears.*) How now! What the plague's the matter with you both, have you a mind to break the drums of my ears?

Laz. What do you scream so for, Beatrice?

Don G. Scream! One and the other of you have screamed me almost deaf. What do you want, turbulence?

Beat. Lord, sir, I'm surprised at you. How can you have the idea of making the best room in your house a bed-chamber.

Don G. Because I like it.

Beat. Why, sir, it will be shocking.

Don G. What's that to you?

Beat. Besides, I suppose Don Ferdinand will remove to my lady's chamber in a night or two.

Don G. Ha! now you have got that in your head; and who bid you suppose about it?

Beat. Nay, sir, it's no business of mine, to be sure, if you have a mind to turn the house upside down, only I love to set people right, and see things done properly.

Don G. Well, but my nephew chose that room particularly.

Laz. Why, so I told Mrs. Beatrice, sir. I said my master had made particular choice of that room.

Beat. Very well then, let his bed be put in it; but remember, sir, it's done by no order of mine.

Don G. I believe there never was your fellow for impertinence, since the world begun. But why should I be surprised at this, when I am told, you give out all over the neighbourhood, that I am going to marry you?

Laz. Ha, ha, ha!

Don G. Ay, you may well laugh.

Beat. I never gave out any such thing.

Don G. Don't lie, for I can prove it upon you.

Beat. I say then, sir, I never did; for the thing was first mentioned to me; and isn't it common enough, when a genteel likely girl lives in the house with a gentleman, for people to talk?

Don G. Well, I sha'n't dispute the matter with you now. Go, take the coach, and fetch your young lady home: she's at her aunt's. Why don't you go where I bid you?

Beat. I'm settling myself, sir.

Laz. (*Going out.*) Ha, ha, ha! marry!

Beat. What's the matter with you? I promise you I don't know whether I would take the old fellow, if he would have me; so he need not make himself uneasy. [*Exeunt Laz. and Beat.*]

Enter AURORA, veiled.

Don G. A paltry, dirty baggage! to give out that I was going to marry her; there never was such a thought entered into my head. (*Seeing Aurora.*) Who is it that comes into the house this way without knocking? Is there nobody in the way to shew people?

Aur. Don't be offended, Signor, at the liberty an unfortunate woman has taken, upon seeing your door open; I implore a moment's refuge.

Don G. Explain yourself.

Aur. I have the misfortune to be the wife of the most jealous and suspicious of mankind, who is, at the same time, the most cruel. Upon a person's looking after me in the street, just now, he took something into his head, drew his poniard, and was going to strike me.

Don G. Oh! for shame.

Aur. I got from him, and made my escape in hither; but he is lurking about, and I am afraid, when I go out again—

Don G. What can I do for you?

Aur. I entreat you to go down into the street, and speak to him not to misuse me; you will easily know him, he is in a red cloak, and wears a gold laced hat, with a black feather.

Don G. I'll go down, madam.

Aur. In the meantime, sir, permit me to re-

main here; and, as I am a person of some distinction in the world, I beg you will not suffer your people to come about me, till your humanity has rescued me from the danger—

Don G. Step into that chamber, madam, where you will find a light, and nobody shall molest you. I warrant I'll give a good account of your jealous pate, and if words won't do, rougher means shall. (*Don Guzman leads Aurora to the door, and then taking up the candle, goes out on the opposite side, which leaves the stage dark. Don Carlos immediately pushes back the moveable panel, and comes out with Muskato, who is disguised in woman's clothes.*)

Don C. It is now quite dark; and you may, if ever, escape without being seen; as for myself, I'll wait with patience, determined to brave everything till your return.

Musk. I don't know what's the matter with me, sir, I am d—y frightened.

Don C. As soon as you have brought my friends together in the street, the signal is to be a pistol; which, when I hear discharged, I will instantly rush out, and force my passage to you.

Musk. Ay, sir; but the grand matter is my getting out.

Don C. Farewell; at any rate don't let your apprehensions confound you. [*Exit.*]

AURORA appears at the door of the room into which she had been conducted by Don Guzman.

Aur. Don Guzman's gone; and all is dark; this is the moment to find Don Carlos. Assist me, love; and, if he be yet here—

Musk. Eh, eh, eh! (*Coughing.*)

Aur. Ha! what figure's that!

Musk. This is a cursed scheme of mine; I wish I had never thought of it; it will bring me to the gallows, I'm sure; then they'll hang me in woman's clothes. (*Aside.*)

Aur. It moves this way; was ever anything so unlucky! I must retire a while. [*Exit.*]

Musk. Come, courage; it is but making the effort; if I can but get down stairs, I am safe enough; (*going towards the door, sees Don Guzman*) then there's an end of me; tried, condemned, and executed. The old man!

Re-enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA, with the candle; and, seeing Muskato veiled, and in woman's clothes, takes him for Aurora, whom he had left.

Don G. Come, madam, you may take your way, without the least apprehension; I have looked all about the door, and no such person you describe was to be found.

Aur. (*Aside.*) What is he talking of?

Don G. Give me your hand, ma'am, I am going abroad myself, and will lead you to whatever place of safety you think proper.

Musk. What's all this?

Don G. Poor soul, how she trembles; fear nothing, ma'am; in committing yourself to my charge, you are perfectly secure.

Musk. (*Curtsying, and in a squeaking voice.*) I am much obliged to you, sir.

Don G. Her tears almost choak her voice. (*Aside.*)—Will you have any cordial to refresh you?

Musk. No, I thank you, sir.

Don G. Come along, don't be frightened, madam.

Musk. Sure, if ever there was an angel with a beard, this is he. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURORA and DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL.

Aur. Now is my time. Good heaven! how I tremble. I am almost afraid to approach the place. (*Knocking at the panel, Don Carlos pushes*

it back.) Sir, Don Carlos, sir. Merciful heaven! he's here still.

Don C. Donna Aurora!

Aur. I was obliged to leave you here last night.

Don C. Obligated to leave me!

Aur. It is too long a story to tell you now. I have escaped from a convent, where my brother placed me, resolved to make my way to you through all impediments; there is the key, let yourself out in the dead of night. Farewell.

Don C. Stay, madam.

Aur. Oh! unfortunate, here comes Marcella, the daughter of Don Guzman; I would not for the world be known by her. Get in, get in, there's another woman with her. What shall I do? Anything's better than meeting them. (*She retires, and Don Carlos goes behind the panel.*)

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE, with lights.

Mar. What was it you asked Lazarillo, Beatrice?

Beat. Why, ma'am, whether his master was at home.

Mar. And what did he say?

Beat. What you heard, ma'am, that he was not.

Mar. That he had been gone about half an hour; was it not?

Beat. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. Well, take my fan, and my veil, and see that my things are got ready in the dressing-room. (*Beatrice goes out with the things.*) A strange unseasonable hour for Don Ferdinand to leave the house, methinks; and just at a time when he knew I was coming home too.

Re-enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (*In agitation.*) Ma'am, ma'am!

Mar. Well, what now?

Beat. Don't make a noise. I have seen such a thing in Don Ferdinand's chamber; and, I believe, I have found out the thief, too, for I dare swear she stole my gown.

Mar. She! what she?

Beat. A woman, ma'am.

Mar. In Don Ferdinand's chamber?

Beat. Yes; as I was going along the passage, I observed the door pushed to; so I popped my head in; and there I saw a woman in a veil. I did not say a word, but came back directly.

Mar. We'll see who she is; take the candles.

Beat. Yes, ma'am; she can't escape us.

[*They go out.*]

Mar. (*Behind.*) We will know who you are.

Aur. That's as I please.

Mar. What brings you here?

Aur. I came here to a gentleman.

Beat. Pull off her veil, ma'am.

Aur. Nay, then—

Beat. Stop there, a thief!

DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL pushes back the panel, comes out, and afterwards AURORA runs in.

Don C. What noise was that! Sure it was Aurora's voice; somebody molests her.

Aur. (*Running in.*) Save me, Carlos; they pursue me; I shall be discovered, and undone.

Enter DON FERDINAND. Don Carlos and Aurora retire behind the panel.

Don F. (*Stamping.*) Lights! here, lights! Lights, I say.

Enter BEATRICE, LAZARILLO, and other Servants.

Where is this assassin, this housebreaker?

Mar. Where is this shame to her sex?

Laz. Sir, madam, what's the matter?

Don F. There has been a man here, masked; search about.

Laz. Where shall we search, sir?

Don F. Call to the sentinels to let nobody out of the house; he can't have made his escape.

Beat. Oh! ma'am, you have let the woman go.

Mar. I let her go!

Beat. Yes, ma'am, it was certainly she that was here this morning. How did she get away?

Mar. Don Ferdinand let her pass; but how did she get in here, Beatrice?

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA, with a Lawyer and a Notary.

Don G. Come, gentlemen, give me leave to bring you into this chamber; I have ordered things to be got ready for our business—Daughter, good morning to you. Heyday! What's the matter, child? Come, let us take our places. You, gentlemen, at that table, with your parchments; and you, children, seat yourselves here on each side.

Don F. (Sits.) Ugh!

Don G. So, so! what ails you? Have you got the melancholics? Caught the dumps of your cousin?

Don F. Dumps, sir? I don't know what you mean; I never was merrier in my life.

Don G. Come, gentlemen, have you got everything ready?

Laz. Yes, Don Guzman, everything is ready?

Don G. Daughter, why don't you sit down here when I desire it?

Mar. Sir, I choose—

Beat. Dear ma'am, pray sit down.

Mar. Why, it will be the same thing.

Notary. These you say, Don Guzman, are the parties?

Don G. Ay; you'll take notice, I give ten thousand pistoles to my daughters, for the present, and the rest of my fortune at my death.

Notary. Ten thousand pistoles; the residue of your fortune at your death; 'tis so set down, Don Guzman.

Don G. Let me see—

Don F. Shall we suffer them to go on with this farce, ma'am?

Mar. Don't talk to me, sir; I desire to have no manner of conversation with you.

Don F. Oh! very well, ma'am; I am as willing to avoid anything of that kind as you can be.

Don G. What, what, what are you saying to one another?

Don F. I was not speaking at all, sir.

Don G. Were you not speaking neither?

Mar. No, sir, I did not say a word.

Don G. I'm sure you did though.

Beat. (Behind Marcella's chair.) No, sir, my lady did not speak, indeed.

Don G. I'm not speaking to you, take notice.

Laz. (Behind Don Ferdinand's chair.) Put in your word again.

Don G. Well, before we go any further, let us fix the day for the marriage; I have thought of Saturday; however, please yourselves; what say you, nephew?

Don F. Why, sir, if I must give my opinion, I think we had better defer it a little.

Don G. Defer it! How long?

Don F. For ever, sir.

Mar. And that's my opinion, too, sir.

Don G. Is it so, indeed. And why is it your opinion, pray?

Mar. Don Ferdinand will tell you, sir. [Exit.

Don G. Come back, child. Marcella! (Turning to Don Ferdinand.) Don Ferdinand!

Don F. Inquire of your daughter, sir, she can best inform you. [Exeunt all but Don G. and Beat.

Don G. Gone! she one way, and he the other, and I am left in the clouds. Pray, ma'am, can you solve this riddle? What has happened between your mistress and her cousin to occasion this sudden—I know not what to call it; Satan has possessed them both, I believe.

Beat. Don't ask me anything about it, sir.

Don G. Not ask you?

Beat. No, sir, I had rather you would not.

Don G. What are you whimpering for?

Beat. I don't know, sir, I can't help it.

Don G. I desire you will tell me whatever has come to your knowledge.

Beat. Well, sir, all I know about it, is this: Don Ferdinand brought a creature into the house here—

Don G. A creature! When?

Beat. Just now, sir.

Don G. Well, don't cry. And what creature was it?

Beat. Sir, I'm ashamed to tell you what it was.

Don G. Ashamed!

Beat. Besides, I don't know how you name them.

Don G. No! It must be some strange monster, sure, or you are grown devilish mealy-mouthed of a sudden; was it a lion, a tiger, a bear, a rhinoceros, a crocodile, or a porcupine?

Beat. No, sir, it was not a porcupine, but it was a concubine; one of your creatures that run after the men.

Don G. Oh, ho! In short, Don Ferdinand brought a strumpet into my house last night?

Beat. Yes, sir, I believe that's one of the names gentlemen give them.

Don G. And how do you know he did this?

Beat. Because I saw her, sir.

Don G. Very well, that's all I want with you.

Beat. Sir, your humble servant. [Exit.

Don G. Gentlemen, you see there is something wrong in my family; I really don't know what it is at present; but as it must be settled before we conclude matters, I will endeavour to get at the bottom of it, and let you know this evening, when we will trouble you again. [Exeunt.

DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL opens the panel, and enters with AURORA leaning on his arm.

Aur. Only get me a little into the air, and I shall be well again presently.

Don C. How do you find yourself?

Aur. Better already.

Don C. (Drawing her a chair.) Sit down here a little.

Aur. Heigho!

Don C. Aurora! she faints again; the heat of that place has overcome her so that I shall never be able to fetch her to herself.

Aur. 'Tis nothing but the sudden effects of the air. I assure you I am greatly recovered, and shall be able to go in again immediately.

Don C. If I can see Beatrice, I think I may venture to tell her my story, and commit Aurora to her care; 'tis the only thing I have for it, and the worst come to the worst, my mask and my sword shall defend me from everybody else. [Exit.

Aur. What woman can say she will make but one false step? Alas! we tread upon ice, and in making one, through want of caution, we make a thousand.

Mar. (Within.) Beatrice!

Aur. Heaven and earth! what do I hear? Is not that Marcella's voice? Should she find me in this place, should she know where I have been, what would she think of me! I am entangled so on every side, that it is impossible for me to extricate myself. Must then the retreat I contrived for another, be my own destruction. [Exit.

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Mar. Where's my father?

Beat. I don't know, ma'am; but I've told him all.

Mar. Told him! What have you told him?

Beat. Why, about the woman, ma'am.

Mar. I'm sorry for it.

Beat. Are you? I'm sorry, too, then. But you would not have had me told him a lie, and he asked me.

Mar. In short, Beatrice, Don Ferdinand's behaviour betrays no marks of guilt; and, after all, if we should be mistaken—

Beat. Nay, ma'am, if there be any mistake, you led me into it, I'm sure; for I said at first, the woman was only a thief.

Mar. Go, and desire my father to come to me here.

Beat. Yes, ma'am; but, pray, now take care what you say to him, and don't let him lay all the blame upon me. *[Exit.]*

MARCELLA sits down in the chair which AURORA had just left. DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL enters behind.

Don C. I have ventured as far as my apprehensions would give me leave, but without being able to meet Beatrice; however, it is so far well, that I have met nobody else. Perhaps her weakness may now have left her. *(Approaching Marcella.)* Dearest creature, how is it with you?

Mar. *(Starting up with a scream.)* Ah!

Don C. Confusion, what's this?

Mar. Who are you—Help!

Don C. My head turns round—I shall drop.

Mar. Don Carlos.

Don C. That wretch.

Mar. Whence come you, sir? How got you here?

Don C. Hold, ma'am! my life is not worth preserving—But where is the lady I left here just now?

Mar. The lady, sir, just now! Lord, what lady, and what are you talking of? I saw no lady.

Don C. *(Aside.)* Aurora, then, has recovered, and gone back to our retreat: Marcella has not seen her, so I had better say nothing.

Mar. On reflection, I find myself in the most critical situation: my honour is at stake as well as your life.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Your father and Don Ferdinand are both gone.—*(Seeing Don Carlos.)* Ah! madam, here is a man, then, after all; and you would not venture to trust me.

Mar. The man is Don Carlos—

Beat. We shall every one be hanged.

Mar. How he got in, or his reason for coming, I cannot prevail on him to discover.

Beat. How long has he been here, ma'am?

Mar. I never saw him till this moment, that he surprised me.

Beat. Upon your word?

Mar. For my part, I believe he is mad; for he talks in the strangest, wild, incoherent manner.

Beat. His eyes look very ugly, I assure you. Stand further from him, ma'am. *(Keeping at a distance, with her mistress by the arm.)* What do you want here, sir? and which of our people let you in?

Don C. None of your people let me in.

Beat. I suppose, then, you were the man Don Ferdinand saw last night?

Don C. I was.

Beat. We must get him out, ma'am, while your father and Don Ferdinand are abroad; it will be better than calling the servants to take him, for reasons—

Mar. But how shall we get him out? He is subject to be seen by all the servants in the house, every one of whom know him; and, at last, perhaps, he may be stopped by the sentinels at the door.

Beat. The sentinels! I never thought of them. Lord, lord! how shall we contrive! One can't think of hanging the wretch. Stay, there's a thought come into my head. There is in my room, a mili-

tary hat and cloak of your late brother's; let him put them on; the sentinels will take him for an officer—

Mar. At any rate, Beatrice, carry him up into your chamber for the present.

Beat. I will, ma'am. Come, sir. There is something that puzzles me in this business, notwithstanding; for, I can hardly believe the man would come into this house, merely for the sake of being hanged, let my lady say what she pleases. *(Aside.)* *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Street, with a view of Don Guzman's house.

Enter DON FERDINAND with DON PEDRO PACHECO.

Don F. The Duke of Medina, then, is entirely out of danger?

Don P. His physicians pronounced him so this morning. His grace took the blame of the whole affair upon himself; and assured me, upon his honour, he would not suffer me in any way to be troubled or molested about it.

Don F. It speaks the generosity which ought always to distinguish the nobleman. You may believe, being, in a great measure, the instrument of your misfortune, I more than participated in the uneasiness it gave you: Hold! Don Pedro, stand back a little: do you see the fellow that creeps yonder under the wall, looking behind him every moment?

Don P. Ay, what of him?

Don F. He comes this way. I have my reasons for it: let us stand a little under that piazza, and observe him. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter MUSKATO.

Musk. What a thing is a life of apprehension! I wish I may never stir if my fear has not almost melted me into a jelly. *(Clapping his hands behind him, between his waistcoat and coat.)* Well, I am out of the house, that's one comfort; and, in some measure, the way is paved for my master; for I have been among his friends, and six of them, brave, sturdy, young fellows, armed with swords and pistols, will be ready to favour his escape, when our Dons are taking their digestive naps after dinner. I only wait their arrival, to give Don Carlos the signal from this little popper; *(shews a pistol)* but I must first take a view of the house, in order to determine on which side I had best stand, when I give the alarm, that it may be sure to come to my master's ears. *(Going off, he suddenly starts back, and turns.)* Who do you want? It is not I! Lord have mercy upon me! I thought some one had touched my shoulder. I'll shoot the first man who assaults me. *[Exit.]*

Enter DON FERDINAND and DON PEDRO PACHECO.

Don F. 'Tis he, I'm positive.

Don P. I think so, too.

Don F. Hold a little. *(Ringing at Don Guzman's door.)*

Enter LAZARILLO.

Come this way, you sir! Do you see the man that goes along yonder, with his hat flapped over his face? Pass by him, and try if you know who he is.—*[Exit Lazarillo.]*—The fellow's not at home, who I sent to dog Don Carlos, or he could tell directly whether this is the same person that was with him.

Don P. Your man has taken a thorough survey of his whole person.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Don F. *(To Laz.)* Well, sir, do you know him?

Laz. Why, sir, I think I have seen his face before.

Don F. Is he the servant of Don Carlos?

Laz. The very man.

Don F. Then let us go and seize him directly.

Don P. Hold! Don Ferdinand, you and your servant will be sufficient to deal with him; and it is absolutely necessary for me to pay the compliment of calling at the Duke of Medina's immediately; however, I'll be with you, at your house, in less than half-an-hour.

Don F. Lazarillo, follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Don Guzman's House.*

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (Looking about.) Come, ma'am, he may venture.

Mar. (Within.) Is the coast quite clear, Beatrice?

Beat. Yes, ma'am; but let him make haste.

Mar. (Within.) I'll fetch him.

Beat. The dickens take him! he has put me in such a tremble, as I have not been in this twelve-month: and frights ruin one's complexion, too: I dare swear, I shall look pale for a week.

Enter MARCELLA and DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL.

Don C. I beg your pardon. Will you permit me to say a few words to Mrs. Beatrice in private?

Beat. In private to me! Mercy on us! What?

Don C. Don't be alarmed; it's only a little commission I have to charge you with. (Taking her aside.) In the first place, my dear girl, there is my purse, and ten thousand thanks for the kind interest you have taken in my misfortunes.

Beat. I am always ready and willing to assist any one in distress; and I wish you may get safe out of Madrid, with all my heart.

Don C. Well, but this is not all I have to say to you.

Beat. No, sir?

Don C. No. There is another person still in this house; for whom I must entreat your good offices; and should there be occasion and opportunity, I beg you will convey that person out unseen by your mistress.

Beat. Well, but I don't understand you; explain this matter to me a little more.

Don C. I can't explain it farther, at present.

Beat. Another person still in the house, that I must endeavour to get out unknown to my lady! Who is it?

Don C. What signifies: you'll see.

Beat. Well, but you've set me quite on the fidgets.

Mar. Upon my word, Beatrice, we shall delay so long—

Beat. We are ready, ma'am. Come, sir, you must be cautious not to shew any confusion. Come along the hall with a strut; and, in passing by, look impudent; more impudent still; you'll not look half impudent enough.

Don C. Never fear me.

Beat. I wish you would tell me what you meant, by the thing you said to me just now.

Don C. Once more, ma'am; and, for the last time, I take my leave of you.

Beat. Pray, sir, is the person a man or a woman?

Don C. Beatrice, farewell.

Mar. Have a moment's patience. I am a little uneasy: I think I see a crowd of people coming towards our door; and, if I be not mistaken, Don Ferdinand is among them.

Beat. I don't know. Don Ferdinand, and Lazarillo, and two or three more, have laid hold of a man, and are dragging him along; and I wish I may die, Don Carlos, if the person they have got, is not very like your servant Muskato.

Don C. Then the work of my destruction is complete.

Beat. They are bringing him into the house.—

Quick, quick, let us get back to my chamber, as fast as we can. [Exeunt.]

Enter DON FERDINAND, attended by LAZARILLO and other Servants, with MUSKATO, who they have got by the collar.

Don F. Pull the rascal in here; pull him in! and if he attempt to struggle, knock him down.

Musk. Well, but gentlemen, good, dear gentlemen, as you are men of honour, and catholic Christians, don't do me any hurt. I am a poor, miserable young fellow, but just turned of four and twenty, that have an old mother and two lame sisters—

Don F. Are you not a villain, sirrah?

Musk. You are pleased to say so, sir; and I sha'n't be so unmannerly as to contradict any gentleman, with a sword at my throat.

Don F. Are you not the servant of that assassin, Don Carlos?

Musk. Upon my word, sir, I can't say; perhaps I may, and perhaps I mayn't. You have frightened everything quite out of my head.

Laz. He is his servant, sir.

Musk. Well, sir—yes, I am his servant, if that will content you.

Don F. Where's your master?

Musk. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!

Don F. Do you make a jest of us?

Musk. No, sir, no; but I am ticklish, and your man has got his fingers in my collar: bid him take them away, and I'll speak.

Don F. Let him go. Well, now, sir, where is Don Carlos?

Musk. He's in a place—(Looking towards the panel.)

Don F. In a place! what place? Answer my question directly, or torture shall make you.

Musk. Propose it again, good sir.

Don F. Where is Don Carlos?

Musk. Not a great way off.

Don F. So we suppose, by your being here.

Musk. He is, at present, I believe—Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what o'clock it is?

Don F. What a clock?

Musk. Yes, sir; because I would be as precise as possible in answering your question: and, if it be now about half-an-hour after one, (as I partly conjecture,) Don Carlos is, at this moment, picking his teeth, after dinner, in the city of Lisbon.

Don F. 'Tis false, sirrah! I know he is, at this moment hid somewhere in Madrid. Lay hold of him again.

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Mar. What is the matter here?

Musk. Only some men, madam, that have got a poor criminal in their clutches, and are going to play the devil with him.

Don F. This is the servant of Don Carlos; I caught him just now in the street, measuring the outside of our house, with his eyes, from top to bottom. I know his master is at present in Madrid; and I suspect this emissary of his was not lurking about this neighbourhood for any good purpose: rather, perhaps, in meditation of some farther destruction of our family; for, searching his pockets, we found a pistol.

Musk. You found a pistol! Do you say you found a pistol in my pocket?

Laz. There it is.

Musk. Oh! do you call that a pistol?

Laz. Ay, what do you call it?

Musk. I keep it to light my pipe.

Beat. Well, but, sir, let me look at this person; because I was very well acquainted with Don Carlos, and his servant, too, if this be the same he had before he left Madrid.

Musk. Do look at me, ma'am; did you ever see my face before?

Beat. Never, upon my honour.

Musk. See there, gentlemen.

Laz. Why you yourself said but now, that you belonged to Don Carlos.

Musk. Did I?

Don F. Yes, this moment.

Musk. I don't think I said any such thing; and I am almost sure I did not.

Beat. Indeed, sir, you are mistaken here: he that lived with Don Carlos, used to make love to me; a good, genteel, personable fellow; whereas, this is one of the worst-looking, ugly hounds I ever saw in my life.

Laz. Sir, believe what I say to you: this is the servant that lived with Don Carlos, when he was last in Madrid; and he was always just as ugly as he is now. I even recollect his name; it begins with juss, or fuss, or—

Musk. There is neither juss nor fuss in my name; so you may give me my liberty.

Mar. Indeed, sir, I think you had better turn him about his business.

Don F. I think the contrary. Pray, ma'am, you and your maid return to your chamber. Lazarillo, lock that door, and give me the key. *(To Muskato, who endeavours to steal away.)*—'Tis in vain to strive to escape, sir; I shall leave you locked up here, till I come back with proper officers.

Musk. *(Pulling Lazarillo by the sleeve.)* Young man, I find myself a little indisposed; if you have any such thing as a drop of spirits in the house, I would be obliged to you for—

Laz. Oh! you'll be in greater want of spirits presently; you had better keep them for a more pressing occasion. *[Exeunt all but Muskato.]*

Musk. *(Knocking at the wainscot.)* Open! 'tis I.

Aur. *(Coming out, veiled.)* Well!

Musk. Heyday! have you got into petticoats, too? 'Gad! I don't know but you are much in the right of it; for there is an old gentleman hereabouts, who conducts ladies out of his house with an admirable politeness. But, joking apart, I suppose you have heard what has happened.

Aur. I endeavoured to listen; but the noise was so great, I could hear nothing distinctly.

Musk. You could hear nothing distinctly?—*(Squeaking to mimic her.)*—What the devil! have you put your voice into petticoats, too? I left you a double bass; and, I find you a treble.

Aur. *(Shewing her face.)* Come, a truce with these impertinences.

Musk. Donna Aurora! For heaven's sake, young gentlewoman, how came you here?

Aur. 'Tis a long story to tell: however, make yourself easy, your master has escaped. He came here just now, and offered to stay with me, or make me the companion of his escape: the former, you may be sure, I would not hear of; and, in the latter case, I thought I should only be an impediment to him.

Beat. *(Through the key-hole.)* Muskato!

Musk. Who's there?

Beat. 'Tis I, Beatrice. Have they locked you up?

Musk. Ay, double-locked me up; I am locked up on both sides.

Beat. I wish I could let you out.

Musk. I wish you could. How did you get out my master?

Beat. We have him here within; and he says he won't go without you.

Musk. I am very much obliged to him. But what good will that do me? However, at any rate, I should be glad to take my leave of him, before we part. I wish you would strive to put back the lock of the door.

Beat. It's impossible; but comfort yourself; my lady and I have been both crying for you; and, I dare swear, we shall cry a great deal more.

Musk. You think we shall suffer, then.

Beat. Take care of yourself; Don Ferdinand is coming up the other way with the alguazils.

Musk. *(Running to the panel.)* Is he! by gad, then I will take all the care I can.

Aur. Stay, Muskato—*(Her foot slips as she is going to follow him.)* Oh, gracious heaven! I have hurt myself, and they are opening the door.

Musk. *(Shutting the panel.)* Nay, if you won't come—charity begins at home.

Aur. *(On the outside.)* Muskato!

Enter DON FERDINAND, LAZARILLO, and Alguazils.

Don F. *(Without.)* Yes, yes; Lazarillo and I seized him; and we have him here under lock and key. Here, gentlemen, is the corigidor's warrant, and there's your prisoner Lazarillo.

Laz. Sir!

Don F. Where's the servant of Don Carlos?

Laz. Is not he there, sir?

Don F. And what woman's this? By heavens, I left him locked up here, and have had the key in my pocket ever since.

Don P. See who the woman is?

Laz. *(Approaching Aurora.)* I'll see that.

Don F. *(Aurora making a motion with her hand.)* Stand off!

Laz. She beckons to speak with you.

Don F. I desire, gentlemen, you won't leave the house yet.—*[Exeunt Lazarillo and Alguazils.]*—Well, now, ma'am, who and what are you?

Aur. Answer these questions yourself, sir; *(lifting up her veil;)* for the rest, my sex and my misfortunes give me claim to your protection.

Don F. Aurora, the sister of Don Pedro!—Where is the man I left here; and by what unaccountable accident—

Aur. A time will come for satisfying you in everything. Consider, at present, but the peril of my situation; my brother is here, I am a woman, and you are a gentleman.

Don G. *(Behind.)* Alguazils in my house again! this is really monstrous! How came the sentinels to let these people up?

Don F. Was ever man so embarrassed as I am! Here's my uncle now: if he find a woman with me, and I refuse to give an account how she came, he will believe the story Marcella told him concerning last night; if I discover her, I shall involve myself in a quarrel with her brother, besides breaking my word given to her.

Enter DON PEDRO PACHECO.

My dear Don Pedro, don't be surprised at what I am going to say to you: it stands me upon to keep this lady from my uncle's sight; I beg, therefore, you will not mention anything about her; and pray, ma'am, do you step into this cabinet. *[Exit Aurora.]*

Don P. Shall I shut myself up with her?

Don F. No; stay where you are.

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA, speaking to LAZARILLO; afterwards, enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Don G. Go you, sir, and desire my daughter to come to me immediately. Nephew, I am very angry with you.

Don F. I am sorry for that, sir.

Don G. A fig for your sorrow.

Don P. Don Guzman, I kiss your hand.

Don G. I am glad to see you out of your trouble.

Mar. Here I am, sir: what's your pleasure?

Don G. What, you won't let me enjoy ease and quietness?—*(To Don Ferd.)* They tell me, nephew, you have seized the servant of Don Carlos de Pimentel.

Don F. Yes, sir; but he has escaped.

Don G. How has he escaped?

Don F. That's more than I am able to say. I left him locked up here; and, when I came back again, I could not find him.

Don G. Oh! very well; I warrant you I'll find him. I hear tales of a very ugly nature from one side and the other, of men and women being concealed in the house.

Don F. 'Tis most certain, sir, that I met a strange man in the house last night; but I don't pretend to determine how he got in.

Don G. My daughter says there was a strange woman; and, for anything that appears to the contrary, both the lurking toads may be in the house still; and, if somebody does not ferret them out, we may have our throats cut one of these nights, when we are asleep in our beds, and dreaming of no such matter; and, therefore, I am determined to hunt every hole and corner: and first, I'll begin to examine this. (*Going towards the closet where Aurora is.*)—Perhaps they may have hidden themselves—

Don F. (*Placing himself before the closet.*) Hold, sir! you must not go in here.

Don G. No! And why not, pray?

Mar. Do go in, sir.

Don G. Nephew, I will go into that place.

Don F. Pardon me, sir, I have the greatest respect for you; but here my honour is engaged, and, by heaven! I will defend this door with my life.

Don G. This is very pretty behaviour, I protest; however, sir, since you are so violent, I will not contend with you at present: I'll take this room in my way back. And will you, Don Pedro, be so obliging as to accompany me, while I search the rest of the apartments.

Mar. Hold! pray, sir, stay a moment.

Don G. What mischief's in the wind now?

Mar. You must not go this way, sir.

Don G. Must not! By my faith, but I will, though.

Don F. I say, sir, do go in.

Mar. Pray, sir, don't think of it.

Don G. Then I'll go in there.

Don F. No, sir; that must not be.

Don G. Why now, did ever any one see the like of this? I say, nephew—daughter—

AURORA throwing open the doors of the cabinet, comes out, and discovers herself.

Aur. Ruin I see must overtake me; therefore, I'll meet it.

Don P. Fury and death, my sister! Villain, draw your sword.

Don G. Nay, now, Don Pedro, you're out of your wits.

Don F. Hear me, will you?

Don P. I'll hear nothing.

Mar. Nor I.

Don G. I'll leave it to all the world, now, if ever there was a poor old fellow so hampered and plagued, by a set of young rascals and hus-sies, as I am.

Enter LAZARILLO.

Laz. Where's Don Guzman—where's my master? Oh! gentlemen, gentlemen!

Don G. (*Stopping them.*) Pray, hold a little—What ails this fellow?

Beat. Lazarillo, have you seen a ghost?

Laz. You have hit it; the house is haunted.

Don G. Yes, with a pack of mad people.

Laz. Spirits, sir, spirits! As I am a living man, your son, Don Alonzo, appeared to me this instant. His face was as long as my arm, and as pale as a piece of chalk; his eyes glared like two coals of fire, and he had a flambeau in his hand.

Don G. I won't believe a word of this; it's all a monstrous lie: a ghost and a piece of chalk, and

a flambeau and stuff. Draw all your swords, and follow me.

Mar. (*Sinks into Ferdinand's arms.*) Oh!

Don G. Here! you, man, ghost, devil, or whatever you are, make your appearance: I protest before heaven, I'll do you no harm, but let you go quietly about your business.

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL, with his mask on, and his sword drawn; after advancing some paces, he discovers himself.

Don C. Don Guzman, I take you at your word.

All. Don Carlos!

Don F. Call in the alguazils.

Don G. No, come back. How have you the audaciousness, Don Carlos, to appear in this place? And what do you think must be the consequence of my seeing you?

Don C. I have delivered myself into your hands, Don Guzman, on the faith of your promise, that the memory of all past acts should be cancelled between us; but conscious of my innocence, I disdain to owe my safety to an undesigned clemency; recall what you have said, I release you from your word, if you can have more pleasure in satisfying an unjust revenge than in sacrificing it to a point of honour.

Don G. Go away, and never let me see you more.

Don P. This may do for you, Don Guzman, but I am to be answered in another manner. The death of a son may be forgiven, but not the ruin of a sister.

Don C. Don Pedro, I never wronged you. I honour, I esteem, I admire your sister; but not out of fear of your anger, but in regard to her virtue; and as a debt due to her reputation, brought into danger by her attention to me, I am willing to make her my wife.

Aur. (*Going apart with Don P.*) Brother—

Don F. There is one circumstance in this dark affair which surprises me more than anything else. Where is your servant, Don Carlos, whom I seized just now in the street? I left him locked up here, and in less than a quarter of an hour—

Musk. (*Within.*) Heigho!

Don G. Who have we bricked up in the wall, yonder?

Enter MUSKATO from behind the panel.

Musk. Are we all friends? is it peace and good fellowship without respect of persons?

Don G. Sirrah, I desire to know—

Musk. I am included in the treaty, sir.

Beat. This brings things into my head. Hark you! rogue's face, was it not you that stole my new gown?

Musk. Yes, ma'am.

Beat. Well, and where is it?

Musk. Why, you must know, I put it on.

Beat. Put on my gown!

Musk. Oh, Lord! yes; I make one of the gentlest ladies you ever laid your eyes on; ask Don Guzman else. Being somewhat more corpulent than you, indeed, your gown has suffered a little in the seams; but don't make yourself uneasy; to recompense the damage, I'll throw myself and fortune at your feet. (*Falling on his knees.*)

Don P. What you tell me is very odd; however, that is not a sufficient reason for my doubting the truth of it. Don Carlos, we have no leisure now to enter into discussions and explanations; your family and fortune are unexceptionable; you say you are willing to marry my sister; take her, and may you be happy together.

Musk. My dear master, I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart, of being released from all your troubles, by the generosity of this good old gentleman: his behaviour has been that of a noble Spaniard; and I hope our friends will testify their satisfaction, by joining to applaud it.

[*Exeunt.*]

THOMAS AND SALLY;

OR, THE SAILOR'S RETURN:

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

THE 'SQUIRE
THOMAS

SALLY
DORCAS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Village at the foot of a hill, with a cottage more advanced than the rest, on one side.

SALLY discovered spinning at the door.

AIR.—SALLY.

*My time how happy once, and gay!
Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be:
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
For my true love is gone to sea.*

*The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Though all their arts are lost on me;
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to sea.*

*They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lea;
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea?*

*The flowers droop till light's return,
The pigeon mourns its absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from sea.*

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. What, will you never quit this idle trade?
Still, still in tears? Ah! you're a foolish maid!

In time, have prudence, your own int'rest see;
Youth lasts not always; be advis'd by me.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*That May-day of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and shew;
Then why will you waste such a treasure
In sighing, and crying heigho?
Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
And never sit crying heigho!*

*Though when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, e'er all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying heigho!
In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so;
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigho!*

Sally. Leave me.

Dorcas. Go to. I come to make you glad,
Odzooks! what's here? this folly sets me mad.
You're grieving, and for whom? 'tis pretty sport!
For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port.

Sally. Dorcas, for shame! how can you be so base?
Or after this, look Thomas in the face?
His ship's expected—

Dorcas. Tell not me. The 'Squire—
As Tom is your's, you are his heart's desire.
Then why so peevish, and so froward still?
He'll make your fortune; let him have his will.

AIR.—SALLY.

*Were I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch he,
Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.*

*Grant me, ye Pow'rs, (I ask not wealth,)
Grant me but innocence and health.
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.*

[Exit.

Dorcas. Well, go your ways. I cannot choose
but smile:

Would I were young again! alas, the while!
But what are wishes? wishes will not do:
One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*When I was a young one, what girl was like me?
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee:
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.
To all that came near I had something to say;
'Twas this, sir, and that, sir, but scarce ever nay;
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.*

*At twenty, I got me a husband—poor man!
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws;
And jealous—though, truly, I gave him some cause.
He snubb'd me and huff'd me; but let me alone,
Egad! I've a tongue and I paid him his own.
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our charter, and have the last word.*

*But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
This time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.
Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mumchance;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.*

[Exit.

*The 'Squire appears, descending the hill, with
Huntsmen.*

AIR.—The 'Squire.

*Hark, hark! the shrill horn calls the sportsmen
abroad;
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.*

*Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.*

[Exeunt Huntsmen. The 'Squire knocks at
the door of the cottage.

Enter SALLY.

Sally. Ah! whither have my heedless steps be
tray'd?

'Squire. Where would you fly? of who are you
afraid?

Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh;
Nor any one but Cupid, you, and I.

Sally. Unlucky! (Aside.)

'Squire. 'Sdeath! she sets me all on fire.
Bewitching girl! I languish with desire.
But wherefore do you shrink, and trembling stand,
So coy, so silly?

Sally. Pray, sir, loose my hand.

AIR.—The 'Squire.

*When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange, no longer seek to roam:
They centre all in Sally.*

*Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy;
And cries I court but to destroy:
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.*

*Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
Oh! follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me bless'd in Sally.*

Sally. Sir, you bemean yourself; and, to be
free,

Some lady you should choose of fit degree:
I am too low, too vulgar—

'Squire. Rather say,
There's some more favour'd rival in the way:
Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts takes
place;

For him you keep your favours; that's the case.

Sally. Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor
sin;

An honest lad he is, of honest kin:
No higher than my equal I pretend:
You have your answer, sir, and there's an end.

DUETT.—The 'Squire and SALLY.

'Squire. Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be
deny'd;

*Fine clothes you shall flash in, and rant it
away.*

*I'll give you this purse, too; and, hark you!
beside,*

*We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long sum-
mer's day.*

Sally. Of kissing and toying you soon would be
tir'd,

*Oh! should hapless Sally consent to be
naught.*

*Besides, sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to
be bought.*

'Squire. Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy
tongue;

*But know, above scandal you then shall
be put;*

*And laugh, as you roll in your chariot
along,*

At draggled-tail chastity walking a-foot.

Sally. If only thro' fear of the world I were shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill
shewn;

*Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I should purchase
my own?*

'Squire. *Leave morals to grey-beards, those lips were
design'd
For better employment—*

Sally. *I will not endure—*

'Squire. *Oh fie! child, love bids you be rich, and be
kind—*

Sally. *But virtue commands me be honest and
poor.* [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-side.

Enter THOMAS, with Sailors in a boat, from which
they land.

Thomas. Avast! my boys, avast! all hands
ashore.

Messmates, what cheer? Old England, eh! once
more.

I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice;
Out with your presents, boys, and take your
choice.

I've an old sweetheart—but look, there's the town;
Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

AIR and CHORUS.—THOMAS and Sailors.

*How happy is the sailor's life,
From coast to coast to roam;
In every port he finds a wife,
In every land a home.*

*He loves to range,
He's no where strange;
He ne'er will turn his back,
To friend or foe;
No, masters, no;
My life for honest Jack.*

Cho. *He loves to range, &c.*

*If saucy foes dare make a noise,
And to the sword appeal;
We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
With whom they have to deal.*

*We know no craft,
But 'fore and aft'
Lay on our strokes amain;
Then, if they're stout,
For t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.*

Cho. *We know no craft, &c.*

*Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull;
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
To-morrow shall be full;*

*For if so be,
We want, d'ye see?
A pluck of this here stuff;
In Indi—a,
And Americ—a,
We're sure to find enough.*

Cho. *For if so be, &c.*

*Then bless the king, and bless the state,
And bless our captains all;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
The British fleet befall.*

*But prosp'rous gales,
Where'er she sails,
And ever may she ride,
Of sea and shore,
Till time's no more,
The terror and the pride.*

Cho. *But prosp'rous gales, &c.* [Exeunt.]

Enter the 'Squire and DORCAS.

'Squire. In vain I've ev'ry wily art assay'd,
Nor promises can tempt, nor vows persuade;
No prospect of success is left me now:
How shall I gain her?

Dorcas. Why, I'll tell you how.
This way she comes; the wench is full of pride,
Lay oaths, and vows, and promises aside:
Often, when regular approaches fail,
Besiegers storm a place, and so prevail.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*All you would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her as sure as a gun.*

*With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.*

*To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine;
But mark you the consequence, mun;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you as sure as a gun.*

*Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun;
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.* [Exeunt.]

Enter SALLY, with a milking-pail.

Sally. How cruel those who, with ungen'rous
aim,
Strive to seduce, and bring poor maids to shame!
That brutish 'squire! but wherefore should I fear?
I ne'er can turn false-hearted to my dear.
No, when he came his last farewell to take,
He bid me wear this token for his sake;
He shall not prove me fickle and unkind;
Or say, that—out of sight was out of mind.

AIR.—SALLY.

*Auspicious spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him bide;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.
And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.*

*Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep;
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.
Till halcyon peace return'd, once more,
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms.*

Enter the 'Squire.

DUETT.—The 'Squire and SALLY.

'Squire. *Well met, pretty maid;
Nay, don't be afraid;
I mean you no mischief, I vow;
Psha! what is't you ail?
Come, give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.*

Sally. *Pray let it alone,
I've hands of my own,
Nor need your's to help me—forbear!*

*How can you persist?
I won't, sir, be kiss'd,
Nor teas'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.*

'Squire. *In yon lonely grove,
I saw an alcove,
All round the sweet violet springs;
And there was a thrush,
Hard by in a bush,
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.*

Sally. *But hark! pr'ythee, hark!
Look, yonder's a lark,
It warbles and pleases me so;
To hear the soft tale,
O' th' sweet nightingale,
I would not be tempted to go.*

'Squire. *Then here we'll sit down;
Come, come, never frown,
No longer my bliss I'll retard;
Kind Venus shall spread,
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue, Cupid, keep guard.*

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. What's this I see? May I believe my eyes?

A pirate just about to board my prize!

'Tis well I this way chanc'd my course to steer—
Sal, what's the matter?

Sally. Thomas!

'Squire. 'Sdeath! who's here?
Fellow, begone, or—

Thomas. Larn your phrase to mend:
Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend.
Let go the wench, I claim her for my share,
And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

TRIO.—*The 'Squire, THOMAS, and SALLY.*

'Squire. *Saucy rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost:
Bully'd!—scandaliz'd!—confusion!
All my schemes and wishes cross'd.*

Thomas. *Hark you, master, keep your distance;
'Sblood! take notice what I say:
There's the channel, no resistance,
Tack about, and bear away.*

Sally. *Would you wrest our freedom from us?
Now my heart has lost its fear:
Oh! my best, my dearest Thomas,
Sure some angel brought you here.*

'Squire. *Since her paltry inclination,
Stoops to such a thing as you;
Thus I make a recantation,
Wretched, foolish girl, adieu! [Exit,*

Sally. Oh! welcome, welcome! How shall I impart

The joy this happy meeting gives my heart?
Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,
And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

Thomas. Excuse me, Sal, while mighty George
has foes,
On land and main, their malice I'll oppose.
But hang this talking, my desires are keen;
You see yon steeple, and know what I mean.

DUETT.—THOMAS and SALLY.

Thomas. *Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.*

Sally. *Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.*

Thomas. *For this the sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.*

Sally. *For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.*

Both. *Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.*
[Exeunt.]

DUPLICITY;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR HORNET ARMSTRONG
SIR HARRY PORTLAND
'SQUIRE TURNBULL

VANDERVELT
OSBORNE
TIMID

SCRIP
SERVANTS
CLARA

MELISSA
MISS TURNBULL
MRS. TRIP

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Harry Portland's House.*

CLARA and MELISSA discovered.

Clara. Well, my dear Melissa, you will be a happy woman.

Mel. I have no doubt of it. The attention which Mr. Osborne has shewn me, was not that of a man eager to gain the affection of his mistress by humouring her caprices, praising her beauty, and flattering her follies. He is obliging and well-bred, but sincere; yet his disapprobation is delivered with a delicacy that makes it more agreeable than some people's compliments.

Clara. If time, instead of mellowing the strokes, should wear away this smooth varnish, and discover a harsh outline, should you not be offended at the severity of his manner, think you?

Mel. Believe me, dear Clara, there is no danger; for if there be one man on earth more capable of making a woman happy than another, it is Mr. Osborne.

Clara. It would be heresy in you, my dear, to hold any other opinion; and I have no doubt but you will continue orthodox after marriage.

Mel. Yes; I shall certainly die in that faith.

Clara. Your brother, Sir Harry, I believe, is of your religion, too.

Mel. Entirely. The friendship of Mr. Osborne and my brother is as sincere as the commencement of it was remarkable. Have you ever heard their story?

Clara. Never. You know my acquaintance with your family is but just begun; but I hope you will not think them words of course when I assure you that, short as it is, I feel myself interested in its happiness.

Mel. Oh! I am sure you are sincere; I know it

by sympathy. Well, then, I'll tell you: Harry and Osborne happened to be both abroad at the same time. As my brother was going to Italy, and passing through the mountainous part of Savoy, he came to a hollow way, among the rocks, surrounded by trees and caverns; all on a sudden, at a turning in the road, he beheld Osborne and his servants, attacked by six banditti, and ready to sink under their wounds.

Clara. Was Sir Harry alone? (*Alarmed.*)

Mel. He had his governor, two servants, and the postillion. My brother instantly leaped from his carriage, snatched up his sword and pistols, and flew to the place of action.

Clara. I declare you terrify me.

Mel. He was not seen by the combatants, and took care to advance so near before he fired, that he could not fail to do execution. He laid two of the banditti dead; and their companions, who had discharged their fire-arms, and beheld Sir Harry's people running to the attack, and levelling their pieces, fled.

Clara. Thank you for that, my dear; you have given me breath.

Mel. The intrepidity with which Sir Harry saw Osborne defend himself, and the fortitude he discovered when he was informed, as it was at first believed, that his wounds were mortal, attached my brother so powerfully to him, that he resolved not to leave him in the hands of strangers, but anxiously waited while he was under cure.

Clara. This was a noble generosity.

Mel. It was; and Osborne was so sensible of it, that, though he was going the other way, he would return with Sir Harry into Italy; and their friendship has continued ever since.

Clara. But is it not strange, my dear, that he cannot detach his friend from the gaming-table?

Mel. My brother is infatuated. It is his greatest, almost his only weakness.

Clara. But the report is, that Mr. Osborne takes advantage of this weakness; and, in fact, has half ruined Sir Harry himself.

Mel. The report of malice, my dear.

Enter SIR HARRY PORTLAND and MR. OSBORNE.

Sir Harry. Ladies, your obedient. Pray, when did you arrive in town, madam? *(To Clara.)*

Clara. Yesterday. But how came you to quit Bath so suddenly, gentlemen?

Sir Harry. Mr. Osborne, madam, was *horriblement ennuyé*; dull as an alderman at church, or a fat lap-dog after dinner; thinking on marriage, Melissa, and other important matters; and so—

Osborne. Come, come, Sir Harry, this is mighty ingenious; but you were, at least, as willing to be gone as myself. The truth, madam, is, my modest friend here heard you were to set off in a day or two; and from that moment, was continually giving hints, and asking me how I, as a lover, could exist so long without a sight of my mistress; and, in short, began, all at once, to talk so sympathetically about absence and ages, that I, who had made the excursion purely to oblige him, was, I acknowledge, exceedingly happy to find I could oblige him by returning.

Clara. What say you to this, Sir Harry? But, I know your politeness: you will confess it all to be true, and begin to say civil things upon the subject, that will only put me to the trouble of blushing and curtsying; so we'll suppose them all, if you please. But come, tell me: what's the news of the day?

Mel. News! Oh! that's true. Look here, my dear. I thought I had something to tell you. *(Reads a paragraph in a newspaper.)* "We hear, from very good authority, that an hymeneal treaty is concluded between a certain beautiful ward, not a mile from St. James's-square, and her old guardian; and that the lady is expected in town from Bath, every hour, to sign and seal."

Sir Harry. What say you to this, madam?

Clara. Say! I protest I don't know what to say; except that these newsmakers are a very pleasant, ingenious kind of people.

Mel. But aren't you angry?

Clara. Angry! no, indeed. I am sure I am very much obliged to them for thinking of me: I shall be so stared at! I'll go into public continually, and my guardian shall go with me. *[my dear?]*

Mel. But is there any foundation for this report,

Clara. Nay, I am sure I can't tell. I have suspected the matter a great while, by my guardian's simpering and squeezing my hand so often. He read, the other day, in the Annual Register, of a man, at Inverness, who lived to the age of one hundred and seventeen; and he has been talking ever since of purchasing a country-seat in the Highlands.

Sir Harry. That would be pleasant.

Clara. Very. Then we should have a flock of goats, I suppose.

Sir Harry. Dorastus and Faunia. *[way.]*

Clara. Oh! yes; quite in the Damon and Philida

Osborne. You are very happy in a lover, madam.

Clara. Oh! quite proud of my conquest. There is no such great miracle in bringing a young fellow, whose passions are all afloat, to die at one's feet. The thing's so natural that one does it every day. But to thaw the icy blood of a grave old gentleman; to see him simper, sigh, dance minuets, and look ridiculous for one—Oh! there is, positively, no flattery equal to it.

Sir Harry. He will make your winter evenings in the Highlands quite entertaining, with relating the wild pranks he committed, and the deeds of prowess he was guilty of in his youth; then you will be so delighted with listening to his raptures, and tasting his panado, and—

Clara. Oh! yes; yes, yes—Ha, ha!—I—I think

I see him now, with his venerable bald head, his shrivelled face, and his little pug nose, that looks as red and as bright as the best Dutch sealing-wax, rising from his chair, by the help of his crutch-headed stick, to breathe forth vows of love and everlasting fidelity. Ha, ha, ha!

Mel. It's whimsical enough.

Clara. Yes. Oh! now you talk of whimsicality, I was accosted by an old gentleman the night before I left Bath, in the rooms, who was the drollest being I ever met with. I thought he would have made love to me; swore I was an angel, and said a thousand civil things.

Osborne. Oh! madam, the old men are the only polite men of this age.

Clara. Upon my word, I begin to think so.

Osborne. The young ones, taught in the modern school, hold a rude familiarity to be the first principle of good breeding.

Clara. Manners, like point ruffles, are now most fashionable when they are soiled.

Sir Harry. No, no; they only hang the easier for being deprived of starch. But who was this old gentleman, pray, madam?

Clara. A relation of your's, sir.

Sir Harry. Of mine, madam?

Clara. I should suppose so, for he mentioned his nephew, Sir Harry Portland.

Mel. Our uncle, Sir Hornet Armstrong.

Sir Harry. It is. I found a letter from him when I came to town, in which he informed me he should arrive in Bath the very day we left it.—*[Enter a Servant with a letter.]*—Who brought this?

Servant. It came by the post, sir. *[Exit.]*

Clara. I die to be better acquainted with him. I must have him in my train of sighing swains.

Osborne. You seem astonished, Sir Harry.

Clara. Some unkind billet from his mistress, I suppose.

Sir Harry. No, indeed; it is the most unaccountable epistle I ever received, and from my unaccountable uncle, too. There, read, read. *(To Osborne.)*

Osborne. *(Reads.)* "Dear Harry,—You know, you dog, how your old uncle loves you. You will say so when you are thoroughly acquainted with the occasion of this. In brief, I met with a young lady at Bath, the most extraordinary, take her altogether, I ever beheld. She is a nonpareil, a phoenix! But you will judge for yourself: she is coming up to town with her brother; who, by-the-by, is a country booby—but that's no matter. I saw her only once, and that was in the rooms; but once is sufficient. They intend coming up to London, by way of seeing the town, for they are country people, I find; though the sister has more accomplishments, ease, and good-breeding, than I ever yet saw in the drawing-room. I proposed a match to the brother, and he seemed happy at the offer. They will arrive nearly as soon as this, for they set out before it; and I shall follow, maugre the gout, as fast as I can.—HORNET ARMSTRONG. P.S. I forgot to mention their name is Turnbull." Turnbull! why, what, in the devil's name, is Sir Hornet mad?

Sir Harry. In one of his right ancient whims, I suppose. Sir Hornet has had many such in his time.

Mel. But pray, who is this miraculous lady, Mr. Osborne? for you seem to know something of her.

Osborne. Do you remember, Sir Harry, a gawky girl, that stalked round the rooms, and stared prodigiously? she that was stuck to the side of a bob-wigged country'squire?

Clara. Oh! what, the—the girl with her arms dangling, her chin projecting, and her mouth open, that looked as if she were afraid of being lost.

Sir Harry. Yes; or as if she dared not trust herself alone, out of her own parish, lest somebody should catch her, put her in a sack, and send her for a present to the king of the cannibals.

Osborne. The same; that is the accomplished Miss Turnbull.

Sir Harry. How!

[*lady.*

Osborne. That is the easy, well-bred, drawing-room

Sir Harry. Is it possible?

Clara. Ha, ha, ha! Well, (*with affected gravity*) and I don't doubt but she would make a sort of a—a—a very good wife. Understands the art of brewing, baking, pickling of pork, curing of hung beef, darning of stockings, and other branches of housewifery, in perfection. Believes in ghosts, and has got the Wandering Prince of Troy, the Babes in the Wood, and the entertaining dialogue of Death and the Lady, by heart.

Osborne. Such, and so numerous, are the wife-like properties of Miss Barbara Turnbull.

Clara. Turnbull, too! Well, that is such a delightful name for a country lady; so pastoral!

Osborne. The father was one of the greatest graziers in the west of England; and was so intent on getting money, that he bred his children in the most stupid ignorance. He is lately dead, and the son has commenced gentleman and 'squire, by virtue of the father's industry, and a pack of fox-hounds; and though he has scarcely knowledge enough of articulate sounds to hold a dialogue with his own geese, yet does he esteem himself a devilish shrewd fellow, and a wit. His conversation is vociferous, and patched up of proverbs, and out-of-the-way sayings, which he strings together without order or connection; and utters, upon all occasions, and in all companies, without respect to time, place, or person.

Clara. Well, well, Sir Harry, I shall have to wish you joy soon, I suppose: but I must begone; fifty visits to make this morning—time flies—but agreeable company, and all that, you know—Oh! Sir Harry, you mean to attend the spring meetings this year, at Newmarket? I am told you understand the turf; I think of sending a venture of five hundred by somebody. But I shall see you often enough before then. Adieu. [*Exit with Melissa.*]

Sir Harry. Well, what do you think of this lady, Osborne?

Osborne. I think her a very amiable, accomplished lady; and one that, under an assumed levity, observes and understands everything about her.

Sir Harry. I am entirely of your opinion. If I may judge from an acquaintance of such short date, she is the first woman in the world.

Osborne. Except one, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. You, Osborne, may make exceptions, if you please; I am not so captious. She has beauty without vanity, virtue without prudence, fashion without affectation, wit without malice, gaiety without coquetry, humour—

Osborne. Hold, hold! stop to breathe. How was it? Vinegar without acid, fire without heat, light without shade, motion without matter, and a likeness without a feature.

Sir Harry. "Spice, by the gods! proud spite and burning envy!"

Osborne. But did you observe her Newmarket hint, Sir Harry; and the concealed significance with which it was delivered?

Sir Harry. I did.

Osborne. Which being faithfully done into English, bears this interpretation: "I, Clara Forrester, a beautiful, elegant, sensible girl, with a fine fortune, should like to take you, Harry Portland, with youth, spirit, and certain *et ceteras*, but"—

Sir Harry. "But that I am afraid of indulging a partiality for any man who is so intolerably addicted to gaming." Is not that the conclusion of your speech?

Osborne. Oh, fie! No, no: gaming! That man has a body without a soul, that never felt an inclination to gaming.

Sir Harry. Perhaps so; but that man has the greatest soul who can best resist that inclination.

Osborne. Psha! Gaming is the essence of fashion, and

one of your strongest recommendations. Clara is a girl of spirit, and what girl that comes under that description, would ever place her affections on a sneaking, sober, prudent fellow? a mechanical scoundrel, that knows the day of the month, sips tea, keeps a pew in the parish church, writes memorandums, and goes to bed at eleven o'clock. Pho! absurd!

Sir Harry. Curse me, Osborne, if I know what to make of you. You are a riddle that I cannot expound. You have such an awkward way of praising gaming, that it always has the appearance of satire.

Osborne. Satire! How so? Do you think I'd satirize myself? Who sports more freely than I do?

Sir Harry. Why, there's the mystery. You are as eager, to the full, as I am. If I set a hundred on a back hand, you offer a thousand; nay, had I the fortune of a nabob, and were to stake it all, you would be the first man to cry "covered!" and be d—d mad if any one wanted to go a guinea: not because you have not generosity, but in the true and inveterate spirit of gaming.

Osborne. Certainly. Gaming! why, gaming is the best sal volatile for the spleen: it rouses the spirits, agitates the blood, quickens the pulse, and puts the whole nervous system in a continual vibration. No man ever yet died of an apoplexy, that loved a box and dice.

Sir Harry. But they have died as suddenly.

Osborne. Oh! ay, ay; but that's a fashionable disease, an influenza; that's to make your exit with *éclat*; that's to go out of the world with a good report.

Sir Harry. True, true; and, indeed, as to a few years, more or less, that is, in reality, a mighty insignificant circumstance.

Osborne. A bagatelle! Let us live while we do live, and die when we can't live any longer.

Sir Harry. That's my comfort, that's my comfort. Yes, yes; a pistol—a pistol is a very certain remedy for the cholic. Nobody but a pitiful scoundrel would go sighing, and whining, and teasing other people with his griefs and complaints. When a man is weary, what should he do but go to sleep?

Osborne. To be sure. Life itself is but a dream. 'Tis only sleeping a little sounder.

Sir Harry. What! live to be pitied! Ha, ha! A decayed gentleman! No, no, no. A withered branch; a firelock without a flint. And yet—heigho! this Clara—d—n it, it's provoking. Youth, beauty, affability—she's a bewitching girl!

Osborne. She is, indeed.

Sir Harry. A lovely girl!

Osborne. Ay, enough so to make any man, that might hope to be in her favour, in love with life.

Sir Harry. Any man, any man but me—no, no—Undone, undone, undone!

Osborne. Well, but, seriously, since you have such bad success, why don't you renounce play?

Sir Harry. 'Tis too late. I have sunk eighty thousand; my resources almost all exhausted, my estates all mortgaged to Jews and scoundrels.

Osborne. All?

Sir Harry. All; except the estate in Kent.

Osborne. Well, then, if you cannot content yourself with your present loss, your best way will be to make another vigorous push.

Sir Harry. That's exactly what I am determined to do; and, unless the devil possesses the dice, I think I may expect, without a miracle, that fortune should change hands.

Osborne. One would think so, indeed. Will you dine, then, at my house? There will be the Chevalier, the Baron, and the usual set. They have engaged to dine with me. They are spirited fellows, and will play for any sum.

Sir Harry. I don't know. Suspicion is a cursed meanness; and yet, I cannot help having my doubts of some among that company. Nay, had you not so

often assured me you were perfectly acquainted with them all—

Osborne. Why, I tell you again and again, so I am. I will be answerable for their conduct, and that's more than I would say for any other set of gamblers upon earth.

Sir Harry. Well, well; I'll meet you there.

Osborne. We dine early; at five.

Sir Harry. Agreed.

Osborne. And then, hey for a light heart and a heavy purse. *[Exit.]*

Sir Harry. No, no; no light heart for me: I am sunk, degraded in my own opinion. Gaming alters our very nature. Osborne used to hate it; he was then an open-hearted, generous fellow; he now appears to have contracted an insatiable love for money, and a violent desire to win, he cares not of whom, of me as soon as another. Were I in his situation, and he in mine, I think I should find an aversion to increase his distress; he knows mine, yet has no such aversion. Perhaps he thinks my ruin certain, and that he may as well profit by it as another. I know him to have the most refined and strictest sense of honour: I have lost most of my money to him, and in his company, and, therefore, have not been duped out of it. That is some comfort, however. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Enter MR. OSBORNE and TIMID.

Osborne. Well, Mr. Timid, has Sir Harry sent to you for a further supply?

Timid. Lackaday! sir, yes; and a very large supply, too. He wants five thousand pounds immediately. Lackaday! I asked him how he thought it possible for me to raise such sums as he called upon me for every day; reminded him what a bad way his affairs were in, and what an usurious rate I was obliged to borrow all his money at.

Osborne. What said he?

Timid. Lackaday! not much: seemed chagrined; said it must have an end, one way or another, soon; and demanded whether I could or could not raise the money. Lackaday! I told him I was no longer master of ways and means; and he said then he must positively employ another prime minister, for supplies he must have.

Osborne. Why did you tell him that? Go to him, inform him you have met with a tender-hearted Jew, who knows nothing of the situation of his affairs, that will lend him ten thousand pounds directly, if he want it.

Timid. Ten thousand! on what terms?

Osborne. Oh! the mortgage of the Kentish estate.

Timid. The Kentish estate! Lackaday! but suppose he should go to gaming, and lose it to somebody else instead of you.

Osborne. Oh! I'll take care of that.

Timid. Lackaday! It must not be Benjamin Solomons who lends this?

Osborne. True; no—humph! Isaac Levi, agent to a private company at Amsterdam.

Timid. *(Writes in a pocket-book.)* "Isaac Levi, agent to a private company at Amsterdam." Lackaday!

Osborne. Well, go you to him, and inform him that the money shall be ready in about half-an-hour.

Timid. Lackaday! good young gentleman! Heaven pardon me, I had like to have said d—the dice! You'll be a true friend?

Osborne. Be under no apprehensions. This old fool is become suspicious, I must be sudden. *(Aside.)*

Timid. Had not we better inform him of all, before he goes any further?

Osborne. By no means; leave that to me.

Timid. Lackaday! Well, the remembrance of a good deed is grateful on a death-bed.

Osborne. Do you be expeditious; I'll instruct the Jew, and he shall meet you here. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The same.*

SIR HARRY PORTLAND and MELISSA discovered.

Sir Harry. Heavens! what romance! I can scarcely believe my eyes. Did you ever hear of so strange an affair?

Melissa. Strange! it's miraculous. Quixotism! And our good uncle is the prince of madmen.

Sir Harry. To send a foolish, illiterate, country dowdy, and her blockhead brother, a visiting on such an errand! What can I say to them? I declare I don't know how to behave: never was so embarrassed in my life. Where are they?

Melissa. He has made an acquaintance with the groom, and is gone to the mews, which seems to be his proper element, to examine the horses; and I left her with my woman, staring, like a Dutch doll, at everything she fixed her eyes on. Here she comes.

Enter MISS TURNBULL.

Miss T. My gracious! Here be a power of voine—*(staring about)*—I wonder if that be he that be to be my husband. *(Aside.)*

Sir Harry. I hope, madam, the fatigue of your journey has not injured your health.

Miss T. Zir? *[journey.]*

Sir Harry. I hope you are pretty well after your

Miss T. Pretty well, thank you, zir. I'veck! he's a handsome man. *(Aside.)*

Melissa. This is the oddest affair.

Sir Harry. *(Aside.)* I don't know what to say to her. I am afraid, Miss Turnbull, you won't find the town so agreeable as the Elysian fields of Somersetshire.

Miss T. Lysian fields! There be no zuch yields in our parts. There be only corn yields and hay yields.

Melissa. My brother, madam, means to say, you are not so well pleased with the town as with the country, perhaps.

Miss T. Oh! yes, but I be though, and ten times better. *(They stand silent for some time.)* Pray, miss, when did you zee Zekel Turnbull, my uncle?

Melissa. I have not the honour to know him.

Miss T. My gracious! What, don't you know

Melissa. No, indeed. *[Zekel?]*

Miss T. Why, he do come to London zity your times every year.

Sir Harry. Is he in parliament?

Miss T. Parliament!

Sir Harry. Yes.

Miss T. What, a parliament-man?

Sir Harry. Yes.

Miss T. No; he be a grazier. *(Silent again.)* Pray, miss, have you been to zee the lions and the

Melissa. To-day? *[wax-work to-day.]*

Miss T. Ees.

Melissa. I never saw them in my life.

Miss T. My gracious! What, never zaw the kings, and the queens, and the tomb-stones?

Melissa. No. *[zee 'em now, then.]*

Miss T. Merciful vather! Well, let's go and

Melissa. People of fashion never go to those kind of

Miss T. Never! *[places.]*

Melissa. Never.

Miss T. My gracious! But I am zure I will go every day, while I be in London zity, if I can vind the way. Pray, be this vair-time here? Where be all those volk gwain, and where do they all come fro'?

Turn. *(Without.)* Barbara, Barbara! Where beest, Barbara?

Miss T. I be here.

Enter 'SQUIRE TURNBULL.

Turn. Well, Zir Harry, here we be. Madam, your zervant. I zupped wi' Zir Hornet three nights ago, an' a zaid you be a vine lass: what, though I had never zeen you, but I gave you, miss, in a bumper; an' Zir Hornet swore that, except Barbara, a didn't knaw one to match you.

Melissa. He did me great honour.

Turn. Why, to be zure a did. What, though a was wrong—I zee a was wrong; Barbara is well enough; but vor all the length of her spurs, she won't do, pitted against this vine ginger pullet.

Mel. Your compliments quite overpower me, sir.

Turn. Compliments! No, no. What, though vather be dead, an' I ha' three thousand a year, and the best pack of vox dogs in Zomerzethshire, I ha' no need make compliments; I would as zoon override the hounds, or vell oak zaplings vor vire-wood. Barbara, mayhap, understands zic things, her reads kademy o' compliments; vor my part, I ha' no time vor zic trash—

Miss T. I'm zure it be a very pretty book.

Turn. Hold thy tongue, Barbara, an' then nobody will know thee beest a vool. Lookye me, miss: I do want a wife, and I should like hugely vor you an' I to zet our horses together, as the zaying is.

Mel. Sir, I don't understand—

Turn. Vor my part, I am none o' your half-bred ones. What, though shilly-shally and no thank you are always hungry—a lame tongue gets nothing, and the last wooer wins the maid—a bad hound may start a hare, but a good one will catch her.

Sir Harry. I believe, sir, you never saw my sister before.

Turn. Why, no, to be zure. What though, love and a red nose can't be hid—If you cut up the goose, I'll eat it—The hare starts when the hound least expects it.

Sir Harry. Very true, sir; but here is a disagreeable misunderstanding—

Turn. Why, to be zure, I do know it. We misunderstand the thing parfitly well: it be very disagreeable, an' I be glad of it. I ha' brought Barbara to London to zee the lions, buy ribands, an' be married. But, what though, liking's liking, an' love's love; myzelf bevore my zister. If the mountain won't go to the man, the man mun go to the mountain—an' vaint heart never won vair lady.

Sir Harry. Don't you think, sir, that were my sister's affections totally disengaged, this abruptness were very unlikely to gain them? Is it not too violent, think you, for female delicacy?

Turn. Why, to be zure—female delicacy! I hate it; and as vor your abruptness, why, gi' me the man that speaks bolt outright; I am vor none o' your abruptness. What though, he must ha' leave to speak that can't hold his tongue.

Mel. Your proverb is quite apropos, sir.

Turn. Why, to be sure; dogs bark as they are bred.

Sir Harry and Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Turn. I am a staunch hound, miss, and seldom at vault; an' zo, wi' your leave, I'll—(Offers to kiss *Melissa*.)

Mel. I beg, sir—

Turn. Nay, don't be bashful; I like fruit too well to play long at bob-cherry—a's a vool, indeed, that can't carve a plum-pudding. (Offers to kiss again, and is prevented by *Sir Harry*.)

Sir Harry. I am sorry to be obliged to inform you, that you are entirely mistaken, both with respect to the affections of my sister and myself. As a friend of my uncle's, sir, I shall be happy to shew you every respect, but nothing farther can possibly take place between the families.—[Enter a Servant, and delivers a card to *Melissa*. Exit *Melissa*.]

Serv. Mr. Timid desired me to tell you, sir, that Mr. Levi is quite tired of waiting; and says, if you can't come now, he will call again to-morrow.

Sir Harry. Oh! tell him he must not go; I beg Mr. Levi's pardon, I'll be with him in a minute. [Exit *Serv.*] Sir Hornet has been exceedingly precipitate in this business, sir: he is coming to town, and must apologize for his error. As to my sister, I have no doubt but she has every respect for your merits they deserve; but her affections are pre-engaged, the nuptials fixed, and are soon to be cele-

brated. While you remain in town, however, I beg you will command my house and services. [Exit.]

Turn. Well, Barbara, what dost think on un?

Miss T. Why, a be well enough; but I daunt rightly know what a means.

Turn. What a means! thee beest a vool; thee dost na' know the London tongue, thee means: a zaid, in a kind o' round-about way, that it's all right.

Miss T. Did a?

Turn. Did a! why, to be zure a did; didst na' zee how zivil a were, an' what a low bow a made? But thee has no contagion in thee; thee will never learn what's what.

Miss T. Why, where be I to learn zic things? I ha' never been no where.

Turn. Never been no where! Well, what o' that? Where have I been? I ha' never been no where. What though, I do know how to ztir my broth without scalding my vinger—I can zee an owl in an oven as zoon as another.

Miss T. But when be us to go and zee the zights?

Turn. Oh! we'll go all together on the wedding-day.

Miss T. My gracious! I wish it were here.

Turn. Ay, ay; I daunt doubt thee: women, pigs, and poultry, be never zatisfied.

Miss T. An' be you to be married as well?

Turn. Be I to be married as well! Why, to be zure I be. Isn't vather dead? an' ha' not I three thousand a-year, an' the best pack o' vox dogs in Zomerzethshire? An' didst na' hear me tell miss 'at I would marry her? What though, I do know how to catch two pigeons wi' one pea; shew-a dog a bone, and he'll wag his tail; he that is born a beauty is half-married, an' like will to like.

Miss T. Well, then, take me to parliament-house, an' shew me the king, an' the queen, and the lord mayor, an' th' elephant, an' the rest o' th' royal vamily.

Turn. I tell thee, thee sha'n't.

Miss T. My gracious! What zignification's my coming to London zity, an' I must be moped up a this'n? I will go, zo I will.

Turn. I tell thee, thee sha'n't.

Miss T. Why, then, an' I munnot zee the king, I'll go into next room and zee his picter, that I will. [Exit.]

Turn. Ahoic! Barbara, Barbara! The helve after the hatchet—He that holds a woman, mun ha' a long rope an' a strong arm—Women an' mules will go their own road in zpote of riders or ztinging-nettles. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The House of Mr. Vandervelt.

Enter VANDERVELT.

Vand. Clara is very beautiful, but mankind is very censorious. They will tell me that sixty-seven is too late in life to undertake the begetting, bringing up, and providing for a family. What of that? Must I go out of the world as I came into it, nobody to remember me? Must the name of Vandervelt be forgotten? Must I leave no pretty picture of myself? Sixty-seven is but sixty-seven. Have not we a thousand examples of longevity upon record? And, then, as to cuckolds, I cannot be persuaded that they are as common now as they were when I was a youngster. Times, men, and manners alter. Children are born wittier, and the world gets more sedate: I myself am a living proof of it: I never go to bagnios now; I never break lamps, beat watchmen, and kick constables now. I have no such wicked inclinations.

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Ah! mon cher papa! What, ruminating?

Vand. Ah! turtle. But why do you always call me papa? you know I don't like that word, turtle.

Clara. And why, papa, do you always call me turtle? Have not I told you, fifty times, it puts me in mind of calipash, and aldermen, and other ugly animals.

Vand. Calipash! Thou art sweeter, more tender, delicate, delightful, and delicious, than all the calipash and calipee in the universe. A gem, a jewel, that all the sultans, grand signiors, and great moguls of the whole earth have not riches enough to purchase.

Clara. You are so gallant! You do say the most obliging things.

Vand. Say the most obliging things! Ay, and will—no matter—Deeds, title-deeds, rent-rolls, India bonds—Well, death and the day of judgment will make strange discoveries.

Clara. Oh! yes: I know you wise men often meditate on these serious subjects.

Vand. Ay, life is treacherous ground; one foot firm, and the next in a pit.

Clara. But why so melancholy, papa?

Vand. I have no friends; that is, no relations, no children; have made a great fortune by care, and labour, and anxiety, and debarring myself the pleasures and comforts of life in my youth; and why should not I sit down and enjoy it?

Clara. Very true; and why don't you?

Vand. Because men are fools, and laugh they don't know why. I hate ridicule; nobody loves to be thought ridiculous. The world has got false notions: a man of fifty is called old, and must not be in love, for fear of being pointed at; whereas, some men are older at thirty, than others at threescore.

Clara. Certainly.

Vand. What is threescore?

Clara. A handful of minutes,—

Vand. That vanish like a summer shower,—

Clara. Melt like a lump of sugar in a dish of tea—

Vand. That come you don't know how,—

Clara. And go you don't know where.

Vand. Surely, a man of sixty may walk through a church-yard without fear of tumbling into a grave?

Clara. If he can jump over it.

Vand. True: and I was once an excellent jumper. Sixty! why, Henry Jenkins, the Yorkshire fisherman, lived to a hundred and sixty-nine. So that a man of sixty, even in these degenerate days, has a chance to live at least a hundred years.

Clara. Well, I declare, papa, you are quite a blooming youth; forty years younger, in my opinion, than you were a quarter of an hour ago.

Vand. Forty?

Clara. At least.

Vand. Why, then, by dad, as thou sayest, I am a blooming youth. Ah! turtle, I could tell you something that would surprise you; I could tell you—Think what I could tell you. (*Sings.*) "If 'tis joy to wound a lover"—hem!—"how much more to give him ease."

Clara. (*Sings.*) "When his passion we discover"—

Vand. "Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please!" Oh! I could tell—but no, no; you are sniggering, laughing in your sleeve: ay, ay, I perceive it; you're a wit, and I am an old fool: sneering, ridiculing me; I hate wit and ridicule.

Clara. Me a wit! Lord! papa, I would not be such an animal for the world. A wit! Why, a wit is a kind of urchin, that every man will set his dog at, but won't touch himself, for fear of pricking his fingers. A wit is a monster with a hideous long tongue and no brains; a dealer in paradoxes; one that is blind through a profusion of light; walks upon metaphor, is always seen in a simile, vanishes if you come too near him, and is only to be laid by a cudgel.

Vand. Frightful, indeed! Thank heaven, nobody can say I am a wit.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Codicil, the attorney, desires to speak with you, sir.

Vand. Very well; I am coming.

Serv. Mrs. Trip, madam, is in the housekeeper's room, and says she hopes your ladyship is well.

Clara. Desire her to walk up. [*Exit Serv.*]

Vand. Who is Mrs. Trip, turtle?

Clara. A person that lived several years in our family. She is, at present, lady's-maid to Melissa, Sir Harry Portland's sister. She will divert me with her fine language; besides that, I wish to ask her how she likes Sir Harry's family.

Vand. I know Sir Harry's uncle, Sir Hornet Armstrong, very well; an old friend.

Clara. Indeed! I never saw him here.

Vand. Why, no, I don't know how it has happened, but I have not seen him above twice these two years myself; he's an odd mortal; a whimsical old gentleman. Well, b'ye, b'ye!

Clara. Adieu!

Vand. B'ye, b'ye!

[*Exit.*]

Clara. This Sir Harry runs continually in my head; ay, and I am afraid has found a place in my heart: yes, yes; there's no denying that: but that friend, that Mr. Osborne—If I have any penetration, that man wears a most suspicious, hypocritical face.—[*Enter MRS. TRIP.*—] So, Mrs. Trip, how have you done this long time?

Mrs. T. Pretty well, thank you, madam, except that I am subject to the historicals, and troubled with the vapours; being, as I am, of a dilikut nervous system, whereof I am so giddy, that my poor head is sometimes quite in a whirlpool; and if I did not bathe with my lady, the doctor tells me I should decline into a liturgy, and so fall down and die, perhaps, in a fit of apostacy.

Clara. And how long have you lived in Sir Harry's family, Mrs. Trip?

Mrs. T. I came soon after my poor dear lady, your mamma, died, and was interrogated; whereof I was at her funeral. My lady is a very good lady; that is, I mean, ma'am, my future lady that I live with at present: she is to be married soon to Mr. Osborne, and may Hydra, the god of marriage, tie the gorgon knot; whereof I heard your ladyship is to be one of the ceremonials.

Clara. I am invited, and shall be there. But, pray, Mrs. Trip, what is your opinion of Mr. Osborne?

Mrs. T. Oh, lard! ma'am, consarning Mr. Osborne—I heard a small bird sing.

Clara. A small bird sing!

Mrs. T. Yes, ma'am.

Clara. Of what feather was this fowl?

Mrs. T. Foul! No, I assure you, your ladyship, as fair a speechified person as any in England; whereof he has a great valiation for me.

Clara. Well.

Mrs. T. And so, the secret is that Mr. Osborne has won almost all Sir Harry's estate.

Clara. Indeed!

Mrs. T. And, moreover, has pretended to be a synagogue, and a Jew, and has lent money in other people's names, on mortgagees and nuitants, whereof my friend has been a party consarned.

Clara. Good heaven, what villany! (*Aside.*) And pray, who is your friend, Mrs. Trip?

Mrs. T. Oh! ma'am, I hope your ladyship won't intoxicate me on that head, for I know Mr. Timid too well to—

Clara. Oh! it was Mr. Timid?

Mrs. T. Why—that is, ma'am—I didn't mean—Mercy! what have I said?

Clara. You may assure yourself, Mrs. Trip, I shall be careful not to do you any prejudice.

Mrs. T. I am sure, I am supinely obligationed to your ladyship. [*Exit.*]

Clara. Poor Sir Harry! He has a heart that does honour to mankind, that does not merit distress; yet, if I augur right, it must shortly feel the severest pangs false friendship can inflict. Ungrateful Osborne! I must warn Melissa to beware of him, and if possible, to detach Sir Harry from the gaming-table. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir Harry Portland's House.*

Enter SIR HARRY PORTLAND, CLARA, MELISSA, and VANDERVELT.

Clara. Ha, ha, ha! Sir Harry, you are a happy man.

Vand. Ay, Sir Harry, you are a happy man.

Mel. Such an accomplished spouse!

Clara. And so kind an uncle!

Sir Harry. Upon my soul, I can't help laughing; and yet the more I reflect on the affair, the more I am amazed; Sir Hornet is whimsical, 'tis true, but no fool.

Vand. Fool, Sir Harry! no, no; he is always the readiest to spy the fooleries of other people: many a time have I laughed at his whims and jokes; an odd mortal he is.

Clara. Nay, if he be so fond of a joke, who knows but he may have sent them on this errand for the joke's sake?

Vand. By dad, turtle, thou hast hit it. As sure as can be, that's it; it is for the joke's sake.

Sir Harry. Impossible: the affair is too serious to be intentional caprice.

Mel. But I thought, when I left you, you were coming to an eclaireissement.

Sir Harry. Coming to an eclaireissement! Why, I told them, as plain as I could speak, that no alliance whatever could take place between the families. [then.

Mel. 'Tis certain they have not understood you,

Sir Harry. Well, there the matter must rest till I can find an interpreter, for I can't make myself more intelligible. [scene yet?

Clara. And you have not had one tender love

Sir Harry. Not one. I am amazed at the girl's simplicity, it equals her ignorance; she speaks and looks so totally unconscious of impropriety, so void of intentional error, that I don't know how to reply.

Clara. Suppose, then, you were to practise a little. Come, I'll stand up for the young lady.

Sir Harry. I shall still find a difficulty to speak.

Clara. Surely!

Sir Harry. In very truth, ma'am. But it will be from a quite different motive.

Clara. Oh! for the love of curiosity, Sir Harry, explain your motive.

Vand. Ay, Sir Harry, explain your motive.

Sir Harry. I cannot, sir.

Vand. Cannot! Sir Harry, why so?

Sir Harry. For reasons, sir, which are far more easily imagined than described.

Vand. Nay, don't be afraid, Sir Harry. My turtle knows how to answer interrogatories; you won't find her a simpleton, I warrant.

Sir Harry. No, sir; the danger is that she might find me one.

Vand. I fancy, Sir Harry, you are a little like me: cautious with the ladies, lest you should be made ridiculous. I am very circumspect in those matters.

Sir Harry. You are very right, sir; it is not every one who has the gift of wearing a fool's-cap with a grace.

Clara. Ay, but notwithstanding all this, Sir Harry, I should like to have a love-scene with you.

Vand. How, turtle!

Clara. In the character of Miss Turnbull.

Vand. Oh! ay, do, Sir Harry, have a love-scene with my turtle.

Sir Harry. Anything to oblige you, sir.

Vand. Come, then, begin. (*Clara sets herself in an awkward, silly attitude.*) Ha, ha, ha! Look, look at my Turtle lovey-dovey.

Sir Harry. (*Addressing Clara.*) My uncle, Sir Hornet Armstrong, madam, is desirous that I should gain the inestimable blessing of your hand.

Clara. Anan!

Vand. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. And give me leave to say, madam, however unworthy I may be of the happiness and honour intended me, no person can be more sensible of them.

Clara. What! that be as much as to say you wunt ha' me, I zuppose. (*Whimpers.*)

Vand. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, but don't cry in earnest, lovey-dovey.

Sir Harry. Oh! dry those heavenly eyes, madam, and believe me, when I call every sacred power to witness my affection, I love, I adore, I die for you. Suffer me to wipe away those pearly tears that hide the beauties of your cheek. (*Offering to salute her.*)

Clara. Hold, hold, Sir Harry!

Vand. Ay, hold, hold, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Why so, sir? 'Tis quite in character.

Clara. Deuce take you, Sir Harry, you—you are too passionate in your feigned addresses; so warm and pressing—

Vand. Ay, so warm and pressing.

Clara. One was not aware.

Sir Harry. I was taken by surprise myself, madam. The bounteous god of love kindly contrived an opportunity which my profound adoration, and a conscious want of merit, had totally deprived me of. Pardon me, if, for a moment, I forgot that respect which every one, who beholds you, cannot help feeling.

Vand. Why, what's this, Sir Harry? You are not in downright earnest, are you?

Sir Harry. Sincere as dying sinners imploring mercy.

Vand. What, in love with my turtle?

Clara. Pooh! Why, no, to be sure. We were only acting a supposed scene.

Vand. Supposed! By dad, I think it was devilishly like a real scene. You both did your parts very naturally.

Sir Harry. Oh! sir, no actor who feels as forcibly as I do, can ever mistake his character.

Vand. Feels forcibly! Your feelings are forcible, indeed.

Mel. Come, come, let us adjourn to the drawing-room; I want to have your opinions on a painting of Coreggio's that my brother has made me a present of.

Vand. Favour me with your hand, young lady; and, Sir Harry, do you take my turtle's; but don't you let your feelings be too forcible. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Harry Portland's house.*

Enter SIR HORNET ARMSTRONG and Servant.

Sir Hor. Are the trunks, safe, sirrah, George?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Hor. And did you order that dog of a postillion to take care of the poor devils the horses?

Serv. I did, sir.

Sir Hor. And of himself?

Serv. I did, sir.

Sir Hor. You did, sir? Why, then, do you go and take care of yourself, you rascal.

Serv. I will, sir.

Sir Hor. And do you hear, George?

Serv. Sir?

[break your bones.

Sir Hor. If I find you disobey my orders, I'll

Serv. I'll be very careful, sir, I assure you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIMID and SCRIP.

Timid. Brokerage comes rather heavy, Mr. Scrip, when the sum is large.

Scrip. Heavy! no, no; a d—d paltry pittance; five-and-twenty pounds only, you see, for selling out twenty thousand. Get more by one lucky hit than fifty of these would produce.

Timid. Ay!

Scrip. Oh! yes; jobbing—stock-jobbing, between you and I, is the high road to wealth.

Timid. Lackaday! may be so. Well, good day. (*Scrip is going, but seeing Sir Hornet, stops to listen.*)

Sir Hor. What, old Lackaday!

Timid. Ah! Sir Hornet.

Sir Hor. What's the best news with you?

Timid. Ah, lackaday! the best news I know is scarcely worth relating.

Scrip. Beg pardon, sir, (to *Sir Hor.*) beg pardon—bad news in town, did you say?

Sir Hor. Bad! sir; not that I have heard.

Scrip. Exceedingly sorry for it.

Sir Hor. Sir?

Scrip. Never was more distressed for bad news.

Sir Hor. Distressed for bad news!

Scrip. Excessively! The reduction of Gibraltar, the taking of Jamaica, or the destruction of the grand fleet, one of the three would make me a happy man for life. [you happy for life?

Sir Hor. The destruction of the grand fleet make

Scrip. Completely.

Sir Hor. Here's a precious scoundrel!

Scrip. No great reason to complain, to be sure; do more business than any three doctors of the college; generally of the sure side; made a large fortune, if this does not give me a twinge; rather overdone it; but any severe stroke, any great national misfortune, would exactly close my account.

Sir Hor. Hark you, sir!

Scrip. Sir?

Sir Hor. It is to be hoped—

Scrip. Yes, sir, it is to be hoped. [account.

Sir Hor. That a halter will exactly close your

Scrip. Sir?

Sir Hor. You raven-faced rascal! Rejoice at national misfortunes! Zounds! I thought such language was nowhere to be heard from the mouth of an Englishman, unless he were a member of parliament.

Scrip. Lord! sir, you don't consider that I am a bear for almost half a million.

Sir Hor. You are an impudent villain! Rejoice at the distress of your country!

Scrip. Why, Lord! sir, to be sure; when I am a bear. There's not a bear in the Alley but would do the same. Were I a bull, indeed, the case would be

Sir Hor. A bull! [altered.

Scrip. For instance, at the taking of Charles-Town, no man was merrier, no man more elate, no man in better spirits.

Sir Hor. How so, gentle sir?

Scrip. Oh! dear sir, at that time I was a bull to a vast amount, when, very fortunately for me, the news arrived; the guns fired, the bells clattered, the stocks mounted, and I made ten thousand pounds. Enough to make a man merry. Never spent a happier night in my life.

Sir Hor. Aha! then, according to that arithmetic, you would be as merry and as happy to-night, could you accomplish the destruction of this said British fleet.

Scrip. Happier, happier by half! for I should realize at least twice the sum—twice the sum.

Sir Hor. Twice the sum!

Scrip. Ay, twice the sum. Oh! that would be a glorious event, indeed. Never prayed so earnestly for anything since I was born; and who knows—who knows what a little time may do for us?

Sir Hor. Zounds! how my elbow aches! (*Aside.*)

Scrip. I shall call on some leading people—men of intelligence—of the right stamp.

Sir Hor. You shall?

Scrip. Yes, sir.

Sir Hor. Why, then, perhaps you will be able to destroy the British fleet between you.

Scrip. I hope so, I hope so—do everything in my power. Oh! it would be a glorious event.

Sir Hor. Hark you! sir, do you see that door?

Scrip. Sir?

Sir Hor. And this cane?

Scrip. Why, but, sir—

Sir Hor. Make your exit, you imp!

Scrip. But, sir—

Sir Hor. Get out of the house, you vile rascal, you diabolical—[*Drives Scrip off.*] A son's son of a scoundrel! Who is he? What business had he here?

Timid. Lackaday! sir, he is a stock-broker, that Sir Harry employed, at his sister's request, to sell out for her; because she chooses to have her fortune in her own possession against to-morrow. I have been paying him the brokerage, and receiving the money, which I shall deliver to madam Melissa directly.

Sir Hor. An incomprehensible dog! Pray for the reduction of Gibraltar, the taking of Jamaica, or the destruction of the British fleet!

Timid. Lackaday! sir, it is his trade.

Sir Hor. Trade! a nation will never flourish that encourages traders to thrive by her misfortunes. But come, tell me something of my own affairs: where is Harry? how does he go on?

Timid. Ah, lackaday!

Sir Hor. What, is he a wild young dog? Does he get into thy books?

Timid. Ah, lackaday!

Sir Hor. Ah, lackaday! Zounds! don't sigh, man: he won't die in thy debt.

Timid. Ah, lackaday! Sir Hornet, he should be welcome to the last farthing I have in the world.

Sir Hor. Should he, old Truepenny? then give me thy hand; thou shalt be remembered in my codicil: but, what, he shakes his elbow, I suppose, eh? Seven's the main?

Timid. Ah, lackaday! Sir Hornet, what between main and chance he has been sadly nicked.

Sir Hor. Has he? I'll score his losings upon his pate, a dog—that is, if he will let me. But where is Miss Turnbull? she'll soon reform him; her angelic smiles will teach him—

Timid. Sir?

Sir Hor. Sir! Zounds! you stare like the wooden heads of the twelve Cæsars. Miss Turnbull's charms I say, will find employment for all his virtues and wean him from all his vices.

Timid. Will they, sir?

Sir Hor. Will they, sir! Yes, they will, sir.

Timid. Lackaday!

Sir Hor. Lackaday! What ails you?

Timid. Nothing, sir, nothing; only that I am afraid my eyes begin to grow dim.

Sir Hor. Your head, I believe, begins to grow very thick.

Timid. Ah, lackaday! sir, like enough, like enough.

Sir Hor. Be kind enough to answer me a few questions: is not Miss Turnbull a beautiful girl?

Timid. May I speak truth? [may.

Sir Hor. May you speak truth! to be sure you

Timid. Then I answer no, sir.

Sir Hor. No!

Timid. No.

Sir Hor. Is she not an elegant girl?

Timid. No.

Sir Hor. Nor a witty girl?

Timid. No. [she, in your opinion?

Sir Hor. Tol de rol lol! tititum! Pray, what is

Timid. A silly, ignorant, ill-bred, country girl, and very unfit for Sir Harry's wife.

Sir Hor. Tol de rol lol! ladtum! Let me look in your face. Yes, yes; he has it; the moon's almost at full. Poor Lackaday! which is your right hand? (*Timid holds it up.*) Indeed! wonderful! And are you really in your sober senses?

Timid. Why, indeed, sir, I begin to be rather in doubt: I believe so; but lest I should lose them, I will wish your honour a good morning. [Exit.

Sir Hor. Lackaday! Ha, ha! Not beautiful, nor witty, nor—tol de rol lol! The old fool has a mind to set up for a wit, and has begun by bantering me. Zounds! I was neither drunk nor mad; and to the best of my knowledge, I am not now in a dream.

The brother, indeed, is a booby; and does not appear to be of the same family—hardly of the same species; though he had sense enough to snap at the offer immediately. I remarked he did not stand on ceremony. Surely, I have made no mistake in the business—'Sblood! if it prove so! Parson Adams the second! I shall—Eh! who's this? No, no, no—it is; 'tis she herself, in *propria pers*—[Enter CLARA.]—Miss Turnbull, I most heartily rejoice to

Clara. Miss Turnbull! (*Aside.*) [see you.

Sir Hor. Your presence has relieved me from one of the oddest qualms—but the sight of you has given me a cordial.

Clara. What do you mean, Sir Hornet?

Sir Hor. Mean, my angel! why, here has been a bantering, lying, enigmatical son of a scoundrel, with a bundle of ironical, diabolical tales, railing at your beauty and accomplishments, till, egad! I began to fancy my fine-flavoured pine-apple a crab.

Clara. This is delightful! But I cannot find in my heart to undeceive him. (*Aside.*) There is no answering for the difference of taste, sir.

Sir Hor. True. Asses prefer thistles to nectarines; but yet he must be an ass, indeed, who could not distinguish St. Paul's from the pillory.

Clara. Taste, Sir Hornet, is a sort of shot silk, and has a variety of shades: one says 'tis blue, another black, and a third is positive 'tis yellow. It would be a vain attempt, therefore, for Miss Turnbull to endeavour to please the whole world.

Sir Hor. An old booby! I would not give a hair of the pope's beard to please him. But how is it with Sir Harry? is he in raptures? is he dying for you?

Clara. No, sir; he eats and drinks as usual, and is, for aught I can discover, in tolerably good health.

Sir Hor. Is he? an audacious dog! in good health! If I find him in good health I'll pistol him. But you mistake the matter, perhaps: the rascal's proud, and not willing you should see his sufferings; he is a stricken deer, and sheds his tears in solitude and silence, mayhap. Do you discover no symptoms of the sighing swain? Does he never cut his fingers? or scald himself? or run against a post, and beg its

Clara. No, sir. [pardon?

Sir Hor. I doubt he is a sad dog. But no, no; I am certain he adores you; 'tis impossible he should do otherwise. But there is another material point, about which I am not quite so certain.

Clara. What is that, sir?

Sir Hor. Has he found any place in your affections? 'Tis true, he's a fine fellow. I don't mean by that, one that is pickled in cosmetics; preserved in musk and marechal powder; and that will melt away, like Lot's wife, in the first hard shower: none of your fellows that are too valiant to give a woman the wall, and too witty to let her have the last word; but one that is—in short, his own manner will best describe what he is. [so short.

Clara. True, Sir Hornet, but the time has been

Sir Hor. Short! Ah! madam, if he did not do the business with a *coup d'œil*, at once, I would not give a feather of a goose-wing for all the arrows his Cupid has in his quiver. But come, Miss Turnbull, I know you are above the silly prejudices that ordinary minds are swayed by; tell me sincerely, has he made any impression on your heart? Is he the man?

Clara. To speak ingenuously, Sir Hornet, that is a point entirely undetermined, at present.

Sir Hor. Undetermined! why, what—

Clara. Sir Harry's person is engaging, his manners delightful, and his understanding unexceptionable. [hear you say so.

Sir Hor. Bravo! my dear girl! you charm me to

Clara. I will say more, Sir Hornet. I find my heart interested in his behalf, and sincerely believe I shall never see another man with whom I could be half so happy.

Sir Hor. My dear Miss Turnbull!

Clara. But yet I have too many reasons to fear it will be impossible we should ever be united.

Sir Hor. Impossible!

Clara. I firmly believe, Sir Harry possesses a thousand virtues, but they are all discoloured by a failing, which, if not as erroneous as some other vices, is more destructive than any.

Sir Hor. I understand you.

Clara. This will for ever deter a woman, who values her own peace, from cherishing a passion that must, in its consequences, be so fatal.

Sir Hor. But you, my angel, will soon cure him of this: it is not a rooted vice—

Clara. Permanently, or my intelligence says false.

Sir Hor. Well, but we have hopes that Mr. Osborne will find means to reclaim him; he is continually with him, continually warning him, and—

Clara. Mr. Osborne, Sir Hornet, is an interested physician, and would rather encourage than cure the disease. [of this?

Sir Hor. Heaven forbid! But who informs you

Clara. Those who are in the secret, I assure you, sir. I am afraid Mr. Osborne is a wicked man; he is—what I dare not speak.

Sir Hor. I confess you alarm me, though I hope without cause. Osborne assumes every appearance of rigid virtue; and, if this were true, he would be the worst of villains. However, suspend your opinion awhile; I'll soon sift the affair: and in the meantime, let me beg of you to think as well of Sir Harry as your doubts will permit you.

Clara. I shall do that, Sir Hornet, without an effort. [Exit.

Enter VANDERVELT.

Vand. (*Sees Clara going off.*) Why, turtle, why—Ah! Sir Hornet, I am glad to see you.

Sir Hor. Ah, ha! friend Van! why, you look tolerably well. [should I not?

Vand. Tolerably well! Ay, to be sure. Why

Sir Hor. Why should you not! Let me see: there are, as near as I can guess, about seventy reasons why you should not.

Vand. Humph! Oh! what, my age? No, no: let me tell you, Sir Hornet, I—I am not an old man.

Sir Hor. No?

Vand. No; nor you neither.

Sir Hor. Indeed! I am exceedingly glad of that: and, pray, when did you make this discovery?

Vand. Make it! why, I have been making it these twenty years and upwards.

Sir Hor. Oh, ho! And how do you prove it?

Vand. By comparison and reflection. I'll tell you—hold! first, I'll shew you what I call my list of worthies: there, look at that. (*Gives a commonplace book.*)

Sir Hor. What the devil have we here? (*Reads.*) "Patrick O'Neal, married, for the seventh time, at the age of one hundred and thirteen; walks without a cane, never idle; children and great-grand-children to the number of one hundred and twenty-three."

Vand. There's a fellow! I warrant that man is alive and hearty at this moment.

Sir Hor. Humph! And, pray, do you think to imitate this worthy, as you call him? Will you be married seven times, and have a hundred and twenty-three children?

Vand. That's more than I can tell.

Sir Hor. Ha! (*Reads.*) "Thomas Parr, being aged one hundred and twenty, fell in love with Catherine Milton." [the church-door.

Vand. Ay, and did penance in a white sheet at

Sir Hor. Humph! (*Reads.*) "Henry Jenkins"—

Vand. Ay, there's another: corrected his great grandson, a youth of seventy, with his own hand, for being idle.

Sir Hor. (*Reads.*) "Johannes de Temporibus, or John of Times, armour-bearer to the emperor Charlemagne, died, aged three hundred threescore and one year."

Vand. Very well; now tell me, when you compare me to Johannes Temporibus, that is, when you compare sixty-seven to three hundred threescore and one, can you say I am an old man?

Sir Hor. An old man! By the beard of Methuselah, thou art scarce an infant; it will be, perhaps, these five years yet before thou art perfectly a child.

Vand. Nay, Sir Hornet, let me beg of you to be serious; you are an old friend, and know the world; I shall be glad of your advice: I ruminate on these things by myself, till I am quite melancholy; now, if I had but somebody to bear half my griefs, I should suppose they would be lessened. [so.]

Sir Hor. Why, true, as you say, one would imagine

Vand. Don't you think, then, if I were to take a handsome, young wife, I should, perhaps, find a cure for all my ills?

Sir Hor. An infallible one.

Vand. And this is, seriously, your opinion.

Sir Hor. Seriously.

Vand. Then tell me—you were talking with the young lady that went out as I entered—

Sir Hor. Well, what of her?

Vand. Is she not very beautiful?

Sir Hor. A divinity.

Vand. Finely accomplished?

Sir Hor. Beyond description.

Vand. That's right. You are a sensible, discerning man, Sir Hornet; and I am delighted to find you approve my choice.

Sir Hor. Your choice!

Vand. My choice. That is the young lady, you must know, to whom I intend to pay my addresses.

Sir Hor. Your what!

Vand. The lady I mean to marry.

Sir Hor. Ha, ha, ha!

Vand. Nay, Sir Hornet—

Sir Hor. Ha, ha, ha! all mad; every soul.

Vand. I don't understand.

Sir Hor. Most reverend youth, I beg your pardon. Ha, ha, ha!

Vand. You see things in a mighty strange light, Sir Hornet. Is it any miracle that a man should love a beautiful woman?

Sir Hor. Ha, ha, ha! Love! why thou'rt another *Ætna*—Cupid's burning mountain. Your nose has taken fire at your fancy, and become a beacon to warn all young gentlemen of three-score and ten, of the rocks and quicksands hidden in the sea of amorous desires.

Vand. Upon my word, Sir Hornet, this is exceedingly strange.

Sir Hor. Ha, ha, ha! You must excuse me. What a rosy youth! Harkye! friend Vanderveldt, it's my opinion you have been bantering me.

Vand. Od! that's a good thought. (*Aside.*)—Bantering you! why, ay, to be sure I have. Ha, ha, ha! (*Forces a laugh.*)

Sir Hor. Oh! you have?

Vand. Certainly. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Hor. Ha, ha, ha! (*With the same tone.*)

Vand. Didn't you perceive that before? Ha, ha!

Sir Hor. No, 'faith! Ha, ha, ha!

Vand. That's a good joke. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Hor. Excellent! Ha, ha, ha! (*During the laugh, Sir H. imitates Vandervelt.*)—Now let us be serious.

Vand. With all my heart.

Sir Hor. And I'll tell you a story.

Vand. Do.

Sir Hor. There was a certain antient personage of my acquaintance, called Andrew Vandervelt—

Vand. What, is your story about me?

Sir Hor. Give me leave, young gentleman, and you shall hear.—Everybody imagined him to be a prudent, sedate, grave person, with a moderate share of common sense—

Vand. Well!

Sir H. And, as it was evident his beard was

grey, his limbs palsied, his skin shrivelled, and his sinews shrunk—

Vand. How, Sir Hornet?

Sir H. They naturally concluded, he had made his will, wrote his epitaph, and bespoke his coffin—

Vand. Mercy upon me!

Sir Hor. But instead of meditating, like a pious Christian, on the last four things, a crotchet takes him in the head, he buys a three-penny fiddle, scrapes a matrimonial jig, claps a pair of horns upon his head, and curvets through the town, the sport of the mob, derided by the young, pitied by the old, and laughed at by all the world.

Vand. Heaven deliver me, what a picture!—But you forget, Sir Hornet; didn't I explain to you that it was only a joke?

Sir Hor. Oh! true. Ah! witty rogue! Well, adieu. I'll remember the joke. Ha, ha, ha!

Vand. Ay do. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Hor. Oh! for a song to the tune of "Room for Cuckolds!" [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Chamber at Sir Harry Portland's.

Enter SIR HARRY PORTLAND.

Sir Harry. (*Much agitated.*) May the everlasting curse of heaven consume those implements of hell, those deceitful, infernal fiends! I'll never touch, never look on cards or dice again. If I ever make another bet, may all the horrors of a ruined fortune haunt me, sleeping and waking; may I be pointed at by children, and pitied by sharpers. Distraction! May I be—I am already ruined, past redemption.

Enter a Servant, who delivers a letter to Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. (*Breaks open the letter hastily.*) Um—Um—Stay, sir. (*To the Servant.*) D——n! Is it possible! In league with sharpers. Who brought this letter, sir?

Servant. A porter, sir.

Sir Harry. Where is he? [in a hurry.]

Servant. Gone, sir; he ran off round the corner

Sir Harry. You may go, sir. [Exit Servant.]

Enter OSBORNE.

Osborne. You seem moved, Sir Harry; may I enquire the cause?

Sir Harry. You are the cause, sir.

Osborne. I!

Sir Harry. Yes, you. There, read, sir.

Osborne. (*Reads.*) "Beware of a false friend; the person who gives you this caution, would sacrifice a life to preserve you from the destruction that threatens you. Mr. Osborne is in league with Jews and sharpers, and you are a victim to his avarice and duplicity." So, so. Well, Sir Harry, do you give any credit to this epistle?

Sir Harry. Nay, sir, you are to tell me how much or how little credit it deserves.

Osborne. Why, look you, Sir Harry, I cannot, nor I will not, enter into explanations.

Sir Harry. Sir! Cannot, nor will not, enter into explanations!

Osborne. No, sir.

Sir Harry. But I say, sir, you shall.

Osborne. Shall!

Sir Harry. Yes, sir, shall.

Osborne. Ay, sir? Who is he that shall make me?

Sir Harry. I am he, sir.

Osborne. Indeed!

Sir Harry. Friendship, honour, honesty, ought to make you; but present appearances declare you void of these.

Osborne. Present appearances declare you void of reason, sir, otherwise you would remember me for one of those who are not to be terrified by a loud tongue, or an angry brow. I repeat it, I will not now enter into explanations. I have played

with you, I have staked my money, and won yours. Would it have been dishonourable had you won mine? I have disposed of that money as I thought proper. No matter whether with Jews or Christians; and, I should have supposed, your passion and suspicion would have required better proof, than the malevolent aspersion of an anonymous letter, ere they ought to have incited you to a quarrel with your friend.

Sir Harry. I beg your pardon, dear Osborne; I am to blame; nothing but the severity of my late losses can plead for me; I know you to be a noble-hearted, worthy fellow, and explanations, on such an accusation, are as much beneath you to give, as me to demand. Forget my silly warmth: it is my weakness.

Osborne. Do you forget the cause of it, Harry, and it is forgot.

Sir Harry. It was madness—I am above suspicion—'tis ungenerous—'tis damnable—pray excuse—pray forgive me.

Osborne. Well, well, think no more on't; only guard against suspicion for the future. [Exit.]

Sir Harry. No, no, it cannot be; there is an open fortitude in his manner, a boldness that can only result from innocence.

Enter MELISSA.

Mel. Oh! brother, I am glad I have found you. Why did you send these troublesome things to me? Why did not you take care of them for me? Trust a giddy girl, indeed, with a parcel of bank bills. Here, here, here they are, take 'em, take 'em, they will be safe with you; I have been in a panic, ever since they were in my possession, lest they should take wing, and fly through the key-hole, or in some other unaccountable way. I am unused to such large sums, and don't feel happy while they are about me.

Sir Harry. But what am I to do with them?

Mel. Keep them till to-morrow, and then, you know, when you give my hand to your friend, you may give them too, to make it the more acceptable; there are just twenty, of one thousand each. So, now I am easy—good b'ye: I am going to purchase a few knick-knacks. [Exit.]

Sir Harry. Well, but, sister! Melissa! She's gone, flown on the light wings of innocence and happiness, while I, depressed by folly, feel a weight upon my heart, that hope itself cannot remove. What is a ruined gamester? An idiot, who begins for his amusement, who continues hoping to retrieve, and who is ruined before he can recollect himself; a wretch, deserted, solitary, forlorn; ashamed of society, yet miserable when alone; shunned by the prosperous; despised by the prudent; deservedly exposed to the poisoned shafts of insolence and envy; a by-word to the vulgar, and a jest to the fortunate; haunted by duns, preyed upon by usurers, persecuted and curst by creditors. Inexplicable infatuation! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Apartment.

Enter CLARA, MELISSA, and 'SQUIRE TURNBULL.

Mel. Mr. Turnbull, I must beg, sir, you'll desist.

Turn. Desist, why, to be sure; I'll go and buy license out o'hand, make hay while the sun do shine, and don't lose the zheep for a ha'porth o'tar; what tho', the pepper-box must ha' a lid; a bushel o'words wunt vill a basket; when the owl goes a hunting, 'tis time to light the candle.

Clara. Ha, ha, ha! If you'll permit me, my dear, I think I can relieve you from this embarrassment.

Mel. Permit you! I am sure if you can, you shall be canonized, and have churches erected to your memory.

Clara. I'll talk to him in his own language, he can comprehend no other.

Turn. Well, vair lady.

Clara. Well, zir.

Turn. You do zee how the nail do drive. Be you to be one at bridal!

Clara. No.

Turn. No! Why zo? you'st be bride-maid.

Clara. No, but I wunt.

Turn. Wunt you?

Clara. No; nor you'st not be bridegroom, nother.

Turn. No!

Clara. No.

Turn. How zo!

Clara. Because you've zold the zkin afore you've catshed the vox. You've reckoned your chickens bevore they be hatched.

Turn. Nay, nay; stop at the dike; zure I do knaw my own mind, an miss be agreed.

Clara. But miss ben't agreed.

Turn. No! That's a good joke; but she be,

Clara. But she ben't, though. [though.]

Turn. But I'm zure she be.

Clara. But I'm zure she ben't.

Turn. No! Why, miss, ben't you agreed?

Mel. No, sir.

Turn. No!

Clara. You may gape, but the cherry won't drop; too much mettle is dangerous in a blind horse; misreckoning is no payment; John would ha' wed, but Mary war na willing.

Mel. You seem surprised, sir; I can only say, it is without reason; you have deceived yourself, in supposing such an alliance possible, and I hope your own good sense will inform you, that, after this declaration, any renewal of your addresses to me must be considered an insult.

Turn. An' zo, then, the meaning of all this vine zpeech, I zuppose, is, that you wunt ha' me?

Mel. It is.

Clara. "Make hay while the sun do shine; don't lose the zheep for a ha'porth of tar; a bushel of words wunt vill a basket; when the owl goes a hunting, 'tis time to light the candle." Your most obedient, gentle 'squire. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit, with Clara.]

Turn. Zo, then, it zeems I ha' been reckoning without my host here. Well, what though, zoon hot zoon cold; zoon got zoon gone; care's no cure; zorrow won't pay a man's debts; he wanted a zinging-bird, that gave a groat for a cuckoo; an' he that loses a wife and zixpence, has lost a tester. —[Enter MISS TURNBULL.]—Why, Barbara, what be's the matter wi' thee? Where hast thee been?

Miss T. Been! Why I ha' bin wildered.

Turn. What, lost!

Miss T. Ees; an' if I had na' by good hap met wi' John, who has got direction in written hand, it were vive golden guineas to a brass varthin I'd been kidnapped an' zent to America, among the Turks.

Turn. Zerve thee right, thee must be gadding; but I ha' news vor thee, the cow has kicked down the milk; it's all off 'tween miss and I.

Miss T. Zure! rabbit me an I didn't guess as much.

Turn. Ees, the nail's clenched; zhe and I ha' zhook hands, an' parted.

Miss T. My gracious! What, won't yo' ha' zhe?

Turn. No, I wunt; her may whistle, but I zha'n't hear; her may beckon, but I zha'n't come; catch me an' ha' me, I'm no vool; zo, do you zee, an' you be minded to wed, zay grace an' vall to; vor I don't like your London tricks, an' zo I st leave it as vast as I can.

Miss T. An' when be I to be wed?

Turn. Why, I do vind Zir Hornet be come; zo, when yo' do zee Zir Harry, yo' may zettle't; an', d'ye hear, Barbara, don't let me vind yo' at any o'these skittish off an' on freaks; I ha' zeen too

much on 'um lately. Oh! here be Zir Harry coming, an' zo I'st leave you to make love your own way; I'st not play my ace o'trumps out yet. *[Exit.]*

Enter SIR HARRY PORTLAND.

Sir Harry. So, here's my good whimsical uncle's nonpareil, as he calls her—his phoenix. All alone, Miss Turnbull?

Miss T. Ees; brother be just gone; a's vallen out wi' miss, an' a's plaguily frumped.

Sir Harry. Sure! *[make love.]*

Miss T. Ees; a zaid, too, 'at yo' an' I be to

Sir Harry. He did!

Miss T. Ees; and I do know his tricks; a'll be in a woundy rage, an I don't do as he bids me.

Sir Harry. What, will he be surly?

Miss T. Zurly! a'll snarl worser than our great dog, Jowler, at a beggar.

Sir Harry. He is ill-tempered, then?

Miss T. Oh! a'll zulk vor a vortnight round, an' when a comes about again, a'll make a believe to romp; an' then a' lumps, an' gripes, an' pinches, till I am quite a weary on't.

Sir Harry. Well you may, I think. Poor thing. *(Aside.)* And which way are we to make love?

Miss T. My gracious! don't you know?

Sir Harry. I believe I can give a guess; you, I suppose, are to hang down your head and titter.

Miss T. Ees.

Sir Harry. I—hem! and look sheepish.

Miss T. Ees. *[thumbs.]*

Sir Harry. You gnaw your apron; I twirl my

Miss T. He, he! Ees.

Sir Harry. You say—it's a very fine day, sir, and I answer, yes, ma'am, only it rains.

Miss T. He, he, he! Ees, iveck, that be vor all the world the very moral of our country vashion. Oh! but here be zomebody coming.

Enter SIR HORNET ARMSTRONG, CLARA, and VANDERVELT.

Sir Hor. Why, Harry, you dog, what, have you hid yourself, because you would not see me?

Sir Harry. Dear sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you, but it is not a quarter of an hour since I heard of your being in town; and I suppose, sir, you will scarcely be angry at finding me in this company. *(Vand., Sir Harry, and Miss T. retires.)*

Sir Hor. Finding you in—Zounds! what awkward cargo of rusticity has he got there? *(To Clara.)*

Clara. A young lady from Somersetshire, with a tolerably good fortune, that Sir Harry, it is thought by some, intends to marry.

Sir Hor. Marry! He should as soon marry the mummy of queen Semiramis.

Clara. She has been strongly recommended to the family, sir.

Sir Hor. Recommended! By whom?

Clara. By one you are very intimate with, and who has very great influence with Sir Harry, as well as with yourself.

Sir Hor. Ay! Who is that?

Clara. Pardon me there, Sir Hornet.

Sir Hor. Certainly the fellow cannot be foolish enough to admire her; but I shall soon discover that, by what he thinks of you. Harkye, Harry!

Sir Harry. Sir.

Sir Hor. I cannot, upon the whole, tell very well what to make of you. Are you thoroughly convinced that you are, at this instant, legally capable of making your will?

Sir Harry. My will, sir!

Sir Hor. Ay, are you of sound mind?

Sir Harry. I believe so, sir.

Sir Hor. Then pray tell me, now we have you face to face, what is your opinion of Miss Turnbull?

Sir Harry. Sir, that is by no means a question proper to be answered in this company.

Sir Hor. Psha! D—n your delicacy. Make your panegyric, and I'll blush for her and you, too.

Sir Harry. Sir, I have no panegyric to make.

Sir Hor. Sir!

Sir Harry. Even so.

Sir Hor. Why you impudent, confounded—Have you the barefaced effrontery, with such a picture before your eyes, to—

Sir Harry. You have applied the torture, and my own ease requires confession.

Sir Hor. Humph! And so you—Now, pray, all be attentive, for Bacon's brazen head is going to utter. So you do not think Miss Turnbull a most engaging—*(Sir Harry smiles.)*—Why, you intolerable—

Sir Harry. I am concerned to see you so serious on the subject. I must acknowledge, that in this case, sir, I have either a most perverse or stupid imagination, and, cannot, for the soul of me, discover the latent wonders in the young lady, which your better sight has so distinct a view of.

Sir Hor. Ha!

Sir Harry. I am, however, exceedingly willing to try the utmost strength of my faith, to believe as much as I can, and take the rest for granted; provided you will not inflict the punishment of a wife upon my superstition.

Sir Hor. Obliging youth! *(Bows.)* Inflict the punishment of a wife upon your superstition! And so you think, no doubt, a wife a burthen much too heavy for the back of so fine and pretty a town-made gentleman as yourself.

Sir Harry. With the addition of Miss Turnbull's accomplishments, I most undoubtedly do, sir.

Sir Hor. You do! Humph! Pray, most civil sir, permit me to ask—perhaps there may be some other lady in this good company, to whom your profound penetration would give the preference?

Sir Harry. If such preference could, in the least, make me deserving of her, I have no scruple to say there is.

Sir Hor. Miracle of modesty! There is?

Sir Harry. Most assuredly. But, though to possess the lady you hint at, would make me blessed beyond description, I have never dared to declare so much before, because I am conscious of being unworthy of such a profusion of charms and accomplishments.

Clara. Generous diffidence! *(Aside.)*

Sir Hor. Charms and—What the devil is all this? Where am I, at sea, or on shore? Have I a calenture in my brain, or is this my nose! They—they call you Sir Harry Portland, don't they, sir?

Sir Harry. And your nephew, sir.

Sir Hor. No; that's rather dubious. Well, then, Mr. Harry, or Sir Harry, or what you please, you are pretty well convinced, I suppose, that I have had some slight regard for you.

Sir Harry. Perfectly, sir, and remember it with gratitude.

Sir Hor. That remains to be proved, friend. Ever since your father's death, if I don't mistake, I have been tolerably busy, a little active, or so, in forming your mind and manners, and moulding you into a sort of being, a man might behold without blushing.

Sir Harry. It is impossible, sir, I should ever forget your goodness, though I am happy to be reminded of it.

Sir Hor. That's a lie, I believe. However, sir, among the rest of my cares, I was anxious to find a woman worthy of you; nay, so solicitous was I about adjusting preliminaries, that though the gout had laid an embargo upon a parcel of my fingers and toes, I resolved to forego my own ease, and set sail immediately, that I might convoy you safe into the harbour of happiness.

Sir Harry. I am very sensible of the benevo-

lence of your intentions, sir, and only wish you had done me the honour to—

Sir Hor. Well, I have only a word or two more to say on the subject: I have been an enthusiastic old blockhead, 'tis true, and was fool enough to think all men had eyes; however, if you have not either the complaisance, the wit, or the love, to hit upon some expedient to make your peace with Miss Turnbull, I will never see, never know, never speak to you again. And now, sir, you will act as your great wisdom shall direct.

Sir Harry. Indeed, sir, I am distressed to see you so intent upon this business; I am exceedingly unhappy to do the least thing to incur your displeasure, at this moment especially: I have a thousand reasons to be dissatisfied with myself, and am grieved to add your anger to the list. I would do anything in my power to preserve your friendship and affection; but this is too severe a task; I cannot totally forget common sense: I cannot entirely command so delicate a passion as that of love. A little time will discover whether I am ever to think of love or happiness again! of this, however, I am certain, I never can possess either with Miss Turnbull. [Exit.]

Sir Hor. Indeed, youngster! so resolute!

Clara. What a noble fortitude! (*Aside.*)

Sir Hor. We shall see who will first read their recantation. An insensible, blind puppy! I'll be a greater torment to him, than a beadle to a beggar, a cat to a rat, or a candle to a moth: I'll singe his wings; I'll plague him worse than Moses did the Egyptians. [ther opinion.]

Clara. Oh! Sir Hornet, you'll soon be of ano—

Sir Hor. Never, never, never!—[Enter SQUIRE TURNBULL, *unperceived.*]—However, let him act as he will, Miss Turnbull shall have no cause to repent her coming to London. [zights?]

Miss T. What! will yo' take me to zee the

Turn. Who the devil bade that goose cackle?

Sir Hor. A cursed idiot, or I have no skill in physiognomy.

Turn. What, Barbara! Ees, that her be, though no vool, neather: her do know better than to thatch her house wi' pancakes.

Sir Hor. Psha! Miss Turnbull! (*To Clara.*)

Miss T. Ees, I be here.

Sir Hor. Again! (*Takes Clara by the hand.*) Give me leave, I say, dear Miss Turnbull, to—

Vand. Eh! Sir Hornet!

Clara. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Hor. Why, what— [bull, sure?]

Vand. You don't take my turtle for Miss Turn—

Sir Hor. Your turtle! I don't know what you mean by your turtle; but I take this young lady for Miss Turnbull, sure.

Vand. You do!

Sir Hor. Yes, I do. (*Vand. and Clara laugh.*) Why, what the devil—Eh!—why, sure—

Vand. Ha, ha, ha! This is a good joke.

Sir Hor. A good joke! Why, madam—'Squire—Zounds!—

Vand. Ha, ha, ha! I would not have missed this for a thousand pounds in new coined guineas.

Sir Hor. Mr. Turnbull, sir, is not this your

Turn. Zister! [sister, sir?]

Sir Hor. Yes.

Turn. What thic!

Sir Hor. Yes.

Turn. Thic Barbara!

Sir Hor. Zounds! yes, I tell you.

Turn. Why, no, to be zure. Thic be Barbara!

Clara. Ha, ha, ha! [fleered.]

Vand. Ha, ha, ha! the biter bit; the fleerer

Sir Hor. (*Whistles.*) Thic be Barbara!

Turn. Ees, thic be Barbara!

Miss T. Ees, I be Barbara.

Vand. Why, what a numskull your nephew is, Sir Hornet.

Sir Hor. Do you think so?

Vand. A blind, insensible puppy!

Sir Hor. Is he?

Vand. But you'll torment him; you'll singe his wings; you'll plague him worse than Moses did the Egyptians. What a discovery!

Sir Hor. Oh! yes; I have made more disco—

Vand. Ay, what are they? [veries.]

Sir Hor. Why the first is, you're an old fool; the next is, I am another; and the third is, that we are not the only fools in company.

[Exit, followed by Clara and Vand.]

Turn. Barbara.

Miss T. Ees.

Turn. How does thee like London?

Miss T. I know not; it do zeem a strange place.

Turn. A strange place!

Miss T. Ees, I do think it be.

Turn. Thee dost?

Miss T. Ees.

Turn. An' zo do I; whereby, dost zee? I'll get out on't as vast as I can. A pretty chace, as the man said that rode vifty miles a'ter a wild goose. London! An this be London, the devil take London. Come, pack up thy ribands an' vlappets, an' make thyzel ready.

Miss T. Neea, zure; you wunt go zo zoon.

Turn. Wunt I? An' I stay in thic town to-night, I'll eat it vor breakvast to-morrow.

Miss T. My gracious!

Turn. Come, come, don't stand mauxing and dawdling, but make thyzel ready.

Miss T. Lard! why I a' zeen nothing yet.

Turn. No, nor nothing thee zhalt zee, that I promise thee; zo stir thy stumps, I tell thee.

Miss T. My gracious! Mun I go down into t' country again like a vool, an' ha' nothing to zay vor myzel?

Turn. Why, look thee, Barbara; come along; vor thee have come up like a vool, zo there can be no harm in thy going down like a vool. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Library in Sir Harry Portland's house.

SIR HARRY PORTLAND and TIMID discovered.

Timid. Indeed, sir, you have always been the best of masters to me.

Sir Harry. No, Timid, no; I have been a very weak, idle, fellow; and have put it out of my power to be a good master to any one.

Timid. Lackaday! Sir, don't say so; I am afraid I have been a bad servant; a very bad servant.

Sir Harry. Never.

Timid. Lackaday! sir, you don't know, you don't know! Lackaday! I thought all for the best.

Sir Harry. You have only done what I commanded.

Timid. To be sure, sir. But, lackaday! I wish I dared to open my mind to him. I am terrified; he will never believe me innocent. (*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. My ruin is all my own work. Here, Mr. Timid, take this ring and remember me; it may be the last present I shall ever make you.

Timid. Pray don't say so, sir. I am terrified.

Sir Harry. I am going to Mr. Osborne's.

Timid. To Mr. Osborne's!

Sir Harry. Yes, if you should not see me to-morrow morning; if any accident should happen—

Timid. Lackaday!

Sir Harry. Give the state of my affairs, which I ordered you to draw up, to my uncle, and this picture to Clara, the young lady that is with him.

Timid. Sir! What do you mean?

Sir Harry. Oh! nothing, nothing; I'm not very well; I—a slight swimming in my head, that's all; but there is no knowing what may happen.

Timid. Lackaday! Sir, you terrify me, you talk like a dying man making his will.

Sir Harry. No, no, not so; I have nothing to leave: and, as to dying, men must die; live as long as they can, they must all die at last.

Timid. Shall I go for Sir Hornet, or your sister, or the young lady?

Sir Harry. No; no young ladies for—Oh!

Timid. Lackaday! my heart aches.

Sir Harry. I am going to Mr. Osborne's presently.

Timid. Lackaday! I wish he knew—I'll take the mortgage of the Kentish estate; Mr. Osborne ordered me to bring it: I'll lay it open on Mr. Osborne's table. I hope my dear master will see it; I hope he will discover all. (*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. Heigho!

Timid. Dear sir, don't sigh so; don't look so: tell me what I can do to serve you, to oblige you, to make you happier?

Sir Harry. Nothing, nothing; past hope, past cure; quite, quite—

Timid. Lackaday!

Sir Harry. A thoughtless, profligate, idle, dissipated fellow. Oh! my head, my head!

Timid. I cannot bear to see him so. I'll hurry to Mr. Osborne's; I'll try if I can yet persuade him to be a true friend; I'll beg, I'll pray, I'll go down on my knees; I'll do anything. [*Exit.*]

Sir Harry. Clara! an angel! a cherub! And what am I? Well, well, it will soon be all over; there will be a sudden stop—a speedy end. (*Laughing without.*) So happy—Heaven—Heaven increase your joys! mine are for ever fled—light laughter, innocent smiles, and social mirth are fled for ever, for ever. Oh, folly! Oh, madness! [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR HORNET, VANDERVELT, and CLARA, (Laughing.)

Sir Hor. Ay, ay, pray laugh, laugh heartily, I beseech you; I deserve, and I desire no mercy.

Clara. It is one of the oddest adventures.

Vand. How the deuce could you mistake that blowzabel, Miss Turnbull, for my turtle?

Sir Hor. Why, true, as you say, friend Van; but that happens to be a blunder which I never did, nor ever could make. I should as soon take myself for a king, or you for a conjuror. I only mistook this lady to be Miss Turnbull, not Miss Turnbull to be this lady.

Vand. Mistook Miss Turnbull and this lady, and—I don't understand it.

Clara. Be kind enough, Sir Hornet, to explain the matter.

Sir Hor. You remember, madam, I had some conversation with you in the rooms at Bath.

Clara. Perfectly.

Sir Hor. And you could not but perceive how forcibly I was struck with your wit, beauty, and accomplishments.

Clara. I recollect you were very polite, sir, and were pleased to say abundance of obliging things.

Sir Hor. Not half so many as I thought, I assure you, madam.

Vand. Well said, Sir Hornet. My old friend is quite enamoured with you, turtle.

Sir Hor. Yes, sir, so I am; though I do not intend to marry the lady.

Vand. Hem!

Sir Hor. My grand object, the thing that, of all others, I have most at heart, is to see my nephew, Sir Harry, happy; as for myself, I feel I am growing old apace, and am almost tired of the farce of life.

Vand. Why so, Sir Hornet? I am sure you play your part excellently.

Sir Hor. No, no; I am rolling down hill apace, and as the first steep declivity may precipitate me to the bottom, there are certain affairs I wish to see finished, one of which is the marriage of Sir Harry.

Clara. So the person you asked concerning me, when I went out of the rooms, mistook the question, and thought you meant Miss Turnbull?

Sir Hor. So it appears, madam; and I was too much enraptured to stay to rectify mistakes. When I negotiated the affair with 'Squire Turnbull, I studiously avoided an interview with his supposed sister, for fear the business should wear a face of precipitate indelicacy; and I thought if I could once bring you and Sir Harry together, I would leave the contingent possibilities to love, and the superior good qualities and penetration of the parties, which I, rationally enough, concluded could not fail to produce the desired effect.

Clara. But, Sir Hornet, how did it happen that you did not enquire of me myself who I was?

Sir Hor. Why, 'faith! madam, I had been so particular with you, and had spoken so freely on the subjects of love and matrimony, that I was afraid, if I made those kind of inquiries, you would mistake the matter, perhaps, and think I wanted to make love to you in my own proper person. Hey! young Van. (*Aside.*)

Vand. Heigho!

Clara. Oh! no, Sir Hornet, I assure you, I had a better opinion of your understanding.

Vand. Hem!

Sir Hor. Certainly, had I been capable of such a whim, I should have made myself cursedly ridiculous. Hey! young Van. (*Aside.*)

Clara. Beyond dispute!

Vand. Heigho!

Enter TIMID, looking wild and frightened.

Sir Hor. Heyday! What's the matter with you, old Lackaday?

Timid. I'm terrified, I'm terrified, I'm terrified!

Sir Hor. Terrified! What's the matter? Zounds! why don't you speak?

Timid. Lackaday! I can't, I can't speak.

Sir Hor. Make signs then.

Timid. I'm a miserable old man; I ran all the way to tell you—

Sir Hor. What?

Timid. Mr. Osborne!

Sir Hor. Mr. Osborne! What of him?

Timid. Lackaday! Sir Harry!

Clara. Heavens! A duel.

Timid. I have put my trust in man, and am deceived; I have lean'd upon a reed, and am fallen; I have seen the shadow of friendship and—

Sir Hor. Curse light on your metaphors; come to facts: What of Osborne? What of Sir Harry? Where are they? What have they done? What are they doing?

Timid. Gambling!

Sir Hor. How!

Timid. I was at Mr. Osborne's when Sir Harry came; I was there with the mortgage of the Kentish estate.

Sir H. Of what? [*ish estate.*]

Timid. It was executed this very day; I am a miserable old man—all lost!

Sir Hor. Lost!

Timid. Lackaday! that's not all; I went into the next room and heard Sir Harry go to gaming with a gang of sharpers that were there on purpose; Sir Harry had lost everything he had in the world; Mr. Osborne has got all, all the mortgages of all his estates, I saw 'em, left 'em all in a box on his table.

Sir Hor. Mortgages of all his estates! Perdition! How did he get them? How came you to know?

Timid. Lackaday! I am terrified, I dare not tell; I am an accomplice! A wicked, innocent, miserable old man.

Sir Hor. D——n! Order the coach, there; I'll tear him to atoms; I'll rend him piecemeal—my poor boy—an intolerable villain! Dear madam, you don't know what I feel.

Clara. Pardon me, Sir Hornet, if you knew my heart, you would not say so; I detest the treachery of Mr. Osborne as much as you do; and, woman as I am, would risk my life to see it properly punished.

Sir Hor. A smooth-tongued, hypocritical villain, that owes his life to my boy.

Clara. Dear Sir Hornet, excuse my weakness; I am in the utmost terror—in dread of consequences still more fatal.

Timid. Lackaday! sir, so am I; I am terrified. Sir Harry gave me this ring for a remembrance, and bade me deliver this picture to you, madam.

Clara. (*Bursts into tears.*) It is his own.

Timid. He looked so melancholy, and so furious; he had his pistols.

Clara. His pistols! Oh! for pity's sake, Sir Hornet, let us fly.

Sir Hor. Instantly.

Timid. I'm a miserable old man. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Mr. Osborne's House.*

Enter SIR HARRY PORTLAND excessively agitated, followed by Osborne with a brace of pistols that he had wrested from him.

Osborne. How now, Sir Harry; what is the cause of this sudden phrenzy? Why expose your want of temper and fortitude thus to the company? You have driven them away, they are all going—

Sir Harry. Oh! horror!

Osborne. If you must wreak vengeance on yourself, let it be a becoming one at least.

Sir Harry. Insupportable horror!

Osborne. Fie, fie, recover your temper; be, or seem to be a man. What—You knew you were ruined before this event.

Sir Harry. Oh, Osborne! Oh, Melissa! I cannot speak—I cannot utter it; I'm a wretch—a villain, the meanest, the worst of villains, and infamy, eternal infamy is mine.

Osborne. Why, what have you done?

Sir Harry. Ruined you, ruined my sister.

Osborne. How!

Sir Harry. And branded myself, everlastingly, a villain. [*Way?*]

Osborne. Ruined me! ruined your sister! which

Sir Harry. The money I have lost within.

Osborne. Well.

Sir Harry. Is her's—Is your's.

Osborne. Mine!

Sir Harry. Melissa's—her fortune—she put it into my hand this very day.

Osborne. D—n!

Sir Harry. Have compassion on me, give me the pistols, let me at once put an end to my misery and shame.

Osborne. Thoughtless, weak man! Do you think the momentary pang of death a sufficient punishment for the ruin and destruction you have entailed upon all those who have had the misfortune to love, or to be related to you? Do you think that to die, and to forget, at once, your infamy and crimes, is a compensation for the havoc you have made with the peace and property of those who were dearest to you, who must live to feel the effect of your vices, and bear, unjustly, the reproach of your abandoned conduct.

Sir Harry. Oh, torture!

Osborne. Was it not enough that you had reduced yourself, from affluence and honour, to contempt and beggary, but you must wantonly, wickedly, sport with what was not your own; and involve the innocent and unborn in your wretchedness? Shall not your sister's offspring, whom your intemperance shall have reduced to poverty and misery, detest your memory, and imprecate curses on your name?

Sir Harry. Oh, hell!

SIR HORNET ARMSTRONG speaks without, and afterwards enters, followed by CLARA and TIMID.

Sir Hor. Where are they? which is the room? So, Mr. Lucifer—could you decoy your friend to no other place to rob him, but your own house?

Osborne. Did you address yourself to me, Sir Hornet.

Sir Hor. Yes, I did, Sir Satan, and if—

Sir Harry. Dear sir, forbear; I alone am the proper object of anger—of vengeance—a wretch—a despised and miserable outcast; and bitterness and despair are deservedly my portion.

Sir Hor. You are a dupe, a poor fascinated fool; you have beheld the serpent's mouth open, have felt the influence of his poisonous breath, yet stupidly dropped into his ravenous jaws, and sung a requiem to your own destruction.

Osborne. You are liberal, sir, of your epithets and accusations. What do you mean by them?

Sir Hor. Horrible impudence! Have you not taken a vile, a rascally advantage of the want of temper in the man, for whom you professed the most perfect friendship? Have you not stripped him of his estate, by the most villanous arts, by plotting with Jews and scoundrels?

Osborne. You talk loud, sir. [*was true.*]

Sir Harry. Osborne plotting! the letter then

Sir Hor. Yes, plotting! He is the principal, the leader of the hellish gang that has been plundering you.

Osborne. Well, sir! suppose it—What then?

Sir Hor. What then! Halts!

Osborne. Why so, sir? He has persisted in bringing destruction upon himself, and must suffer the effects of his obstinacy. What crime was there in my receiving what he was resolved to throw away? He had not been a month returned from his travels, before his passion for play made him the jest of every polite sharper in town. They saw there was an estate to be scrambled for, and every one was industrious to obtain a share. After squandering a part of his fortune among these adventurers, he engaged at play with me, and after losing one sum, was never easy till he had lost another. Am I, then, to be accountable for his folly? [*it?*]

Sir Harry. Infernal treachery! Dares he avow

Osborne. Dare! Yes, sir, I dare.

Clara. Righteous heaven! Is there no peculiar, no quick vengeance for ingratitude? (*Aside.*)

Sir Hor. The deeds, the annuities you have granted, the mortgages you have made, are in his possession; he owns he has them all.

Sir Harry. He!

Osborne. Yes, sir, I.

Sir Harry. Madness! Remember and beware, remember and tremble, though I have no longer the fortune of Sir Harry Portland, I have still Harry's spirit, and dare chastise insolence and perfidy.

Osborne. No doubt; the man who is rash enough to risk his estate upon the chance of a die, has, generally, valour enough to wish to cut the winner's throat. Friendship is no protection.

Clara. Friendship! Monstrous prostitution! Friendship! Deeds, Mr. Osborne, are the best proofs of friendship, and that preacher will gain but little credit who is a detected villain, while he is describing the fitness and beauty of moral virtue.

Sir Hor. Friendship! Where are the deeds, the mortgages?

Osborne. There they are, sir. (*Points to a box.*) They are mine; the annuities he has granted, and the mortgages he has made are mine; his effects are mine, his houses are mine, his estates are mine, his notes are mine, his all is mine, except his poverty and spirit, which, as he says, are his own.

Sir Harry. Heavens! must I bear this?

Sir Hor. Oh! for ratsbane or hemp.

Osborne. Nay more, sir: (*To Sir Harry.*) I was not only aware, but certain of my own superior ad-

dress, or I had not been weak enough to have risked any part of my fortune. I have not yet acquired your heroic contempt for riches; as it was, I used every art to stimulate and incite you to play; took every advantage, studied every trick, improved every lucky chance, and rejoiced at every and all of your losses, till I had you totally in my power; I beheld distress accumulating on your head, and was happy at it; remarked the agitation of your mind, and increased it; saw the infirmity of your temper, and aggravated it.

Sir Harry. D——n! Are you a man?

Osborne. Try me.

Sir Harry. Dare you give me the satisfaction—the revenge of a man?

Osborne. I'll give it you instantly, sir. (*As Sir Harry offers to go, Osborne seizes his arm, and before he speaks, his countenance changes from assumed anger and contempt, to the most tender and expressive friendship.*) There, there lies your revenge! there is your satisfaction! Take them, remember your former folly, and be happy.

Sir Harry. Sir!

Sir Hor. What?

Clara. Astonishment!

Osborne. Why do you seem surprised? My heart is your's, my life is your's! I owe you everything; a debt which never can be repaid, and never will be forgotten. When sinking beneath the murderous hand of villany, it was the benevolent ardour of your soul, it was the intrepid valour of your arm that rescued me!

Sir Harry. Generous friend!

Osborne. In that box is contained all that I have ever won of you, and almost all you have ever lost. I have become an associate with sharpers to protect you from them; and, by sacrificing a little, have preserved the rest. I have worn the mask till it is become too painful, and now gladly cast it off. If my conduct have yet a dubious appearance, I have a witness that will be instantly credited.—(*Goes to the chamber-door, and calls Melissa.*—*MELISSA enters, and runs to Sir Harry.*)

Mel. My brother!

Sir Harry. Sister! Osborne!

Clara. Oh, my heart!

Sir Hor. (*After a pause.*) Tol de rol!

Timid. Lackaday! I'm a happy old man! He's a friend, he's a true friend! I'm a happy old man!

Sir Harry. Can you, too, sister, forgive my folly? you that I have injured so unpardonably?

Mel. Dear brother, you are not so guilty as you suppose. It was a plot upon you; you were led into it, to shew you what a losing gamester is capable of?

Sir Hor. Harkye, sir! (*To Osborne.*) All the mortgages and deeds are there, you say?

Osborne. All, sir; together with whatever money that has, at any time, been won of him, since I have been concerned in this transaction.

Sir Hor. All in that box?

Osborne. All.

Timid. I'm a happy old man!

Sir Harry. My dear uncle!

Sir Hor. Let me alone—Tol de rol!—(*Goes to Osborne, and takes his hand.*) Will you forgive me, Osborne? will you—will you forgive my boy?

Sir Harry. (*Takes Osborne's other hand.*) Osborne!—I cannot speak—

Clara. Indeed, Mr. Osborne, I don't know how to tell you what I think. Esteem, admiration, are poor expressions to convey my feelings. I have been mistaken and to blame. I trembled for Sir Harry; I condemned you; and wrote a letter—

Sir Harry. Dear madam, was that letter your's?

Clara. It was.

Sir Harry. How much obliged am I to you, and to you all.

Clara. I am sorry; I was to blame.

Osborne. Nay, madam; nobody was to blame. And now, dear Harry, suffer me to say one word: let this transaction be a powerful, an everlasting memento to you. Remember the blood that has been spilt in the moment of passion and distress, in consequence of indulging in this shocking vice; remember the distracted wife and widow's curse, the sting of desperation, and the red and impious hand of suicide! Despise the folly that made the practice fashionable; oppose its destructive course; and for ever shun, for ever abominate, the detestable vice of gaming.

Sir Harry. Professions of resolution from me, Osborne, come with an ill grace. I am ashamed of my folly: I despised, even while I practised it; but the punishment you have inflicted has been so judicious, so severely generous, I think I can safely say there is no probability of a relapse.

Sir Hor. Well, but, Harry, turn about—look at this lady; surely, you have not forgotten Miss Turnbull, have you?

Sir Harry. Your Miss Turnbull, sir, I shall never forget.

Sir Hor. Oh! what you have heard the renowned history of my Bath adventure?

Sir Harry. I have, sir.

Sir Hor. Well, and what say you to—eh! my cherub? You told me, you know, you had no aversion to the fellow.

Clara. Nay, Sir Hornet, is that the part of a confidante?

Sir Hor. Why, yes, it is; for, as I take it, a confidante is but a kind of a go-between to bring the parties together—And here comes the blooming youth—[*Enter VANDERVELT.*—here comes Johannes de Temporibus to second the motion.

Vand. To second what motion, Sir Hornet?

Sir Hor. An hymeneal motion.

Vand. Can't tell. Who are the candidates?

Sir Hor. Harry Portland and Clara Forester.

Vand. Hold, hold! Sir Hornet, not so fast! that lady is my ward. [wife.]

Sir Hor. Yes, and may, if she please, be your

Vand. Nay, I—I did not say so, Sir Hornet.

Sir Hor. No, but I did, young Van. But, harkye! (*takes him aside*) resign all your silly pretensions peaceably, throw your worthies into the fire, and give up the lady to her lover; or you shall be held up, in terrorem, an object of ridicule, to frighten all the dangling, whining, old fools in Christendom, who are turned of three-score.

Vand. Well, well, speak in a lower key.

Sir Hor. May I be certain of your consent, then?

Vand. Why, yes, yes—Heigho!

Sir Hor. Dear madam, this worthy, old gentleman, your guardian, most humbly implores you would have pity upon Sir Harry.

Clara. Did you say so, papa?

Vand. Me! no.

Sir Hor. How?

Vand. Not in those exact words; but something very like it, turtle. Heigho!

Mel. Come, my dear Clara, let me have the happiness to call you sister.

Osborne. Let me intercede, madam.

Clara. Psha! here is everybody interceding, but him that can intercede most to the purpose.

Sir Harry. Forgive me, dearest Clara! my fate is suspended on your lips; and I am so conscious of unworthiness, and so much affected by the fear of a severe sentence, that I have not power to plead for mercy.

Clara. Yes; but you have a partial, tender-hearted judge.

Sir Hor. Ay, "and a wise young judge," too.

Clara. Well, well! I cannot dissemble. A generous heart, a noble mind, are seldom met and seldom merited. When happiness like this presents itself, to reject is not to deserve it. [*Exeunt.*]

THE BASHFUL MAN;

A COMIC DRAMA.—BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY
DOCTOR STARCH
BLUSHINGTON

FRANK FRIENDLY
GYP
SERVANTS

LADY FRIENDLY
DAME PHILIPPA STRAITLACE
MISS DINAH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Friendly Hall.

Enter SIR THOMAS and LADY FRIENDLY.

Sir T. I tell you, my lady, I am convinced I am right. The girl is positively struck—

Lady F. Struck with such an immovable creature as Mr. Blushington. Impossible, Sir Thomas! Why, they have never spoken to one another; never seen one another—except at church: nay, I don't think that he has ever seen her even there; for he never looks at anything but his prayer-book.

Sir T. While you and most of the congregation generally look at everything—but your prayer-books. No matter for that; Dinah is smitten with him, I'm certain. I watched her narrowly all last Sunday; and, during the whole of the service, she never had her thumb off the page of matrimony, nor her eyes off the young fellow.

Lady F. He is certainly very well endowed in point of figure,—

Sir T. Which will satisfy, Dinah; and very well endowed in point of fortune, which will satisfy us: so the sooner we make it a match the better.

Lady F. True; but how is it to be brought about?

Sir T. Leave that to my management: you know how well I manage things. I'll send him an invitation to dine with us; introduce him to the girl; and, once together, they'll settle the business by themselves, much quicker than we can settle it for them, I'll be bound.

Lady F. But he has so much *mauvaise honte*, so much timidity about him!

Sir T. Dinah will soon rid him of all that: 'tis merely the fault of his education. Recollect, he

was bred up with no expectations; was sent a poor scholar to Cambridge; was never introduced into society; and now, by the death of his father and uncle, he is, all at once, left as rich as a nabob, and perfectly his own master! Why, it is enough to overturn any head! I don't know, with all my management, if even I should have been able to have continued perfectly myself, under such circumstances. I'll go and send the invitation directly.

Lady F. Well, as you like, my dear Sir Thomas. As he has so large an estate, it will certainly be but kind of us to marry him into the family: he may get into improper hands else: and if Dinah is in love with him, it would be cruel in us to balk the poor girl's fancy!

Sir T. Very true, my love. We'll not lose a moment about it. Poor young man! I really feel for his unprotected situation! His fortune must be taken care of: he must marry Dinah. Yes, yes; I'll manage the thing at once. Come, my lady—Oh! hang this gout! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Library in Blushington House.

Enter BLUSHINGTON and GYP.

Blush. 'Tis of no use your attempting to persuade me; I shall not go out this morning, Gyp.

Gyp. Let me prevail on you, sir; do rub off the rust a little bit amongst your country neighbours. Consider, sir, you are not at college now, that you're to shut yourself up, day after day, amongst a parcel of musty old books. Come, sir, do venture abroad.

Blush. 'Tis impossible, Gyp; my bashfulness was born with me: I was almost too ashamed to come into the world; teased my poor mother terribly through it. When a boy, behind my father's

counter, my cursed modesty rendered me perfectly useless: I could never muster up courage enough to look anybody in the face, and committed all sorts of blunders; gave the customers sand for salt, salt for sugar, and brick-dust for Cayenne.

Gyp. Common, every-day mistakes, sir; occur in the best regulated shops.

Blush. That's not all: I served them vinegar for small beer, and fly-water for ketchup; so finding me good for nothing, father thought the best thing he could do with me, was to send me to college; where I went a poor scholar, and have returned a rich ignoramus.

Gyp. The death of your father and uncle, sir, have left you nothing to desire, in point of wealth, Zounds! sir, take heart. What have you to fear?

Blush. Nothing, and yet everything. Go out in the open air, in broad day? Impossible! Whenever I sally forth, I imagine all eyes are fixed upon me, and am ready to start at every post I meet, fearing it may be some great man.

Gyp. Nothing unnatural, sir. Posts and great men are pretty inseparable now-a-days.

Blush. As if my bashfulness wasn't enough to perplex me, I must be plagued with the curse of near-sightedness: can't see an inch beyond my nose; nay, sometimes, not so far. Then I can't wear spectacles, conscious I am spectacle enough without; and as to using a quizzing-glass, that would make me the quiz of the whole county. This subjects me to all sorts of mistakes. 'Twas but the other day, I pulled off my hat to a shabby-gentle beggar, and requested the honour of his acquaintance; and directly after that, gave a shilling to the rich banker of the next town, telling him I particularly liked to relieve distressed tradesmen.

Gyp. Rich bankers not unfrequently come under that denomination. But consider, sir; a tall, fresh-looking gentleman like you, only five and twenty, with a thorough knowledge of the classics, and a princely fortune—zounds! sir, your company will be courted by all the families of consequence for fifty miles round.

Blush. Yes, that have marriageable daughters. I think I certainly am rather good looking, Gyp?

Gyp. Why, yes, sir; we don't want for beauty here. Ah! sir, only take the advice of your faithful Gyp. You've no better friend, sir; no, not even in your tutor, Doctor Starch; nor your maiden aunt, Dame Phillippa Straitlace. Consider how carefully I always made your bed at college—

Blush. And stole my tea and sugar, Gyp: I do!

Gyp. I'm a sincere well-wisher, sir. How punctually I used to call you up to prayers in a morning!

Blush. And pocket half my candles while I was gone. I remember it well, Gyp. Haven't I rewarded you for it, by placing you at the head of my domestics?

Gyp. Yes, sir; made me own gentleman and private secretary.

Blush. I can do things very well when I'm by myself. I'm sure, I uttered as fine an oration the other day, to the Chinese mandarins over my chimney-piece as man would wish to hear; I spoke with such fire and force, that, hang me, if they didn't keep nodding their heads in approbation for above half-an-hour afterwards; and as for making love, you should have seen me with the plaster of Paris Venus, on our staircase, yesterday; but when it comes to the real thing, somehow—

Gyp. It's just like bathing sir; one plunge, and the thing's done. Do just go out for a short walk, now, if its only to try over your new bow, that I've got the dancing-master to teach you; as there is nothing like practice to familiarize you to the company of distinguished characters. Suppose me one.

Blush. Well, just by way of practice, I don't care if I do, for once.

Gyp. 'Tis well said. Now, then, first position! How lucky it was for you, I found out the professor who undertook to teach grown gentlemen to dance so easily. Mind you don't fall, sir! The few private lessons you've taken of him, have done you a world of good. Now, then, sir, you're to take me for a duke. You're advancing to address me. Second position: you wish to kiss my hand. Third position: I beckon you towards me. Fourth position: you are coming.—

Blush. (*Stumbling.*) No, I a'n't; I'm going.

Gyp. Fifth position—

Enter JOHN.

John. A letter from Sir Thomas Friendly Baronet, sir.

Blush. (*Kicking Gyp.*) Zounds! Gyp, rascal! you are making me expose myself again.

Gyp. Pardon me, sir; but you raised your foot rather too high for the fifth position, then!

Blush. Will you be quiet, sir? A letter from Sir Thomas Friendly! Bless my soul! I'm all in a tremble! Then for John to see me in such a situation! I'm crimsoning like a carnation! Who brought it, John?

John. One of Sir Thomas's boys, sir.

Blush. Why haven't you asked the gentleman to walk in?

John. Walk in, my lad.

Enter NICK.

Blush. (*To Nick.*) I'm sure, I beg ten thousand pardons for keeping you waiting. Have the goodness to take a chair, sir.

Nick. With all my heart, sir. What a civil gentleman! I'll take a chair, and anything else you like to give me besides.

Blush. Ay, very true; certainly, by all means. How could I be so neglectful! Give the gentleman a glass of wine, John.

Nick. If it makes no difference to you, sir, I'd rather have ale.

Blush. By all means. How could I make such a mistake! I declare I'm quite ashamed. Take Sir Thomas's gentleman into the cellar, John, and give him some ale.

John. I will, sir; and I'll take myself there, too. What's good for the goose—This way, Sir Thomas's gentleman. [*Exeunt John and Nick.*]

Blush. How very ill-bred of me not to behave better. A letter from Sir Thomas Friendly! What can he have to say to me? Dear, dear! if I a'n't quite afraid to look at it! Open it, Gyp; open it, and read.

Gyp. I will sir.—“*Sir Thomas, Lady Friendly, and Miss Dinah's best compliments to Mr. Blushington; they can take no denial of his company at dinner, to meet a select party at Friendly Hall to-day. Dancing in the evening.*”

Blush. What's to be done?—“Can take no denial!”

Gyp. No; so you see you must go.

Blush. “Dancing in the evening, too!”

Gyp. Yes; you've just learnt in time. It will give you an opportunity to shew off the fifth position, eh, sir!

Blush. Then Miss Dinah, the pretty young lady I took a sly peep at, from under my hat, last Sunday, when I entered church. Oh! I'm in agonies!

Gyp. Ah! there's an inducement! What a partner for you! Oh! you must go!

Blush. Must I? Was there ever anything so embarrassing? Do, my dear Gyp, give me your advice. If I could but get over the first introduction, I wouldn't so much mind.

Gyp. Suppose you were to arrange a few sentences in your mind, before-hand, to deliver to Sir Thomas, on your first meeting. Something

after this fashion: I'll suppose that I am you; you observe my manner; no embarrassment about me; you see how easy and free I am!

Blush. Yes, free enough, I must own!

Gyp. There's nothing like it, sir: only copy me.—“My dear Sir Thomas, I exceedingly rejoice in this opportunity of becoming acquainted with you; and trust this meeting will prove the means of cementing a long and agreeable intimacy. Hope Lady F. is well, and all the small F.'s.” There, sir! what do you think of that, in a pair of silk-stockings and pumps; standing in the fifth position, after your best bow, eh?

Blush. Why, I think it will make an impression.

Gyp. It will do the business, sir. I'll go and get your things ready to dress directly; for it will soon be time to be off.

Blush. Dear me, I wish it wasn't so late, and that I had a little leisure to prepare myself. But, hang it! I'll take heart for once. I can walk now without tottering; and, thanks to the mathematics, know the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions, as well as any one; so I'm determined I'll conquer my timidity, and go. Let me run over it: “My dear Thomas—rejoice—this meeting—better acquaintance—reciprocal intimacy—little F.'s—” It's all right; I shall be able to get through it!

Gyp. Nothing can be better. This way, my dear sir; this way. Lady Friendly and Miss Dinah will be delighted to see you; they'll say—*(As they are going very ceremoniously out, they run against John and Nick, who are entering, rather the worse for the cellar.)*

Nick. Anything to go back, your honour?

Gyp. Go back? zounds! you're sending us back.

Blush. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; I really didn't mean any incivility.

John. The young man's had some ale, sir, and wants to know if there's any answer to go back.

Blush. This unlucky rencontre has upset all—me into the bargain. I shall never be able to summon resolution, after this, Gyp. Suppose I had run bump up against my Lady Friendly and Miss Dinah, in this manner, what would they have thought?—He'd better say I can't come.

Gyp. I'll tell him so, sir. You're to give my master's compliments, and say he'll come. You can't retract, sir. Make haste, that Sir Thomas may have time to get everything ready, and receive us with proper ceremony.

Blush. Ceremony! I shall expire with confusion. You'll be the death of me, Gyp. I shall never be able to muster courage again: it's no use attempting.

Gyp. Nonsense, sir; take a little breath. What are you waiting for! Go directly, and say my master's coming.

Nick. Oh! I'll go. Main strong ale!—Good b'ye, Mr. John; shall be glad to see you at the Hall, any time, in return: rare good stingo there!

Blush. Why, he can't stand! Why don't you assist the gentleman to the door, John?

John. Oh! I'll assist him, sir, never fear.

[Both stagger off.]

Blush. I shall never be able to look Sir Thomas in the face, after this. What will he think of my making his gentleman drunk?

Gyp. Think, sir! why, he'll make you drunk in return. You couldn't have taken a heartier way of expressing your pleasure at receiving his invitation. At all events, you must keep your word; so, go and dress at once: your pumps are all ready. This way.

Blush. You'll be the ruin of me: I shall never survive it! How could I ever consent to go! Dinner; after that, comes the dessert; and I shall get kicked out. Eat before half-a-dozen people! zounds! I shall be afraid they are going

to eat me. It won't do, Gyp; I sha'n't be able to open my mouth. I shall be as mute as a cod-fish: they'll take me for the salamander. It won't do! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Gyp. You must go, sir: there can be no refusing. This way, sir.

[Exit Blushington, hurried off by Gyp.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in Friendly Hall.

Enter DINAH and FRANK FRIENDLY.

Frank. And so, sister Di, you've fallen in love with my old fellow-collegian, Ned Blushington, have you? Truly, I admire your choice. Ned is young and healthy, rich, and well-studied: a girl can't well desire more. There's only one thing: by the lord! you must court him; for he'll never be able to muster up courage enough to court you! Let me see: it isn't leap-year this year, is it? That's unfortunate!

Dinah. Dear brother, how you talk!—

Frank. Nay, nay; confess it: 'tis useless your attempting to conceal it; 'tis written in every action, every feature. Love, like smoke, (alas! too like it, too fleeting in its stay,) cannot be concealed. Sister, you love!

SONG.

*Sister dear, that downcast eye;
Sister dear, that trembling sigh;
That pearly tear's soft flow;
That bosom's trembling glow;
That wild and hurried air;
Thy young heart's truth declare:
Sister dear, too plain they prove
You love!*

*Sister dear, that cheek's warm blush;
Sister dear, that timid flush;
The tear that downward steals;
Far more than speech reveals;
Thy silence even tells
All in thy heart that dwells:
Sister dear, too plain they prove
You love!*

Dinah. I'll revenge myself on you, one of these days, when Miss Wright comes to town!

Frank. With all my heart. Poor Ned! We us'd to call him the deepest red scholar in the college; because he always coloured so at everything; in fact, we laughed at him, till he became so timid, that the whole town styled him the sensitive plant of Brazen Nose. Well Di, you shall not want for my assistance in urging him on to declare himself. I think he has a sneaking kindness for you.

Dinah. La! Frank, I declare you make one quite ashamed.

Frank. And I'm sure there's no occasion for that; he'll be plenty ashamed for both. I must assist him. Yes, with such fine sporting-grounds as he has, he'll make a charming brother-in-law: we shall agree famously. I'll keep his game in order for him; for, notwithstanding all his opportunities, hang me! if I think he can boast the achievement of a pair of horns yet. But marriage will improve him: he'll do better, then.

Dinah. What a rattle you are, Frank! But let us get out of the way. Our worthy father will be here soon: he's with Evans, the butler; no doubt, giving him directions about to-day; for I think I heard him say he had asked Mr. Blushington to dinner. I'm sure I don't know what possesses you all about the poor man; teasing one! It's mighty foolish, that I must say.

Frank. Yes, but mighty pleasant, for all that. It shall be a match! 'Tis no use your tongue denying you love him; for your eyes confess it, and they're the only true oracles in love. 'Tis no disgrace to you, Di; so, look up, girl! and rely on the affection of a brother.

DUETT.—FRANK and DINAH.

Though the heart may conceal, and the tongue may decay,

*When affection's fond secret you'd seek;
Like a baby, love lurks in a glance of the eye,
And teaches his pupil to speak.*

*In vain its soft lashes the rogue would repel;
There he looks and he lives till he dies;
'Gainst the heart and the tongue he alike will rebel:
Love tells all through a glance of the eyes.*

The eyes are love's weapons, with which he works woe

*And conquest, as plainly is seen;
Their lashes, his bow-string; their brows, the rogue's bow;*

Their glances, his arrows so keen. [Exeunt.

Enter SIR THOMAS EVANS, NICK, and Servants.

Sir T. Nicholas, Nicholas, you should not have got drunk in this manner! What will Mr. Blushington conceive of me? Don't you know that the master is always judged by his servants. Nothing but the peculiarity of the occasion excuses you.

Nick. It warn't my fault, Sir Thomas; the 'squire ware so mortal free and pressing, I couldn't find it in my heart to refuse him. "Nicholas, my boy," says he, "you must taste my ale;" so, just by way of drinking your honour's health, and the like, and the good family's, I tasted and tasted—

Sir T. Till you got drunk, Nicholas. Well, let it pass, and don't be guilty of the like in future. I'm glad to find Mr. Blushington is so free, though: he only wants a little encouragement. Now, Evans,—

Evans. Yes, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. I leave the management of Mr. Blushington's first reception entirely to you. You'll be in waiting in the great hall, with the whole of the servants and tenantry, all in their best bibs and tuckers; and directly you see him enter the courtyard, go forward to meet him: let all the household then form an avenue for him to pass through, bowing and courtesying all the way, to convince him of the respect I have for him. In this form and state, you will conduct him to the library, where I will be in waiting with my lady to receive him in person.

Evans. I'll take care, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. These little ceremonies and attentions will inspire him with confidence in us. Now mind you make no mistake: let me have this meeting well managed, then leave the rest to me. Did you desire the porter to let the great half-hour dinner-bell be rung, that every body may have full time to prepare themselves?

Evans. I did, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Well, then, now away with you, rogues and baggages! I'm obliged to have a head for all the family:—[Exeunt Servants.]—I'm obliged to manage everything—Oh! this gout; it twinges me sadly. I wish I could manage to get rid of that! I'll hobble at once to the library. I dare say, Mr. Blushington will not be long. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Court Yard of Friendly Hall.

Enter GYP, pulling in BLUSHINGTON, who has his head turned off the stage.

Blush. We're not near the house yet, are we, Gyp?

Gyp. Courage, courage, sir! you sha'n't be taken by surprise.

Blush. Dear me, what a palpitation I'm in! You couldn't get me a little drop of something to keep up my spirits, could you, Gyp? Such a thing as half a glass of brandy, now, or a little cherry-bounce.

Gyp. Psha! sir, you've passed the Rubicon; there's nothing to intimidate you.

Blush. Do you think not? Well, I'll endeavour

to compose myself. (*Dinner-bell rings.*) Eh! Lord bless me, what's that?

Gyp. Only the dinner-bell.

Blush. The dinner-bell! Ah! then, you see, we're too late: they've begun. We'd better go back. No doubt we've kept them waiting: I dare say everything's spoiled, and they'll look as black as thunder at us. I'm all in a twitter: my courage fails me. I'll go back, and send word I'm ill.

Enter EVANS, NICK, Servants, and Tenantry.

Gyp. There's no retreating, now, sir; for we're in sight of the house, and here's part of the family coming out to meet you.

Blush. You've put my heart in my mouth. In sight of the house—part of the family coming—

Gyp. Yes; here's a gentleman at the head of a whole train of servants.

Blush. Ah! the Baronet and the whole village. You've taken away all my breath at once.

Gyp. Remember the speech.

Blush. I wish I could. I shall be the laughing-stock of everybody! (*Nick, Servants, and Tenants, range themselves on each side of the stage. Evans advances towards Blushington.*) Don't leave me, Gyp. Bless me! they've hemmed me in on all sides: there's no escape. How awful they look! (*Casts a timid glance first on one side, and then on the other. Servants and Tenants bow, &c.; he awkwardly returns it, not daring to look at them.*)

Evans. Welcome to Friendly Hall, sir.

Blush. Sir, did you speak? I beg pardon; pretty well, I thankye.—Don't leave me, Gyp.

Gyp. (*Apart to Blushington.*) Now for the speech, sir: make an impression at once. "My dear Sir Thomas"—(*Prompting.*)

Blush. Dear Sir Thomas, hope you're well—fine day—little F.'s—the dinner—sorry—my lady—reciprocal intimacy—meeting—Miss Dinah—better acquainted—and—and—very much obliged—I've got through it, Gyp: I breathe again! Do you think it will do? (*Apart to Gyp.*)

Evans. Sir Thomas, Mr. Blushington is waiting for you in the library. I have only the honour to be the butler, Evans.

Blush. The butler! I beg pardon.—Here's another mistake again. "Sir Thomas—Evans, the butler." I shall be the jest of the whole family! They're smothering their ridicule, now; I can hear them quit plain: they'll burst into a horse-laugh, directly my back's turned. I'm all in a flame! burn like a capsicum. Should be a good figure for the Red Lion of Brentford. I sha'n't be able to say another word, after this. Get me away, Gyp; get me away! [sir.

Evans. Allow me to conduct you to Sir Thomas,

Blush. Eh!—Oh, dear! I—I—couldn't think of such a thing—that is, you—you're very good.—Don't leave me, Gyp: they're conveying me to execution, and this fellow is the Jack Ketch. Here's a mob at my heels! My courage oozes out at every pore! I lose a pound a moment: shall dissolve into nothing soon!

Evans. Now, sir, if you will permit me—

Blush. By no means—that is, I'm shocked to give you so much trouble—that is, certainly—that is—anything you like. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm turned off! I'm gone!

Evans. Why don't you welcome the gentleman, villains?

TRIO AND CHORUS.

BLUSHINGTON, GYP, EVANS, and Attendants.

Cho. Welcome, welcome, noble 'squire!

Welcome, sir, to Friendly Hall.

[*Blushington, who has been kept up by Gyp in the latter part of this scene, goes off in an agony of shame and timidity, followed by Gyp. Evans, Nick, and Servants, tittering through a smothered laugh.*

SCENE V.—*Library in Friendly Hall. At the back, a handsome rose-wood table, on which is a head of Hercules and an elegant ink-stand; over that, on a sort of shelf, a superb edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes.*

Enter SIR THOMAS and LADY FRIENDLY.

Lady F. But why not receive Mr. Blushington in the great drawing-room, Sir Thomas?

Sir T. There's my management, my lady! Being a scholar, Mr. Blushington will feel, at once, the delicacy of the compliment I pay him, by first introducing him to the library; besides, the apparent number of books he will see here, will give him a high opinion of my erudition: there's management again? Wouldn't any one think, to look at it, that was really a fine edition of Xenophon, in folio; instead of which, it's merely a deal-board, covered with some gilded leather, for the maids to put their pails and brushes behind. All my contrivance! But, mum! here he comes. Oh! this plaguy gout!—But I must get up, and receive him.

Enter BLUSHINGTON, pushed on by GYP; preceded by EVANS, and followed by NICK and Servants.

Evans. Mr. Blushington, Sir Thomas.

Blush. Don't leave me, Gyp; the awful moment has arrived.

Sir T. Mr. Blushington, I rejoice to meet you.

Gyp. Fifth position, sir. (*Blushington in endeavouring to put himself into an attitude, stumbles and pitches on Sir Thomas's gouty foot.*)—Oh! confound the fellow, he's murdered me. (*Aside.*)

Blush. You infernal scoundrel, Gyp! you've made me tread Sir Thomas's toe off. My dear Sir Thomas, I beg ten thousand pardons; but—but—

Sir T. No apologies, I beg: these little accidents will happen. It's over, now: yes, as we scholars say, its gone in *toto*.

Gyp. All's right, sir!—Now for the speech. (*Apart to Blush.*)

Blush. (*Apart to Gyp.*) My tongue sticks to my throat: I couldn't utter a syllable to save my life.

Sir T. Allow me to introduce you to Lady Friendly. Lady Friendly, Mr. Blushington—

Blush. Happy—proud—dinner—sorry—acquaintance—

Sir T. Ay, ay; well thought of. Go, varlets, and hurry the dinner. No giggling, hussies!—Away!—[*Exeunt Nick and Servants.*]
Evans, take Mr. Blushington's man into the pantry, and make him welcome.

Blush. Oh, dear! no; no occasion for that, Sir Thomas. Lord bless me! don't leave me, Gyp. What shall I do by myself, if they take my only prop away. (*Aside to Gyp.*)

Gyp. Courage, sir! you get on famously. I must go, you see—can't help it. (*Aside to Blushington.*) Poor fellow!

Evans. This way, if you please; sir.

[*Exeunt Gyp and Evans.*]

Blush. What will become of me! without guide or rudder! I'm lost!

Sir T. Take a chair, Mr. Blushington: you seem warm.

Blush. (*Aside.*) I'm frying!

Sir T. You perceive, Mr. Blushington, we're like you—dabble in literature a little; smack of the classics a bit!

Blush. The classics: I can launch out here; I'm on safe ground. Yes, Sir Thomas—certainly—by all means.

Sir T. Delightful study. I fagged d—d hard at college, Mr. Blushington; and was, I can assure you, very near being elected senior wrangler.

Blush. I don't doubt it. I chafelike a bull. (*Aside.*)

Lady F. We are all great readers, Mr. Blushington; my daughter Dinah in particular; before she was twelve years old, she had gone twice through "The Complete Housewife," and "The

Whole Duty of Man." You'll suit one another to a T. in that respect.

Blush. Hum! Oh, yes, certainly, my lady, by all means; though I can't say I've been through "The Whole Duty of Man," and "The Complete Housewife." They're rather ignorant; I must astonish them a little bit, with the extent of my learning. I begin to get more courage than I thought for. Yes, I'll surprise them now. (*Aside.*) Bless me, that's a very remarkable edition of Xenophon there—sixteen volumes folio: allow me to examine it. (*Getting up.*)

Sir T. (*Rising.*) Stop, stop, my dear Mr. Blushington, I—

Blush. Oh! Sir Thomas, I couldn't think of giving you the trouble. (*Goes, as he supposes, to lay hold of one of the volumes, when the board falls down on the slab, breaks the Hercules's head, and upsets the ink-stand.*) Hey! what the devil have I done? what the devil shall I do? I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir Thomas; upon my soul I didn't mean to do it. If I'd known it had only been sham—bless me! here's all the ink down too. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what an accident.

Lady F. I thought what would come of your fine management, Sir Thomas. Where's a cloth? the table will be spoiled!

Blush. Here's a cloth, my lady. (*Takes his white cambric handkerchief and begins wiping up the ink.*) Bless me! I'm inking my handkerchief. (*Folds up the handkerchief, the inky part inside, and puts it in his pocket.*) Excuse my awkwardness, my lady: I—I—oh, lord! that I could but run away. If Gyp was but here!

Enter EVANS.

Evans. Dinner's on table, Sir Thomas.

Blush. Here's a relief, then. I'm in a furnace.

Sir T. I won't have another word on the subject; there's no harm done; only the cover taken off the books, Hercules's head broke, and Mr. Blushington's handkerchief stained. You've received no material contusion yourself, I hope, my dear young friend?

Blush. Oh, dear, no! I'm in no material confusion at all: quite cool, I assure you. I wish I could jump out of the window. Mount Vesuvius is an ice-house to this. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. Come along, then, and I'll introduce you at once to Dinah and dinner.

Blush. More trials! what shall I have to go through next? Heaven preserve me! Lady Friendly, allow me to offer my arm. (*Offers his arm to Evans by mistake, and lugs him off unknowingly.*)

Sir T. I'll take your other wing, as I'm rather lame. Stop, stop. Eh! zounds! you young fellows are so brisk. I can't run races now. Why, curse me if he hasn't carried off the butler! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The great Dining-room in Friendly Hall; tables laid out for dinner.*

Enter DINAH and FRANK.

Frank. Now, then, Di. for the important moment. A'nt you all in a twitter?

Dinah. La, Frank, how you do go on! Has Evans summoned the family to dinner yet?

Frank. He is gone now. Poor Ned! I can well conceive the agony he is in at this moment; blushing like a full-blown rose, every step he takes. Hey! here they come.

Enter SIR THOMAS, LADY FRIENDLY, and BLUSHINGTON; followed by EVANS, GYP, NICK, and Servants.

Ha! my dear Blushington! Welcome, welcome! I rejoice to meet a fellow cantab, a brother soph, once again. Allow me to introduce you to my sister. Brother Soph, sister Di.; sister Di. brother Soph.

Blush. Thankye my dear fellow, thankye—hope you're well with all my heart and soul. (*Advances*

timidly, and, without looking towards Dinah, shakes her heartily by the hand, supposing her to be young Friendly.)

Sir T. Eh! that's Dinah. This is Frank.

Blush. Happy to see you, miss—hope you're quite well, miss. (*Bowing to Frank, who has taken Dinah's place, supposing him to be Dinah.*)

Frank. Nay, nay; here's Dinah.

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly—by all means. Another mistake. (*Aside.*) Extremely proud, Mr. Friendly—great honour—happy—see—Miss Dinah—

Dinah. Very gratified, Mr. Blushington, to have the honour of meeting any friend of my brother.

Sir T. But come, take your places; the dinner's getting cold. Mr. Blushington, you will sit by my daughter.

Blush. Yes, certainly; by all means—that is—oh! with great pleasure. What will become of me? that d—d Xenophon. I feel my cheeks burning like a firebrand; and misfortunes never come alone. (*Aside.*) Dear me; if I hav'n't taken the young lady's chair: beg pardon. (*After some blunders on the part of Blushington, with the chairs, they sit down to dinner; he first, by seating himself in Dinah's lap by mistake; the Baronet and his lady sit at the back, fronting the audience; Frank on one side, and Dinah and Blushington on the outside, nearest the audience, so that they can see the motions of all parties.*)

Sir T. Now, then, Mr. Blushington, allow me to send you some soup, and you, Dinah; 'tis turtle, and fit for young lovers.

Blush. You're very good—a little drop—I'm getting somewhat cool now, if it does but last. (*Aside.*) Bread, Miss Dinah; allow me to help you. Eh! bless me; if I hav'n't knocked over the salt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Excuse my awkwardness, miss. I'm at it again. (*Aside.*)

Dinah. Don't mention it, I beg; 'tis not of the slightest consequence. We are not in the least superstitious here.

Sir T. Throw a little over your left shoulder, Mr. Blushington. (*Blushington in throwing some of the salt over his left shoulder, almost blinds Nicholas, who is standing behind him with his mouth open, and receives it in his face; endeavouring to amend the error, he then salutes Sir Thomas in a similar manner, and, in his confusion, tilts his plate of hot soup into his lap.*)

Blush. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Sir T. Hey! zounds, what's the matter now?

Nick. 'Squire ha' tilted the hot soup over his breeches, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Dear! dear! what an accident. Some clean cloths, rascal.

Lady F. It's always unlucky to upset the salt. I thought something fatal would happen through it.

Dinah. I hope no material injury is likely to occur from this, Mr. Blushington!

Frank. You hav'n't completely scalded yourself. Nothing fatal, is there Ned? Why don't you bring some napkins, Nicholas.

Blush. I mus'n't appear to mind it, though I am more than three parts parboiled. (*Aside.*) Not at all—not at all—'tis a mere trifle.

Nick. I'll wipe you down, sir. Nothing shall be spoiled: your silks will be as good as ever with a little washing. It hasn't taken the skin off, has it, sir? There, now you're as well as if nothing had happened.

Blush. (*Aside.*) As well as if nothing had happened, after such a fomentation as this. Why my legs and thighs seem stewing in a boiling cauldron. Oh, dear! oh, dear! if anybody would but chuck me into the New River now,

Sir T. Here, Nicholas, take away the soup. You don't wish for any more, do you Mr. Blushington?

Blush. Not a drop, I can assure you.

Sir T. No; I think we've had enough. Shall I trouble you to cut up that capon?

Blush. Carve a capon! Lord bless me, I couldn't carve a cabbage; but I must not let them see my ignorance. I must try and hack it somehow. (*Aside.*) Oh, yes; certainly, by all means. Eh! there, if I haven't knocked over the butter-boat. Nothing but misfortunes. Oh! that I could but hide myself for ever from the light of day!

Lady F. Allow me, Mr. Blushington. You young bachelors are not so used to carving as us old married folks: Dinah is as awkward at carving as any one. Matrimony is the only thing to make good carvers.

Blush. Certainly; by all means! Your ladyship is extremely good.—I'd give a thousand pounds if dinner was but once well over. (*Aside.*)

Frank. Mr. Blushington, Dinah will take a glass of wine with you.

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly; by all means! Lord bless me! Shall I take the liberty, miss?

Dinah. I beg your pardon, Mr. Blushington, but that is the vinegar cruet you have in your hand; there is the bucellas.

Blush. Ask ten thousand pardons, I'm sure; but my sight—(*takes hold of a jug of beer.*)

Dinah. No; that is the beer.

Blush. True: yes, certainly; by all means! that is the beer: this is the wine. Very laughable! Can't think how I can make so many mistakes! Am extremely happy to nob and hob—that is, hob and nob.

Sir T. Let me recommend a piece of this pudding, Mr. Blushington: you'll find it uncommonly good; I can assure you, I do.

Blush. Oh! yes; certainly, by all means. (*Sir Thomas helps Blushington to some pudding; he cuts a piece, and is about to put it into his mouth,*)

Dinah. Shall I trouble you for a part of that widgeon, Mr. Blushington?

Blush. Oh! yes; certainly, by all means. (*Pops the piece of pudding into his mouth.*) Eh! oh! ah! I—my mouth! my mouth!—fire! water!—I'm burnt! I'm—oh! ah! eh!

Sir T. God bless me!—Ah! there's nothing so bad as hot pudding. Some water there, Nicholas!

Lady F. No; oil is the best for drawing out fire, Sir Thomas. The poor, young man is full of accidents!

Dinah. If I might advise Mr. Blushington, I would recommend wine.

All. Ay, ay; a glass of sherry.

Frank. Nicholas, bring a glass of sherry, rascal!

Nick. (*Aside.*) Sherry! I'll give him a little brandy. He needs something, so dashed as he is: besides, he gave me some strong ale this morning, and one good turn deserves another.—Here it be, sir. (*Gives Blushington a glass of brandy.*)

Blush. Certainly, by all means—thankye. (*Drinks*) Oh! murder, murder; I'm scarified—I'm skinned—I'm—Oh, dear! oh, dear!—the brandy, the brandy!

Gyp. I must get him away; he's incurable.

Sir T. What do you mean, scoundrel, by giving the gentleman brandy! You incendiary, do you think we were playing at Snap-dragon? Silence your giggling there, or I'll discharge the whole of you! Compose yourself, Mr. Blushington. Be cool! Sit down a bit.

Blush. I'm in a perspiration—a conflagration! Where's my handkerchief? (*Takes his inky handkerchief, and blacks his face.*)

Sir T. Oh! d—e, but I can't stand that.

Gyp. I must get him away, Leave the place, sir. (*Taking away his chair to give him room.*)

Blush. Eh! leave the place, Gyp! certainly, by all means. I—

[*Blushington rushes off, drawing the tablecloth (which he has fastened to his button-hole) after him, overturning the whole of the dinner things.—Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Gardens of Friendly Hall.

Enter SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY, LADY FRIENDLY, FRANK, and DINAH.

Sir T. I give him up; such inveterate bashfulness is incurable.

Dinah. Very true, pa; therefore, you know, of course, it's no use my marrying him.

Frank. Hum! that is your opinion: now mine is different. Will you be guided by me, and resign him wholly to my management?

Sir T. With all my heart, Frank; but after my management has failed, I fear there is but very little hope of your's.

Frank. We shall see: are you content, Di? for you're the party most interested.

Dinah. Oh! I'm sure I don't care anything at all about it, for my part.

Frank. That's a fib, Di, but no matter. As you're all agreed, the first thing we'll do is, to send him a letter inviting the whole of ourselves to dine with him to-day.

Sir T. What?

Frank. This won't be half; but I'll detail my plans at full as we go along: and if our impudence don't cure him of his bashfulness, say I've been brought up at Brazen-nose for nothing, that's all. Away with you! and while you're dressing, I'll send off the note and prepare. No words: you've agreed to leave it all to me.

Sir T. Well, well! Frank has some *nous*, my lady.

Dinah. I certainly should like to see how Mr. Blushington plays the host, that I must say.

Frank. Ay, and the husband, too, Di.

Lady F. But taking the young man at such a nonplus—

Sir T. Come along, my lady; Frank shall have his way for once, that I'm determined upon. Go on, and prosper, my boy! come, my lady; come, Di.

Frank. I'll not fail for want of trying, at all events. So here's at it.

[*Exeunt Sir T. Lady F. and Frank.*]

Dinah. How will Frank succeed? What a tumult is in my bosom! 'tis Cupid has stolen there. Yes, 'tis the fluttering of his wings I feel. Oh! love, love! either compose thyself to peace, and let this breast feel but the soft down of thy pinions, or take thy flight for ever.

SONG.—DINAH.

*Love came one day to beauty's bow'rs,
And begg'd her nursery-man to be;
Engaging she the sweetest flow'rs
Should ever in her garden see.*

*Beguil'd, she hir'd, ah! woe for her!
The rogue to be her gardener;*

*Soon with the gales of gentle sighs,
Each drooping flow'r he cherish'd there,
While dewy tears from dotting eyes
Kept all her roses fresh and fair.*

But mark, alas!

What came to pass.

*While summer reign'd, the rogue remain'd,
And joy and peace, and sunshine shed;*

But winter came—ah! can I name

*Love's treachery! the urchin fled,
And sadly beauty—woe for her!*

Miss'd, in the storms, her gardener.

Her flowers all died, her shrubs declin'd,

Her blooming beds were all left bare;

No solace could poor beauty find,

Love left but thorns and wild weeds there.

SCENE II.—A gloomy Apartment in Blushington house.

Enter BLUSHINGTON and GYP.

Blush. Shut up the doors, block up the windows, lock up the house, never let me see the light of day nor the face of man again. After this last catastrophe, it's very plain I never was intended to be one of the sons of Adam, but was born by mistake. I shall never be able to venture abroad again, so I'll become a monk of my own making; have my victuals sent me through a hole in the door, let my beard grow, and pass my life in trying to find out the philosopher's stone.

Gyp. But why?

Blush. Why, sha'n't I be an universal laughing-stock—a perpetual jest—awkwardness personified? won't every one point and jeer at me whenever they see me? I've sent to Doctor Stareh, and Dame Straitlace, my aunt, to come and take charge of my estate, and then I'll seclude myself from the world for ever.

Gyp. Nonsense, sir; have more philosophy; turn your thoughts to some other subject; seek consolation from your books.

Blush. Books! I shall never touch a book again but I shall think of that d—d Xenophon, and revive all my shame and mortification.

Gyp. Well then, sir, betake yourself to your studies; go on with your writings.

Blush. Writings! No, no; I've had enough of ink for one while. Didn't I print a map of the world upon my face with that cursed handkerchief? haven't I borne the mark of Cain upon my forehead? Oh! that was a black business! it wrote my disgrace in indelible characters; 'tis never to be washed out.

Gyp. Well, then, suppose you let me get your things ready to dress, and take a ride.

Blush. Dress! Do you want to drive me mad, Gyp? I shall never go to dress but I shall remember my infernal black breeches, and feel the scalding of the hot soup again. Talk of dressing to a man whose extremities have been just stewed! who has had the lower half of him boiled! If you had sent me a surgeon to dress me after such an excoriation you'd have done something.

Gyp. Well, at all events, don't starve yourself; take a little something, and make up your mind what you'll have for dinner.

Blush. Dinner! You put me on the rack. Haven't I had enough of dinner to last me all my life? Oh! that diabolical pudding! and that still more devilish brandy! Haven't I been flayed and blistered alive with ardent spirits? hasn't my tongue and mouth been grilled? a'n't my throat and palate as raw as beef? a'n't I suffering the torments of a goblin d—d? and yet, to talk to me of dinner! Horrible word! source of all my agonies! all my confusion! Never breathe it in my ear again; bury it for ever in oblivion, Gyp.

Gyp. Compose yourself, sir; take a chair; sit down for a few minutes.

Blush. A chair! There you touch another of the many chords of my mortification: through missing my chair, didn't I bring down the whole contents of the table upon me? bury myself under a huge mountain of fish, flesh, and fowl? wasn't my chops completely choked up with custards? wasn't one eye nearly poked out with the latter end of a goose, and the other completely closed up with a cod's head and shoulders? saying nothing of my nose being crushed as flat as a flounder with the butt end of a buttock of beef: and yet, you talk to me of dinner! Odious sound! terrible meal! Give me ratsbane, arsenic, anything but dinner.

Enter JOHN.

Well, what do you want? Come to stare at me, as if I were some remarkable monster, I dare say. I shall be the shew of the place soon.

John. A letter from Sir Thomas. Friendly, sir.

Blush. Ah! demanding payment for his crockery, and wanting to have the Hercules' head made good, I dare say. Give it me: I'm desperate.

John. Sir Thomas's gentleman, Mr. Nicholas, brought it, sir; and says he hopes you'll excuse the little mistake of the brandy at dinner, yesterday.

Blush. Dinner again! Get out of my sight, you infernal scoundrel! do. Don't you know that I've discarded dinner from these walls for ever?

John. (*Aside.*) Yes; but I haven't, though.

Blush. The brandy, too! I told you everybody would throw it in my face. (*To Gyp.*) But let's see what Sir Thomas charges; I'll pay it at once and have done with it. (*Opens the letter.*) Here's a note, but where's the bill? I suppose he lumps all the articles together. Read it, Gyp.

Gyp. (*Reads.*) "*Sir Thomas, Lady Friendly, Mr. Francis, and Miss Dinah's compliments, hope Mr. Blushington has recovered from the little disarrangements of yesterday—*"

Blush. Little disarrangements they call them! to be boiled, devilled, and half smothered! Go on.

Gyp. (*Reads.*) "*If perfectly convenient, Sir T. Lady F., Mr. F., and Miss D. F.—*"

Blush. Why, zounds! there's half the alphabet—will be glad of the money, I suppose?

Gyp. No. (*Reads.*) "*Will do themselves the pleasure of taking dinner—*"

Blush. What! Dinner?

Gyp. (*Reads.*) "*Of taking dinner with Mr. Blushington to-day, at Blushington-house.*"

Blush. Ten thousand devils! They are not satisfied with having driven me mad with one dinner, but they want to set me raving with another. Say I'm dead; tell them I'm buried; that I'm going to be made a dinner of myself.

Gyp. But consider, sir; common politeness, common decency—you must receive them in return: you wouldn't violate the rights of hospitality, would you? besides, what a glorious opportunity it will afford you of retrieving yourself! you'll be able to put everything right again.

Blush. Yes; my boiled thighs, and fricasseed throat, for example. No, no, Gyp; I'll not be way-laid into another dinner. I'll run away. Get my horse saddled: I'll ride to the middle of Hounslow-heath—go down in the diving-bell—call on the chancellor—anything to get out of the way of dinner. Yes, quick is the word! I'll be off; I'll—
[*Enter JOHN.*—You have just arrived in time: saddle my horse directly, John.

John. Sir Thomas, Lady Friendly, Mr. Francis, and Miss Dinah, sir.

Blush. What, come? Nothing can save me—my ruin is complete—all hope forsakes me—I'm utterly undone! You may bid me good b'ye, Gyp; my cheeks are growing into chalk.

Enter SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY, LADY FRIENDLY, FRANK, and DINAH.

Sir T. My dear young friend, we don't stand upon ceremony, you see; couldn't avoid the opportunity of a leisure day to inquire how you are after yesterday, and take a friendly chop with you. I assure you, I've reprimanded Nicholas severely about the brandy.

Blush. That infernal brandy again! I shall never hear the last of it. (*Aside.*) Very proud, Sir Thomas—happy—the honour—certainly, by all means.

Sir T. But, egad! you're looking charmingly after it. Why, you've a colour like a maid.

Blush. Pray, don't; you overpower me.

Lady F. Charmingly, indeed! doesn't seem to have had the slightest effect on him.

Blush. Oh! really, you distress me.

Frank. Why, not to compliment Mr. Blushington, I must say I never saw him look better.

Blush. Oh! upon my word—This is too much! (*Aside.*)

Dinah. Discords often create harmony, and flowers are sometimes fresher after a storm.

Blush. They're roasting me by a slow fire! but I was born to suffer. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. I'm so happy we found you at home.

Blush. (*Aside.*) That infernal John to let them in!

Sir T. But I thought you wouldn't be out to-day. You're very pleasantly situated here, Mr. Blushington.

Blush. Yes, very pleasantly, indeed!

Sir T. Only want Mrs. Blushington. Don't let us interrupt you in giving your orders; dinner must be attended to. You can leave us whenever you please; we shall make ourselves quite at home.

Blush. I'm petrified! (*Aside.*) Certainly, by all means, Sir Thomas. Should be extremely proud—no doubt—dinner—great pleasure—but—bachelor—no convenience—suitable—distinguished honour—want—attendance.

Sir T. Oh! make no apologies, my dear friend, I beg; I've provided against that, knowing you have only a bachelor's establishment: we've brought the whole of our servants with us.

Blush. The devil they have! there's no escape; they've hemmed me in; they'll give me no quarter. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. If you'll just give my butler the keys of your cellar, he'll look at the wine: you needn't be afraid of him, he's an excellent judge, and will be sure to give us the best you have; leave him alone for a choice article.

Blush. Rather free, though; it's what I could not do; but I suppose it's good breeding! (*Aside.*)

Sir T. Here, Evans!

Enter EVANS.

Evans. Sir?

Sir T. Take the keys of Mr. Blushington's cellar; taste the different bins, and select a dozen or two of the rarest wines against dinner time.

Evans. Very well, Sir Thomas; I have been inquiring of Mr. John, and know where to pitch upon the oldest champagne and madeira already.

Sir T. And mind you don't go to get drunk there, and do any mischief.

Evans. I'll take care, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Mr. Blushington, shall I trouble you for the keys?

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly, by all means: rather impudent, but I suppose it's the fashion. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. I've sent my cook to your butcher's, and ordered some venison and turtle; so you may depend on everything being right in that particular; therefore, give yourself no anxiety about there not being enough.

Blush. Sent his cook to my butcher's; this wasn't manners in my day; how times are changed! I'm confounded! shall never do for society. (*Aside.*)

Lady F. While dinner is getting ready, Sir Thomas, as Mr. Blushington and Dinah may have their little secrets between them to talk over, we'll leave them.

Blush. By no means, certainly not; I've no little secrets between me and the young lady, upon my soul I haven't! This is worse than all.

Lady F. Hush, hush! we know; young folks will be young folks. I'll go and gather some flowers in the garden; you've some very valuable tulip beds, I hear.

Sir T. I'll stroll into your library and tumble your books about, kick up a dust among the sages. You know I'm rather literary.

Blush. Xenophon to wit! Tumble my books about—the fellow had better cut my throat at once. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. I hear, you've some very rare and curious manuscripts there; I shall rummage them all out.

Blush. Rummage my manuscripts! D—n his education; but he's one of the polite world.

Frank. While dad is amusing himself with your books, Blushington, I'll take a turn over your grounds, pop at your partridges, beat up your preserves, kiss your game-keeper's daughter, rumple your dairy-maid, and so on: but you must lend me your fowling-piece.

Blush. Going to poach upon another man's grounds, and asks him to lend him a fowling-piece! I've often heard of the height of impudence, but this is one of the most complete illustrations of it I've met with yet. Oh! I'm miserably ignorant of good-breeding; they'll ask me for some of my teeth presently, and expect me to hand them the tongs to draw them with; or, perhaps, ask me to draw them myself, by way of a treat.—My servant, sir, will give you the fowling-piece.

Frank. Then D. I. O. my boy. I'll be sure to be back in time for dinner. [Exit.

Lady F. Ay, ay; we'll none of us forget that. A pleasant tête-à-tête to you, Mr. Blushington. [Exit.

Sir T. I'll follow their example, and be off too; my company is not wanted now. Come friend, (to Gyp) your master has no occasion for your presence at present, he's more agreeably engaged; so I'll take care of you. Shew me the way to the library—Nothing so bad as interruptions in situations of this kind. (Aside to Blush.)

Gyp. I can't stay to help you—I must go, sir—very sorry—make the best of it—I'm coming, sir.

[Exit Gyp and Sir T.]

Blush. (Aside.) Why, I declare, if they haven't all gone, and left me alone with miss! I would not have minded if it had been an old woman so much, but such a young and pretty one, oh, it's cruel! (Takes a chair, and sits down.) Eh! bless me, what am I doing? keeping the young lady standing! (Offers Dinah a chair, she sits.) Dear me, now I feel just for all the world as if I'd left the chair, and were on my legs for a speech. I suppose, if I don't speak to her, they'll call me rude; and I mustn't be rude to the ladies. But what am I to say? I wish she'd speak first. Not a word! that ever a woman should be backward at talking! the world will soon be at an end.

Dinah. (Aside.) Poor fellow, I must take pity on his situation, and say a few words to encourage him. Did you speak, Mr. Blushington?

Blush. I thought she couldn't keep silence long. (Aside.) No—o—miss—yo—you were saying something I—I believe.

Dinah. I was about to remark, Mr. Blushington, that I imagined, you were about to remark something.

Blush. Very true, I ought to have remarked something, sure enough. What the devil shall I remark? I'll be bound, I look now just like a fellow that's going to steal a pint-pot—I have it.—(Aside.)—I was about to remark, miss, that this is very fine weather.

Dinah. Yes, it's clearing—a little dull just now, though—but brightening up at last.

Blush. It has been rather overcast; but it is as you say, miss, rather brightening. What charming eyes she has! I will endeavour to be a little civil to her, if I die for it: there's no one to see me—no scalding soup to upset—no red-hot pudding to swallow.

Dinah. A little sunshine, after so much cold weather, Mr. Blushington, cannot but be extremely agreeable.—He improves. When the temperature of our barometer rises to fine, the buds of promise spring into blossoms of performance, and ultimately grow into flowers of perfection.

Blush. (Aside.) What a botanist! Her sunny smiles quite create a holyday in one's heart. I wish Gyp was here to see me now: I feel all life and

vigour in this summer of her complaisance; I'm quite growing into perfection, as she says; I'll go a little nearer to her. What a sensitive plant I am! (Aside.)

Dinah. Warmth is a generous, a delightful element, Mr. Blushington.

Blush. In a proper place, certainly, by all means, Miss Dinah; but confound it, when it attacks one's thighs and cheeks, in the shape of soup and pudding. (Aside.)

Dinah. It draws forth all that is inspiring and charming in our natures— [exactly.

Blush. (Aside, rubbing his thighs.) Hum! not

Dinah. It melts the most frigid, draws forth the most backward.

Blush. (Edging closer to her.) Oh! yes, certainly, by all means.

Dinah. Gives to the flowers their beauty, their fragrance, their maturity—

Blush. (Getting closer.) It does—it does—no doubt—certainly—by all means—where the devil am I going to? (Drawing back.)

Dinah. The most retiring object gains strength at its approach—

Blush. I'm getting on rather too fast, but I can't resist. Your words are all wisdom, charming Miss Dinah! With such a lovely directress as you of my future life, I—

Dinah. Sir?

Blush. Beg pardon, didn't mean to offend—She's thrown me all on my back again—I've put my foot into it—I've affronted her—I've gone on too far—I must apologize. I was merely going to say, that if it was my happy lot to have a partner like—No, that's not it—I mean, that the warmth you were speaking about, d—n me, I'm all in a blaze—the warmth, beauty, inspiring passion, happy mortal, would give me confidence to—I beg pardon—I really—If I've offended—on my knee, I—

Enter SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY, LADY FRIENDLY, and FRANK.

Sir T. Eh, zounds, we're interrupting.

Frank. I give you joy, my boy—Di, I congratulate you.

Sir T. D—d sorry, we should pop in so mal-à-propos.

Frank. Interrupt such a tender tête-à-tête!

Blush. Sir Thomas, my lady, upon my soul I—that is, Miss Dinah—

Sir T. Psha! never try to conceal it, my dear boy; the admiration of a pretty girl was never yet accounted a fault by the most fastidious, and there are worse wenches than Di.

Blush. Certainly, by all means, but—

Frank. The love of woman is the proudest boast, as it is the greatest glory and brightest merit of man.

Blush. Oh! certainly, by all means—They've caught me in a pretty situation, I can't back out.

Frank. In the admiration of women, bashfulness becomes a crime, and backwardness a disgrace.

Blush. That's very true, so I'd better hold my tongue. Hey, here's a reference!

Enter EVANS.

Evans. I've looked out the wine, Sir Thomas.

Enter NICK.

Nick. Dinner be all ready, Sir Thomas, and I'll take care there shall be no mistake with the brandy again.

Blush. Oh, that infernal brandy! my gums tingle at the very thoughts!

Sir T. We'll not keep a good dinner in suspense, Frank; take your mother's arm; Mr. Blushington will do the same good office for Dinah, and I'll hobble on after you.

Blush. I must say, they're uncommonly free and easy; and as it's my own dinner, I'll pluck up courage and be free and easy too; I'll take care not to

have any soup or pudding, though. After you: I couldn't hear of such a thing—Come, I think that's pretty polite to begin with. Allow me the honour, Miss Di. Dear me, I'm making a mistake again; taking her arm instead of offering mine. This way—Hum, that's not so bad, though.

Frank. He is smitten; you have conquered, Di! The day is your own, like another Iphigenia, you have inspired another Cymon. Go on, complete your conquest, and polish the aboriginal!

Sir T. Away with you, I'll not be long following. Oh, this plaguy gout! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Blushington house.*

Gyp. They've got him in, it's all right! They've seated him by miss again: it will do! They'll cure him of some of his bashfulness to a certainty. Well, it's high time, for what with my modesty, and his shamefacedness, I should get but very few vails in his service. I didn't mind it so much at college, though he was bad enough there, heaven knows! Why, I've known him dine off my herrings, in the dog-days, and bear all the horrors of a raging thirst, because he was too bashful to ask for some beer. They've got up plenty of wine; if they do but ply him well, to encourage him, they may accomplish wonders. If they can only once break the ice—(*Knocking without.*) Eh! who's this? As I live, Doctor Starch and Dame Philippa Straitlace. Was ever anything so *mal-à-propos*! They will spoil all; I must set my wits to work to prevent it.

Enter JOHN, shewing in DOCTOR STARCH and DAME PHILIPPA.

John. This way, if you please; master's very particularly engaged at present, but if you'll wait—

Dame P. Poring over his books, no doubt. Let the dear boy know of our arrival. Poor child, he's longing bad enough to see us!

John. I'll tell him, ma'am, certainly, but—

Dame P. Go directly; the dear youth must not be suffered to mortify himself too much; moping as he is, our company will be particularly acceptable.

Gyp. (Aside.) I wouldn't have you be too sure of that.

Doctor S. Ay, ay! Go, young man.

John. Very well, sir. [Exit.]

Doctor S. In this quiet, sober solitude, unbroken by the voice of riot, or—(*Loud laughing without.*) Eh, bless me, what's that?

Dame P. Some of the servants, taking advantage of their dear master's quietness. ah! it is time one came to bring them in order! (*Noise of rapping on the table, and cries of Bravo! Bravo!*) Scandalous! such an outcry! but I'll soon put a stop to it. What's this?

Enter EVANS and NICK, crossing the stage.

Evans. Go you, and carry in the devilled biscuits, while I get another magnum of champagne! Do you hear, Nick? [Exit.]

Doctor S. Devilled biscuits! and champagne!

Dame P. I'm thunderstruck! What does all this mean?

Gyp. Master's only amusing himself ma'am.

Enter JOHN.

John. I haven't interrupted him, as he seemed so happy and jolly. (*Aside.*) Master's compliments, ma'am, to you and the Doctor, he's busy dining with a few friends at present, but he'll be glad to see you by-and-by, to take a glass of port and an olive.

Doctor S. After all my good lessons, there is something more than natural in all this.

Dame P. 'Tis magic! the poor child is bewitched!

Doctor S. (Noise of revelry without.) Again! some of his racketty fellow-students, I suppose;

but my presence will soon strike them with proper awe—reciting Anacreon no doubt.

Gyp. With submission, I rather think he's reciting Ovid.

Doctor S. Why, ay, here are metamorphoses enough to warrant such a supposition.

Gyp. Nay, it's his Art of Love, I should think, is the theme now; or the ladies' charms are not so potent as they appear to be.

Dame P. Ladies! Are there ladies there? It's high time I should make one among them.

EVANS and NICK enter, crossing the stage.

Evans. More wine, Nick! Take care of the iced punch for the turtle! They're waiting—quick.

[Exit Nick and Evans.]

Dame P. Is this the life of seclusion he wrote us word he was going to lead? The poor boy's simplicity has been imposed upon; but I'll undeceive him. Lead me to him instantly. Come Doctor. (*More laughing, &c. without.*)

Doctor S. These are the sounds of Belzebub: of a truth, I am shocked.

Gyp. There'll be a rare blow-up—Well, everything's for the best. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Great Dining-room in Blushington-house.*

BLUSHINGTON discovered on an elevated seat at the head of the table. MISS DINAH at his right hand, LADY FRIENDLY at his left; SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY and FRANK next to them. EVANS, NICK, JOHN, and Servants in attendance.

Sir T. Now then, clear the dinner things away, Evans, and let the dessert be brought in. Mr. Blushington, I'll take another glass of wine with you.

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly, by all means; every fresh glass I take doubles the pleasant reflections of the one before it. (*Drinks and rises.*) I've got through dinner famously; made no particular mistake, except spurning the gravy of the goose over the Baronet's wig by a slip of my fork, and sugaring the apple-pudding with salt. I begin to find that the height of good breeding is doing as company do; and as they've done nothing here but eat and drink, I've had no great difficulty in following their example. Oh! I'm getting very polite. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. Mr. Blushington, now the cloth's drawn, we shall have no objection to taking a toast from your wise, old-fashioned people.

Blush. A toast! oh! yes, certainly, by all means: dry, or buttered?

Sir T. Psha! A toast to drink.

Blush. To drink! well, that must be a dry one. Oh! now I understand—I beg pardon, upon my soul. I'm putting my foot in it—swearing before ladies; but I'll shew them my manners now. (*Aside.*) I should be very happy, Sir Thomas, but I couldn't think of drinking before you—that is, not first. After you, certainly.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you shall have your way; come, fill—a bumper, and I'll give you "A health to all good fellows."

Blush. "A health to all good fellows!" (*Drinks.*) That's a compliment to me. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. He's getting on; the real man breaks out; all is as it should be. (*Aside.*) As we intend to walk after dinner, we'll not permit the ladies to go, Mr. Blushington; but—

Blush. Certainly not; by no means. Bless my soul, how extremely well-bred I am growing! (*Aside.*)

Sir T. They'll feel great pleasure on this particular occasion, I'm sure, in honouring your sentiment, Mr. Blushington; that is, if you press them.

Blush. Press them! Oh, lord! Sir Thomas, couldn't think of such a thing in public. How extremely genteel I feel! (*Aside.*) It will be the

height of good manners to drink the ladies' healths, though; so, Sir Thomas, I beg to give you the health of the ladies.

Sir T. Hum! we usually wait for their absence to drink that: no matter.

Blush. Bumpers; now then, all on your legs, if you please. That's good breeding, certainly. (Aside.) "The ladies!" [hurrah!]

Sir T. and Frank. "The ladies!" Hip, hip,

Frank. To complete the obligation you've laid us under, Mr. Blushington, you've only now to favour us with a song, and—

Blush. A song! Oh, lord! no; I never can sing; I've no voice; I've got a cold; I can't remember—

Sir T. Song, song! we can take no excuse. You really must oblige us, my dear boy. Only try; you'll succeed admirably.

Blush. Oh, dear me! I never shall be able to get through it; I must wet my throat. (Drinks.) Hem, hem! I—that's too high; I—that's too low; I—I think that will do. I'll make an attempt.

SONG.—BLUSHINGTON.

AIR—Turnpike Gate.

Those who may think a life at college,
Fagging and tagging, poring, boring,
Haven't their nobs o'erstock'd with knowledge;
Life in a college is full of glee:
'Tis learning, quaffing, joking, laughing,
Cheating the grave wigs, so merrily
Revelling, cavilling, holydays, jolly days,
Logic and sophistry thought go free.

(Speaking.)—Oxford Coachman—Now, sir, going to Oxford? starting for college, sir? Brazen-nose, sir?—(Collegian.) No; it's that gentleman with the red face that's going to Brazen-nose.—(Coachman.) Catherine Hall then, perhaps, sir?—(Old Lady.) Catherine Hall, indeed! I'd have you to know, fellow! my nephew has nothing to do with such hussies.—(Collegian.) No, friend, I'm going to Magdalen.—(Coachman.) On the foundation, sir?—(Collegian.) No; on the box, coachee.—(Coachman.) Well, then, sir, you couldn't apply to a better man than I am to take you, sir: I'm the well-known Jemmy Jarvis, the classical coachman, as they calls me. Lord bless you, sir! Hell-fire Dick was a fool to me! just look at those here leaders of mine, sir; they trot along like a Pindaric: only scan their feet, sir; see how prettily they amble. Those near horses I calls my Homers, because I always drives my last stage into town with them: that one with the blinkers is the eyelid, (Iliad,) and that t'other, with the one eye, is the odd eye see (Odyssey.) That right leader I calls my Wirgil, on account of his being in-kneed (Æneid); and that off-leader, my Horace, because of his carmen; he was a cart-horse once. You'll drive a long way before you find one more experienced in the Greek accidentance than I am.—(Old Lady.) Mercy on me! experienced some great accidents, did you say, coachman? I hope not.—(Coachman.) Never fear, ma'am; I mean in parsing on the road.—(Old Lady.) Ah! that causes all the mischief: I hope you won't attempt to pass anything on the road here; it's contrary to act of parliament, you know: I shall certainly let Mr. Martin hear of it, if I see anything like racing going on.—(Coachman.) It's all right, ma'am, depend upon that.—(Collegian.) I say, coachee! coachee, my boy! just let me take the reins for a mile or so, now the shower's over, will you, eh!—(Coachman.) Shouldn't have any objection in life, 'squire, to let you handle the ribands for a stage or two; but four-in-hand, you know, requires.—(Collegian.) I know, four-in-hand from me—there's a couple of brace of half-crowns for you; so, now hand over the leathers.—(Coachman.) Touching the bit alters the case, sir: there they are. Let 'em feel their mouths—down hill with you, sir. I'm obliged to be a little partickler, sir: I've got three fellows inside.—(Collegian.) Three fellows! that's odd.—(Coachman.) Yes, odd fellows, sir; all as grumpy and queer as can be; but you know what they are, sir.—(Collegian.) To be sure I do; I'll take care, coachee. Who's that fat gentleman that's just got in?—(Coachman.) That fat gentleman's a sizer from Corpus.—(Old Fellow, inside.) Coachman, I decidedly object to that young gentleman's taking the reins; our lives a'n't safe.—(Coachman.) It's all right, sir. Steady with my Homers, as you turn the corner; you know they're blind, sir. Mind Wirgil don't make a false quantity; take care of his Hocks-ameters, as I call 'em, he's apt

to stumble. Soho! gently, there!—(Collegian.) Pray, coachee, what's the name of this place?—(Coachman.) Shot-over Hill, sir—Eh! zounds, 'squire! we shall be shot over, if you don't mind.—(Old Fellow, inside.) Eh! bless me! what is that? Really, coachman, I positively shall get out and walk.—(Coachman.) Only young Phaeton got his horses in the sun, sir.—(Old Fellow, inside.) If you let that young gentleman continue to hold the reins.—(Coachman.) It's all right, I can assure your honour.—(Old Fellow, inside.) Your assurance won't satisfy me; you've a little too much of it.—(Coachman to Collegian.) Never mind him, 'squire. Now, sir, we change here. There's a pretty pair of wheelers; we calls that bay, Lucretius, because he knows the nature of things so well; he's seed such sarvice; and that 'ere white mare the Goddess of Morning; and what do you think we calls her the Goddess of Morning for, sir?—(Collegian.) Really, coachee, I can't tell.—(Coachman.) Why, because she's a roarer (Aurora). So, ya, hip! then dash along.

Those who may think a life at college,
Fagging and tagging, poring, boring,
Haven't their nobs o'erstock'd with knowledge;
Life in a college is full of glee.

Fellows at college, rare odd fellows;
Very good fellows, getting mellow,
Carol old rose and burn the bellows:
Jolly young students, tutors grave.
Proctors cheating, slyly meeting,
Slighting the sages, some pretty girl's slave;
Funning and punning, and dunning and running,
Caring for nought, if their bacon they save.

(Collegian.) Now, then, Gyp, that I'm comfortably settled at college, to keep my terms, and eat my commons, damme, let's be jolly. Hang my old musty prig of a tutor and his mathematics, I say; give me a glass and a lass; and as for making extracts from Bacon, let me cut away at this ham here. All I shall study from Ovid, is his Art of Love, with perhaps an occasional touch at his Metamorphoses, when I want to escape from a dun, or give a tradesman the double. What's the use of translations, unless it is translating a pretty girl from the outside to the inside, as we did the glover's daughters last night, and as I did Sal Spanker under my gown, after hours yesterday evening, under the very nose of our old buzzard of a porter, without his having any suspicion; though that wasn't a bad thing of Ned Bumper, who, on his receiving his last hamper of wine, translated Inveni Portum into I've found some Port; that was proper Port Royal Latin, that was—Eh! who the devil's that at the door?—(Bed-maker.) Old Smouchey Solomon, sir, the Jew money-lender.—(Collegian.) Let him come in; I must make use of the old rascal: haven't a rap left of the last 500 dad sent. Well, Smouchey, come in, my old boy; we'll have a rasher together. Eh! zounds, you are not going to be one of the tribe of Gad, instead of one of the sons of Ham: what do you want?—(Jew.) Vant my moniesh, Mr. Blushington.—(Collegian.) So do I, Smouchey; and what's more, I must have it: give you a post obit for it on the family-estates; that's the only bit of Latin you care a curse for, the only part of the dead languages that sets you alive.—(Jew.) I tell you vat it is, Mr. Blushington, you owes me a thousand pounds already, and I've never seen the colour of your moniesh, and vat's more.—(Collegian.) I must have more, Smouchey; so, none of your nonsense. Eh! zounds, who's that?—(Bed-maker.) Sir, sir, here's your tutor, Doctor Stiffwig, coming up stairs.—(Collegian.) Eh! my tutor? what the devil's to be done, Gyp? he cuts off all retreat. Put the glover's daughter in the coal-hole and give old Smouchey a book.—(Bed-maker.) What book, sir?—(Collegian.) Zounds! the interest book; if that don't interest him, the devil's in it. Not a word for your life, Smouchey. Good morning, sir.—(Tutor.) Good morning, young man; how is it I find you occupied? Strange rumours have.—(Collegian.) I've been amusing myself with some Fugitive Pieces, sir; and making the extracts from Bacon you spoke of.—(Tutor.) Hum! Very light study. I hope you always commit your loose thoughts to paper; it may be advisable I should see them sometimes. But, eh! who is that strange looking character in the beard there?—(Collegian.) Eh! that, that, sir—that is a great Hebrew rabbi, the learned Ben Ham-eat, Ben Isaac, Ben Moses, Ben Solomon, Ben Nebuchadnezzar, come to discuss the extraction of some Hebrew roots with me.—(Tutor.) Eh! a professor of languages; I will hold converse with him. Are you acquainted with Anacreon and Theocritus, friend?—(Jew.) Never had any dealings with 'em in all

have any soup or pudding, though. After you: I couldn't hear of such a thing—Come, I think that's pretty polite to begin with. Allow me the honour, Miss Di. Dear me, I'm making a mistake again; taking her arm instead of offering mine. This way—Hum, that's not so bad, though.

Frank. He is smitten; you have conquered, Di! The day is your own, like another Iphigenia, you have inspired another Cymon. Go on, complete your conquest, and polish the aboriginal!

Sir T. Away with you, I'll not be long following. Oh, this plaguy gout! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Blushington house.*

Gyp. They've got him in, it's all right! They've seated him by miss again: it will do! They'll cure him of some of his bashfulness to a certainty. Well, it's high time, for what with my modesty, and his shamefacedness, I should get but very few vails in his service. I didn't mind it so much at college, though he was bad enough there, heaven knows! Why, I've known him dine off my herrings, in the dog-days, and bear all the horrors of a raging thirst, because he was too bashful to ask for some beer. They've got up plenty of wine; if they do but ply him well, to encourage him, they may accomplish wonders. If they can only once break the ice—(Knocking without.) Eh! who's this? As I live, Doctor Starch and Dame Philippa Straitlace. Was ever anything so *mal-à-propos*! They will spoil all; I must set my wits to work to prevent it.

Enter JOHN, shewing in DOCTOR STARCH and DAME PHILIPPA.

John. This way, if you please; master's very particularly engaged at present, but if you'll wait—

Dame P. Poring over his books, no doubt. Let the dear boy know of our arrival. Poor child, he's longing bad enough to see us!

John. I'll tell him, ma'am, certainly, but—

Dame P. Go directly; the dear youth must not be suffered to mortify himself too much; moping as he is, our company will be particularly acceptable.

Gyp. (Aside.) I wouldn't have you be too sure of that.

Doctor S. Ay, ay! Go, young man.

John. Very well, sir. [Exit.]

Doctor S. In this quiet, sober solitude, unbroken by the voice of riot, or—(Loud laughing without.) Eh, bless me, what's that?

Dame P. Some of the servants, taking advantage of their dear master's quietness. ah! it is time one came to bring them in order! (Noise of rapping on the table, and cries of Bravo! Bravo!) Scandalous! such an outcry! but I'll soon put a stop to it. What's this?

Enter EVANS and NICK, crossing the stage.

Evans. Go you, and carry in the devilled biscuits, while I get another magnum of champagne! Do you hear, Nick? [Exit.]

Doctor S. Devilled biscuits! and champagne!

Dame P. I'm thunderstruck! What does all this mean?

Gyp. Master's only amusing himself ma'am.

Enter JOHN.

John. I haven't interrupted him, as he seemed so happy and jolly. (Aside.) Master's compliments, ma'am, to you and the Doctor, he's busy dining with a few friends at present, but he'll be glad to see you by-and-by, to take a glass of port and an olive.

Doctor S. After all my good lessons, there is something more than natural in all this.

Dame P. 'Tis magic! the poor child is bewitched!

Doctor S. (Noise of revelry without.) Again! some of his racketty fellow-students, I suppose;

but my presence will soon strike them with proper awe—reciting Anacreon no doubt.

Gyp. With submission, I rather think he's reciting Ovid.

Doctor S. Why, ay, here are metamorphoses enough to warrant such a supposition.

Gyp. Nay, it's his Art of Love, I should think, is the theme now; or the ladies' charms are not so potent as they appear to be.

Dame P. Ladies! Are there ladies there? It's high time I should make one among them.

EVANS and NICK enter, crossing the stage.

Evans. More wine, Nick! Take care of the iced punch for the turtle! They're waiting—quick.

[Exit Nick and Evans.]

Dame P. Is this the life of seclusion he wrote us word he was going to lead? The poor boy's simplicity has been imposed upon; but I'll undeceive him. Lead me to him instantly. Come Doctor. (More laughing, &c. without.)

Doctor S. These are the sounds of Belzebub: of a truth, I am shocked.

Gyp. There'll be a rare blow-up—Well, everything's for the best. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Great Dining-room in Blushington-house.*

BLUSHINGTON discovered on an elevated seat at the head of the table. MISS DINAH at his right hand, LADY FRIENDLY at his left; SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY and FRANK next to them. EVANS, NICK, JOHN, and Servants in attendance.

Sir T. Now then, clear the dinner things away, Evans, and let the dessert be brought in. Mr. Blushington, I'll take another glass of wine with you.

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly, by all means; every fresh glass I take doubles the pleasant reflections of the one before it. (Drinks and rises.) I've got through dinner famously; made no particular mistake, except spurning the gravy of the goose over the Baronet's wig by a slip of my fork, and sugaring the apple-pudding with salt. I begin to find that the height of good breeding is doing as company do; and as they've done nothing here but eat and drink, I've had no great difficulty in following their example. Oh! I'm getting very polite. (Aside.)

Sir T. Mr. Blushington, now the cloth's drawn, we shall have no objection to taking a toast from your wise, old-fashioned people.

Blush. A toast! oh! yes, certainly, by all means: dry, or buttered?

Sir T. Psha! A toast to drink.

Blush. To drink! well, that must be a dry one. Oh! now I understand—I beg pardon, upon my soul. I'm putting my foot in it—swearing before ladies; but I'll shew them my manners now. (Aside.) I should be very happy, Sir Thomas, but I couldn't think of drinking before you—that is, not first. After you, certainly.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you shall have your way; come, fill—a bumper, and I'll give you "A health to all good fellows."

Blush. "A health to all good fellows!" (Drinks.) That's a compliment to me. (Aside.)

Sir T. He's getting on; the real man breaks out; all is as it should be. (Aside.) As we intend to walk after dinner, we'll not permit the ladies to go, Mr. Blushington; but—

Blush. Certainly not; by no means. Bless my soul, how extremely well-bred I am growing! (Aside.)

Sir T. They'll feel great pleasure on this particular occasion, I'm sure, in honouring your sentiment, Mr. Blushington; that is, if you press them.

Blush. Press them! Oh, lord! Sir Thomas, couldn't think of such a thing in public. How extremely genteel I feel! (Aside.) It will be the

height of good manners to drink the ladies' healths, though; so, Sir Thomas, I beg to give you the health of the ladies.

Sir T. Hum! we usually wait for their absence to drink that: no matter.

Blush. Bumpers; now then, all on your legs, if you please. That's good breeding, certainly. (Aside.) "The ladies!" [hurrah!]

Sir T. and Frank. "The ladies!" Hip, hip,

Frank. To complete the obligation you've laid us under, Mr. Blushington, you've only now to favour us with a song, and—

Blush. A song! Oh, lord! no; I never can sing; I've no voice; I've got a cold; I can't remember—

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Blush. Oh, dear me! I never shall be able to get through it; I must wet my throat. (Drinks.) Hem, hem! I—that's too high; I—that's too low; I—I think that will do. I'll make an attempt.

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Fagging and tagging, poring, boring,
Haven't their nobs o'erstock'd with knowledge;
Life in a college is full of glee:
'Tis learning, quaffing, joking, laughing,
Cheating the grave wigs, so merrily
Revelling, cavilling, holidays, jolly days,
Logic and sophistry thought go free.*

(Speaking.)—Oxford Coachman—Now, sir, going to Oxford? starting for college, sir? Brazen-nose, sir?—(Collegian.) No; it's that gentleman with the red face that's going to Brazen-nose.—(Coachman.) Catherine Hall then, perhaps, sir?—(Old Lady.) Catherine Hall, indeed! I'd have you to know, fellow! my nephew has nothing to do with such hussies.—(Collegian.) No, friend, I'm going to Magdalen.—(Coachman.) On the foundation, sir?—(Collegian.) No; on the box, coachee.—(Coachman.) Well, then, sir, you couldn't apply to a better man than I am to take you, sir: I'm the well-known Jemmy Jarvis, the classical coachman, as they calls me. Lord bless you, sir! Hell-fire Dick was a fool to me! just look at those here leaders of mine, sir; they trot along like a Pindaric: only scan their feet, sir; see how prettily they amble. Those near horses I calls my Homers, because I always drives my last stage into town with them: that one with the blinkers is the eyelid, (Iliad,) and that t'other, with the one eye, is the odd eye see (Odyssey.) That right leader I calls my Wirgil, on account of his being in-kneed (Æneid); and that off-leader, my Horace, because of his carmen; he was a cart-horse once. You'll drive a long way before you find one more experienced in the Greek accident than I am.—(Old Lady.) Mercy on me! experienced some great accidents, did you say, coachman? I hope not.—(Coachman.) Never fear, ma'am; I mean in parsing on the road.—(Old Lady.) Ah! that causes all the mischief: I hope you won't attempt to pass anything on the road here; it's contrary to act of parliament, you know: I shall certainly let Mr. Martin hear of it, if I see anything like racing going on.—(Coachman.) It's all right, ma'am, depend upon that.—(Collegian.) I say, coachee! coachee, my boy! just let me take the reins for a mile or so, now the shower's over, will you, eh?—(Coachman.) Shouldn't have any objection in life, 'squire, to let you handle the ribands for a stage or two; but four-in-hand, you know, requires—(Collegian.) I know, four-in-hand from me—there's a couple of brace of half-crowns for you; so, now hand over the leathers.—(Coachman.) Touching the bit alters the case, sir: there they are. Let 'em feel their mouths—down hill with you, sir. I'm obliged to be a little partickler, sir: I've got three fellows inside.—(Collegian.) Three fellows! that's odd.—(Coachman.) Yes, odd fellows, sir; all as grumpy and queer as can be; but you know what they are, sir.—(Collegian.) To be sure I do; I'll take care, coachee. Who's that fat gentleman that's just got in?—(Coachman.) That fat gentleman's a sizer from Corpus.—(Old Fellow, inside.) Coachman, I decidedly object to that young gentleman's taking the reins; our lives a'n't safe.—(Coachman.) It's all right, sir. Steady with my Homers, as you turn the corner; you know they're blind, sir. Mind Wirgil don't make a false quantity; take care of his Hocks-ameters, as I call 'em, he's apt

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ma life, my tear; but I'll take their bills, if they're shopkeepers. What do they sell?—(Tutor.) Eh! bless me, what does he say?—(Collegian.) He says, sir, that—that Anacreon and Theocritus are *shopkeepers*, sir; that is, that their works don't *sell*, and that he's not over partial to them; likes something more solid.—(Tutor.) Hum! ha! You will get ready for your examination to-day: when I hope that the pains I have taken to prepare you, will not have been thrown away; but that you will speedily arrive at the highest of college honours—*Vale*.—(Collegian.) Good b'ye, sir. Glad the old Prig is gone. Bring out the glover's daughter. Send old Smouchey home for the blunt; uncork another bottle, and let's be jolly.

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Fagging and tagging, poring, boring,
Haven't their nobs o'erstock'd with knowledge;
Life in a college is full of glee.*

*Doctors, proctors—Greek and Latin,
Curs'd dry study, brain gets muddy;
Tutor pops a sentence pat in;
Gain a degree, make holyday.
Read old Homer, get diploma,
While others are pluck'd and sent away;
Spluttering, muttering, hammering, stammering:
We are the true Greeks—huzza, huzza!*

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."—(Row in the street.) Town, gown! Town, gown!—(Collegian.) What the devil's the matter in the High-street, there?—(Bed-maker.) Only a row between the stupid and the students, the townsmen and the gownsmen, about a silly wench of a shop girl; that's all, sir.—(Collegian.) Oh! d—e, Gyp, must make one among them; must support the gown. Call them out there. "Town, gown!—gown, town!" There'll be more heads than *Priscian's* broken to-day.—(Bed-maker.) Sir, sir, we must be off; there's four heads of houses coming down the next street.—(Collegian.) Four houses coming down on our heads in the next street; you're right; then, egad, it's high time to be off, 'faith.—(Bed-maker.) Chapel-bell has rung long ago; and then there's the examination in the Hall to-day, you know, sir; and after this row.—(Collegian.) I shall be more fitted than ever to be *Senior Wrangler*. Ah! Gyp, hope I sha'n't get plucked; funk confoundedly: no matter, I must put a bold face on it. I say, Tom, what the devil's that bit of red under your gown there?—(Fellow Collegian.) Hold your tongue, you fool; only my hunting frock: hadn't time to pull it off. I've been rusticated.—(Collegian.) Take care they don't *rusticate* you, that's all. You know it's against College rules to hunt or race; and, as to coming to chapel in your *hunting togger*—(Fellow Collegian.) It was on the *spur* of the moment; just in time to show, however. (Prayers are read.)—(Cryer.) Now, then, to the Hall, gentlemen.—(Collegian.) Eh! who the deuce is that going up, the *Welshman* from *Caius*, poor *Shenkin-ap-Watkins*. Poor fellow, stews like roasted cheese; they're going to try him in Greek. Zounds! if he were going to be tried at the Old Bailey, he couldn't be more frightened: and old Doctor *M'Jargon*, the Scotch proctor, one of the examiners; he'll be plucked to a certainty, like a poor pigeon as he is. Never mind, we're the Greeks that are never plucked: only hear him.—(Doctor *M'Jargon*.) Now, Mr. *Shenkin-ap-Watkins*, we will proceed to *Homer*, d'ye ken—*Dinna be in sic a muckle-puckle!* there's nowt to be alarmed at: fair and softly; there's na need to be in sic a hurry and splutter. (Mr. *Shenkin-ap-Watkins*, reading with a strong Welsh accent, and evidently dreadfully nervous and frightened.)

"TON D'APAMEIBOMENOS, PROSEPHE PODAS OKUS
ACHILLEUS;
ATREIDE, KUDISTE, PHILOKTEANOTATE PANTON,
POS GAR TOI DOSOUSI GERAS MEGATHUMOI ACHAIOT!
OUDE TI PO IDMEN XUNEIA KEIMENA POLLA!
ALLA TA MEN POLION EXEPRATHOMEN TA DEDASTAI
LAOUS D'OUK EPEOIKE PALILLOGA TAUT' EPAGEI-
REIN."

(Doctor *M'Jargon*.) Hauld, hauld! Troth, Mr. *Shenkin-ap-Watkins*, ye have nae the *true Doric accent*, the pure pronunciation o' the Greek language. Ye should speak it after this fashion, d'ye ken, and na let yer words hop about like sae mony kids on ane of yer mickie Welsh mountains. (Reading with a strong deliberate Scotch accent)—

"TON D'APAMEIBOMENOS," &c.

That is the way the Greek language ought to be spoken, chiel. Ye may gang down, Mr. *Shenkin-ap-Watkins*: we must e'en send him back to his native goats again; he'll never be able to feed his flocks with *Virgil* or *The-*

ocritus, I trow. Call Mr. Terence O'Terry.—(Cryer.) Mr. Terence O'Terry.—(Mr. Terence O'Terry.) 'Faith, here am I, sir.—(Doctor *M'Jargon*.) Now, Mr. Terence O'Terry, I hope ye're a' prepared?—(Mr. Terence O'Terry.) You may take your oath of that, sir, all the same as if it was my own mother tongue. (Reading very rapidly, and with a strong Irish accent)—

"TON D'APAMEIBOMENOS," &c.

(Doctor *M'Jargon*.) Stop, stop, Mr. Terence O'Terry! what, in the de'il's name, d'ye call that! O' my conscience, ye bellow like a bull, and have got a burr like a knife-grinder's wheel on the tip of your tongue; troth, if that's Greek, it's St. Giles's Greek, and nae the Greek of that auld chield, *Homer*. Break up the Hall; we've had enough for one day, at all events; he mun gang back to the bogs again, he winna do here. As for you, Mr. *Blashington*, you are entitled to your degree.—(Collegian.) Huzza, huzza! now for fun and jollity.

*Those who may think a life at college,
Fagging, tagging, poring, boring,
Haven't their nobs o'erstock'd with knowledge;
Life in a college is full of glee.*

Enter GYP, shewing in DAME PHILIPPA STRAITLACE and DOCTOR STARCH.

Blush. My aunt *Straitlace*! Zounds! I must face her out. (Aside.) Another glass of wine, Sir Thomas. (Drinks.) Doctor *Starch*, too! he'll read me a rare lecture! (Aside.) Another glass of wine, Sir Thomas. (Drinks.)

Dame P. The world is certainly turned upside down! here's goings on! I'm shocked!

Gyp. Yes, it isn't a sight fit to contaminate your chaste eyes, ma'am; you'd better go away.

Dame P. Nephew, nephew, how has your innocence been abused! Where is all your artlessness and purity gone to? Didn't you write me word that you wished to put your household under the superintendence of some discreet female?

Blush. Yes, I did; but I meant a young and pretty one; relations are apt to disagree, you know. I'm sorry you've had your journey for nothing, but I'm provided. Your health, Miss *Dinah*. (Drinks.) Must be polite to aunt *Phil*, though. (Aside.) Will you take a bumper of *Madeira* and a devilled biscuit after your walk?

Dame P. The devil possesses you all; but I'll take outa statute of lunacy.

Doctor S. My dear pupil, let the lessons—

Blush. I beg your pardon, Doctor, but I'm not at school now.

Doctor S. Didn't you say that you wished for a person to be a second father to you?

Blush. I did, and I've found one—Sir Thomas; and I don't care how soon he makes me his son-in-law.

Sir T. Well said! The fact is, Doctor, and you, my good madam, with a little of my management, my family and I have succeeded in giving to society one who promises to become not its least best ornament; one who, under your guidance, would have been lost to it for ever.

Blush. Yes, but having once broken through the ice of ceremony, it shall never freeze up my faculties again. I've become sensible of the sweet influence of a young and lovely woman; I've felt the delight of friendship and good fellowship; I find that properly fulfilling the duties of society brings its own reward with it; I have determined to marry, to become a citizen of the world.

Dame P. I'll not stay to witness it. He is quite lost to remorse, and must ruin himself his own way. Come, Doctor.

Doctor S. Very much at your service, Miss *Philippa*. Oh! my hopeful pupil! Oh! my poor hopes of profit in managing his estate for him! Oh, tempora! oh, mores! [Exit with Dame P.]

Blush. I am glad they're gone; I now only feel bashful in one point—that of having deserved the approbation of my friends. Assured of their good opinion, I shall laugh at the censures of prudes and pedants, and pass my future life in endeavouring to retain it. [Exeunt.]

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY HUGH KELLY.



Act IV.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

GENERAL SAVAGE
CAPTAIN SAVAGE
BELVILLE

TORRINGTON
LEESON
CONNOLLY

GHASTLY
SPRUCE
LADY RACHEL MILDEW

MRS. BELVILLE
MRS. TEMPEST
MISS WALSHINGHAM

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Belville's.

Enter CAPTAIN SAVAGE and MISS WALSHINGHAM.

Capt. S. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Miss Walsingham, this fury is going. What a noble peal she has rung in Belville's ears.

Miss W. Did she see you, Captain Savage?

Capt. S. No, I took care of that; for though she is not married to my father, she has ten times the influence of a wife, and might injure me not a little with him, if I didn't support her side of the question.

Miss W. It was a pleasant conceit of Mr. Belville, to insinuate that the poor woman was disordered in her senses.

Capt. S. And did you observe how the termagant's violence of temper supported the probability of the charge?

Miss W. Yes, she became almost frantic in reality, when she found herself treated like a mad woman. [admirable.]

Capt. S. Belville's affected surprise, too, was

Miss W. Yes, the hypocritical composure of his countenance, and his counterfeit pity for the poor woman, were intolerable.

Capt. S. While that amiable creature, his wife, implicitly believed every syllable he said.

Miss W. And felt nothing but pity for the accusation. But pray, is it really under a pretence of getting the girl upon the stage, that Belville has taken away Mrs. Tempest's niece from the people she boarded with?

Capt. P. It is. Belville, ever on the look out for fresh objects, met her in those primitive regions of purity, the green boxes; where, discovering that she was passionately desirous of becoming an actress, he improved his acquaintance

with her, in the fictitious character of an Irish manager, and she eloped last night, to be, as she imagines, the heroine of a Dublin theatre.

Miss W. So, then, as he has kept his real name artfully concealed, Mrs. Tempest can, at most, but suspect him of Miss Leeson's seduction.

Capt. S. Of no more; and this only from the description of the people who saw him in company with her at the play; but I wish the affair may not have a serious conclusion, for she has a brother, a very spirited young fellow, who is a counsellor in the Temple, and who will certainly call Belville to an account the moment he hears of it.

Miss W. And what will become of the poor creature, after he has deserted her?

Capt. S. You know that Belville is generous to profusion, and has a thousand good qualities to counterbalance this single fault of gallantry, which contaminates his character.

Miss W. You men, you men! You are such wretches, that there's no having a moment's satisfaction with you; and what's still more provoking, there's no having a moment's satisfaction without

Capt. S. Nay, don't think us all alike. [you.]

Miss W. I'll endeavour to deceive myself; for it is but a poor argument of your sincerity, to be the confidant of another's falsehood.

Capt. S. Nay, no more of this, my love; no people live happier than Belville and his wife; nor is there a man in England, notwithstanding all his levity, who considers his wife with a warmer degree of affection: if you have a friendship therefore, for her, let her continue in an error, so necessary to her repose, and give no hint whatever of his gallantries to anybody.

Miss W. If I had no pleasure in obliging you, I have too much regard for Mrs. Belville, not to follow your advice; but you need not enjoin me

so strongly on the subject, when you know I can keep a secret.

Capt. S. You are all goodness; and the prudence with which you have concealed our private engagements has eternally obliged me; had you trusted the secret even to Mrs. Belville, it would not have been safe; she would have told her husband, and he is such a rattleskull, that, notwithstanding all his regard for me, he would have mentioned it in some moment of levity, and sent it in a course of circulation to my father.

Miss W. The peculiarity of your father's temper, joined to my want of fortune, made it necessary for me to keep our engagements inviolably secret; there is no merit, therefore, either in my prudence, or in my labouring assiduously to cultivate the good opinion of the General; since both were so necessary to my own happiness: don't despise me for this acknowledgment now.

Capt. S. Bewitching softness! But your goodness, I flatter myself, will be speedily rewarded; you are now such a favourite with him, that he is eternally talking of you; and I really fancy he means to propose you to me himself; for, last night, in a few minutes after he had declared you would make the best wife in the world, he seriously asked me if I had any aversion to matrimony?

Miss W. Why, that was a very great concession, indeed, as he seldom stoops to consult anybody's inclinations.

Capt. S. So it was, I assure you; for, in the army, being used to nothing but command and obedience, he removes the discipline of the parade into his family, and no more expects his orders should be disputed in matters of a domestic nature than if they were delivered at the head of his regiment.

Miss W. And yet, Mrs. Tempest, who you say is as much a storm in her nature as her name, is disputing them eternally.

Enter MR. and MRS. BELVILLE.

Bel. Well, Miss Walsingham, haven't we had a pretty morning's visitor?

Miss W. Really, I think so; and I have been asking Captain Savage how long the lady has been disordered in her senses.

Bel. Why will they let the poor woman abroad, without somebody to take care of her?

Capt. S. Oh, she has her lucid intervals.

Miss W. I declare I shall be as angry with you as I am with Belville. (*Aside to the Captain.*)

Mrs. B. You can't think how sensibly she spoke at first.

Bel. I should have had no conception of her madness, if she had not brought so preposterous a charge against me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Rachel Mildew, madam, sends her compliments, and if you are not particularly engaged, will do herself the pleasure of waiting upon you.

Mrs. B. Our compliments, and we shall be glad to see her ladyship. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bel. I wonder if Lady Rachel knows that Torrington came to town last night from Bath.

Mrs. B. I hope he has found benefit by the waters, for he is one of the best creatures existing; he's a downwright parson Adams in good nature and simplicity.

Miss W. Lady Rachel will be quite happy at his return, and it would be a laughable affair, if a match could be brought about between the old maid and the old bachelor.

Capt. S. Mr. Torrington is too much taken up at Westminster Hall to think of paying his devoirs to the ladies; and too plain a speaker, I fancy, to be agreeable to Lady Rachel.

Bel. You mistake the matter widely; she is deeply smitten with him; but honest Torrington is

utterly unconscious of his conquest, and modestly thinks that he has not a single attraction for any woman in the universe.

Mrs. B. Yet my poor aunt speaks sufficiently plain, in all conscience, to give him a different opinion of himself.

Miss W. Yes, and puts her charms into such repair, whenever she expects to meet him, that her cheeks look for all the world like a raspberry ice upon a ground of custard.

Capt. S. I thought Apollo was the only god of Lady Rachel's idolatry, and that in her passion for poetry she had taken leave of all the less elevated affections.

Bel. Oh! you mistake again; the poets are eternally in love, and can, by no means, be calculated to describe the imaginary passions, without being very susceptible of the real ones.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The man, madam, from Tavistock-street, has brought home the dresses for the masquerade, and desires to know if there are any commands for him.

Mrs. B. Oh! bid him stay till we see the dresses. [*Exit Servant.*]

Miss W. They are only dominos.

Bel. I am glad of that; for characters are as difficult to be supported at the masquerade, as they are in real life. The last time I was at the Pantheon, a vestal virgin invited me to sup with her, and swore that her pocket had been picked by a justice of peace.

Miss W. Nay, that was not so bad as the Hamlet's Ghost that boxed with Henry the Eighth, and afterwards danced a hornpipe to the tune of Nancy Dawson. Ha, ha, ha! we follow you, Mrs. Belville. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Leeson's Chambers in the Temple.*

Enter LEESON.

Lee. Where is this clerk of mine? Connolly!

Con. (Behind.) Here, sir.

Lees. Have you copied the marriage-settlement, as I corrected it?

Enter CONNOLLY, with pistols.

Con. Ay, honey, an hour ago.

Lee. What, you have been trying those pistols?

Con. By my soul, I have been firing them this half hour, without once being able to make them

Lee. They are plaguy dirty. [*go off.*]

Con. In troth! so they are; I strove to brighten them up a little, but some misfortune attends every thing I do, for the more I clane them the dirtier they are, honey.

Lee. You have had some of our usual daily visitors for money, I suppose?

Con. You may say that; and three or four of them are now hanging about the door, that I wish handsomely hanged anywhere else, for bodering us.

Lee. No joking, Connolly; my present situation is a very disagreeable one.

Con. Faith! and so it is; but who makes it disagreeable? Your aunt Tempest would let you have as much money as you please, but you won't condescend to be acquainted with her, though people in this country can be very intimate friends, without seeing one another's faces for seven years.

Lee. Do you think me base enough to receive a favour from a woman who has disgraced her family, and stoops to be a kept mistress? You see, my sister is already ruined by a connexion with her.

Con. Ah! sir, a good guinea isn't the worse for coming through a bad hand; if it was, what would become of us lawyers? And by my soul, many a high head in London would, at this minute, be very low, if they hadn't received favours even from much worse people than kept mistresses.

Lee. Others, Connolly, may prostitute their honour as they please; mine is my chief possession, and I must take particular care of it.

Con. Honour, to be sure, is a very fine thing, sir, but I don't see how it is to be taken care of, without a little money; your honour, to my knowledge, has'n't been in your own possession these two years, and the devil a crum can you honestly swear by, till you get it out of the hands of your creditors.

Lee. I have given you a licence to talk, Connolly, because I know you faithful; but I haven't given you a liberty to sport with my misfortunes.

Con. You know I'd die to serve you, sir; but of what use is your giving me leave to spake, if you oblige me to hould my tongue? 'tis out of pure love and affection that I put you in mind of your misfortunes.

Lee. Well, Connolly, a few days will, in all probability, enable me to redeem my honour, and to reward your fidelity; the lovely Emily, you know, has half consented to embrace the first opportunity of flying with me to Scotland, and the paltry trifles I owe, will not be missed in her fortune.

Con. But, dear sir, consider you are going to fight a duel this very evening, and if you should be kilt, I fancy you will find it a little difficult to run away afterwards with the lovely Emily.

Lee. If I fall, there will be an end to my misfortunes.

Con. But surely it will not be quite genteel, to go out of the world without paying your debts.

Lee. But how shall I stay in the world, Connolly, without punishing Belville for ruining my sister?

Con. Oh! the devil fly away with this honour; an ounce of common sense is worth a whole ship load of it, if we must prefer a bullet or a halter to a fine young lady and a great fortune.

Lee. We'll talk no more on the subject at present. Take this letter to Mr. Belville; deliver it into his own hand, be sure, and bring me an answer; make haste, for I shall not stir out till you come back.

Con. By my soul, I wish you may be able to stir out then, honey. Oh! but that's true,—

Lee. What's the matter?

Con. Why, sir, the gentleman I last lived clerk with, died lately and left me a legacy of twenty guineas.

Lee. What! is Mr. Stanley dead?

Con. 'Faith! his friends have behaved very unkindly if he is not, for they have buried him these

Lee. And what then? [six weeks.

Con. Why, sir, I received my little legacy this morning, and if you'd be so good as to keep it for me, I'd be much obliged to you.

Lee. Connolly, I understand you, but I am already shamefully in your debt: you've had no money from me this age.

Con. Oh, sir! that does not signify; if you are not kilt in this d—d duel, you'll be able enough to pay me; if you are, I sha'n't want it.

Lee. Why so, my poor fellow?

Con. Because, though I am but your clerk, and though I think fighting the most foolish thing upon earth, I'm as much a gentleman as yourself, and have as much right to commit a murder in the way of duelling. [Mr. Belville?

Lee. And what then? You have no quarrel with

Con. I shall have a d—d quarrel with him though if you are kilt; your death shall be revenged, depend upon it, so let that content you.

Lee. My dear Connolly, I hope I sha'n't want such a proof of your affection. How he distresses me! (Aside.)

Con. You will want a second, I suppose, in this affair; I stood second to my own brother, in the Fifteen Acres, and though that has made me detest the very thought of duelling ever since; yet if you want a friend, I'll attend you to the field of death with a great deal of satisfaction.

Lee. I thank you, Connolly, but I think it extremely wrong in any man who has a quarrel, to expose his friend to difficulties; we shouldn't seek for redress, if we are not equal to the task of fighting our own battles; and I choose you particularly to carry my letter, because you may be supposed ignorant of the contents, and thought to be acting only in the ordinary course of your business.

Con. Say no more about it, honey; I will be back with you presently. (Going, returns.) I put the twenty guineas in your pocket, before you were up, sir; and I don't believe you'd look for such a thing there, if I wasn't to tell you of it. [Exit.

Lee. This faithful, noble-hearted creature!—but let me fly from thought; the business I have to execute will not bear the test of reflection. [Exit.

Re-enter CONNOLLY.

Con. As this is a challenge, I shouldn't go without a sword; come down little tickle-pitcher. (Takes a sword.) Some people may think me very conceited now; but as the dirtiest black-legs in town can wear one without being stared at, I don't think it can suffer any disgrace by the side of an honest man. [Exit.

SCENE III.—An Apartment at Beleille's.

Enter MRS. BELVILLE.

Mrs. B. How strangely this affair of Mrs. Tempest hangs upon my spirits, though I have every reason, from the tenderness, the politeness, and the generosity of Mr. Belville, as well as from the woman's behaviour, to believe the whole charge the result of a disturbed imagination. Yet suppose it should be actually true?—Heigho!—Well, suppose it should? I would endeavour, I think I would endeavour, to keep my temper; a frowning face never recovered a heart that was not to be fixed with a smiling one; but women, in general, forget this grand article of the matrimonial creed entirely; the dignity of insulted virtue obliges them to play the fool, whenever their Corydons play the libertine; and they must pull down the house about the traitor's ears, though they are themselves to be crushed in pieces by the ruins.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Rachel Mildew, madam. [Exit.

Enter LADY RACHEL MILDEW.

Lady R. My dear, how have you done since the little eternity of my last seeing you. Mr. Torrington is come to town, I hear.

Mrs. B. He is, and must be greatly flattered to find that your ladyship has made him the hero of your new comedy.

Lady R. Yes, I have drawn him as he is, an honest practitioner of the law, which is, I fancy, no very common character. [theatre.

Mrs. B. And it must be a vast acquisition to the

Lady R. Yet the managers of both houses have refused my play, have refused it peremptorily; though I offered to make them a present of it.

Mrs. B. That's very surprising.

Lady R. They allege that the audiences are tired of crying at comedies; and insist that my "Despairing Shepherdess" is absolutely too dismal for representation. [lawyer in a new light?

Mrs. B. What, though you have introduced a

Lady R. Yes, and have a boarding-school romp that slaps her mother's face, and throws a bason of scalding water at her governess.

Mrs. B. Why, surely, these are capital jokes.

Lady R. But the managers can't find them out; however, I am determined to bring it out somewhere, and I have discovered such a treasure for my boarding-school romp, as exceeds the most sanguine expectation of criticism.

Mrs. B. How fortunate!

Lady R. Going to Mrs. Le Blond, my milliner's, this morning, to see some contraband silks, (for you know there's a foreign minister just arrived,)

I heard a loud voice rehearsing Juliet, from the dining-room; and, upon inquiry, found that it was a country girl just eloped from her friends in town, to go upon the stage with an Irish manager.

Mrs. B. Ten to one, the strange woman's niece who has been here this morning. (*Aside.*)

Lady R. Mrs. Le Blond has some doubts about the manager it seems, though she hasn't seen him yet, because the apartments are very expensive, and were taken by a fine gentleman out of livery.

Mrs. B. What am I to think of this? Pray, Lady Rachel, as you have conversed with this young actress, I suppose you could procure me a sight of her?

Lady R. This moment if you will, I am very intimate with her already; but pray keep the matter a secret from your husband, for he is so witty, you know, upon my passion for the drama, that I shall be teased to death by him.

Mrs. B. Oh! you may be very sure that your secret is safe, for I have a most particular reason to keep it from Mr. Belville; but he is coming this way with Captain Savage: let us, at present, avoid him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELVILLE and CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

Capt. S. You are a very strange man, Belville; you are for ever tremblingly solicitous about the happiness of your wife, yet for ever endangering it by your passion for variety.

Bel. Why, there is certainly a contradiction between my principles and my practice; but, if ever you marry, you'll be able to reconcile it perfectly. Possession, Savage! Oh, possession is a miserable whether of the appetite in love! and I own myself so sad a fellow, that though I wouldn't exchange Mrs. Belville's mind for any woman's person on earth, there is scarcely a woman's person on earth, which is not to me a stronger object of attraction.

Capt. S. Then perhaps in a little time you'll be weary of Miss Leeson?

Bel. To be sure I shall; though, to own the truth, I have not yet carried my point conclusively with the little monkey.

Capt. S. Why how the plague has she escaped a moment, in your hands?

Bel. By a mere accident. She came to the lodgings, which my man Spruce prepared for her, rather unexpectedly last night, so that I happened to be engaged particularly in another quarter,—you understand me,—and the d—d aunt found me so much employment all the morning, that I could only send a message by Spruce, promising to call upon her the first moment I had to spare in the course of the day.

Capt. S. And so you are previously satisfied that you shall be tired of her.

Bel. Tired of her? Why I am at this moment in pursuit of fresh game, against the hour of satiety: Game, that you know to be exquisite! and I fancy I shall bring it down, though it is closely guarded by a deal of that pride which passes for virtue with the generality of your mighty good people.

Capt. S. Indeed! and may a body know this wonder?

Bel. You are to be trusted with anything, for you are the closest fellow I ever knew, and the rack itself would hardly make you discover one of your own secrets to anybody. What do you think of Miss Walsingham?

Capt. S. Miss Walsingham? Death and the devil. (*Aside.*)

Bel. Miss Walsingham.

Capt. S. Why, surely she has not received your addresses with any degree of approbation?

Bel. With every degree of approbation I could

Capt. S. She has? [*expect.*]

Bel. Ay; why, this news surprises you?

Capt. S. It does indeed!

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think what a happy dog Miss Walsingham's husband is likely to be!

Capt. S. A very happy dog, truly.

Bel. She's a delicious girl, isn't she, Savage? But she'll require a little more trouble; for a fine woman, like a fortified town, to speak in your father's language, demands a regular siege; and we must even allow her the honours of war, to magnify the greatness of our own victory.

Capt. S. Well, it amazes me, how you gay fellows ever have the presumption to attack a woman of principle; Miss Walsingham has no apparent levity of any kind about her.

Bel. No; but she continued in my house, after I had whispered my passion in her ear, and gave me a second opportunity of addressing her improperly; what greater encouragement could I desire?

Enter SPRUCE.

Well, Spruce, what are your commands?

Spruce. My lady is just gone out with Lady Ra-

Bel. I understand you. [*chel, sir.*]

Spruce. I believe you do. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Capt. S. What is the English of these significant looks between Spruce and you?

Bel. Only that Miss Walsingham is left alone, and that I have now an opportunity of entertaining her. You must excuse me, Savage; you must, upon my soul; but not a word of this affair to anybody, because, when I shake her off my hands, there may be fools enough to think of her, upon terms of honourable matrimony. [*Exit.*]

Capt. S. So, here's a discovery! a precious discovery! and while I have been racking my imagination, and sacrificing my interest to promote the happiness of this woman, she has been listening to the addresses of a married man, the husband of her friend, and the immediate friend of her intended husband. By Belville's own account, however, she has not yet proceeded to any criminal lengths; but why did she keep the affair a secret from me? or why did she continue in his house after a repeated declaration of his unwarrantable attachment? What's to be done? If I open my engagement with her to Belville, I am sure he will instantly desist; but then her honour is left in a state extremely questionable. It shall be still concealed. While it remains unknown, Belville will himself tell me everything; and doubt, upon an occasion of this nature, is infinitely more insupportable than the downright falsehood of the woman whom we love. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in General Savage's House.

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE and TORRINGTON.

Gen. S. Zounds! Torrington, give me quarter, when I surrender up my sword: I own that for these twenty years, I have been suffering all the inconveniences of marriage, without tasting any one of its comforts, and rejoicing in an imaginary freedom, while I was really grovelling in chains.

Tor. In the dirtiest chains upon earth; yet you wouldn't be convinced, but laughed at all your married acquaintance as slaves, when not one of them put up with half so much from the worst wife as you were obliged to crouch under, from a kept mistress.

Gen. S. 'Tis too true; but you know she sacrificed much for me; you know that she was the widow of a colonel, and refused two very advantageous matches on my account.

Tor. If she was the widow of a judge, and had refused a high chancellor, she was still a devil incarnate, and you were, of course, a madman to live with her. [*I have been sick.*]

Gen. S. You don't remember her care of me when

Tor. I recollect, however, her usage of you in

health, and you may easily find a tender nurse, when you are bound over by the gout or the rheumatism.

Gen. S. Well, well, I agree with you that she is a devil incarnate; but I am this day determined to part with her for ever.

Tor. Not you, indeed.

Gen. S. What, don't I know my own mind?

Tor. Not you, indeed, when she is in the question; with everybody else, your resolution is as unalterable as a determination in the house of peers; but Mrs. Tempest is your fate, and she reverses your decrees with as little difficulty as a fraudulent debtor now-a-days procures his certificate under a commission of bankruptcy.

Gen. S. Well, if, like the Roman Fabius, I conquer by delay, in the end, there will be no great reason to find fault with my generalship. The proposal of parting now comes from herself.

Tor. Oh! you daren't make it for the life of you.

Gen. S. You must know, that this morning we had a smart cannonading on Belville's account, and she threatens, as I told you before, to quit my house if I don't challenge him for taking away her niece.

Tor. That fellow is the very devil among the women, and yet there isn't a man in England fonder of his wife.

Gen. S. Poh! if the young minx hadn't surrendered to him, she would have capitulated to somebody else, and I shall, at this time, be doubly obliged to him, if he is anyways instrumental in getting the

Tor. Why at this time? [aunt off my hands.

Gen. S. Because, to shew you how fix'd my resolution is to be a keeper no longer, I mean to marry immediately.

Tor. And can't you avoid being pressed to death, like a felon who refuses to plead, without incurring a sentence of perpetual imprisonment?

Gen. S. I fancy you would, yourself, have no objection to a perpetual imprisonment in the arms of Miss Walsingham?

Tor. But have you any reason to think, that upon examination, in a case of love, she would give a favourable reply to your interrogatories?

Gen. S. The greatest; do you think I'd hazard such an engagement without being perfectly sure of my ground? Notwithstanding my present connexion won't suffer me to see a modest woman at my own house, she always treats me with particular attention whenever I visit at Belville's, or meet her anywhere else. If fifty young fellows are present, she directs all her assiduities to the old soldier, and my son has a thousand times told me that she professes the highest opinion of my understanding.

Tor. And truly you give a notable proof of your understanding, in thinking of a woman almost young enough to be your grand-daughter.

Gen. S. Nothing like an experienced chief to command in any garrison.

Tor. Recollect the state of your present citadel.

Gen. S. Well, if I am blown up by my own mine, I shall be the only sufferer. There's another thing I want to talk of, I am going to marry my son to Miss Moreland.

Tor. Miss Moreland!

Gen. S. Belville's sister.

Tor. Oh! ay, I remember that Moreland had got a good estate to assume the name of Belville.

Gen. S. I haven't yet mentioned the matter to my son, but I settled the affair with the girl's mother yesterday, and she only waits to communicate it to Belville, who is her oracle, you know.

Tor. And are you sure the captain will like her.

Gen. S. I am not so unreasonable as to insist upon his liking her, I shall only insist upon his marrying her.

Tor. What, whether he likes her or not?

Gen. S. When I issue my orders, I expect them to be obeyed; and don't look for an examination into their propriety.

Tor. What a delightful thing it must be to live under a military government, where a man is not to be troubled with the exercise of his understanding.

Gen. S. Miss Moreland has thirty thousand pounds; that's a large sum of ammunition money.

Tor. Ay, but a marriage merely on the score of fortune, is only gilding the death warrant sent down for the execution of a prisoner. However, as I know your obstinate attachment to what you once resolve, I sha'n't pretend to argue with you; where are the papers which you want me to consider?

Gen. S. They are in my library; file off with me to the next room and they shall be laid before you; but first I'll order the chariot, for the moment I have your opinion, I purpose to sit down regularly before Miss Walsingham. Who waits there?—[Enter a Servant.]—Is Mrs. Tempest at home?

Serv. Yes, sir, just come in, and just going out again. [ready.

Gen. S. Very well; order the chariot to be got

Serv. Sir, one of the panels was broken last night at the Opera-house.

Gen. S. Sir, I didn't call to have the pleasure of your conversation, but to have obedience paid to my orders.

Tor. Go order the chariot, you blockhead.

Serv. With the broken panel, sir?

Gen. S. Yes, you rascal, if both panels were broken, and the back shattered to pieces.

Serv. The coachman thinks that one of the wheels is damaged, sir.

Gen. S. Don't attempt to reason, you dog, but execute your orders. Bring the chariot without the wheels, if you can't bring it with them.

Tor. Ay, bring it, if you reduce it to a sledge, and let your master look like a malefactor for high treason, on his journey to Tyburn.

Enter MRS. TEMPEST.

Mrs. T. General Savage, is the house to be for ever a scene of noise with your domineering? The chariot sha'n't be brought; it won't be fit for use till it is repaired, and John shall drive it this very minute to the coachmaker's. [another thing.

Gen. S. Nay, my dear, if it isn't fit for use, that's

Tor. Here's the experienced chief, that's fit to command in any garrison! (Aside.)

Gen. S. Go order me the coach, then. (To Serv.)

Mrs. T. You can't have the coach.

Gen. S. And why so, my love?

Mrs. T. Because I want it for myself. Robert, get a hack for your master—though, indeed, I don't see what business he has out of the house.

[Exit, with Servant.

Tor. When you issue your orders, you expect them to be obeyed, and don't look for an examination into their propriety.

Gen. S. The fury! this has steeled me against her for ever, and nothing on earth can now prevent me from drumming her out immediately.

Mrs. T. (Without.) An unreasonable old fool! but I'll make him know who governs this house.

Gen. S. Zounds! here she comes again; she has been lying in ambuscade, I suppose, and has overheard us. [for ever.

Tor. What if she has? you are steeled against her

Gen. S. No, she's not coming, she's going down stairs; and now, dear Torrington, you must be as silent as a sentinel on an out-post about this affair. If that virago were to hear a syllable of it, she might perhaps attack Miss Walsingham in her very camp, and defeat my whole plan of operations.

Tor. I thought you were determined to drum her out immediately. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belville's House.

Enter MISS WALSHINGHAM, followed by BELVILLE.

Miss W. I beg, sir, that you will insult me no

longer with solicitations of this nature ; give me proofs of your sincerity, indeed ! What proofs of sincerity can your situation admit of, if I could be even weak enough to think of you with partiality at all ?

Bel. If our affections, madam, were under the government of our reason, circumstanced as I am, this unhappy bosom wouldn't be torn by passion for Miss Walsingham. Had I been blessed with your acquaintance before I saw Mrs. Belville, my hand as well as my heart would have been humbly offered to your acceptance—fate, however, has ordered it otherwise, and it is cruel to reproach me with that situation as a crime, which ought to be pitied as my greatest misfortune.

Miss W. He's actually forcing tears into his eyes ! however, I'll mortify him severely. (*Aside.*)

Bel. But such proofs of sincerity as my situation can admit of, you shall yourself command, as my only business in existence is to adore you.

Miss W. His only business in existence to adore me ! (*Aside.*)

Bel. Prostrate at your feet, my dearest Miss Walsingham (*kneeling,*) behold a heart eternally devoted to your service. You have too much good sense, madam, to be the slave of custom, and too much humanity not to pity the wretchedness you have caused. Only, therefore, say that you commiserate my sufferings, I'll ask no more, and surely that may be said, without any injury to your purity, to snatch even an enemy from distraction. Where's my handkerchief ? (*Aside.*)

Miss W. Now to answer in his own way, and to make him ridiculous to himself. (*Aside.*) If I thought, if I could think (*affecting to weep*) that that these protestations were real,—

Bel. How can you, madam, be so unjust to your own merit ? how can you be so cruelly doubtful of my solemn asseverations ? Here I again kneel, and swear eternal love.

Miss W. I don't know what to say ; but there is one proof,—(*Affecting to weep.*)

Bel. Name it, my angel, this moment, and make me the happiest of mankind !

Miss W. Swear to be mine for ever.

Bel. I have sworn it a thousand times, my charmer ; and I will swear it to the last moment of my life.

Miss W. Why, then—but don't look at me I beseech you ; I don't know how to speak it.

Bel. The delicious emotion—do not check the generous tide of tenderness that fills me with such extasy.

Miss W. You'll despise me for this weakness.

Bel. This weakness—this generosity, which will demand my everlasting gratitude.

Miss W. I am a fool ; but there is a kind of fatality in this affair—I do consent to go off with you.

Bel. Eternal blessings on your condescension.

Miss W. You are irresistible, and I am ready to fly with you to any part of the world.

Bel. Fly to any part of the world, indeed ! you shall fly by yourself, then. (*Aside.*) You are the most lovely, the most tender creature in the world, and thus again let me thank you. Oh ! Miss Walsingham, I cannot express how happy you've made me ! But where's the necessity of our leaving England ?

Miss W. I thought he wouldn't like to go abroad. (*Aside.*) That I may possess the pleasure of your company unrival'd.

Bel. I must cure her of this taste for travelling. (*Aside.*)

Miss M. You don't answer, Mr. Belville ?

Bel. Why I was turning the consequence of your proposal in my thoughts, as going off—going off—you know.

Miss W. Why going off, you know, is going off ; and what objections can you have to going off ?

Bel. Why going off, will subject you, at a certainty, to the slander of the world ; whereas, by staying at home, we may not only have numberless opportunities of meeting, but at the same time prevent suspicion itself from ever breathing on your reputation.

Miss W. I didn't dream of your starting any difficulties, sir. Just now I was dearer to you than all the world.

Bel. And so you are, by heaven !

Miss W. Why won't you sacrifice the world, then, at once, to obtain me ?

Bel. Surely, my dearest life, you must know the necessity which every man of honour is under, of keeping up his character ?

Miss W. So, here's this fellow swearing to ten thousand lies, and yet talking very gravely about his honour and his character. (*Aside.*) Why, to be sure, in these days, Mr. Belville, the instances of conjugal infidelity are so very scarce, and men of fashion are so remarkable for a tender attachment to their wives, that I don't wonder at your circumspection. But do you think I can stoop to accept you by halves, or admit of any partnership in your heart ?

Bel. Oh ! you must do more than that, if you have anything to say to me. (*Aside.*) Surely, madam, when you know my whole soul unalterably your own, you will permit me to preserve those appearances with the world, which are indispensably requisite. Mrs. Belville is a most excellent woman, however it may be my fortune to be devoted to another. Her happiness, besides, constitutes a principal part of my felicity, and if I were publicly to forsake her, I should be hunted as a monster from society.

Miss W. Then, I suppose, it is by way of promoting Mrs. Belville's repose, sir, that you make love to other women ; and, by way of shewing the nicety of your honour, that you attempt the purity of such as your own roof, peculiarly, entitles to protection. For the honour intended to me—thus low to the ground, I thank you, Mr. Belville.

Bel. Laughed at, by all the stings of mortification !

Miss W. Good b'ye ; don't let this accident mortify your vanity too much ; but take care, the next time you vow everlasting love, that the object is neither tender enough to sob—sob—at your distress, nor provoking enough to make a proposal of leaving England. How greatly a little common sense can lower these fellows of extraordinary impudence !

[*Exit.*]

Bel. So, then, I am fairly taken in, and she has been only diverting herself with me all this time ; however, lady fair, I may chance to have the laugh in a little time on my side ; for if you can sport in this manner about the flame, I think it must, in the run, lay hold of your wings. What shall I do in this affair ? She sees the matter in its true light, and there's no good to be expected from thumping of bosoms, or squeezing white handkerchiefs ;—no, these won't do with women of sense, and in a short time, they'll be ridiculous to the very babies of a boarding-school.

Enter CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

Capt. S. Well, Belville, what news ? You have had a fresh opportunity with Miss Walsingham.

Bel. Why, 'faith ! Savage, I've had a most extraordinary scene with her, and yet have but little reason to brag of my good fortune, though she offered in express terms to run away with me.

Capt. S. Pr'ythee explain yourself, man ; she couldn't surely be so shameless !

Bel. Oh ! her offering to run away with me, was by no means the worst part of the affair.

Capt. S. No, then it must be d—d bad, indeed ; but pr'ythee hurry to an explanation.

Bel. Why, then, the worst part of the affair is,

that she was laughing at me the whole time, and made this proposal of an elopement, with no other view than to shew me in strong colours to myself, as a very dirty fellow to the best wife in England.

Capt. S. I am easy. (*Aside.*)

Enter SPRUCE.

Spruce. Sir, there is an Irish gentleman below with a letter for you, who will deliver it to nobody

Bel. Shew him up, then. [but yourself.

Spruce. Yes, sir. [Exit.

Capt. S. It may be on business, Belville; I'll take my leave of you.

Bel. Oh! by no means; I can have no business which I desire to keep from you, though you are the arrantest miser of your confidence upon earth, and would rather trust your life in anybody's hands than even a paltry amour with the apprentice of a milliner.

Enter CONNOLLY.

Con. Gentlemin, your most obadient; pray, which of you is Mr. Belville?

Bel. My name is Belville, at your service, sir.

Con. I have a little bit of a letter for you, sir.

Bel. (*Reads.*) "*Sir,—The people where Miss Leeson lately lodged, asserting positively, that you have taken her away in a fictitious character, the brother of that unhappy girl thinks himself obliged to demand satisfaction, for the injury which you have done his family. Though a stranger to your person, he is sufficiently acquainted with your reputation for spirit, and shall, therefore, make no doubt of seeing you with a case of pistols, near the Ring in Hyde Park, at eight o'clock this evening, to answer the claims of*"

"To Craggs Belville, Esq." GEORGE LEESON.

Capt. S. Eight o'clock in the evening! 'tis a strange time!

Con. Why so, honey? A fine evening is as good a time for a bad action as a fine morning; and if a man of sense can be such a fool as to fight a duel, he should never sleep upon the matter, for the more he thinks of it, the more he must feel himself ashamed of his resolution.

Bel. A pretty letter!

Con. Oh! yes, an invitation to a brace of bullets is a very pretty thing. [written.

Bel. For a challenge, however, 'tis very civilly

Con. 'Faith! if it was written to me, I shouldn't be very fond of such civility; I wonder he doesn't sign himself your most obedient servant.

Capt. S. I told you Leeson's character, and what would become of this d—d business; but your affairs, are they settled, Belville?

Bel. Oh! they are always settled; for as this is a country where people occasionally die, I take constant care to be prepared for contingencies.

Con. Occasionally die! I'll be very much obliged to you, sir, if you tell me the country where people do not die; for I'll immediately go and end

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! [my days there.

Con. 'Faith! you may laugh, gentlemin, but though I am a foolish Irishman and come about a foolish piece of business, I'd prefer a snug birth in this world, bad as it is, to the finest coffin in all Christendom.

Bel. I am surprised, sir, that thinking in this manner, you would be the bearer of a challenge.

Con. And well you may, sir; but we must often take a pleasure in serving our friends, by doing things that are very disagreeable to us.

Capt. S. Then you think Mr. Leeson much to blame, perhaps, for hazarding his life where he can by no means repair the honour of his sister.

Con. Indeed and I do; but I shall think this gentleman, begging his pardon, much more to blame for meeting him. [disappoint your friend?

Bel. And why so, sir? You wouldn't have me

Con. 'Faith! and that I would; he, poor lad, may have some reason, at present, to be tired of the world, but you have a fine estate, a fine wife,

a fine parcel of children. In short, honey, you have everything to make you fond of living, and the devil burn me, were I in your case, if I'd stake my own happiness against the misery of any man.

Bel. I am very much obliged to your advice, sir, though on the present occasion I cannot adopt it. Be so good as to present my compliments to your friend, and tell him I shall certainly do myself the honour of attending his appointment.

Con. Why, then, upon my soul, I am very sorry for it.

Capt. S. 'Tis not very customary, sir, with gentlemen of Ireland to oppose an affair of honour.

Con. They are like the gentlemin of England, sir, they are brave to a fault; yet I hope to see the day that it will be infamous to draw the swords of either, against anybody but the enemies of their country. [Exit.

Bel. I am quite charmed with this honest Hibernian, and would almost fight a duel for the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Capt. S. Come, step with me a little, and let us consider whether there may not be some method of accomodating this cursed business.

Bel. Poh! don't be uneasy upon my account; my character, with regard to affairs of this nature, is, unhappily, too well established, and you may be sure that I sha'n't fight with Leeson.

Capt. S. No! you have injured him greatly.

Bel. The very reason, of all others, why I should not cut his throat. [Exeunt.

Enter SPRUCE.

Spruce. What, the devil, this master of mine has got a duel upon his hands! Zounds! I am sorry for that; he is a prince of a fellow, and a good subject must always love his prince, though he may now and then be a little out of humour with his actions.

Enter GENERAL SAYAGE.

Gen. S. Your hall-door standing open, Spruce, and none of your sentinels being on guard, I have surprised your camp thus far without resistance. Where is your master?

Spruce. Just gone out with Captain Savage, sir.

Gen. S. Is your lady at home?

Spruce. No, sir, but Miss Walsingham is at home; shall I inform her of your visit?

Gen. S. There is no occasion to inform her of it, for here she is, Spruce. [Exit Spruce.

Enter MISS WALSHINGHAM.

Miss W. General Savage, your most humble servant.

Gen. S. My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

Miss W. I can't but think myself in the best company, when I have the honour of your conversation, General.

Gen. S. You flatter me too much, madam; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair, Miss Walsingham; an affair of importance to me and to yourself. Have you leisure to favour me with a short audience, if I beat a parley?

Miss W. Anything of importance to you, sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure. 'Tis as the Captain suspected. (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. You tremble, my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for though my business is of an important nature, I hope it won't be of a disagreeable one.

Miss W. And yet I am greatly agitated. (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favoured by the kind partiality of the ladies.

Miss W. The ladies are not without gratitude, sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. S. Generously said, madam; then give me

leave, without any masked battery, to ask, if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize at all worth your acceptance.

Miss W. Upon my word, sir, there's no masked battery in this question.

Gen. S. I am as fond of a *coup de main*, madam, in love, as in war, I hate the tedious method of sapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering sword in hand.

Gen. W. Why, really, sir, a woman may as well know her own mind, when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see, I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

Gen. S. And a very great compliment I consider it, madam; but now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which everybody admires you so much. Have you any objection to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss W. Why, then, frankly, General Savage, I say, no. [declaration.]

Gen. S. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind

Miss W. I hope you won't think it a forward one.

Gen. S. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle; I'd sooner think Lord Russell was bribed by Louis the XIVth, and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sidney.

Miss W. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father! (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name; I have but one question more

Miss W. Pray propose it. [to ask.]

Gen. S. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? Speak frankly again, my dear girl!

Miss W. Why, then, again, I frankly say, no.

Gen. S. You make me too happy; and though I shall readily own, that a proposal of this nature would come with more propriety from my son—

Miss W. I am much better pleased that you make the proposal yourself, sir.

Gen. S. You are too good to me. Torrington thought that I should meet with a repulse. (*Aside.*)

Miss W. Have you communicated this business to the Captain, sir?

Gen. S. No, my dear madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I have always been attentive to the Captain's happiness, and I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss W. What, whether I will or no?

Gen. S. Oh! you can have no objection.

Miss W. I must be consulted, however, about the day, General; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. S. Obliging loveliness!

Miss W. You may imagine that if I were not previously impressed in favour of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

Gen. S. Then you own that I had a previous friend in the garrison?

Miss W. I don't blush to acknowledge it, when I consider the accomplishments of the object, sir.

Gen. S. Oh! this is too much, madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss W. Don't say that, General, I beg of you; for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom who could behold him with indifference.

Gen. S. Ah! you flattering, flattering angel! and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part, which encouraged me to hope for a favourable reception.

Miss W. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I laboured to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

Gen. S. You couldn't conceal it from me; you couldn't conceal it from me. The female heart is a

field which I am thoroughly acquainted with, and which has, more than once, been a witness to my victories, madam.

Miss W. I don't at all doubt your success with the ladies, General; but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

Gen. S. One word, my dear creature, and no more; I shall wait upon you sometime to-day, with Mr. Torrington, about the necessary settlements.

Miss W. You must do as you please, General; you are invincible in everything.

Gen. S. And if you please, we'll keep everything a profound secret till the articles are all settled, and the definitive treaty ready for execution.

Miss W. You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, sir.

Gen. S. Then you leave everything to my management.

Miss W. I can't trust a more noble negociator.

[Exit.]

Gen. S. The day's my own. (*Sings.*) "Britons, strike home! strike home! Revenge," &c. [Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—Miss Leeson's Lodgings.

Enter LADY RACHEL MILDEW, MRS. BELVILLE, and MISS LEESON.

Lady R. Well, Mrs. Belville, I am extremely glad you agree with me in opinion of this young lady's qualifications for the stage. Don't you think she'd play Miss Headstrong admirably in my comedy?

Mrs. B. Yes, indeed, I think she possesses a natural fund of spirit, very much adapted to the character. 'Tis impossible, surely, that this hoyden can have a moment's attraction for Mr. Belville. (*Aside.*)

Miss L. You are very obliging, ladies; but I have no turn for comedy, my forte is tragedy entirely. "Alphonso! Oh! Alphonso, to thee I call."

Lady R. But, my dear, are there none of our comedies to your taste?

Miss L. Oh! yes; some of the sentimental ones are very pretty; there's such little difference between them and tragedies.

Lady R. And pray, my dear, how long have you been engaged to Mr. Frankly?

Miss L. I only came away last night, and have not seen Mr. Frankly since, though I expect him every moment. [tioned. (*Aside.*)]

Mrs. B. Last night! Just as Mrs. Tempest men-

Lady R. You had the concurrence of your friends?

Miss L. Not I, madam. Mr. Frankly said I had too much genius to mind my friends, and as I should want nothing from them, there was no occasion to consult them in the affair. [perhaps?]

Lady R. Then Osbaldiston is not your real name,

Miss L. Oh! no; nor do I tell my real name: I chose Osbaldiston because it was a long one, and would make a striking appearance in the bills.

Mrs. B. I wish we could see Mr. Frankly.

Miss L. Perhaps you may, madam; for he designs to give me a lesson every day, till we are ready to set off for Ireland.

Lady R. Suppose, then, my dear, you would oblige us with a scene in Juliet, by way of shewing your proficiency to Mrs. Belville.

Miss L. Will you stand up for Romeo?

Lady R. With all my heart, and I'll give you some instructions.

Miss L. I beg pardon, ma'am; I'll learn to act under nobody but Mr. Frankly. This room is without a carpet; if you will step into the next, ladies, I'll endeavour to oblige you. "Shall I not be environed, distraught"—This way, ladies.

Lady R. Pray, madam, shew us the way.

[Exit with Miss Lee.]

Mrs. B. I'll prolong this mummery as much as possible, in hopes the manager may come. Lie still, poor, fluttering heart, it cannot be the lord of all your wishes; it cannot, surely, be your adored Belville! [Exit.]

Re-enter MISS LEESON.

Miss Lee. Haven't I left my Romeo and Juliet here? Oh! yes, there it is.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. "Oh! were those eyes in heav'n,
They'd thro' the starry regions stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it was the morn."

Miss L. Ah! my dear Mr. Frankly, I am so glad you are come! I was dying to see you.

Bel. Kiss me, my dear: why didn't you send me word of your intention to come away last night?

Miss L. I hadn't time; but as I knew where the lodgings were, I thought I should be able to find you by a note to the coffee-house I always directed to.

Bel. Kiss me again, my little sparkler.

Miss L. Nay, I won't be kissed in this manner; for though I am going on the stage, I intend to have some regard for my character. But—ha, ha!—I am glad you are come now: I have company above stairs.

Bel. Company! that's unlucky at this time, for I wanted to make you entirely easy about your character. (*Aside.*) And pray, my dear, who is your company? You know we must be very cautious for fear of your relations.

Miss L. Oh! they are only ladies. But one of them is the most beautiful creature in the world.

Bel. The devil she is! [*heaven's light.*]

Miss L. "An earth-treading star, that makes dim

Bel. Zounds! I'll take a peep at the star, who knows but I may have an opportunity of making another actress? (*Aside.*)

Miss L. Come, charmer, charmer!

Bel. "Wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd by the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize." Now let's see what fortune has sent us above stairs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Dining-room at Miss Leeson's.*

MRS. BELVILLE and LADY RACHEL discovered.

Mrs. B. This is a most ignorant young creature, Lady Rachel.

Lady R. Why, I think she is: did you observe how she slighted my offer of instructing her?

Enter MISS LEESON.

Miss L. Ladies, ladies! here he is; here is Mr. Frankly.—[*Enter BELVILLE, bowing very low.*]

Bel. Ladies, your most obedient.

Mrs. B. Let me, if possible, recollect myself. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

Bel. Zounds! let me out of the house.

Lady R. What do I see?

Miss L. You seem, ladies, to know this gentleman.

Mrs. B. (*Detaining him.*) You sha'n't go, renegade. You laughed at my credulity this morning, and I must now laugh at your embarrassment.

Bel. What a kind thing it would be in anybody to blow out my stupid brains? [*my comedy.*]

Lady R. I'll mark this down for an incident in

Miss L. What do you hang your head for, Mr. Frankly?

Bel. Be so good as to ask that lady, my dear. The devil has been long in my debt, and now he pays me home with a witness.

Mrs. B. What a cruel thing it is to let Mrs. Tempest out, my love, without somebody to take care of her! [*madam?*]

Miss L. What, do you know Mrs. Tempest,

Mrs. B. Yes, my dear; and I am pretty well acquainted with this gentleman.

Miss L. What, isn't this gentleman the manager of a play-house in Ireland?

Bel. The curtain is almost dropped, my dear; the farce is nearly over, and you'll be speedily acquainted with the catastrophe.—[*Enter MRS. TEMPEST.*]

Mrs. T. Yes, sir, the curtain is almost dropped; I have had spies to watch your haunts, and the catastrophe ends in your detection. Come, you abandoned slut—

[*brought upon the stage?*]

Miss L. And have I eloped, after all, without being

Mrs. T. I don't know that you would be brought upon the stage, but I am sure you were near being brought upon the town. I hope, madam, for the future, you'll set me down a mad woman. (*To Mrs. B.*)

Mrs. B. Mr. Belville, you'll make my apologies to this lady, and acknowledge that I think her perfectly in her senses.

Bel. I wish that I had entirely lost mine.

Lady R. (*Writing.*) "I wish that I had entirely lost mine." A very natural wish, in such a situation.

Mrs. T. Come, you audacious minx, come away. You shall be sent into Yorkshire this very evening; and see what your poor mother will say to you, hussey.

Miss L. I will go on the stage if I die for't; and 'tis some comfort there's a play-house at York.

[*Exit with Mrs. T.*]

Bel. Nancy, I am so ashamed, so humbled, and so penitent, that if you knew what passes here, I am sure you would forgive me.

Mrs. B. My love, though I cannot say I rejoice in your infidelity, yet, believe me, I pity your distress: let us, therefore, think no more of this.

Lady R. (*Writing.*) "And think no more of this." This conduct is new in a wife, and very dramatic.

Bel. Where, my angel, have you acquired so many requisites to charm with?

Mrs. B. In your society, my dear; and, believe me, that a wife may be as true a friend as any bottle companion upon earth, though she can neither get merry with you overnight, nor blow out your brains about some foolish quarrel in the morning.

Bel. If wives knew the omnipotence of virtue, where she wears a smile upon her face, they'd all follow your bewitching example, and make a faithless husband quite an incredible character.

Lady R. (*Writing.*) "Quite an incredible character." Let me set down that. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*General Savage's House.*

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE and CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

Gen. S. Yes, Horace, I have been just visiting at Belville's. [*Walsingham?*]

Capt. S. You found nobody at home but Miss

Gen. S. No; but I'd a long conversation with her, and upon a very interesting subject.

Capt. S. 'Tis as I guessed. (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. She is a most amiable creature, Horace.

Capt. S. So she is, sir, and will make any man happy that marries her.

Gen. S. I am glad you think so.

Capt. S. He's glad I think so! 'tis plain; but I must leave everything to himself, and seem wholly passive in this affair. (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. A married life, after all, Horace, I am now convinced is the most happy, as well as the

Capt. S. It is, indeed, sir. [*most reputable.*]

Gen. S. Then, perhaps, you would have no objection to be married, if I offered you as agreeable a young woman as Miss Walsingham.

Capt. S. 'Twould be my first pride on every occasion, sir, to pay an implicit obedience to your commands.

Gen. S. That's sensibly said, Horace, and obligingly said; prepare yourself, therefore, for an introduction to the lady in the morning.

Capt. S. Is the lady prepared to receive me, sir?

Gen. S. Oh! yes; and you can't think how highly delighted Miss Walsingham appeared, when I acquainted her with my resolution on the subject.

Capt. S. She's all goodness.

Gen. S. The more I know her, the more I am charmed with her. I must not be explicit with him yet, for fear my secret should get wind, and reach the ears of the enemy. (*Aside.*) I propose, Horace, that you should be married immediately.

Capt. S. The sooner the better, sir, I have no will but your's.

Gen. S. (*Shaking hands with him.*) By the memory of Marlborough, you are a most excellent boy. But

what do you think? Miss Walsingham insists upon naming the day. [make it a distant one.]

Capt. S. And welcome, sir, I am sure she won't

Gen. S. Oh! she said that nothing in her power should be wanting to make you happy.

Capt. S. I am sure of that, sir. (*A loud knocking.*)

Gen. S. Zounds! Horace, here's the disgrace and punishment of my life; let's avoid her as we would a fever in the camp.

Capt. S. Come to the library, and I'll tell you how whimsically she was treated this morning at Belville's.

Gen. S. Death and the devil! make haste. Oh! I must laugh at marriage, and be cursed to me! But I am providing, Horace, against your falling into my error.

Capt. S. I am eternally indebted to you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter MRS. BELVILLE and LADY RACAEI MILDEW.

Lady R. Nay, Mrs. Belville, I have no patience, you act quite unnaturally. [serable?]

Mrs. B. What, because I am unwilling to be mi-

Lady R. This new instance of Mr. Belville's infidelity—this attempt to seduce Miss Walsingham, which your woman overheard, is unpardonable.

Mrs. B. I don't say but that I am strongly wounded by his irregularities. Yet, if Mr. Belville is unhappily a rover, I would much rather that he should have twenty mistresses than one.

Lady R. You astonish me.

Mrs. B. Why, don't you know, my dear madam, that while he is divided amidst a variety of objects, 'tis impossible for him to have a serious attachment?

Lady R. Lord! Mrs. Belville, how can you speak with so much composure! a virtuous woman should be always outrageous upon such an occasion as this.

Mrs. B. What, and weary the innocent sun and moon from the firmament, like a despairing princess in a tragedy? No, no, Lady Rachel; 'tis bad enough to be indifferent to the man I love, without studying to excite his aversion.

Lady R. How glad I am that Miss Walsingham made him so heartily ashamed of himself! Lord! these young men are so full of levity! Give me a husband of Mr. Torrington's age, say I.

Mrs. B. And give me a husband of Mr. Belville's, say I, with all his follies. However, Lady Rachel, I am pretty well satisfied that my conduct at Miss Leeson's will have a proper effect upon Mr. Belville's generosity, and put an entire end to his galantries for the future.

Lady R. Don't deceive yourself, my dear. The gods in the shilling gallery would sooner give up Roast Beef, or go without an epilogue on the first night of a new piece. [as Mr. Belville?]

Mrs. B. Why should you think so of such a man

Lady R. Because Mr. Belville is a man. However, if you dare run the risk, we will try the sincerity of his reformation. [my soul upon his honour.]

Mrs. B. If I dare run the risk! I would stake

Lady R. Then your poor soul would be in a very terrible situation.

Mrs. B. By what test can we prove his sincerity?

Lady R. By a very simple one. You know I write so like Miss Walsingham, that our hands are scarcely

Mrs. B. Well— [known asunder.]

Lady R. Why, then, let me write to him as from her. [doubt of his honour.]

Mrs. B. If I did not think it would look like a

Lady R. Poh! Dare you proceed upon my plan?

Mrs. B. Most confidently. Come to my dressing-room, where you'll find everything ready for writing, and then you may explain your scheme more particularly.

Lady R. I'll attend you; but I am really sorry, my dear, for the love of propriety, to see you so calm under the perfidy of your husband; you should be quite wretched, indeed you should. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Temple.*

Enter LEESON.

Lee. The hell-hounds are after me.—[*Enter CONNOLLY.*—Fly, open the chambers this moment, the bailiffs are in sight.]

Con. 'Faith, and that I will; but it will be of no use to fly a step if I haven't the key.

Lee. Zounds! did not you lock the door?

Con. Yes; but I believe I left the key on the inside. However, I see no more than three people, and I think we could beat them to their hearts' content in three minutes.

Lee. What, and fly in the face of the law?

Con. To be sure you have a great regard for the law, when you are going to fight a duel.

Lee. 'Sdeath! is this a time to talk? Stay here, and throw every possible impediment in the way of these execrable rascals. (*Going.*)

Con. Holloa! honey, come back. These execrable rascals are very worthy people, I fancy, for they are quietly turning down the next court. [sure.]

Lee. Their appearance alarmed me beyond mea-

Con. Oh! you shouldn't judge by outside shew, my dear; for there is no being a complete rogue, without the appearance of an honest man.

Lee. Circumstanced as I am at present, everything terrifies me; for should I be arrested, the consequence would possibly be fatal, both to my honour and my love. Belville would proclaim me publicly a coward; and Emily set me down as a base, a mercenary adventurer, who was solely attracted by her fortune.

Con. Why, 'faith! honey, like yourself, they might be apt to judge by appearances.

Lee. Oh! Connolly, a man of spirit should learn prudence from his very pride, and consider every unnecessary debt he contracts as a wanton diminution of his character: the moment he makes another his creditor, he makes himself a slave. He runs the hazard of insults which he never can resent, and of disgraces which are seldom to be mitigated. He incurs the danger of being dragged, like the vilest felon to the felon's prison; and, such is the depravity of the world, that guilt is even more likely to meet with advocates, than misfortune. [*Exit.*]

Con. Musha! long life to you, ould Shillala! I wish I had anything besides my carcase to venture for you, for that's nothing; yet you are as welcome to it as the flowers in May. Poor lad! I don't wonder that he is so much afraid of a prison, for, to be sure, it is a blessed place to live in; and a blessed law it must be which coops a man up from every chance of getting money, by way of making him pay his debts. But now let my thick skull consider, if there is any method of preventing this infernal duel. Suppose I have him bound over to the peace. No, that will never do; it would be a shameful thing for a gentleman to keep the peace! besides, I must appear in the business; and people may think, from my connexion with him, that he has not honour enough to throw away his life. Suppose I go another way to work, and send an anonymous letter about the affair to Mrs. Belville: they say, though she is a woman of fashion, that no creter upon earth can be fonder of her husband. Surely, the good genius of Ireland put this scheme into my head. I'll about it this minute; and if there's only one of them kept from the field, I don't think that the other can be much hurt when there will be nobody to fight with him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Captain Savage's Lodgings.*

Enter CAPTAIN SAVAGE and BELVILLE.

Capt. S. Why, 'faith! Belville, your detection, and so speedily, too, after all the pretended sanctity of the morning, must have thrown you into a most humiliating situation.

Bel. Into the most distressing one you can imagine: had my wife raved at my falsehood, in the customary manner, I could have brazened it out pretty toler-

ably; but the angel-like sweetness with which she bore the mortifying discovery, planted daggers in my bosom, and made me, at that time, wish her the veriest vixen in the whole creation.

Capt. S. Yet, the suffering forbearance of a wife, is a quality for which she is seldom allowed her merit; we think it her duty to put up with our falsehood, and imagine ourselves exceedingly generous in the main, if we practise no other method of breaking her heart.

Bel. Monstrous, monstrous! from this moment I bid an everlasting adieu to my vices; the generosity of my dear girl—[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. (To Bel.) Here's a letter, sir, which Mr. Spruce has brought you.

Bel. Give me leave, Savage. Zounds! what an industrious devil the father of darkness is, when the moment a man determines upon a good action, he sends such a thing as this to stagger his resolution.

Capt. S. What have you got there?

Bel. You shall know presently. Will you let Spruce come in? [mony?

Capt. S. Where have you acquired all this cere-

Bel. Bid Spruce come in.

Serv. Yes, sir. [Exit.

Capt. S. Is that another challenge?

Bel. 'Tis, upon my soul, but it came from a beautiful enemy, and dares me to give a meeting to Miss

Capt. S. How! [Walsingham.

Enter SPRUCE.

Bel. Pray, Spruce, who gave you this letter?

Spruce. Wiss Walsingham's woman, sir: she said it was about very particular business, and therefore I wouldn't trust it by any of the footmen.

Capt. S. Oh! d— your diligence! (*Aside.*)

Bel. You may go home, Spruce.

Spruce. Is there no answer necessary, sir?

Bel. I shall call at home myself, and give the necessary answer.

Spruce. What can be the matter with him all of a sudden, that he is so cold upon the scent of wickedness? [*Aside, and exit.*

Capt. S. And what answer do you propose making to it, Belville?

Bel. Read the letter, and then tell me what I should do. You know Miss Walsingham's hand.

Capt. S. Oh! perfectly. This is not—yes, it is her hand. I have too many cursed occasions to know it. (*Aside.*) [the letter.

Bel. What are you a muttering about? Read

Capt. S. (Reads.) "If you are not entirely discouraged, by our last conversation, from renewing the subject which then gave offence"—

Bel. Which then gave offence! You see, Savage, that it is not offensive any longer.

Capt. S. 'Sdeath! you put me out. (*Reads.*) "You may, at the masquerade, this evening"—

Bel. You remember how earnest she was for the masquerade party.

Capt. S. Yes, yes, I remember it well. And I remember, also, how hurt she was this morning about the affair of Miss Leeson. (*Aside.—Reads.*) "Have an opportunity of entertaining me." Oh! the strumpet! (*Aside.*)

Bel. But mind the cunning with which she signs the note, for fear it should by any accident fall into improper hands.

Capt. S. (Aside.) Ay, and you put it into very proper hands. (*Reads.*) "I shall be in the blue domino." The signature is—"YOU KNOW WHO."

Bel. Yes; you know who! [this to try you.

Capt. S. May be, however, she has only written

Bel. To try me! for what purpose? But if you read a certain postscript there, I fancy you'll be of a different opinion.

Capt. S. (Reads.) "If Mr. Belville has any house of character to retire to, it would be most agreeable, as there could be no fear of interruption."

Bel. What do you say now? Can you recommend

me to any house of character, where we shall be free from interruption.

Capt. S. Oh! curse her house of character! (*Aside.*) But, surely, Belville, after your late determined resolution to reform—

Bel. Zounds! I forgot that.

Capt. S. After the unexampled sweetness of your wife's behaviour—

Bel. Don't go on, Savage. There is something here (*putting his hand upon his bosom*) which feels already not a little awkwardly.

Capt. S. And can you still persist?

Bel. I am afraid to answer your question.

Capt. S. Where the plague are you flying?

Bel. From the justice of your censure, Horace; my own is sufficiently severe; yet I see that I shall be a rascal again, in spite of my teeth; and good advice is only thrown away upon so incorrigible a libertine. [Exit.

Capt. S. So, then, this diamond of mine proves a counterfeit after all, and I am really the veriest wretch existing, at the moment in which I conceived myself the peculiar favourite of fortune. Oh! the cursed, cursed sex! I'll see her once more to upbraid her with her falsehood, then acquaint my father with her perfidy, to justify my breaking off the marriage, and tear her from my thoughts for ever.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, sir, sir— [ter with the booby?

Capt. S. Sir, sir, sir! What the devil's the mat-

Serv. Miss Walsingham, sir—

Capt. S. Ah! what of her?

Serv. Was this moment overturned at Mr. Belville's door, and, John tells me, carried in a fit into the house.

Capt. S. Ha! let me fly to her assistance. [Exit.

Serv. Ha! let me fly to her assistance! Oh! are you thereabouts? [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*Mr. Belville's.*

Enter MRS. BELVILLE, MISS WALSHINGHAM, and LADY RACHEL MILDEW.

Mrs. B. But are you, indeed, recovered, my dear?

Miss W. Perfectly, my dear; I wasn't in the least hurt, though greatly terrified, when the two fools of coachmen contended for the honour of being first, and drove the carriages together with a violence incredible.

Lady R. I sincerely rejoice at your escape; and now, Mrs. Belville, as you promised to choose a dress for me if I went in your party to the masquerade this evening, can you spare a quarter of an hour to Tavistock-street?

Mrs. B. I am loth to leave Miss Walsingham alone, Lady Rachel, so soon after her fright.

Miss W. Nay, I insist that you don't stay at home upon my account; and Lady Rachel's company to the masquerade is a pleasure I have such an interest in, that I beg you won't delay a moment to oblige her.

Mrs. B. Well, then, I attend your ladyship.

Lady R. You are very good; and so is Miss Walsingham. [Exit with Mrs. B.

Miss W. I wonder Captain Savage stays away so long! where can he be all this time? I die with impatience to tell him of my happy interview with the General. [Enter a Servant.]

Serv. Captain Savage, madam.

Miss W. Shew him in. [Exit Serv.] How he must rejoice to find his conjectures so fortunately realized!—[Enter CAPTAIN SAVAGE.]

Capt. S. So, madam, you have just escaped a sad accident.

Miss W. And by that agreeable tone and countenance, one would almost imagine you were very sorry for my escape.

Capt. S. People, madam, who doubt the kindness of others, are generally conscious of some defect in themselves.

Miss W. Don't madam me, with this accent of indifference. What has put you out of humour?

Capt. S. Nothing.

Miss W. Are you indisposed?

Capt. S. The crocodile, the crocodile! (*Aside.*)

Miss W. Do you go to the masquerade to-night?

Capt. S. No, but you do.

Miss W. Why not? Come, don't be ill-natured; I'm not your wife yet.

Capt. S. Nor ever will be, I promise you.

Miss W. What is the meaning of this very whimsical behaviour?

Capt. S. The settled composure of her impudence is intolerable. (*Aside.*) Madam, madam, how have I deserved this usage? [you go to that?

Miss W. Nay, sir, sir, how have I deserved it, if

Capt. S. The letter, madam; the letter.

Miss W. What letter?

Capt. S. Your letter, inviting a gallant from the masquerade to a house of character, madam. What, you appear surprised.

Miss W. Well I may, at so shameless an aspersion.

Capt. S. Madam, madam, I have seen your letter. Your new lover could not keep your secret a moment. But I have nothing to do with you, and only come to declare my reasons for renouncing you everlastingly.—[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. General Savage, madam.

Miss W. Shew him up. [*Exit Serv.*] I am glad he is come, sir; inform him of your resolution to break off the match, and let there be an end of everything between us.—[*Enter GENERAL SAVAGE.*]

Gen. S. The news of your accident reached me but this moment, madam, or I should have posted much sooner to reconnoitre your situation. My aid-de-camp, however, has not been inattentive, I see, and I dare say his diligence will not be the least lessened, when he knows his obligations to you.

Capt. S. Oh! sir, I am perfectly sensible of my obligations; and the consciousness of them was one motive of my coming here.

Gen. S. Then you have made your acknowledgement to Miss Walsingham, I hope.

Miss W. He has, indeed, General, said a great deal more than was necessary.

Gen. S. That opinion proceeds from the liberality of your temper; for 'tis impossible he can ever say enough of your goodness.

Capt. S. So it is; if you knew but all, sir.

Gen. S. Why, who can know more of the matter than myself?

Miss W. This gentleman, it seems, has something, General Savage, very necessary for your information.

Gen. S. How's this?

Capt. S. Nay, sir, I only say, that for some particular reasons, which I shall communicate to you at a more proper time; I must beg leave to decline the lady whose hand you kindly intended for me this morning.

Gen. S. Oh! you must! Why, then, I hope you decline, at the same time, all pretensions to every shilling of my fortune. It is not in my power to make you fight, you poltroon, but I can punish you for cowardice.

Miss W. Nay, but General, let me interpose here. If he can maintain any charge against the lady's reputation, 'twould be very hard that he should be disinherited, for a necessary attention to his honour.

Capt. S. And if I don't make the charge good, I submit to be disinherited without murmuring.

Gen. S. 'Tis false as hell! the lady is infinitely too good for you, in every respect; and I undervalued her worth when I thought of her for your wife.

Miss W. I am sure the lady is much obliged to your favourable opinion, sir.

Gen. S. Not in the least, madam; I only do her common justice.

Capt. S. I cannot bear that you should be displeased a moment, sir; suffer me, therefore, to render the conversation less equivocal, and a few words will explain everything.

Gen. S. Sirrah, I'll hear no explanation; aren't my orders that you should marry?

Miss W. For my sake hear him, General Savage.

Capt. S. Madam, I disdain every favour that is to be procured by your interposition. [*Exit.*]

Miss W. This matter must not be suffered to proceed farther, though provokingly cruelly as the Captain has behaved. (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. What's that you say, my bewitching girl?

Miss W. I say that you must make it up with the Captain, and the best way will be to hear his charge patiently.

Gen. S. I am shocked at the brutality of the dog; he has no more principle than a suttler, and no more steadiness than a young recruit upon drill. But you shall have ample satisfaction: this very day I'll cut him off from a possibility of succeeding to a shilling of my fortune. He shall be as miserable as—

Miss W. Dear General, do you think that this would give me any satisfaction?

Gen. S. How he became acquainted with my design I know not, but I see plainly that his mutiny proceeds from his aversion to my marrying again.

Miss W. To your marrying again, sir! why should he object to that? [dren, to be sure.

Gen. S. Why, for fear I should have other chil-

Miss W. Indeed, sir, it was not from that motive; and, if I can overlook his folly, you may be prevailed upon to forgive it.

Gen. S. After what you have seen, justice should make you a little more attentive to your own interest, my lovely girl.

Miss W. What, at the expence of his?

Gen. S. In the approaching change of your situation, there may be a family of your own.

Miss W. Suppose there should, sir; won't there be a family of his, too?

Gen. S. I care not what becomes of his family.

Miss W. But, pray, let me think a little about it, General.

Gen. S. 'Tis hard, indeed, when I was so desirous of promoting his happiness that he should throw anything in the way of mine. [confined to me.

Miss W. Recollect, sir, his offence was wholly

Gen. S. Well, my love, and isn't it throwing an obstacle in the way of my happiness, when he abuses you so grossly for your readiness to marry me?

Miss W. Sir?

Gen. S. I see, with all your good-nature, that this is a question you cannot rally against.

Miss W. It is, indeed, sir. What will become of me? (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. You seem suddenly disordered, my love?

Miss W. Why, really, sir, this affair affects me strongly.

Gen. S. Well, it is possible that, for your sake, I may not punish him with as much severity as I intended. In about an hour I shall beg leave to beat up your quarters again, with Mr. Torrington; for 'tis necessary I should shew you some proof of my gratitude, since you have been so kindly pleased to honour me with a proof of your affection.

Miss W. (*Aside.*) So, now, indeed, we're in a hopeful situation! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Belville's.*

Enter MRS. BELVILLE and CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

Mrs. B. Don't argue with me, Captain Savage; but consider that I am a wife, and pity my distraction.

Capt. S. Dear madam, there is no occasion to be so much alarmed; Mr. Belville has very properly determined not to fight; he told me so himself; and should have been effectually prevented, if I hadn't known his resolution.

Mrs. B. There is no knowing to what extremities he may be provoked, if he meets Mr. Leeson; I have sent for you, therefore, to beg that you will save him from the possibility, either of exposing himself to any danger, or of doing an injury to his adversary.

Capt. S. What would you have me do, madam?

Mrs. B. Fly to Hyde-park, and prevent, if yet possible, his meeting with Mr. Leeson. Do it, I conjure you, if you'd save me from desperation.

Capt. S. Though you have no reason whatever to be apprehensive for his safety, madam, yet, since you are so very much affected, I'll immediately execute your commands. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. B. Merciful heaven! where is the generosity, where is the sense, where is the shame of men, to find a pleasure in pursuits which they cannot remember without the deepest horror; which they cannot follow without the meanest fraud; and which they cannot effect without consequences the most dreadful? The single word, pleasure, in a masculine sense, comprehends everything that is cruel; everything that is base; and everything that is desperate. Yet, men, in other respects the noblest of their species, make it the principal business of their lives, and do not hesitate to break in upon the peace of the happiest families, though their own must be necessarily exposed to destruction. Oh! Belville, Belville! my life, my love! The greatest triumph which a libertine can ever experience is too despicable to be envied; 'tis, at best, nothing but a victory over his own humanity; and if he be a husband, he must be dead indeed, if he is not doubly tortured upon the wheel of recollection.

Enter MISS WALSHINGHAM and LADY RACHEL MILDEW.

Miss W. My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to see you so distressed.

Lady R. Now I am extremely glad to see her so; for if she weren't greatly distressed, it would be monstrously unnatural.

Mrs. B. Oh, Matilda! my husband, my husband! my children, my children!

Miss W. Don't weep, my dear, don't weep; pray, be comforted; all may end happily. Lady Rachel, beg of her not to cry so.

Lady R. Why, you are crying yourself, Miss Walsingham; and though I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I can't help keeping you company.

Mrs. B. Oh! why is not some effectual method contrived to prevent this horrid practice of duelling?

Lady R. I'll expose it on the stage, since the law, now-a-days, kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theatre.

Miss W. And yet, if the laws against it were as well enforced as the laws against destroying the game, perhaps it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

Mrs. B. No law will ever be effectual till the custom is rendered infamous. Wives must shriek, mothers must agonize, orphans must multiply, unless some blessed hand strips the fascinating glare from honourable murder, and bravely exposes the idol who is worshipped thus in blood. While it is disreputable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation: but if the duellist is once banished from the presence of his sovereign; if he is for life excluded the confidence of his country; if a mark of indelible disgrace be stamped upon him, the sword of public justice will be the sole chastiser of wrongs; trifles will not be punished with death, and offences really meriting such a punishment will be reserved for the only proper avenger, the common executioner.

Lady R. I couldn't have expressed myself better on the subject, my dear; but till such a hand as you talk of is found, the best will fall into the error of the times.

Miss W. Yes, and butcher each other like madmen, for fear their courage should be suspected by fools.

Mrs. B. No news yet from Captain Savage?

Lady R. He can't have reached Hyde-park yet, my dear.

Miss W. Let us lead you to your chamber, you'll be better there.

Mrs. B. Matilda, I must be wretched anywhere; but I'll attend you.

Lady R. Thank heaven, I have no husband to plunge me into such a situation.

Miss W. And if I thought I could keep my resolution, I'd determine this moment on living single all the days of my life. Pray, don't spare my arm, my dear. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Hyde Park.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I fancy I am rather before the time of appointment; engagements of this kind are the only ones in which, now-a-days, people pretend to any punctuality: a man is allowed half-an-hour's law to dinner, but a thrust through the body must be given within a second of the clock.

Enter LEESON.

Lee. Your servant, sir. Your name, I suppose, is Belville?

Bel. Your supposition is very right, sir; and I fancy I am not much in the wrong, when I suppose your name to be Leeson.

Lee. It is, sir; I am sorry I should keep you here a moment. *[here at all.]*

Bel. I am very sorry, sir, you should bring me

Lee. I regret the occasion, be assured, sir; but 'tis not now a time for talking, we must proceed to action.

Bel. And yet, talking is all the action I shall proceed to, depend upon it. *[pistols?]*

Lee. What do you mean, sir? Where are your

Bel. Where I intend they shall remain till my next journey into the country, very quietly over the chimney in my dressing-room.

Lee. You treat this matter with too much levity, Mr. Belville; take your choice of mine, sir.

Bel. I'd rather take them both, if you please; for then no mischief shall be done with either of them.

Lee. Sir, this trifling is adding insult to injury, and shall be resented accordingly. Didn't you come here to give me satisfaction?

Bel. Yes, every satisfaction in my power.

Lee. Take one of these pistols, then.

Bel. Come, Mr. Leeson, your bravery will not at all be lessened by the exercise of a little understanding. If nothing less than my life can atone for the injury I have unconsciously done you, fire at me instantly, but don't be offended because I decline to do you an additional wrong.

Lee. 'Sdeath! sir, do you think I come here with an intention to murder?

Bel. You come to arm the guilty against the innocent, sir; and that, in my opinion, is the most atrocious intention of murder.

Lee. How's this?

Bel. Lookye, Mr. Leeson, there's your pistol. *(Throws it on the ground.)* I have already acted very wrongly with respect to your sister; but, sir, I have some character (though, perhaps, little enough) to maintain, and I will not do a still worse action, in raising my hand against your life.

Lee. This hypocritical cant of cowardice, sir, is too palpable to disarm my resentment; though I held you to be a man of profligate principles, I nevertheless considered you as a man of courage; but if you hesitate a moment longer, by heaven, I'll chastise you on the spot. *(Draws.)*

Bel. I must defend my life; though, if it did not look like timidity, I would inform you—*(They fight, Leeson is disarmed.)* Mr. Leeson, there is your sword again.

Lee. Strike it through my bosom, sir; I don't desire to outlive this instant.

Bel. I hope, my dear sir, that you will long live happy, as your sister, though to my shame I can claim no merit on that account, is recovered unpolluted, by her family; but let me beg that you will now see the folly of decisions by the sword, when success is not fortunately chained to the side of justice. Before I leave you, receive my sincerest

apologies for the injuries I have done you; and, be assured, no occurrence will ever give me greater pleasure, than an opportunity of serving you, if, after what is past, you shall at any time condescend to use me as a friend. [Exit.]

Lee. Very well, very well, very well.—[Enter CONNOLLY.]—What, you have been within hear-

Con. You may say that. [ing, I suppose?

Lee. And isn't this very fine?

Con. Why, I can't say much as to the finery of it, sir, but it is certainly very foolish.

Lee. And so, this is my satisfaction after all!

Con. Yes, and pretty satisfaction it is. When Mr. Belville did you but one injury, he was the greatest villain in the world; but now that he has done you two, in drawing his sword upon you, I suppose he is a very worthy gentleman.

Lee. To be foiled, baffled, disappointed in my revenge! What though my sister is, by accident, unstained, his intentions are as criminal as if her ruin were actually perpetrated; there is no possibility of enduring the reflection! I wish not for the blood of my enemy, but I would at least have the credit of giving him life.

Con. Arrah! my dear, if you had any regard for the life of your enemy, you shouldn't put him in the way of death.

Lee. No more of these reflections, my dear Connolly; my own feelings are painful enough. Will you be so good as to take these d—d pistols, and come with me to the coach?

Con. Troth, and that I will; but don't make yourself uneasy; consider that you have done everything which honour required at your hands.

Lee. I hope so.

Con. Why, you know so. You have broken the laws of heaven and earth as nobly as the first lord in the land; and you have convinced the world that where anybody has done your family one injury, you have courage enough to do it another yourself, by hazarding your life.

Lee. Those, Connolly, who would live reputably in any country, must regulate their conduct, in many cases, by its very prejudices. Custom, with respect to duelling, is a tyrant, whose despotism nobody ventures to attack, though everybody detests its cruelty.

Con. I didn't imagine that a tyrant of any kind would be tolerated in England. But where do you think of going now? for chambers, you know, are, at present, most delightfully dangerous.

Lee. I shall go to Mrs. Crayon's.

Con. What, the gentlewoman that paints all manner of colours in red chalk? [Emily.]

Lee. Yes, where I first became acquainted with

Con. And where the sweet creature has met you two or three times under pretence of sitting for her picture.

Lee. Mrs. Crayon's will, I dare say, oblige me in this exigency with an apartment for a few days; but come, Connolly, we have no time to lose, though if you had any prudence, you would abandon me in my present situation.

Con. Ah! sir, is this your opinion of my friendship? Do you think that anything can ever give me half so much pleasure in serving you, as seeing you surrounded by misfortunes? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment at Belville's.

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE, TORRINGTON, and SPRUCE.

Spruce. Miss Walsingham will wait on you immediately, gentlemen.

Gen. S. Very well.

Spruce. What can old Holifernes want so continually with Miss Walsingham? [Aside and exit.]

Gen. S. When I bring this sweet, mild creature home I shall be able to break her spirit to my own wishes. I'll inure her to proper discipline from the first moment, and make her tremble at the very thought of mutiny.

Tor. Ah! General, you are wonderfully brave, when you know the meekness of your adversary.

Gen. S. Envy, Torrington; stark, staring envy: few fellows, on the borders of fifty, have so much reason as myself, to boast of a blooming young woman's partiality. [confines of threescore.]

Tor. On the borders of fifty, man! beyond the

Gen. S. The more reason I have to boast of my victory, then; but don't grumble at my triumph, you shall have a kiss of the bride, let that content you, Torrington.—[Enter MISS WALSHINGHAM.]

Miss W. Gentlemen, your most obedient. General, I intended writing to you about a trifling mistake; but poor Mrs. Belville has been so very ill that I couldn't find an opportunity.

Gen. S. I am sorry for Mrs. Belville's illness, but I am happy, madam, to be personally in the way of receiving your commands, and I wait upon you, with Mr. Torrington, to talk about a marriage settlement.

Miss W. Heavens! how shall I undeceive him? (Aside.)

Tor. 'Tis rather an awkward business, Miss Walsingham, to trouble you upon; but as the General wishes that the affair may be as private as possible, he thought it better to speak to yourself, than to treat with any other person.

Gen. S. Yes, my lovely girl; and to convince you that I intend to carry on an honourable war, not to pillage like a free-booter, Mr. Torrington will be a trustee.

Miss W. I am infinitely obliged to your intention, but there's no necessity to talk about any settlement, for—

Gen. S. Pardon me, madam, pardon me, there is—besides, I have determined that there shall be one, and what I once determine is absolute. A tolerable hint for her own behaviour, when I have married her, Torrington. (Apart to Tor.)

Miss W. I must not shock him before Mr. Torrington. (Aside.) General Savage, will you give me leave to speak a few words in private to you.

Gen. S. There is no occasion for sounding a retreat, madam; Mr. Torrington is acquainted with the whole business, and I am determined, for your sake, that nothing shall be done without him.

Tor. I can have no objection to your hearing the lady *ex parte*, General. [particular nature.]

Miss W. What I have to say, sir, is of a very

Tor. (Rising.) I'll leave the room, then.

Gen. S. (Opposing him.) You sha'n't leave the room, Torrington. Miss Walsingham shall have a specimen of my command even before marriage; and you shall see, that every woman is not to bully me out of my determination. (Apart to Tor.)

Miss W. Well, General, you must have your own way.

Gen. S. (To Tor.) Don't you see that it's only fighting the battle stoutly at first, with one of these

Tor. Ah! General. [gentle creatures?

Gen. S. I own, madam, your situation is a distressing one; let us sit down, let us sit down.

Miss W. It is unspeakably distressing, indeed, sir.

Tor. Distressing, however, as it may be, we must proceed to issue, madam; the General proposes your jointure to be one thousand pounds a year.

Miss W. General Savage—

Gen. S. You think this too little, perhaps?

Miss W. I can't think of any jointure, sir.

Tor. Why, to be sure, a jointure is, at best, but a melancholy possession, for it must be purchased by the loss of the husband you love.

Miss W. Pray, don't name it, Mr. Torrington.

Gen. S. (Kissing her hand.) A thousand thanks to you, my lovely girl.

Miss W. For heaven's sake, let go my hand.

Gen. S. I shall be mad till it gives me legal possession of the town. [I beg you'll hear me.]

Miss W. Gentlemen—General—Mr. Torrington,

Gen. S. By all means, my adorable creature; I can never have too many proofs of your disinterested affection.

Miss W. There is a capital mistake in this whole affair. I am sinking under a load of distress.

Gen. S. Your confusion makes you look charmingly though.

Miss W. There is no occasion to talk of jointures or marriages to me; I am not going to be married.

Tor. What's this?

Miss W. Nor have I an idea in nature, however enviable I think the honour, of being your wife, sir.

Gen. S. Madam!

Tor. Why, here's a demur.

Miss W. I am afraid, sir, that in our conversation this morning, my confusion, arising from the particularity of the subject, has led you into a most material misconception. [mistake my ground.]

Gen. S. I am thunderstruck, madam. I couldn't

Tor. As clear a *not. pros.* as ever was issued by an attorney-general.

Gen. S. Surely, you can't forget, that at the first word you hung out a flag of truce, told me even that I had a previous friend in the fort, and didn't so much as hint at a single article of capitulation.

Tor. Now for the rejoinder to this replication.

Miss W. All this is unquestionably true, General, and perhaps a good deal more; but, in reality, my confusion before you on this subject to-day, was such, that I scarcely knew what I said; I was dying with distress, and at this moment I am very little better. Permit me to retire, General Savage, and only suffer me to add, that though I think myself highly flattered by your addresses, it is impossible for me ever to receive them. Lord, lord! I am glad it is over in any manner. [Exit.]

Tor. Why, we are a little out in this matter, General; the judge has decided against us, when we imagined ourselves sure of the cause.

Gen. The gates shut in my teeth, just as I expected the keys from the governor.

Tor. I am disappointed myself, man; I sha'n't have a kiss of the bride.

Gen. S. At my time of life, too! [her.]

Tor. I said from the first you were too old for

Gen. S. Zounds! to fancy myself sure of her, and to triumph upon a certainty of victory.

Tor. Ay, and to kiss her hand in a rapturous return for her tenderness to you: let me advise you never to kiss before folks, as long as you live again.

Gen. S. Don't distract me, Torrington; a joke, where a friend has the misfortune to lose the battle, is a downright inhumanity.

Tor. You told me that your son had accused her of something that you would not hear. Suppose we call at his lodgings, he may, perhaps, be able to give us a little information.

Gen. S. Thank you for the thought; but keep your finger more than ever upon your lips. You know how I dread the danger of ridicule; and it would be too much, not only to be thrashed out of the field, but to be laughed at into the bargain.

Tor. I thought when you made a presentment of your sweet person to Miss Walsingham, that the bill would be returned ignoramus. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Belville's.

MRS. BELVILLE and LADY RACHEL MILDEW, discovered.

Lady R. You heard what Captain Savage said?

Mrs. B. I would flatter myself, but my heart will not suffer it. The Park might be too full for the horrid purpose; and, perhaps, they are gone to decide the quarrel in some other place.

Lady R. The Captain inquir'd of numbers in the Park, without hearing a syllable of them; and is, therefore, positive that they have parted without doing any mischief.

Mrs. B. I am, nevertheless, torn by a thousand apprehensions; and my fancy, with a gloomy kind

of fondness, fastens on the most deadly. This very morning, I exultingly numbered myself in the catalogue of the happiest wives. Perhaps I am a wife no longer; perhaps, my little innocents! your unhappy father is at this moment breathing his last sigh, and wishing, (oh, how vainly!) that he had not preferred a guilty pleasure to his own life, to my eternal peace of mind, and your felicity!

Enter SPRUCE.

Spruce. Madam, madam, my master, my master!

Mrs. B. Is he safe?—[Enter BELVILLE.]

Bel. My love!

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Belville! (Faints.)

Bel. Assistance, quick!

Lady R. There, she revives. [heart!]

Bel. The angel-softness! how this rends my

Mrs. B. Oh! Mr. Belville, if you could conceive the agonies I have endured, you would avoid the possibility of another quarrel as long as you lived, out of common humanity.

Bel. My dearest creature, spare these tender reproaches; you know not how sufficiently I am punished to see you thus miserable.

Lady R. That's pleasant, indeed, when you have yourself deliberately loaded her with affliction.

Bel. Pray, Lady Rachel, have a little mercy! Your poor humble servant has been a very naughty boy; but if you only forgive him this single time, he will never more deserve the rod of correction.

Mrs. B. Since you are returned safe, I am happy. Excuse these foolish tears, they gush in spite of me.

Bel. How contemptible they render me, my love!

Lady R. Come, my dear, you must turn your mind from this gloomy subject. Suppose we step up stairs, and communicate our pleasure to Miss Walsingham?

Mrs. B. With all my heart. Adieu, recreant!

[Exit with Lady R.]

Bel. I don't deserve such a woman! yet, I believe I am the first husband that ever found fault with a wife for having too much goodness.—[Enter SPRUCE.]—What's the matter?

Spruce. Your sister—

Bel. What of my sister?

Spruce. Sir, she has eloped.

Bel. My sister!

Spruce. There is a letter left, sir, in which she says, that her motive was a dislike to a match with Captain Savage, as she has placed her affections unalterably on another gentleman.

Bel. Death and d—!

Spruce. Mrs. Moreland, your mother, is in the greatest distress, sir; and begs you will immediately go with the servant that brought the message; for he observing the young lady's maid carrying some bundles out a little suspiciously, thought there must be some scheme going on, and dogged a hackney-coach, in which Miss Morland went off, to the very house where it set her down.

Bel. Bring me to the servant instantly; but don't let a syllable of this matter reach my wife's ears, her spirits are already too much agitated. [Exit.]

Spruce. Zounds! we shall be paid home for the tricks we have played in other families. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Captain Savage's Lodgings.

Enter CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

Capt. S. The vehemence of my resentment against this abandon'd woman has certainly led me too far. I shouldn't have acquainted her with my discovery of her baseness; no, if I had acted properly, I should have concealed all knowledge of the transaction till the very moment of her guilt, and then burst upon her when she was solacing with her paramour, in all the fulness of security. Now, if she should either alter her mind, with respect to going to the masquerade, or go in a different habit to elude my observation, I not only lose the opportunity of exposing her, but give her time to plan some plausible excuse for her infamous letter to Belville.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. General Savage and Mr. Torrington, sir.

Capt. S. You blockhead! why did you let them wait a moment? What can be the meaning of this visit?

[Exit Servant.]

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE and TORRINGTON.

Gen. S. I come, Horace, to talk to you about Miss Walsingham.

Capt. S. She's the most worthless woman existing, sir: I can convince you of it. *[her.]*

Gen. S. I have already changed my opinion of

Capt. S. What you have found her out, sir?

Tor. Yes, he has made a trifling discovery.

Gen. S. 'Sdeath! don't make me contemptible to my son. *(Aside to Torrington.)*

Capt. S. But, sir, what instance of her precious behaviour has come to your knowledge? for an hour has scarcely elapsed since you thought her a miracle of goodness.

Tor. Ay, he has thought her a miracle of goodness within this quarter of an hour.

Gen. S. Why she has a manner that would impose upon all the world.

Capt. S. Yes, but she has a manner also to deceive the world thoroughly.

Tor. That we have found pretty recently. However, in this land of liberty, none are to be pronounced guilty till they are positively convicted; I can't, therefore, find against Miss Walsingham, upon the bare strength of presumptive evidence.

Capt. S. Presumptive evidence! Haven't I promised you ocular demonstration?

Tor. Ay, but till we receive this demonstration, my good friend, we cannot give judgment.

Capt. S. Then I'll tell you at once who is the object of her honourable affections.

Gen. S. Who, who?

Capt. S. What would you think if they were placed on Belville?

Gen. S. Upon Belville! Has she deserted to him from the corps of virtue?

Capt. S. Yes, she wrote to him, desiring to be taken from the masquerade to some convenient scene of privacy; and though I have seen the letter, she has the impudence to deny her own hand.

Gen. S. What a fiend, then, there is disguised under the uniform of an angel! *[confusion!]*

Tor. The delicate creature that was dying with

Capt. S. Only come with me to the masquerade, and you shall see Belville carry her off. 'Twas about the scandalous appointment with him, I was speaking, when you conceiv'd I treated her rudely.

Gen. S. And you were only anxious to shew her in her real character to me, when I was so exceedingly offended with you.

Capt. S. Nothing else in the world, sir. I knew you would despise and detest her, the moment you were acquainted with her baseness.

Gen. S. How she brazened it out before my face, and what a regard she affected for your interest! I was a madman not to listen to your explanation.

Tor. Though you both talk this point well, I still see nothing but strong presumption against Miss Walsingham. Mistakes have already happened, mistakes may happen again; and I will not give up a lady's honour, upon an evidence that would not cast a common pick-pocket at the Old Bailey.

Capt. S. Come to the masquerade and be satisfied.

Gen. S. Let us detach a party for dresses immediately. Yet remember, Torrington, that the punctuality of evidence which is necessary in a court of law, is by no means requisite in a court of honour.

Tor. Perhaps it would be more to the honour of your honourable courts if it were. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—An Apartment at Mrs. Crayon's.

Bel. (Behind.) My dear, you must excuse me.

Serv. Indeed, sir, you must not go up stairs.

Bel. Indeed but I will. The man is positive to the house, and I'll search every room in it, if I

don't find the lady. James, don't stir from the street-door.

Enter BELVILLE, followed by a female Servant.

Serv. Sir, you are the strangest gentleman I ever met with in all my born days. I wish my mistress was at home.

Bel. I am a strange fellow, my dear; but if your mistress was at home, I should take the liberty of peeping into the apartments.

Serv. Sir, there's company in that room, you can't go in there.

Bel. Good manners, by your leave a little.—*(Forcing the door.)* Whoever my gentleman is, I'll call him to a severe reckoning; I have been just called to one myself, for making free with another man's sister.

Enter LEESON, followed by CONNOLLY.

Lee. Who is it that dares commit an outrage upon this apartment?

Con. An Englishman's very lodging—ay, and an Irishman's too, I hope, is his castle! An Irishman is an Englishman all the world over.

Bel. Mr. Leeson!

Serv. Oh! we shall have murder.

Con. Run into that room, my dear, and stay with the young lady. *[Exit Serv.]*

Lee. Connolly, let nobody else into that room.

Con. Let me alone for that, honey, if this gentleman have fifty people.

Lee. Whence is it, Mr. Belville, that you thus persecute me with injuries?

Bel. I am filled with astonishment!

Con. 'Faith, to speak the truth, you do look a little surprised. *[this new violence?]*

Lee. Answer me, sir: what is the foundation of

Bel. I am come, Mr. Leeson, upon an affair—

Con. The devil burn me, if he was half so much confounded, a while ago, when there was a naked sword at his breast.

Bel. I am come, Mr. Leeson, upon an affair, sir, that—How the devil shall I open it to him, since the tables are so fairly turned upon me? *(Aside.)*

Lee. Despatch, sir; for I have company in the

Bel. A lady, I suppose? *[next room.]*

Lee. Suppose it is, sir? *[sir?]*

Bel. And the lady's name is Moreland, isn't it,

Lee. I can't see what business you have with her name, sir. You took away my sister, and I hope you have no designs upon the lady in the next room.

Bel. Indeed but I have.

Lee. The devil you have!

Con. Well, this is the most unaccountable man I ever heard of; he'll have all the women in the town, I believe.

Lee. And pray, sir, what pretensions have you to the lady in the next room, even supposing her to be Miss Moreland!

Bel. No other pretensions than what a brother should have to the defence of his sister's honour: you thought yourself authorized to cut my throat, awhile ago, in a similar business.

Lee. And is Miss Moreland your sister?

Bel. Sir, there is insolence in that question: you know she is.

Lee. By heaven! I did not know it till this moment; but I rejoice at the discovery.—This is blow for blow! *[a swop of it.]*

Con. Devil burn me, but they have fairly made

Bel. And you really didn't know that Miss Moreland was my mister?

Lee. I don't conceive myself under much necessity of apologizing to you, sir; but I am incapable of a dishonourable design upon any woman; and though Miss Moreland, in our short acquaintance, repeatedly mentioned her brother, she never once told me that his name was Belville.

Con. And he has had such few opportunities of being in her company, unless by letters, honey! that he knew nothing more of her connections, than

her being a sweet, pretty creature, and having thirty thousand pounds.

Bel. The fortune, I dare say, no way lessened the force of her attractions. [not.]

Lee. I am above dissimulation, it really did

Bel. Well, Mr. Leeson, our families have shewn such a very strong inclination to come together, that it would really be a pity to disappoint them.

Con. Upon my soul, and so it would; though the dread of being forced to have a husband, the young lady tells us, quickened her resolution to marry this gentleman.

Bel. Oh! she had no violence of that kind to apprehend from her family; therefore, Mr. Leeson, since you seem as necessary for the girl's happiness, as she seems for your's, you shall marry her here in town, with the consent of her friends, and save yourself the trouble of a journey to Scotland.

Lee. Can I believe you serious?

Bel. Zounds! Leeson, that air of surprise is a sad reproach! I didn't surprise you when I did a bad action, but I raise your astonishment when I do a good one.

Con. And by my soul, Mr. Belville, if you knew how a good action becomes a man, you'd never do a bad one as long as you liv'd.

Lee. You have given me life and happiness in one day, Mr. Belville! However, it is now time you should see your sister: I know you'll be gentle with her, though you have so much reason to condemn her choice; and, generously remember, that her elopement proceeded from the great improbability there was of a beggar's ever meeting with the approbation of her family.

Bel. Don't apologize for your circumstances, Leeson; a princess could do no more than make you happy; and, if you make her so, you meet her upon terms of the most perfect equality.

Lee. This is a new way of thinking, Mr. Belville.

Bel. 'Tis only an honest way of thinking; and I consider my sister a gainer upon the question; for a man of your merit is more difficult to be found than a woman of her fortune. [Exeunt,

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A Drawing-room.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. Well, happiness is once more mine; and the women are all going in tip-top spirits to the masquerade. Now, Mr. Belville, let me have a few words with you: Miss Walsingham, the ripe, the luxurious Miss Walsingham, expects to find you there, burning with impatience. But, my dear friend, after the occurrences of the day, can you be weak enough to plunge into fresh crimes? Can you be base enough to abuse the goodness of that angel, your wife; and wicked enough, not only to destroy the innocence which is sheltered beneath your own roof, but to expose your family, perhaps, again to the danger of losing a son, a brother, a father, and a husband? The possession of the three Graces is surely too poor a recompense for the folly you must commit, for the shame you must feel, and the consequences you must hazard. Upon my soul, if I struggle a little longer, I shall rise in my own opinion, and be less a rascal than I think myself: ay, but the object is bewitching; the matter will be an eternal secret; and if it be known that I sneak in this pitiful manner from a fine woman, when the whole elysium of her person solicits me,—Well, and am I afraid the world should know that I have shrunk from an infamous action? A thousand blessings on you, dear conscience, for that one argument; I shall be an honest man after all. Suppose, however, that I give her the meeting? That's dangerous: and I am so little accustomed to do what is right, that I shall certainly do what is wrong, the moment I am in the way of temptation. Come, Belville, your resolution is not so very slender a dependence, and you owe Miss Walsingham reparation for the injury which you have done her

principles. I'll give her the meeting; I'll take her to the house I intended—Zounds! what a fool I have been all this time, to look for precarious satisfaction in vice, when there is such exquisite pleasure to be found at a certainty in virtue! [Exit.

Enter LADY RACHEL and MRS. BELVILLE.

Lady R. For mirth's sake, don't let him see us. There has been a warm debate between his passion and his conscience. [for it!

Mrs. B. And the latter is the conqueror, my life

Lady R. Dear Mrs. Belville, you are the best of women, and ought to have the best of husbands.

Mrs. B. I have the best of husbands.

Lady R. I have not time to dispute the matter with you now; but I shall put you into my comedy, to teach wives, that the best receipt for matrimonial happiness, is to be deaf, dumb, and blind.

Mrs. B. Poh, poh! you are a satirist, Lady Rachel—But we are losing time. Shouldn't we put on our dresses, and prepare for the grand scene?

Lady R. Don't you tremble at the trial?

Mrs. B. Not in the least; I am sure my heart has no occasion. [little plot?

Lady R. Have you let Miss Walsingham into our

Mrs. B. You know she could not be insensible of Mr. Belville's design upon herself; and it is no farther than that design, we have anything to carry into execution.

Lady R. Well, she may serve to facilitate the matter; and, therefore, I am not sorry that you have trusted her.

Mrs. B. We shall be too late, and then what signifies all your fine plotting?

Lady R. Is it not a little pang of jealousy that would fain now quicken our motions?

Mrs. B. No, Lady Rachel, it is a certainty of my husband's love and generosity, that makes me wish to come to the trial. I would not exchange my confidence in his affections for all the mines of Peru; so nothing you can say will make me miserable.

Lady R. You are a most unaccountable woman; so away with you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter SPRUCE and GHASTLY.

Spruce. Why, Ghastly, the old General, your master, is a greater fool than I ever thought he was. He want to marry Miss Walsingham?

Ghast. Mrs. Tempest suspected that there was something going forward, by all his hugger-mugger consulting with Mr. Torrington, and so set me on to listen.

Spruce. She's a good friend of your's; and that thing she made the General give you the other day, in the hospital, is, I suppose, a snug hundred a year.

Ghast. Better than two; I wash for nearly four thousand people. There was a major of horse who put in for it, and pleaded a large family—

Spruce. With long services, I suppose.

Ghast. Yes; but Mrs. Tempest insisted upon my long services: so the major was set aside. However, to keep the thing from the newspapers, I fancy he will succeed the barber who died last night, poor woman, of a lying-in fever, after being brought to bed of three children. Places in public institutions—

Spruce. Are often sweetly disposed of. I think of asking Belville for something, one of these days.

Ghast. He has great interest.

Spruce. I might be a justice of peace, if I pleased, and in a shabby neighbourhood, where the mere swearing would bring in something tolerable; but there are so many strange people let into the commission now-a-days, that I shouldn't like to have my name in the list.

Ghast. You are right.

Spruce. No, no; I leave that to paltry tradesmen, and shall think of some little sinecure, or a small pension on the Irish establishment.

Ghast. Well, success attend you. I must hobble home as fast as I can, to know if Mrs. Tempest has

any orders. Oh! there's a rare storm brewing for our old goat of a General.

Spruce. When shall we crack a bottle together?

Ghast. Oh! I sha'n't touch a glass of claret these three weeks; for last night I gave nature a little fillip with a drunken bout according to the doctor's directions; I have entirely left off bread, and I am in great hopes that I shall get rid of my gout by these means, especially if I can learn to eat my meat quite raw, like a cannibal.

Spruce. Ha, ha, ha!

Ghast. Look at me, Spruce, I was once as likely a young fellow as any under ground in the whole parish of St. James's; but waiting on the General so many years—

Spruce. Ay, and following his example, Ghastly.

Ghast. 'Tis too true,—has reduced me to what you see. These miserable spindles would do very well for a lord or a duke, Spruce; but they are a sad disgrace to a poor valet-de-chambre. [Exit.

Spruce. Well, I don't believe there's a gentleman's gentleman within the weekly bills, who joins a prudent solicitude for the main-chance; to a strict care of his constitution, better than myself. I have a little girl who stands me in about three guineas a week; I never bet more than a pound upon a rubber of whist; I always sleep with my head very warm; and swallow a new laid egg every morning with my chocolate. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Street.

Two sedan-chairs cross the stage, and set down BELVILLE and a Lady at the door of a house.

Bel. This way, my dear creature. [Exeunt.

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE, CAPTAIN SAVAGE, and TORRINGTON.

Capt. S. There, there they go in. You see the place is quite convenient, not twenty yards from the masquerade.

Gen. S. How closely the fellow sticks to her!

Tor. Like the great seal to the peerage patent of a chancellor. But, gentlemen, we have still no more than proof presumptive: where is the ocular demonstration which we were to have?

Capt. S. I'll swear to the blue domino; 'tis a very remarkable one, and so is Belville's.

Tor. You would have rare custom among the Newgate solicitors if you'd venture an oath upon the identity of the party under it.

Gen. S. 'Tis the very size and shape of Miss Walsingham. [is a trifling alibi in this case.

Tor. And yet I have a strange notion that there

Gen. S. It would be a d—d affair if we should be countermined.

Capt. S. Oh! follow me; here's the door left luckily open, and I'll soon clear up the matter beyond a question. [Exit into the house.

Tor. Why, your son is mad, General. This must produce a deadly breach with Belville. For heaven's sake, let's go in and prevent any excesses of his rashness.

Gen. S. By all means, or the poor fellow's generous anxiety on my account may be productive of very fatal consequences. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—An Apartment.

BELVILLE discovered, unmasked, and a Lady in a blue domino, masked.

Bel. My dear Miss Walsingham, we are now perfectly safe, yet I will by no means entreat you to unmask, because I am convinced, from the propriety with which you repulsed my addresses this morning, that you intend the present interview should make me still more deeply sensible of my presumption. I never lied so awkwardly in all my life; if it were to make her comply I should be at no loss for language. (Aside.) The situation in which I must appear before you, madam, is certainly a very humiliating one; but I am persuaded that your generosity will be gratified to hear that I have bid an everlasting adieu to my profligacy, and am now only

alive to the virtues of Mrs. Belville. She won't speak: I don't wonder at it, for brazen as I am myself, if I met with so mortifying a rejection, I should be cursedly out of countenance. (Aside.)

Capt. S. (Within.) I will go in.

Gen. S. (Within.) I command you to desist.

Tor. (Within.) This will be an affair for the Old Bailey.

Bel. Why, what the devil is all this? Don't be alarmed, Miss Walsingham; be assured I'll protect you at the hazard of my life; step into this closet, you sha'n't be discovered, depend upon it. (She goes in.) And now to discover the cause of this confusion. (Unlocks the door.)

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE, CAPTAIN SAVAGE, and TORRINGTON.

Bel. Savage! what is the meaning of this strange behaviour?

Capt. S. Where is Miss Walsingham?

Bel. So, then, sir, this is a premeditated scheme, for which I am obliged to your friendship.

Capt. S. Where's Miss Walsingham, sir?

Gen. S. Dear Belville, he is out of his senses; this storm was entirely against my orders.

Tor. If he proceeds much longer in these vagaries, we must amuse him with a commission of lunacy.

Bel. This is neither a time nor a place for argument, Mr. Torrington; but as you and the General seem to be in the possession of your senses, I shall be glad if you'll take this very friendly gentleman away; and depend upon it, I sha'n't die in his debt for the present obligation.

Capt. S. And depend upon it, sir, pay the obligation when you will, I sha'n't stir till I see Miss Walsingham. Lookye, Belville, there are secret reasons for my behaving in this manner; reasons, which you yourself will approve, when you know them; my father here—

Gen. S. Disavows your conduct in every particular, and would rejoice to see you at the halberds.

Tor. And, for my part, I told him previously 'twas a downright burglary.

Bel. Well, gentlemen, let your different motives for breaking in upon me in this agreeable manner be what they may, I don't see that I am less annoyed by my friends than my enemy. I must, therefore, again request that you will all walk down stairs.

Capt. S. I will first walk into this room.

Bel. Really, I think you will not.

Gen. S. What frenzy possesses the fellow to urge this matter further?

Capt. S. While there's a single doubt, she triumphs over justice. (Drawing.) I will go into that room.

Bel. Then you must make your way through me.

Enter MRS. BELVILLE from the room.

Mrs. B. Ah!

Capt. S. There, I knew she was in the room; there's the blue domino.

Gen. S. Put up your sword, if you don't desire to be cashiered from my favour for ever.

Bel. Why would you come out, madam? But you have nothing to apprehend.

Capt. S. Pray, madam, will you have the goodness to unmask?

Bel. She sha'n't unmask.

Capt. S. I say she shall.

Bel. I say she shall not.

Mrs. B. Pray, let me oblige the gentleman. (Unmasks.) [covery!

Capt. S. Death and destruction! here's a dis-

Gen. S. and Tor. Mrs. Belville!

Mrs. B. Yes, Mrs. Belville, gentlemen. Is conjugal fidelity so very terrible a thing now-a-days, that a man is to suffer death for being found in company with his own wife?

Bel. My love, this is a surprise, indeed: but it is a most agreeable one; since you find me really

ashamed of my former follies, and cannot now doubt the sincerity of my reformation.

Mrs. B. I am too happy! this single moment would overpay a whole life of anxiety.

Bel. Where shall I attend you? Will you return to the masquerade?

Mrs. B. Oh! no. Lady Rachel and Miss Walsingham are, by this time, at our house, with Mr. Leeson and the Irish gentleman whom you pressed into our party, impatiently expecting the result of this adventure.

Bel. Give me leave to conduct you home, then, from this scene of confusion. To-morrow, Captain Savage, I shall beg the favour of your explanation. (*Aside to Capt. S.*) Kind gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Mrs. B. And when you next disturb a *tête-à-tête*, for pity to a poor wife don't let it be so very uncustomary a party, as the matrimonial one.

[*Exit with Bel.*]

Gen. S. (*To Capt. S.*) So, sir, you have led us upon a blessed expedition here.

Tor. Now, don't you think that if your courts of honour, like our courts of law, searched a little minutely into evidence, it would be equally to the credit of their understandings?

Capt. S. Though I am covered with confusion at my mistake, (for, you see, Belville was mistaken as well as myself,) I am overjoyed at this discovery of Miss Walsingham's innocence.

Gen. S. I should exult in it, too, with a *feu de joie*, if it didn't now shew the impossibility of her ever being Mrs. Savage.

Capt. S. Dear sir, why should you think that an impossibility? Though some mistakes have occurred in consequence, I suppose, of Mrs. Belville's little plot upon her husband, I dare say Miss Walsingham may yet be prevailed upon to come into our family.

Tor. Take care of a new error in your proceedings, young gentleman.

Gen. S. Ay, another defeat would make us completely despicable.

Capt. S. Sir, I'll forfeit my life if she does not consent to the marriage this very night.

Gen. S. Only bring this matter to bear, and I'll forgive you everything.

Tor. The Captain should be informed, I think, General, that she declined it peremptorily this evening.

Gen. S. Ay, do you hear that, Horace?

Capt. S. I am not at all surprised at it, considering the general misconception we laboured under. But I'll immediately to Belville's, explain the whole mystery, and conclude everything to your satisfaction. [*Exit.*]

Gen. S. So, Torrington, we shall be able to take the field again, you see.

Tor. But how, in the name of wonder, has your son found out your intention of marrying Miss Walsingham? I looked upon myself as the only person acquainted with the secret.

Gen. S. That thought has marched itself two or three times to my own recollection. For though I gave him some distant hints of the affair, I took particular care to keep behind the works of a proper circumspection.

Tor. Oh! if you gave him any hints at all, I am not surprised at his discovering everything.

Gen. S. I shall be all impatience till I hear of his interview with Miss Walsingham. Suppose, my dear friend, we went to Belville's, 'tis but in the next street, and we shall be there in the lighting of a match.

Tor. Really, this is a pretty business for a man of my age and profession; trot here, trot there. But, as I have been weak enough to make myself a kind of party in the cause, I own that I have curiosity enough to be anxious about the determination.

Gen. S. Come along, my old boy; and remember the song, "Servile spirits," &c. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Belville's.*

Enter CAPTAIN SAVAGE and MISS WALSHINGHAM.

Capt. S. Nay, but, my dearest Miss Walsingham, the extenuation of my own conduct to Belville made it absolutely necessary for me to discover my engagements with you; and, as happiness is now so fortunately in our reach, I flatter myself you will be prevailed upon to forgive an error which proceeded only from an extravagance of love.

Miss W. To think me capable of such an action, Captain Savage! I am terrified at the idea of a union with you, and it is better for a woman at any time, to sacrifice an insolent lover, than to accept of a suspicious husband.

Capt. S. In the happiest unions, my dearest creature, there must be always something to overlook on both sides.

Miss W. Very civil, truly.

Capt. S. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness; and recollect, that if the lover has, through misconception, been unhappily guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed to your hands.

Miss W. Well, I see I must forgive you at last, so I may as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature. [*Of this hand?*]

Capt. S. And may I hope, indeed, for the blessing

Miss W. Why, you wretch, would you have me force it upon you? I think, after what I have said, a soldier might have ventured to take it without farther ceremony. [*lawful prize.*]

Capt. S. Angelic creature! thus I seize it as my

Miss W. Well, but now you have obtained this inestimable prize, Captain, give me again leave to ask if you have had a certain explanation with the

Capt. S. How can you doubt it? [*General?*]

Miss W. And he is is really impatient for our marriage?

Capt. S. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

Miss W. What, did he tell you of his interview with me this evening, when he brought Mr. Tor-

Capt. S. He did. [*rington?*]

Miss W. Oh! then, I can have no doubt.

Capt. S. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes to remove it. Joy, my dear sir! joy, a thousand times!

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE and TORRINGTON.

Gen. S. What, my dear boy, have you carried the day?

Miss W. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a victory, indeed, General.

Gen. S. (*Sings.*) "None but the brave, none but the brave, &c." [*General.*]

Tor. I congratulate you heartily on this decree,

Gen. S. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but the stars have fortunately turned it in my favour, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory. (*Salutes her.*)

Capt. S. And here I take her from you, as the greatest good which heaven can send me.

Miss W. Oh, Captain!

Gen. S. You take her as the greatest good which heaven can send you, sirrah? I take her as the greatest good which heaven can send me; and now what have you to say to her?

Miss W. General Savage!

Tor. Here will be a fresh injunction to stop proceedings. [*takes?*]

Miss W. Are we never to have done with mis-

Gen. S. What mistakes can have happened now, my sweetest? You delivered up your dear hand to me this moment.

Miss W. True, sir; but I thought you were going to bestow my dear hand upon this dear gentleman.

Gen. S. How! that dear gentleman!

Capt. S. I am thunderstruck! [*&c.*]

Tor. General—(*Sings.*)—"None but the brave,

Gen. S. So the covert way is cleared at last; and you have imagined that I was all along negotiating for this fellow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself?

Miss W. No other idea, sir, ever once entered my imagination.

Tor. General—(*Sings.*)—"Noble minds should [ne'er despair, &c.]"

Gen. S. Zounds! here's all the company pouring upon us in full gallop, and I shall be the laughing-stock of the whole town.

Enter MR. and MRS. BELVILLE, LADY RACHEL, LEESON, and CONNOLLY.

Bel. Well, General, we have left you a long time together. Shall I give you joy?

Gen. S. No; wish me demolished in the fortifications of Dunkirk.

Mrs. B. What's the matter?

Lady R. The General appears disconcerted.

Lee. The gentleman looks as if he had fought a hard battle.

Con. Ay, and gained nothing but a defeat, my

Tor. I'll shew cause for his behaviour.

Gen. S. Death and d—n! not for the world. I am taken by surprize here; let me consider a moment how to cut my way through the enemy.

Miss W. How could you be deceived in this manner. (*To Capt. S.*)

Lady R. Oh! Mr. Torrington, we are much obliged to you; you have been in town ever since last night, and only see us now by accident.

Tor. I have been very busy, madam; but you look sadly, very sadly, indeed; your old disorder, the jaundice, I suppose, has been very troublesome to you?

Lady R. Sir, you have a very extraordinary mode of complimenting your acquaintance.

Con. I don't believe, for all that, that there's a word of a lie in the truth he speaks. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. Miss Walsingham, Captain Savage, has been telling Mr. Belville and me of a very extraordinary mistake.

Miss W. 'Tis very strange, indeed, mistake on

Bel. 'Tis no way strange to find everybody properly struck with the merit of Miss Walsingham.

Miss W. A compliment from you, now, Mr. Belville, is really worth accepting.

Gen. S. If I thought the affair could be kept a secret, by making the town over to my son, since I am utterly shut out myself.

Capt. S. He seems exceedingly embarrassed.

Gen. S. If I thought that; why, mortified as I must be in giving it up, I think I could resolve upon the manœuvre, to save myself from universal ridicule; but it can't be, it can't be; and I only double my own disappointment in rewarding the disobedience of the rascal who has supplanted me. There! there! they are all talking of it, all laughing at me, and I shall run mad!

Mrs. T. (*Without.*) I say, you feather-headed puppy! he is in this house; my own servant saw him come in, and I will not stir till I find him.

Gen. S. She here! then deliberation is over, and I am entirely blown up.

Lady R. I'll take notes of this affair.

Enter MRS. TEMPEST.

Mrs. T. Mighty well, sir. So you are in love, it seems; and you want to be married, it seems?

Lee. My blessed aunt! Oh! how proud I am of the relation.

Gen. S. Dear Bab, give me quarter before all this

Mrs. T. You are in love, you old fool, are you? and you want to marry Miss Walsingham, indeed!

Con. I never heard a pleasanter spoken gentleman. Oh! honey, if I had the taming of her, she should never be abusive, without keeping a civil tongue in her head.

Mrs. T. Well, sir, and when is the happy day

Bel. What the devil, is this true, General?

Gen. S. True; can you believe such an absurdity?

Mrs. T. Why, will you deny, you miserable old mummy, that you made proposal of marriage to her?

Gen. S. Yes I do—no I don't—proposals of marriage!

Miss W. In favour of your son. I'll help him out a little. (*Aside.*)

Gen. S. Yes, in favour of my son. What the devil shall I do? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. Shall I take a lesson from this lady, Mr. Belville? Perhaps, if the women of virtue were to pluck up a little spirit, they might be soon as well treated as kept mistresses.

Mrs. T. Harkye, General Savage, I believe you assert a falsehood; but if you speak the truth, give your son this moment to Miss Walsingham, and let me be fairly rid of my rival.

Gen. S. My son, Miss Walsingham! Miss Walsingham, my son!

Bel. It will do, Horace, it will do.

Mrs. T. No prevarications, General Savage; do what I bid you instantly, or by all the wrongs of an enraged woman, I'll so expose you.

Con. What a fine fellow this is, to have the command of an army!

Gen. S. If Miss Walsingham can be prevailed

Tor. Oh! she'll oblige you readily. But you must settle a good fortune upon your son.

Mrs. T. That he shall do.

Mrs. B. Miss Walsingham, my dear—

Miss W. I can refuse nothing, either to your request, or to the request of the General.

Gen. S. Oblige me with your hand, then, madam. Come here, you—come here, Captain. There, there is Miss Walsingham's hand for you.

Con. And as pretty a little fist it is, as any in the three kingdoms.

Gen. S. Torrington shall settle the fortune.

Lee. I give you joy most heartily, madam.

Bel. We all give her joy.

Capt. S. Mine is beyond the power of expression.

Miss W. (*Aside to the company.*) And so is the General's, I believe.

Con. Oh! 'faith! that may be easily seen by the sweetness of his countenance.

Tor. Well, the cause being now at last determined, I think we may retire from the court.

Gen. S. And without any great credit, I fear, to the General.

Con. By my soul, you may say that.

Mrs. T. Do you murmur, sir? Come this moment home with me.

Gen. S. I'll go anywhere to hide this miserable head of mine. What a d—d campaign have I made of it!

[*Exeunt Gen. S. and Mrs. T.*]

Con. Upon my soul, if I was in the General's place, I'd divide the house with this devil; I'd keep within doors myself, and make her take the outside.

Bel. The day has been a busy one, thanks to the communicative disposition of the Captain.

Mrs. B. And the evening should be cheerful.

Bel. I sha'n't, therefore, part with one of you, 'till we have had a hearty laugh at our adventures.

Miss W. They have been very whimsical, indeed; yet, if represented on the stage, I hope they would be found not only entertaining, but instructive.

Lady R. Instructive! why the modern critics say, that the only business of Comedy is to make people laugh.

Bel. That is degrading the dignity of letters exceedingly, as well as lessening the utility of the stage. A good comedy is a capital effort of genius, and should, therefore, be directed to the noblest purposes.

Miss W. Very true; and unless we learn something while we chuckle, the carpenter who nails a pantomime together will be entitled to more applause, than the best comic poet in the kingdom.

[*Exeunt.*]

ZARA;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY AARON HILL.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

OSMAN
LUSIGNAN
CHATILLON

NERESTAN
ORASMIN
MELIDOR

ZARA
SELIMA
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Seraglio.*

Enter ZARA and SELIMA.

Sel. It moves my wonder, young and beauteous Zara,

Whence these new sentiments inspire your heart!
Your peace of mind increases with your charms;
Tears now no longer shade your eyes' soft lustre:
You meditate no more those happy climes,
To which Nerestan will return to guide you.

Zara. Since after two long years he not returns,
'Tis plain his promise stretch'd beyond his power.

I own
I once admired the unprofitable zeal,
But now it charms no longer.

Sel. What if yet,
He, faithful, should return, and hold his vow;
Would you not, then—

Zara. No matter: time is past,
And everything is changed.

Sel. But whence comes this?

Zara. Go: 'twere too much to tell thee Zara's fate:

The sultan's secrets, all, are sacred here:

But my fond heart delights to mix with thine.
Some three months past, when thou, and other slaves,

Were forc'd to quit fair Jordan's flow'ry bank,
Heav'n, to cut short the anguish of my days,
Rais'd me to comfort by a powerful hand:

This mighty Osman—

Sel. What of him?

Zara. This sultan,
This conqueror of the Christians, loves—

Sel. Whom?

Zara. Zara.

Thou blushest, and, I guess, thy thoughts accuse me;

But know me better: 'twas unjust suspicion.

All emperor as he is, I cannot stoop
To honours that bring shame and baseness with them:

He offers marriage; and its rites now wait
To crown me empress of this eastern world.

Sel. Your virtue and your charms deserve it all:

My heart is not surprised, but struck to hear it.
If to be empress can complete your happiness,
I rank myself, with joy, among your slaves.

Zara. Be still my equal, and enjoy my blessings;

For, thou partaking, they will bless me more.

Sel. Alas! but heaven, will it permit this marriage?

Will not this grandeur, falsely call'd a bliss,
Plant bitterness, and root it in your heart?
Have you forgot you are of Christian blood?

Zara. Ah me! What hast thou said? Why
wouldst thou thus
Recal my wav'ring thoughts? How know I,
what,
Or whence I am? Heaven kept it hid in dark-
ness,

Conceal'd me from myself, and from my blood.

Sel. Nerestan, who was born a Christian, here,
Asserts that you, like him, had Christian parents;
Besides, that cross, which, from your infant
years,

Has been preserved, was found upon your bosom,
As if design'd by heaven a pledge of faith
Due to the God you purpose to forsake.

Zara. This cross, as often as it meets my eye,
Strikes through my heart a kind of awful fear.
I honour, from my soul, the Christian laws;
Those laws, which, softening nature by humanity,
Melt nations into brotherhood: no doubt,
Christians are happy; and 'tis just to love them.

Sel. Why have you, then, declared yourself their
foe?

Why will you join your hand with this proud
Osman's,

Who owes his triumph to the Christians' ruin?

Zara. Ah! Who could slight the offer of his
heart?

Nay, for I mean to tell thee all my weakness,
Perhaps I had ere now professed thy faith,
But Osman lov'd me, and I've lost it all:
I think on none but Osman: my pleased heart,
Fill'd with the blessing to be loved by him,
Wants room for other happiness. Place thou
Before thy eyes his merit and his fame,
His youth, yet blooming but in manhood's dawn;
How many conquer'd kings have swell'd his
pow'r!

Think, too, how lovely! how his brow becomes
This wreath of early glories! Oh! my friend,
I talk not of a sceptre, which he gives me:
No; to be charm'd with that were thanks too
humble;

Offensive tribute, and too poor for love!
'Twas Osman won my heart, not Osman's crown:
I love not in him aught besides himself.
Thou think'st, perhaps, that these are starts of
passion;

But had the will of heav'n, less bent to bless him,
Doom'd Osman to my chains, and me to fill
The throne that Osman sits on, ruin and wretched-
ness

Catch and consume my wishes! but I would,
To raise me to myself, descend to him.

Sel. Hark! the wish'd music sounds. 'Tis he!
he comes! [Exit.]

*Enter OSMAN, reading a paper, which he delivers to
ORASMAN; Attendants following.*

Osm. Wait my return; or should there be a
cause
That may require my presence, do not fear
To enter; ever mindful, that my own

[Exit Orasman with Attendants.]
Follows my people's happiness. At length,
Cares have releas'd my heart to love and Zara.

Zara. 'Twas not in cruel absence to deprive
me
Of your imperial image; everywhere
You reign triumphant: memory supplies
Reflection with your power; and you, like hea-
ven,

Are always present, and are always gracious.

Osm. The sultans, and my great ancestors, be-
queath'd

Their empire to me, but their taste they gave
not;

Their laws, their lives, their loves, delight not
me:

I know our prophet smiles on am'rous wishes,
And opens a wide field to vast desire;
I know, that at my will I might possess;
That, wasting tenderness in wild profusion,
I might look down to my surrounded feet,
And bless contending beauties. I might speak,
Serenely slothful, from within my palace,
And bid my pleasure be my people's law.
But, sweet as softness is, its end is cruel;
I can look round and count a hundred kings,
Unconquer'd by themselves, and slaves to
others:

Hence was Jerusalem to Christians lost;
Hence from the distant Euxine to the Nile,
The trumpet's voice has waked the world to
war;

Yet, amidst arms and death thy power has reach'd
me;

For thou disdain'st, like me, a languid love;
Glory and Zara join and charm together.

Zara. I hear at once with blushes and with
joy,

This passion, so unlike your country's customs.

Osm. Passion like mine disdains my country's
customs;

I know to love you, Zara, with esteem;
To trust your virtue, and to court your soul.
Nobly confiding, I unveil my heart,
And dare inform you that 'tis all your own.
My joys must all be your's; only my cares
Shall lie conceal'd within, and reach not Zara.

Zara. How low, how wretched was the lot of
Zara!

Too poor, with aught but thanks to pay such bles-
sings!

Osm. Not so; I love, and would be loved
again;

Let me confess it, I possess a soul,
That what it wishes, wishes ardently.
I should believe you hated, had you power
To love with moderation: 'tis my aim,
In everything to reach supreme perfection.
If with an equal flame I touch your heart,
Marriage attends your smile. But know, 'twill
make

Me wretched, if it make not Zara happy.

Zara. Ah! sir, if such a heart as gen'rous
Osman's

Can, from my will, submit to take its bliss,
What mortal ever was decreed so happy?
Pardon the pride with which I own my joy;
Thus wholly to possess the man I love;
To know and to confess his will my fate;
To be the happy work of his dear hands;
To be—

Enter ORASMIN.

Osm. Already interrupted! What?
Who? Whence?

Oras. This moment, sir, there is arrived
That Christian slave, who, licens'd on his faith,
Went hence to France; and now returned, prays
audience.

Osm. Admit him.—What? Why comes he
not?

Oras. He waits without. No Christian dares ap-
proach

This place, long sacred to the sultan's privacies.

Osm. Go, bring him with thee; monarchs, like
the sun,

Shine but in vain, unwarming, if unseen;
With forms and rev'rence let the great approach
us,

Not the unhappy; every place alike

Gives the distress'd a privilege to enter.

[Exit Orasmin.]

I think with horror on these dreadful maxims,
Which harden kings, insensibly, to tyrants.

Enter ORASMIN with NERESTAN.

Ner. Imperial sultan! honour'd even by foes!
See me return'd, regardful of my vow,
And punctual to discharge a Christian's duty.
I bring the ransom of the captive Zara,
Fair Selima, the partner of her fortune,
And of ten Christian captives, pris'ners here.
You promised, sultan, if I should return,
To grant their rated liberty: behold,
I am return'd, and they are your's no more.
I would have stretch'd my purpose to myself,
But fortune has deny'd it; my poor all
Suffic'd no further, and a noble poverty
Is now my sole possession. I redeem
The promis'd Christians, for I taught them hope;
But, for myself, I come again your slave,
To wait the fuller hand of future charity.

Osm. Christian, I must confess thy courage
charms me;
But let thy pride be taught it treads too high
When it presumes to climb above my mercy.
Go, ransomless, thyself, and carry back
Their unaccepted ransoms, join'd with gifts,
Fit to reward thy purpose; instead of ten,
Demand a hundred Christians; they are thine:
Take them, and bid them teach their haughty
country

They left some virtue among Saracens:
Be Lusignan excepted. He,
Who boasts the blood of kings, and dares lay
claim

To my Jerusalem—that claim, his guilt!
Such is the law of states; had I been vanquish'd,
Thus had he said of me. I mourn his lot,
Who must in fetters, lost to daylight, pine
And sigh away old age in grief and pain.
For Zara, but to name her as a captive,
Were to dishonour language; she's a prize
Above thy purchase: all the Christian realms,
With all their kings to guide them, would unite
In vain to force her from me. Go, retire.

Ner. For Zara's ransom, with her own consent,

I had your royal word. For Lusignan—
Unhappy, poor, old man—

Osm. Was I not heard?
Have I not told thee, Christian, all my will?
What, if I prais'd thee! This presumptuous
virtue,

Compelling my esteem, provokes my pride:
Begone; and, when to-morrow's sun shall rise
On my dominions, be not found too near me.

[Exit Nerestan.]

Zara, retire a moment.

Assume, throughout my palace, sovereign empire,

While I give orders to prepare the pomp
That waits to crown thee mistress of my throne.

[Leads her out, and returns.]

Orasmin, didst thou mark th' imperious slave?
What could he mean? He sigh'd, and as he
went,

Turn'd and look'd back at Zara. Didst thou mark
it?

Oras. Alas! my sovereign master, let not jealousy

Strike high enough to reach your noble heart.

Osm. Jealousy, saidst thou? I disdain it: no!
Distrust is poor, and a misplaced suspicion
Invites and justifies the falsehood fear'd.
Yet, as I love with warmth, so I could hate.
But Zara is above disguise and art:
My love is stronger, nobler, than my power.

Jealous! I was not jealous: if I were,
I am not—no—my heart—but let us drown
Remembrance of the word:
My heart is fill'd with a diviner flame.
Go, and prepare for the approaching nuptials;
Zara to careful empire joins delight;
I must allot one hour to thoughts of state,
Then, all the smiling day is love and Zara's.

[Exit Orasmin.]

Monarchs, by forms of pompous misery press'd,
In proud, unsocial misery unblest'd,
Would, but for love's soft influence, curse their
throne,
And, among crowded millions, live alone. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Apartment.

Enter NERESTAN and CHATILLON.

Chat. Matchless Nerestan! generous and
great!
You, who have broke the chains of hopeless
slaves!

You, Christian saviour, by a Saviour sent;
Appear, be known, enjoy your due delight.
The grateful weepers wait to clasp your knees,
They throng to kiss the happy hand that sav'd
them:

Indulge the kind impatience of their eyes,
And, at their head, command their hearts for
ever.

Ner. Illustrious Chatillon! this praise o'erwhelms
me;

What have I done beyond a Christian's duty?
Beyond what you would, in my place, have
done?

Chat. True, it is every honest Christian's
duty;

Nay, 'tis the blessings of such minds as ours,
For others' good to sacrifice our own;
Yet, happy they, to whom heav'n grants the
power

To execute, like you, that duty's call.
For us, the relics of abandon'd war,
Forgot in France, and, in Jerusalem,
Left to grow old in fetters,—Osman's father
Consign'd us to the gloom of a damp dungeon,
Where, but for you, we must have groan'd out
life,

And native France have bless'd our eyes no
more.

Ner. The will of gracious heav'n, that soften'd
Osman,

Inspir'd me for your sakes. But with our joy
Flows mix'd a bitter sadness. I had hoped
To save from their perversion a young beauty,
Who, in her infant innocence, with me,
Was made a slave by cruel Noradin;
When, sprinkling Syria with the blood of Chris-
tians,

Cæsarea's walls saw Lusignan surpris'd,
And the proud crescent rise in bloody triumph.
From this seraglio, having young escap'd,
Fate, three years since, restor'd me to my
chains;

Then, sent to Paris on my plighted faith,
I flatter'd my fond hope with vain resolves,
To guide the lovely Zara to that court;
But Osman will detain her—yet, not Osman,
Zara herself forgets she is a Christian,
And loves the tyrant sultan. Let that pass:
I mourn a disappointment still more cruel;
The prop of all our Christian hope is lost.

Chat. Dispose me at your will; I am your
own.

Ner. Oh! sir, great Lusignan, so long their captive,
That last of an heroic race of kings;
That warrior, whose past fame has fill'd the world,
Osman refuses to my sighs for ever.

Chat. Nay, then, we have been all redeem'd in vain;
Perish that soldier who would quit his chains
And leave his noble chief behind in fetters.
Alas! you know him not as I have known him;
Thank heav'n, that plac'd your birth so far remov'd

From those detested days of blood and woe.
But I, less happy, was condemn'd to see
Thy walls, Jerusalem, beat down,
And our last king, oppress'd with age and arms,
Murder'd, and bleeding o'er his murder'd sons.
Then, Lusignan, sole remnant of his race,
Rallying our fated few amidst the flames,
Fearless, beneath the crush of falling towers,
The conquerors and the conquer'd, groans and death;

Dreadful!—and waving in his hand a sword,
Red with the blood of infidels, cried out,
“This way, ye faithful Christians, follow me.”

Ner. How full of glory was that brave retreat!

Chat. 'Twas heav'n, no doubt, that sav'd and led him on;
Pointed his path, and march'd our guardian guide:

We reach'd Cæsarea; there the general voice
Chose Lusignan thenceforth to give us laws;
Alas! 'twas vain: Cæsarea could not stand,
When Sion's self was fallen! we were betray'd,
And Lusignan condemn'd to length of life,
In chains, in damps, and darkness, and despair:
Yet, great amidst his miseries, he look'd
As if he could not feel his fate himself,
But as it reach'd his followers. And shall we,
For whom our generous leader suffer'd this,
Be vilely safe, and dare be bless'd without him?

Ner. Oh! I should hate the liberty he shar'd not.

I know too well the miseries you describe,
For I was born amidst them. Chains and death,
Cæsarea lost, and Saracens triumphant,
Were the first objects which my eyes e'er look'd on.

Hurried, an infant, among other infants,
Snatch'd from the bosoms of their bleeding mothers,

A temple sav'd us, till the slaughter ceased;
Then were we sent to this ill-fated city,
Here, in the palace of our former kings,
To learn from Saracens their hated faith,
And be completely wretched. Zara, too,
Shar'd this captivity; we both grew up,
So near each other, that a tender friendship
Endear'd her to my wishes. My fond heart
(Pardon its weakness) bleeds to see her lost;
And, for a barb'rous tyrant, quit her God.

Chat. Such is the Saracens' too fatal policy!
Watchful seducers still of infant weakness:
Happy that you so young escap'd their hands!
But let us think—May not this Zara's int'rest,
Loving the sultan, and by him belov'd,
For Lusignan procure some softer sentence?
The wise and just, with innocence, may draw
Their own advantage from the guilt of others.

Ner. What prospect of success from an apostate?

On whom I cannot look without disdain;
And who will read her shame upon my brow.
The hardest trial of a generous mind
Is to court favours from a hand it scorns.

Chat. Think it is Lusignan we seek to serve.

Ner. Well, it shall be attempted. Hark! who's this?

Are my eyes false, or is it really she?

Enter ZARA.

Zara. Start not, my worthy friend, I come to seek you;

The sultan has permitted it;
It pleas'd your pity, shall I say, your friendship?

Or rather, shall I call it generous charity?
To form that noble purpose, to redeem
Distressful Zara; you procur'd my ransom,
And with a greatness that out-soar'd a crown,
Return'd, yourself a slave, to give me freedom;
But heav'n has cast our fate for different climes:
Here, in Jerusalem, I fix for ever;
Yet, among all the shine that marks my fortune,
I shall with frequent tears remember your's;
Your goodness will for ever soothe my heart,
And keep your image still a dweller there:
Warm'd by your great example to protect
That faith that lifts humanity so high,
I'll be a mother to distressful Christians.

Ner. How! You protect the Christians! You, who can

Abjure their saving truth, and coldly see
Great Lusignan, their chief, die slow in chains!

Zara. To bring him freedom you behold me here;

You will this moment meet his eyes in joy.

Chat. Shall I, then, live to bless that happy hour?

Zara. See where they bring the good old chief,
grown dim

With age, by pain and sorrows hasten'd on.

Enter LUSIGNAN, led in by two Guards.

Lus. Where am I? From the dungeon's depth,
what voice

Has call'd me to revisit long-lost day?
Am I with Christians? I am weak—forgive me,
And guide my trembling steps. I'm full of years;

My miseries have worn me more than age.

Am I, in truth, at liberty? *(Seating himself.)*

Chat. You are;
And every Christian's grief takes end with your's.

Lus. Oh, light! Oh! dearer far than light, that voice!

Chatillon, is it you? my fellow martyr!
And shall our wretchedness, indeed, have end?
In what place are we now? my feeble eyes,
Disus'd to daylight, long in vain to find you.

Chat. This was the palace of your royal fathers:

'Tis now the son of Noradin's seraglio.

Zara. The master of this place, the mighty Osman,
Distinguishes and loves to cherish virtue.
This generous Frenchman, yet a stranger to you,
Drawn from his native soil, from peace and rest,
Brought the vow'd ransoms of ten Christian slaves,

Himself contented to remain a captive:
But Osman, charm'd by greatness like his own,
To equal what he lov'd, has giv'n him you.

Lus. So gen'rous France inspires her social sons!

They have been ever dear and useful to me.

Would I were nearer to him! Noble sir,

(Nerestan approaches.)

How have I merited that you for me
Should pass such distant seas to bring me blessings,

And hazard your own safety for my sake?

Ner. My name, sir, is Nerestan; born in Syria,

I wore the chains of slavery from my birth;
Till quitting the proud crescent for the court
Where warlike Lewis reigns, beneath his eye
I learnt the trade of arms;
Your sight, unhappy prince, would charm his
eye;
That best and greatest monarch will behold
With grief and joy these venerable wounds,
And print embraces where your fetters bound
you.

All Paris will revere the cross's martyr.

Lus. Alas! in times long past, I've seen its
glory:

When Philip the victorious liv'd, I fought
Abreast with Montmorency and Melun,
D'Estaing, De Neile, and the far-famous
Courcy;
Names which were then the praise and dread of
war;

But what have I to do at Paris now?

I stand upon the brink of the cold grave;
That way my journey lies; to find, I hope,
The King of kings; and ask the recompense
For all my woes, long suffer'd for his sake.
You generous witnesses of my last hour,
While yet I live, assist my humble prayers,
And join the resignation of my soul.
Nerestan! Chatillon! and you, fair mourner,
Whose tears do honour to an old man's sorrows,
Pity a father, the unhappiest, sure,
That ever felt the hand of angry heaven!
My eyes, though dying, still can furnish tears;
Half my long life they flow'd, and still will
flow:

A daughter and three sons, my heart's proud
hopes,

Were all torn from me in their tend'rest years;
My friend Chatillon knows, and can remember—

Chat. Would I were able to forget your woe!

Lus. Thou wert a prisoner with me in Cæsarea,
And there beheldst my wife and two dear sons
Perish in the flames.

Chat. A captive, and in fetters,
I could not help them.

Lus. I know thou couldst not.

Oh! 'twas a dreadful scene! these eyes beheld
it—

Husband and father, helpless I beheld it—
Denied the mournful privilege to die.

Oh! my poor children! whom I now deplore,

If ye be saints in heav'n, as sure ye are,
Look with an eye of pity on that brother,
That sister whom you left! If I have yet
Or son or daughter: for, in early chains,
Far from their lost and unassisting father,
I heard that they were sent, with numbers more,
To this seraglio; hence to be dispers'd
In nameless remnants o'er the east, and spread
Our Christian miseries round a faithless world.

Chat. 'Twas true; for, in the horrors of that
day,

I snatch'd your infant daughter from her cradle;
When, from my bleeding arms, fierce Saracens
Forc'd the lost innocent, who smiling lay,
And pointed, playful, at the swarthy spoilers.
With her, your youngest, then your only son,
Whose little life had reach'd the fourth sad year,
And just giv'n sense to feel his own misfortunes,
Was order'd to this city.

Ner. I, too, hither,
Just at that fatal age, from lost Cæsarea,
Came in that cloud of undistinguish'd Chris-
tians.

Lus. You! came you thence? Alas! who knows
but you

Might heretofore have seen my two poor children.

(*Looking up.*)

Ha! madam, that small ornament you wear,

Its form a stranger to this country's fashion,
How long has it been your's?

Zara. From my first birth, sir.

Ah! what! you seem surpris'd! why should this
move you?

Lus. Would you confide it to my trembling
hands?

Zara. To what new wonders am I now re-
serv'd?

Oh! sir, what mean you?

Lus. Providence and heaven!

Oh! failing eyes, deceive ye not my hope!

Can this be possible? Yes, yes, 'tis she;

This little cross—I know it by sure marks.

Oh! take me, heav'n, while I can die with joy—

Zara. Oh! do not, sir, distract me: rising
thoughts,

And hopes and fears, o'erwhelm me!

Lus. Tell me yet,

Has it remain'd for ever in your hands?

What, both brought captives from Cæsarea
hither?

Zara. Both, both.

Lus. Their voice, their looks,

The living images of their dear mother!

Oh! God, who see'st my tears, and know'st my
thoughts,

Do not forsake me at this dawn of hope;

Strengthen my heart, too feeble for this joy.

Madam—Nerestan—Help me, Chatillon;

(*Rising.*)

Nerestan, hast thou on thy breast a scar,

Which, ere Cæsarea fell, from a fierce hand,

Surprising us by night, my child receiv'd?

Ner. Bless'd hand! I bear it, sir; the mark is
there.

Lus. Merciful heaven!

Zara. (*Kneeling.*) My father! Oh!

Lus. Oh! my children!

My son, my daughter! lost in embracing you,

I would now die, lest this should prove a dream.

Chat. How touch'd is my glad heart to see their
joy! (*Aside.*)

Lus. Again I find you; dear in wretched-
ness:

Oh! my brave son, and thou, my nameless daugh-
ter;

Now dissipate all doubt, remove all dread.

Has heaven, that gives me back my children, giv'n
them

Such as I lost them? Come they Christians to
me?

One weeps, and one declines a conscious eye:

Your silence speaks—too well I understand it.

Zara. I cannot, sir, deceive you: Osman's
laws

Were mine, and Osman is not Christian.

Lus. Her words are thunder bursting on my
head;

Wer't not for thee, my son, I now should die.

Full sixty years I fought the Christian's cause,
Saw their doom'd temple fall, their power de-
stroy'd;

Twenty, a captive, in a dungeon's depth,

Yet never for myself my tears sought heaven;

All for my children rose my fruitless prayers.

Yet what avails a father's wretched joy?

I have a daughter gain'd, and heav'n an enemy!

Oh! my misguided daughter, lose not thy faith;

Reclaim thy birthright; think upon the blood

Of twenty Christian kings that fills thy veins;

What would thy mother feel to see thee thus!

She and thy murder'd brothers! think they call
thee!

Think that thou seest them stretch their bloody
arms,

And weep, to win thee from their murd'rer's
bosom.

Ev'n in the place where thou betray'st thy God,
He died, my child, to save thee. Turn thy eyes
And see; for thou art near his sacred sepulchre;
Thou canst not move a step but where he trod!
Thou tremblest—Oh! admit me to thy soul;
Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted father;
Take not, thus soon, again, the life thou gav'st
him;

Shame not thy mother, nor renounce thy God.
'Tis past. Repentance dawns in thy sweet eyes;
I see bright truth descending to thy heart,
And now, my long-lost child is found for ever.

Zara. Oh! my father,
Dear author of my life, inform me, teach me,
What should my duty do?

Lus. By one short word,
To dry up all my tears, and make life welcome,
Say, thou art a Christian.

Zara. Sir, I am a Christian.

Lus. Receive her, gracious heaven! and bless
her for it!

Enter ORASMIN.

Oras. Madam, the sultan order'd me to tell
you,
That he expects you instant quit this place,
And bid your last farewell to these vile Chris-
tians.

You, captive Frenchmen, follow me; for you,
It is my task to answer.

Chat. Still new miseries!
How cautious man should be to say, "I'm
happy!"

Lus. These are the times, my friends, to try
our firmness,
Our Christian firmness.

Zara. Alas! sir—Oh!

Lus. Oh! you—I dare not name you:
Farewell! but come what may, be sure remember
You keep the fatal secret; for the rest,
Leave all to heaven: be faithful, and be bless'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Seraglio.

Enter OSMAN and ORASMIN.

Osm. Orasmin, this alarm was false and ground-
less;
Lewis no longer turns his arm on me:
The French, grown weary by a length of woes,
Wish not at once to quit their fruitful plains,
And famish on Arabia's desert sands:
Their ships, 'tis true, have spread the Syrian
seas;
And Lewis, hovering o'er the coast of Cyprus,
Alarms the fears of Asia. But I've learnt,
That, steering wide from our unmenac'd ports,
He points his thunder at th' Egyptian shore.
There let him war and waste my enemies;
Their mutual conflict will but fix my throne.
Release those Christians: I restore their free-
dom;
'Twill please their master, nor can weaken me:
Transport them at my cost, to find their king;
I wish to have him know me: carry thither
This Lusignan, whom, tell him, I restore,
Because I cannot fear his fame in arms;
But love him for his virtue and his blood.
Tell him, my father, having conquer'd twice,
Condemn'd him to perpetual chains; but I
Have set him free, that I may triumph more.

Oras. The Christians gain an army in his name.

Osm. I cannot fear a sound.

Oras. But, sir, should Lewis—

Osm. Tell Lewis and the world—It shall be
so:

Zara propos'd it, and my heart approves:
Thy statesman's reason is too dull for love.
But I talk on, and waste the smiling moments.
For one long hour I yet defer my nuptials;
But 'tis not lost, that hour; 'twill be all her's;
She would employ it in a conference
With that Nerestan, whom thou know'st—that
Christian.

Oras. And have you, sir, indulg'd that strange
desire?

Osm. What mean'st thou? They were infant slaves
together;
Friends should part kind, who are to meet no
more.

When Zara asks, I will refuse her nothing:
Restraint was never made for those we love.
Down with those rigours of the proud seraglio!
I hate its laws: where blind austerity
Sinks virtue to necessity. My blood
Disclaims your Asian jealousy. I hold
The fierce, free plainness of my Scythian ances-
tors,

Their open confidence, their honest hate,
Their love unfearing, and their anger told.
Go; the good Christian waits; conduct him to
her;

Zara expects thee; what she wills, obey. [*Exit.*]

Oras. Ho! Christian, enter. Wait a moment
here.

Enter NERESTAN.

Zara will soon approach: I go to find her. [*Exit.*]

Ner. In what a state, in what a place I leave
her!
She's here.

Enter ZARA.

Thank heaven, it is not, then, unlawful
To see you yet once more, my lovely sister!
For Lusignan,
His last sad hour's at hand.
Oh! let not doubt
Disturb his parting moments with distrust;
Let me, when I return to close his eyes,
Tell him
You are confirm'd a Christian.

Zara. What, am I not your sister? and shall
you

Refuse me credit? You suppose me light;
You, who would judge my honour by your own,
Shall you distrust a truth I dar'd avow,
And stamp apostate on a sister's heart?

Ner. Ah! do not misconceive me. If I err'd,
Affection, not distrust, misled my fear;
Your will may be a Christian, yet not you;
Swear, swear by all the woes we all have borne,
By all the martyr'd saints who call you daugh-
ter,

That you consent, this day, to seal our faith,
By that mysterious rite which waits your call.

Zara. I swear by heaven, and all its holy
host,

Its saints, its martyrs, its attesting angels,
And the dread presence of its living Author,
To have no faith but yours:—to die a Christian!
But, tell me—nor be tender on this point,
What punishment your Christian laws decree,
For an unhappy wretch, who, to herself
Unknown, and all abandon'd to the world,
Lost and enslav'd, has, in her sov'reign master,
Found a protector, generous as great,
Has touch'd his heart, and given him all her
own?

Ner. The punishment of such a slave should be
Death in this world, and pain in that to come.

Zara. I am that slave—

Ner. Destruction to my hopes! Can it be you?

Zara. It is: adored by Osman, I adore him:
This hour the nuptial rites will make us one.

Ner. What, marry Osman! Let the world grow dark,
That the extinguish'd sun may hide thy shame!
Could it be thus, it were no crime to kill thee.

Zara. Strike, strike! I love him; yes, by heav'n,
I love him.

Ner. Death is thy due; but not thy due from me.

Yes, I will dare acquaint our father with it:
Departing Lusignan may live so long,
As just to hear thy shame, and die to 'scape it.

Zrra. Stay, my too angry brother, stay; perhaps,

Zara has resolution great as thine:

'Tis cruel, and unkind! Thy words are crimes;
My weakness but misfortune! Dost thou suffer?
I suffer more. Oh! would to heaven this blood
Of twenty boasted kings would stop at once,
And stagnate in my heart! it then no more
Would rush in boiling fevers through my veins,
And ev'ry trembling drop be fill'd with Osman.
How has he lov'd me, how has he oblig'd me!
I owe thee to him:

For me, he softens the severe decrees
Of his own faith; and is it just that mine
Should bid me hate him, but because he loves me?

No; I will be a Christian; but preserve
My gratitude as sacred as my faith.

Ner. Here, then, begin performance of thy vow;

Here, in the trembling horrors of thy soul,
Promise thy king, thy father, and thy God,
Not to accomplish these detested nuptials,
Till first the rev'rend priest has clear'd your eyes,

Taught you to know, and giv'n you claim to heav'n.

Promise me this—

Zara. So bless me, heaven, I do!
Go, hasten the good priest, I will expect him;
But first return,—cheer my expiring father,
Tell him I am, and will be, all he wishes me:
Tell him, to give him life, 'twere joy to die.

Ner. I go. Farewell, farewell, unhappy sister! [Exit.]

Zara. I am alone; and now be just, my heart!
And tell me, wilt thou dare betray thy God?
What am I? What am I about to be?
Daughter of Lusignan, or wife to Osman?
Help me, heaven!
To thy hard laws I render up my soul;
But, oh! demand it back, for now 'tis Osman's.

Enter OSMAN.

Osm. Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely Zara!

Impatient eyes attend, the rites expect thee;
And my devoted heart no longer brooks
This distance from its soft'ner!
Come, my slow love! the ceremonies wait thee;
Come, and begin from this dear hour my triumph.

Zara. Oh! what a wretch am I! Oh, grief! oh, love!

Osm. Nay, Zara, give me thy hand, and come—

Zara. My lord, my sov'reign!
Heav'n knows this marriage would have been a bliss

Above my humble hopes: yet, witness, love!
Not from the grandeur of your throne that bliss,
But from the pride of calling Osman mine.

But, as it is,—these Christians—

Osm. Christians! What!

How start two images into thy thoughts,
So distant—as the Christians and my love!

Zara. That good old Christian, rev'rend Lusignan,
Now dying, ends his life and woes together.

Osm. Well, let him die! What has thy heart to feel,

Thus pressing, and thus tender, from the death
Of an old wretched Christian? Thank our prophet,

Thou art no Christian! Educated here,
Thy happy youth was taught our better faith:
Sweet as thy pity shines, 'tis now mis-tim'd.

What, though an aged suff'rer die unhappy,
Why should his foreign fate disturb our joys?

Zara. Sir, if you love me, and would have me think

That I am truly dear—

Osm. Heaven, if I love!—

Zara. Permit me—

Osm. What?

Zara. To desire—

Osm. Speak out.

Zara. The nuptial rites

May be deferr'd till—

Osm. What!—Is that the voice
Of Zara?

Zara. Oh! I cannot bear his frown! (*Aside.*)

Osm. Of Zara?

Zara. It is dreadful to my heart—

Pardon my grief—Alas! I cannot bear it;

There is a painful terror in your eye

That pierces to my soul: hid from your sight,

I go to make a moment's truce with tears,

And gather force to speak of my despair.

[Exit, disordered.]

Osm. I stand immoveable, like senseless marble:

Horror had frozen my suspended tongue,

And an astonish'd silence robb'd my will

Of power to tell her that she shock'd my soul!

Spoke she to me? Sure, I misunderstood her!

Could it be me she left?—What have I seen!

Enter ORASMIN.

Orasmin, what a change is here! She's gone,
And I permitted it, I know not how.

Oras. Perhaps you but accuse the charming fault

Of innocence, too modest oft in love.

Osm. But why, and whence those tears? those looks, that flight,

That grief, so strongly stamp'd on every feature?

If it has been that Frenchman!—What a thought!

How low, how horrid a suspicion that!

The dreadful flash at once gives light and kills me.—

But tell me, didst thou mark them at their parting?

Didst thou observe the language of their eyes?

Hide nothing from me—Is my love betray'd?

Tell me my whole disgrace: nay, if thou tremblest,

I hear thy pity speak, though thou art silent.

Oras. I did, 'tis true, observe some parting tears;

But they were tears of charity and grief:

I cannot think there was a cause deserving

This agony of passion—

Osm. Why no—I thank thee—

Orasmin, thou art wise. It could not be,

That I should stand expos'd to such an insult.

Thou know'st, had Zara meant me the offence,

She wants not wisdom to have hid it better.

How rightly didst thou judge! Zara shall know it,

And thank thy honest service.—After all,

Might she not have some cause for tears, which I
Claim no concern in, but the grief it gives her?
What an unlikely fear—from a poor slave,
Who goes to-morrow, and, no doubt, who wishes,
Nay, who resolves, to see these climes no more.

Oras. Why did you, sir, against our country's
custom,

Indulge him with a second leave to come?

He said he should return once more to see her.

Osm. Return! The traitor! he return! Dares
he

Presume to press a second interview?

Would he be seen again? He shall be seen,

But dead. I'll punish the audacious slave,

To teach the faithless fair to feel my anger.

Be still, my transports; violence is blind:

I know my heart at once is fierce and weak.

Rather than fall

Beneath myself, I must, how dear soe'er

It costs me, rise—till I look down on Zara!

Away—but mark me: these seraglio doors

Against all Christians be they henceforth shut,

Close as the dark retreats of silent death.

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

What have I done, just heav'n! thy rage to
move,

That thou shouldst sink me down so low—to love?

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Seraglio.*

ZARA and SELIMA discovered.

Sel. Ah! madam, how at once I grieve your
fate,

And how admire your virtue! Heaven permits,
And heaven will give you strength, to bear mis-
fortune;

To break these chains, so strong and yet so dear.

Zara. Oh! that I could support the fatal strug-
gle!

Sel. To-night the priest,
In private introduc'd, attends you here:
You promis'd him admission.

Zara. Would I had not!
I promis'd, too, to keep this fatal secret:
Compell'd to silence, Osman is enrag'd;
Suspicion follows, and I lose his love.

Enter OSMAN.

Osm. Madam, there was a time when my charm'd
heart

Made it a virtue to be lost in love;

When, without blushing, I indulg'd my flame,

And ev'ry day still made you dearer to me.

You taught me, madam, to believe my love

Rewarded and return'd; nor was that hope,

Methinks, too bold for reason. Emperors,

Who choose to sigh devoted at the feet

Of beauties, whom the world conceive their
slaves,

Have fortune's claim, at least, to sure success:

But 'twere prophane to think of power in love.

Dear as my passion makes you, I decline

Possession of her charms, whose heart's ano-
ther's.

You will not find me a weak, jealous lover,

By coarse reproaches, giving pain to you,

And shaming my own greatness: wounded deeply,

Yet shunning and disdaining low complaint,

I come—to tell you—

Osman, in every trial, shall remember

That he is emperor. Whate'er I suffer,

'Tis due to honour that I give up you,
And to my injur'd bosom take despair,
Rather than shamefully possess you sighing;
Convinc'd those sighs were never meant for me.
Go, madam; you are free from Osman's pow'r;
Expect no wrongs, but see his face no more.

Zara. At last, tis come; the fear'd, the mur-
d'ring moment

Is come; and I am curs'd by earth and heaven!

(*Kneels.*)

If it be true that I am lov'd no more;

If you—

Osm. It is too true, my fame requires it;

It is too true, that I unwilling leave you;

That I at once renounce you and adore—

Zara, you weep!

Zara. If I am doom'd to lose you;—

If I must wander o'er an empty world,

Unloving and unlov'd;—oh! yet, do justice

To the afflicted; do not wrong me doubly:

Punish me, if't be needful to your peace;

But say not, I deserv'd it.

May heav'n, that punishes, for ever hate me,

If I regret the loss of aught but you.

Osm. What! is it love to force yourself to
wound

The heart you wish to gladden?

Lovers least know themselves; for I believ'd,

That I had taken back the power I gave you;

Yet, see! you did but weep, and have resum'd
me!

Proud as I am, I must confess, one wish

Evades my power—the blessing to forget you.

Zara, thy tears were form'd to teach disdain,

That softness can disarm it. 'Tis decreed,

I must for ever love! but from what cause,

(If thy consenting heart partake my fires,)

Art thou reluctant to a blessing meant me?

Speak! Is it artifice?

Oh! spare the needless pains. Art was not made

For Zara: art, however innocent,

Looks like deceiving; I abhorr'd it ever.

Zara. Alas! I have no art; not even enough

To hide this love, and this distress you give me.

Osm. New riddles! Speak with plainness to my
soul:

What canst thou mean?

Zara. I have no power to speak it.

Osm. Is it some secret dangerous to my state?

Is it some Christian plot grown ripe against me?

Zara. Lives there a wretch so vile as to betray
you?

Osman is bless'd beyond the reach of fear:

Fears and misfortunes threaten only Zara.

Osm. Why threaten Zara?

Zara. Permit me, at your feet,

Thus trembling, to beseech a favour from you.

Osm. A favour! Oh! you guide the will of
Osman.

Zara. But this day;

But this one sad, unhappy day, permit me,

Alone, and far divided from your eye,

To cover my distress, lest you, too tender,

Should see and share it with me: from to-mor-
row,

I will not have a thought conceal'd from you.

Osm. If it must be, it must. Be pleased, my
will

Takes purpose from your wishes; and consent

Depends not on my choice, but your decree.

Go; but remember how he loves, who thus

Finds a delight in pain, because you give it.

Zara. It gives me more than pain to make you
feel it.

Osm. And can you, Zara, leave me?

Zara. Alas, my lord!

Osm. It should be yet, methinks, too soon to
fly me!

[*Exit.*]

Too soon, as yet, to wrong my easy faith.
 The more I think, the less I can conceive
 What hidden cause should raise such strange despair!
 Now, when her hopes have wings, and every wish
 Is courted to be lively! when love,
 And joy, and empire, press her to their bosom!
 Yet, was I blameless? No; I was too rash:
 I have felt jealousy, and spoke it to her;
 I have distrusted her, and still she loves:
 Generous atonement that!
 I remark'd,
 Ev'n while she wept, her soul, a thousand times,
 Sprung to her lips, and long'd to leap to mine,
 With honest, ardent utterance of her love.
 Who can possess a heart so low, so base,
 To look such tenderness, and yet have none?

Enter MELIDOR and ORASMIN.

Mel. This letter, great disposer of the world!
 Address'd to Zara, and in private brought,
 Your faithful guards this moment intercepted,
 And humbly offer to your sov'reign eye.

Osm. Come nearer; give it me.—To Zara!—
 Rise!
 Bring it with speed—Shame on your flattering distance!—

(Advancing, and snatching the letter.)
 Be honest; and approach me like a subject,
 Who serves the prince, yet not forgets the man.

Mel. One of the Christian slaves, whom late
 your bounty
 Releas'd from bondage, sought, with heedful
 guile,
 Unnotic'd, to deliver it. Discover'd,
 He waits, in chains, his doom from your decree.

Osm. Leave me.—*[Exit Melidor.]*—I tremble, as
 if something fatal
 Were meant me from this letter—Should I read
 it?

Oras. Who knows but it contains some happy
 truth,
 That may remove all doubts, and calm your
 heart?

Osm. Be it as 'twill, it shall be read.
 'Tis done: and now, *(Opens the letter.)*
 Fate, be thy call obey'd.—Orasmin, mark:—
(Reads.)

*“There is a secret passage tow'rd the mosque;
 That way you might escape; and, unperceiv'd,
 Fly your observers, and fulfil our hope:
 Despise the danger, and depend on me,
 Who wait you, but to die, if you deceive.”*

Hell! tortures! death! and woman!—What, Orasmin!

Are we awake? Heard'st thou? Can this be
 Zara?

Oras. 'Would I had lost all sense; for what I
 heard

Has cover'd my afflicted heart with horror!

Osm. Thou see'st how I am treated!

Oras. Monstrous treason!

To an affront like this you cannot, must not,
 Remain insensible. You, who but now,
 From the most slight suspicion, felt such pain,
 Must, in the horror of so black a guilt,
 Find an effectual cure, and banish love.

Osm. Seek her this instant! go, Orasmin, fly!
 Shew her this letter; bid her read, and tremble;
 Then, in the rising horrors of her guilt,
 Stab her unfaithful breast, and let her die.
 Say, while thou strik'st—Stay, stay; return, and
 pity me;

I will first think a moment: let that Christian
 Be straight confronted with her—Stay; I will,
 I will—I know not what!—'Would I were
 dead!

'Would I had died, unconscious of this shame!

Oras. Never did prince receive so bold a
 wrong!

Osm. See here detected this infernal secret!
 This fountain of her tears, which my weak heart
 Mistook for marks of tenderness and pain!
 Why, what a reach has woman to deceive!
 Under how fine a veil of grief and fear
 Did she propose retirement till to-morrow!
 And I, blind dotard! gave the fool's consent,
 Sooth'd her, and suffer'd her to go. She parted,
 Dissolv'd in tears; and parted to betray me!

Oras. Could you, my gracious lord, forgive my
 zeal,

You would—

Osm. I know it—thou art right—I'll see her—
 I'll tax her in thy presence—I'll upbraid her—
 I'll let her learn—Go; find, and bring her to me.

Oras. Believe me, sir, your threat'nings, your
 complaints,

What will they all produce, but Zara's tears,
 To quench this fancied anger? Your lost heart,
 Seduc'd against itself, will search but reasons
 To justify the guilt, which gives it pain.
 Rather conceal from Zara this discovery;
 And let some trusty slave convey the letter,
 Reclos'd, to her own hand; then shall you learn,
 Spite of her frauds, disguise, and artifice,
 The firmness or abasement of her soul.

Osm. Thy counsel charms me!
 Here, take this fatal letter; choose a slave,
 Whom yet she never saw, and who retains
 His tried fidelity. Despatch—begone!

[Exit Orasmin.]

Now, whither shall I turn my eyes and steps,
 The surest way to shun her, and give time
 For this discovering trial?—Heav'n! she's here.

Enter ZARA.

So, madam! fortune will befriend my cause,
 And free me from your fetters. You are met
 Most aptly, to dispel a new-ris'n doubt,
 That claims the finest of your arts to gloss it.
 Unhappy each by other, it is time
 To end our mutual pain, that both may rest.
 You want not generosity, but love;
 My pride forgotten, my obtruded throne,
 My favours, cares, respect, and tenderness,
 Touching your gratitude, provok'd regard;
 Till, by a length of benefits besieg'd,
 Your heart submitted, and you thought 'twas
 love:

But you deceiv'd yourself, and injur'd me.
 There is, I'm told, an object more deserving
 Your love than Osman: I would know his name.
 Be just, nor trifle with my anger: tell me,
 Now, while expiring pity struggles faint;
 While I have yet, perhaps, the power to pardon,
 Give up the bold invader of my claim,
 And let him die to save thee. Thou art known:
 Think and resolve. While I yet speak, renounce
 him;

While yet the thunder rolls suspended, stay it:
 Let thy voice charm me, and recall my soul,
 That turns averse, and dwells no more on Zara.

Zara. Can it be Osman speaks, and speaks to
 Zara?

If my heart
 Deserve reproach, 'tis for, but not from, Osman.

Osm. What, does she yet presume to swear sin-
 cerity?

Oh! boldness of unblushing perjury!
 Had I not seen, had I not read such proof

Of her light falsehood as extinguish'd doubt,
I could not be a man, and not believe her.

Zara. Alas! my lord, what cruel fears have seiz'd you?

What harsh, mysterious words were those I heard?

Osm. What fears should Osman feel, since Zara loves him?

Zara. I cannot live and answer to your voice
In that reproachful tone; your angry eye
Trembles with fury while you talk of love.

Osm. Since Zara loves him!

Zara. Is it possible
Osman should disbelieve it?

Can it be kind, can it be just to doubt me?

Osm. No; I can doubt no longer. You may retire.
[Exit Zara.]

Enter ORASMIN.

Orasmin, she's perfidious, even beyond
Her sex's undiscover'd power of seeming;
She's at the topmost point of shameless artifice;
An empress at deceiving!

Say, hast thou chos'n a slave? Is he intrusted?
Haste to detect her vileness and my wrongs.

Oras. Punctual I have obey'd your whole command:

But have you arm'd, my lord, your injur'd heart
With coldness and indifference? Can you hear,
All painless and unmov'd, the false one's shame?

Osm. Orasmin, I adore her more than ever.

Oras. My lord! my emperor! forbid it, heaven!

Osm. I have discern'd a gleam of distant hope;
This hateful Christian, the light growth of France,
Proud, young, vain, amorous, conceited, rash,
Has misconceiv'd some charitable glance,
And judg'd it love in Zara: he alone,
Then, has offended me. Is it her fault,
If those she charms are indiscreet and daring?
Zara, perhaps, expected not this letter;
And I, with rashness groundless as its writer's,
Took fire at my own fancy, and have wrong'd her.

Now, hear me with attention. Soon as night
Has thrown her welcome shadows o'er the palace;

When this Nerestan, this ungrateful Christian,
Shall lurk in expectation near our walls,
Be watchful that our guards surprise and seize him;

Then, bound in fetters, and o'erwhelm'd with shame,

Conduct the daring traitor to my presence:
But, above all, be sure you hurt not Zara;

Mindful to what supreme excess I love.

[Exit Orasmin.]

On this last trial all my hopes depend;
Prophet, for once thy kind assistance lend,
Dispel the doubts that rack my anxious breast;
If Zara's innocent, thy Osman's bless'd.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Seraglio.

ZARA and SELIMA discovered.

Zara. Soothe me no longer with this vain desire;
To a recluse, like me, who dares henceforth
Presume admission? the seraglio's shut;
Barr'd and impassable—as death to time.
My brother ne'er must hope to see me more.

How now! what unknown slave accosts us here?

Enter MELIDOR.

Mel. This letter, trusted to my hands, receive,
In secret witness I am wholly your's.

(*Zara reads the letter.*)

Sel. Thou everlasting Ruler of the world,

(*Aside.*)

Shed thy wish'd mercy on our hopeless tears;
Redeem us from the hand of hated infidels,
And save my princess from the breast of Osman!

Zara. I wish, my friend, the comfort of your counsel.

Sel. Retire; you shall be call'd: wait near. Go, leave us.
[Exit Melidor.]

Zara. Read this, and tell me what I ought to answer:

For I would gladly hear my brother's voice.

Sel. Say, rather, you would hear the voice of heav'n:

'Tis not your brother calls you, but your God.

Zara. I know it, nor resist his awful will;
Thou know'st that I have bound my soul by oath;

But can I—ought I to engage myself,
My brother, and the Christians, in this danger?

Sel. 'Tis not their danger that alarms your fears;

Your love speaks loudest to your shrinking soul;
This tiger, savage in his tenderness,
Courts with contempt, and threatens amidst softness;

Yet, cannot your neglected heart efface

His fated, fix'd impression.

But talk no more of this unhappy passion:

What resolution will your virtue take?

Zara. All things combine to sink me to despair:

From the seraglio death alone will free me.

I'll send my brother word he may expect me.

Call in the faithful slave. God of my fathers!

[Exit Selima.]

Let thy hand save me, and thy will direct!

Enter SELIMA and MELIDOR.

Go, tell the Christian, who entrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger;
And that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect, and introduce him to his wish.

Away!
[Exit with Selima.]

Enter OSMAN and ORASMIN.

Osm. Swifter, ye hours, move on; my fury glows

Impatient, and would push the wheels of time.

How now! What message dost thou bring? Speak boldly:

What answer gave she to the letter sent her?

Mel. She blush'd and trembled, and grew pale, and paus'd;

Then blush'd, and read it, and again grew pale;
And wept, and smil'd, and doubted, and resolv'd:

For after all this race of vary'd passions,
When she had sent me out, and call'd me back,
"Tell him," she cried, "who has intrusted thee,

That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger;
And that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect and introduce him to his wish."

Osm. Enough—begone—I have no ear for more.

[Exit Melidor.]

Leave me, thou, too, Orasmin. Leave me, life;
For ev'ry mortal aspect moves my hate:
Leave me to my distraction. I grow mad,
And cannot bear the visage of a friend.
Leave me to rage, despair, and shame and
wrongs;
Leave me to seek myself, and shun mankind.

[Exit Orasmin.]

Who am I? Heav'n! Who am I? What resolve
I?

Zara! Nerestan! sounds the words like names
Decreed to join? Why pause I? Perish Zara!
Would I could tear her image from my heart!
'Twere happier not to live at all, than live
Her scorn.

Enter ORASMIN.

Orasmin! Friend, return; I cannot bear
This absence from thy reason. 'Twas unkind,
'Twas cruel to obey me, thus distress'd,
And wanting power to think, when I had lost
thee.

How goes the hour? has he appear'd, this rival?
Perish the shameful sound! This villain Chris-
tian!

Has he appear'd below?

Oras. Silent and dark,
Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard,
And listen'd to your sorrows.

Osm. Oh! treacherous night!
Thou lend'st thy ready veil to ev'ry treason,
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade.
Heardst thou nothing?

Oras. My lord!

Osm. A voice, like dying groans?

Oras. I listen, but can hear nothing.

Osm. Again! look out—he comes!

Oras. Nor tread of mortal foot, nor voice I
hear;

The still seraglio lies profoundly plung'd
In death-like silence; nothing stirs. The air
Is soft as infant sleep, no breathing wind
Steals through the shadows to awaken night.

Osm. Horrors a thousand times more dark than
these

Benight my suffering soul. Thou dost not know
To what excess of tenderness I lov'd her:
I knew no happiness but what she gave me;
Nor could have felt a misery but for her.
Pity this weakness: mine are tears, Orasmin,
That fall not oft, nor lightly.

Oras. Tears! Oh, heaven!

Osm. The first which ever yet unmann'd my
eyes.

Oh! pity Zara—pity me, Orasmin.

These but forerun the tears of destin'd blood.

Oras. Oh! my unhappy lord! I tremble for
you.

Osm. Do, tremble at my sufferings, at my
love;

At my revenge, too, tremble; for 'tis due,
And will not be deluded.

Oras. Hark! I hear

The steps of men along the neighb'ring wall.

Osm. Fly—seize him—'tis Nerestan! Wait no
chains,

But drag him down to my impatient eye.

[Exit Orasmin.]

Enter ZARA and SELIMA, in the dark.

Zara. Where art thou, Selima? Give me thy
hand.

It is so dark, I tremble as I step,
With fears and startings never felt till now.

[Exit with Selima.]

Osm. Damnation! 'tis her voice; the well-known
sound,

That has so often charm'd me into baseness!

Oh! the perfidious hypocrite! she goes

To meet th' inviting infidel! now now,

(Drawing a dagger.)

Revenge, stand firm, and intercept his wishes!

Revenge! on whom? No matter: earth and hea-
ven

Would blush, should I forbear. Now, Zara, now!

(Drops the dagger.)

I must not, cannot strike; the starting steel

Unwilling flies my hand, and shuns to wound her.

Enter ZARA and SELIMA.

Zara. This is the private path; come nearer,
lead me.

Are we not notic'd, think'st thou?

Sel. Fear not, madam;

It cannot now be long ere we shall meet him.

Osm. That word has given me back my ebbing
rage.

(Recovers the dagger.)

Zara. I walk in terror, and my heart fore-
bodes—

Who's there? Nerestan! Is it you? Oh! wel-
come—

Osm. (Stabbing her.) This to thy heart! 'Tis
not the traitor meets thee,

'Tis the betray'd—who writes it in thy blood.

Zara. Oh! gracious heaven! receive my parting
soul,

And take thy trembling servant to thy mercy.

(Dies.)

Osm. "Soul!" then revenge has reach'd thee. I
will now

Haste from this fatal place. I cannot leave her!

Whom did I strike? Was this the act of love?

Swallow me, earth! She's silent—Zara's dead!

And should I live to see returning day,

'Twill shew me but her blood! shew me, left joy-
less:

In wide, empty world, with nothing round me

But penitence and pain. And yet, 'twas just;

Hark! Destiny has sent her lover to me,

To fill my vengeance, and restore my joy!

Enter ORASMIN with NERESTAN.

Approach, thou wretch! thou more than curs'd!
come near:

Thou, who, in gratitude for freedom gain'd,

Hast given me miseries beyond thy own!

Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul!

Go; reap thy due reward; prepare to suffer

Whate'er inventive malice can inflict,

To make thee feel thy death, and perish slow.

Are my commands obey'd?

Oras. All is prepared.

Osm. Thy wanton eyes look round in search of
her,

Whose love descending to a slave like thee,

From my dishonour'd hand receiv'd her doom.

See, where she lies!

Ner. Oh! fatal, rash mistake!

Osm. Dost thou behold her, slave?

Ner. Unhappy sister!

Osm. Sister! Didst thou say, "sister?" If thou
didst,

Bless me with deafness, heaven!

Ner. Tyrant, I did.

She was my sister. All that now is left thee

Despatch. From my distracted heart drain next

The remnant of the royal Christian blood:

Old Lusignan, expiring in my arms,

Sent his too wretched son, with his last blessing,

To his now murder'd daughter.

Osm. Thy sister! Lusignan her father! Selima,
Can this be true?

Sel. Thy love was all the cloud, 'twixt her and
heav'n.

Osm. Be dumb! for thou art base, to add dis-
traction

To my already more than bleeding heart.

And was thy love sincere? What then re-
mains?

Ner. Why should a tyrant hesitate on mur-
der?

There now remains but mine of all the blood
Which, through thy father's cruel reign and
thine,

Has never ceas'd to stream on Syria's sands!

Restore a wretch to his unhappy race;

Nor hope that torments, after such a scene,

Can force one feeble groan, to feast thy anger.

I waste my fruitless words in empty air;

The tyrant, o'er the bleeding wound he made,

Hangs his unmoving eye, and heeds not me.

Osm. Oh, Zara!

Oras. Alas! my lord, return; whither would
grief

Transport your generous heart? This Christian
dog—

Osm. Take off his fetters, and observe my
will:

To him and all his friends give instant liberty:

Pour a profusion of the richest gifts

On these unhappy Christians; and when heap'd

With varied benefits, and charg'd with riches,

Give them safe conduct to the nearest port.

Oras. But, sir—

Osm. Reply not, but obey:

Fly; nor dispute thy master's last command;

Thy prince, who orders, and thy friend, who loves
thee.

Unhappy warrior! yet less lost than I,

Haste from our bloody land; and to thy own,

Convey this poor, pale object of my rage.

Thy king, and all his Christians, when they hear

Thy miseries, shall mourn them with their tears;

But, if thou tell'st them mine, and tell'st them
truly,

They, who hate my crime, shall pity me.

Take, too, this poniard with thee, which my
hand

Has stain'd with blood far dearer than my own;

Tell them, with this I murder'd her I lov'd;

The noblest and most virtuous among women!

The soul of innocence, and pride of truth!

Tell them, I laid my empire at her feet;

Tell them, I plung'd my dagger in her blood;

Tell them, I so ador'd—and thus reveng'd her.

(*Stabs himself.*)

HE'S MUCH TO BLAME;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

LORD VIBRATE
SIR GEORGE VERSATILE
DR. GOSTERMAN
DELAVAL

THOMPSON
WILLIAMS
HARRY
SERVANTS

LADY VIBRATE
LADY JANE
MARIA
LUCY

ACT I,

SCENE I.—*The Hall of an hotel, with a spacious staircase.*

Enter the Master and JENKINS meeting.

Master. Why, where are all the fellows, Jenkins? Don't you hear the bell No. 9?

Jenk. Tom is gone up to answer it, sir.

Master. Who occupies that apartment?

Jenk. The handsome youth and girl, that arrived late last night.

Master. Just as I was going to bed?

Jenk. Yes, sir.

Master. He is quite a boy.

Jenk. Razor has never robbed him of a hair.

Master. Some stripling, perhaps, that has run away with his mother's maid.

Jenk. They ordered separate beds.

Master. Well, see what they want.

Jenk. Yes, sir.

Master. And, harkye! be attentive the moment you hear Lord and Lady Vibrate, or their daughter, stirring. People of quality must never be neglected.

Jenk. Oh! no, sir. Here is Doctor Gosterman. *[Exit.]*

Enter DOCTOR GOSTERMAN.

Master. Good morrow, Doctor.

Doctor. Coot morgen, my tear friend. Is de Fiprate family fisible to see?

Master. Not yet.

Doctor. My lordtship and my latyship vas sharge me to mit dem betime.

Master. You are a great favourite there, Doctor.

Doctor. Ya, sair. Dat I am eferywhere.

Master. You act in a double capacity: physician, and privy-counsellor.

Doctor. Und I am as better in de von as in de oder.

Master. Why, ay, Doctor, you have a smooth pleasant manner.

Doctor. Ya, sair. Dat is my vay. I mix de syrup mit all my prescription.

Master. Ay, ay, you are a useful person.

Doctor. Ya, sair. Dat is my vay. I leave Yarmany, und I com at Englandt mit little money, und great cunning in de art und de science. I shall af de essence, und de cream, und de balsam, und de syrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earse, und de sea, and all dat vas subject under my command. So I make de nation benefit, und myself rish. Dat is my vay.

Master. Yes; you can tickle the guineas into your pocket.

Doctor. Ya, sair. Dat is my vay.

Master. You have had many patients.

Doctor. Ya, sair. I af cure tousand und tousand. Dat is my vay.

Master. And how many have you killed, Doctor?

Doctor. Der teufel, sair! Kill! Ven my patient

vas die, dat vas nature dat vas kill. Ven dey vas cure, dat vas Doctor Von Gostermans. Dat is my vay. No sair; Doctor Von Gostermans vas kill himself, dat oder people may live.

Master. How do you mean kill yourself, Doctor?

Doctor. Der teufel, sair! Vas I not be call here? Vas I not be call dere? Vas I not be call eferywhere? I af hundert and tousand patient dat die efery day till I vas com. So I vas drive to de city; und dere I vas meet my besten friend; de gout, de apoplexy, und de asthmatica: und den I vas drive to de inn of court, und de lawyer; und dere I vas find more of my besten friend; de hydropica, de rheumatica, und de paralytica.

Master. What, Doctor, the lawyers and inns of court paralytic?

Doctor. Ya, sair.

Master. I wish they were, with all my soul!

Doctor. Und den I vas drive and make my reverence mit de lordt, und mit de duke, und mit de grandee; und dere I vas meet mosh oder of my besten friend; de hypochondrica, de spasmodica, de hysterica, de marasma, de morbid affection, de tremor, und de mist before de eye.

Master. Morbid affections, tremors, and mists before the eyes, the diseases of the great?

Doctor. Ya, sair. Und dey vas grow vorse und vorse eferyday.

Master. Well, well, they have chosen a skilful doctor.

Doctor. Ya, sair. I shall do all deir business, efery von. Dat is my vay. I shall af de essence, und de cream, und de balsam, und de syrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earse, und de sea, und all dat vas subject under my command. Dat is my vay. Bote dat is as noting at all. Ah! sair, my liebste; you vas my besten friend. You make me acquaint myself mit all de patient dat vas come to your house; and so I vas your besten friend, und I vas gif de physic for yourself, und de physic for your shile, und de physic for your vife.

Master. For which my wife will never more thank you, Doctor.

Doctor. No; your vife vas die, und you vas tank me yourself. So now you tell me: af you any new customer dat vas com?

Master. Yes; a youth, and a girl that looks like a waiting-maid, arrived late last night.

Doctor. Which it vas a person of grandeur?

Master. Oh! no; wholly unattended.

Doctor. Ah, ha! Which it vas a lofing couple, den?

Master. It seems not.

Doctor. A poy and a vaiting-vomans! Dere shall be someting mystery in dat.

Master. So I think. Here comes the girl.

Doctor. Ah, ha! Let me do. I shall talk to her. I shall begin by make acquaintance mit her.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, sir, desire the waiter to make haste with breakfast.

Master. Here, Jenkins! Breakfast to No. 9. Be quick.

Jenk. (Without.) Yes, sir.

Master. Tea or coffee, madam?

Lucy. Tea.

Doctor. How do you do, my tear? You vas pretty young frau; fery pretty girl, my tear. Perhaps you vas stranger, my tear?

Lucy. Perhaps I am.

Doctor. Ah! Vat is your name, my tear?

Lucy. That which my godmother gave me.

Doctor. Your maistair af made de long journey, my tear.

Lucy. Has he?

Doctor. From vat country you com, my tear?

Lucy. Hem!

Doctor. I ask, from vat country you com, my tear.

Lucy. Ask again.

Doctor. From de town of—eh!

Lucy. Ay. How do you call it?

Doctor. Dat is vat I vant you shall tell.

Lucy. I see you do.

Doctor. Your mastair is fery young, my tear.

Lucy. Thank you, sir.

Doctor. For vat you tank me?

Lucy. For your news.

Doctor. Ah, ha! You are fery vitty und pretty, my tear.

Lucy. More news. Thank you again.

Doctor. Vat vas you call de young gentelman's name?

Lucy. I will ask, and send you word.

Doctor. How long shall he be stay in town?

Lucy. Till he goes into the country.

Doctor. Vat is your capacity, my tear?

Lucy. Like your's, little enough.

Doctor. You not understandt me, my tear. Vat is your post, your office?

Lucy. To answer rude questions.

Doctor. Your mastair is a man of family?

Lucy. Yes. He had a father and mother, and uncles and aunts.

Doctor. Und tey vas tead?

Lucy. I am not a tombstone.

Doctor. Com, com, my tear, let you make me answer.

Lucy. Anan!

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Here is the breakfast, madam.

Lucy. Take it up stairs. [Exit with Waiter.]

Doctor. Der teufel! A cunning yipsey! She has make me raise my curiosity. My tear! My tear! Com pack, my tear!—[LUCY returns.]—Do my compliment to your mastair, und I shall make me mosh happy if I shall af de honneur to make me acquaintance mit him. My name is call Docteur Von Gostermans. I shall af de essence, und de cream, und de balsam, und de syrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earse, und de sea, und all dat vas subject under my command. I shall af de best recommendation for de honest docteur dat vas possible. My Lordt und my Laty Fiprate vas my besten friend. I vas practice mit all de piggest family in de uniferse. Docteur Von Gostermans vas know eferypody; und eferypody vas know Docteur Von Gostermans. You tell him dat, my tear.

Lucy. Tell him that! I cannot remember half of it. Are you, sir, acquainted with Lord Vibrate's family?

Doctor. Ya, my tear. I vas make friendship mit dem more as many year.

Lucy. And do you know where they are?

Master. To be sure he does. They are in this—

Doctor. Hush! Silence your tongue! Dere is something mystery. (Aside to Master.) If you shall make me introduce to your mastair, my tear, I shall tell him eferyting und more as dat, my tear. Vill you, my tear?

Lucy. I will go and enquire.

Doctor. Tank you, my tear. You are fery pretty girl, my tear; fery vitty, pretty—Ah! you are so sly, cunning, little yipsey, my tear. Ah, ha!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

MARIA discovered, in man's clothes, with a letter in her hand, and walking with anxiety. The Waiter enters and leaves breakfast.

Maria. (Reading the letter.) "Dear sister,—The letter I now write is almost needless, for I shall leave

Italy and follow it immediately; having at last obtained intelligence of your faithless lover. I am sorry to inform you that, in addition to your unpardonable wrongs, I have my own to vindicate. But I have threatened too long. You have heard of the Earl of Vibrate. He and his family are by this arrived in England; your betrayer accompanies them, and I am in close pursuit. PAUL DELAVAL." In what will this end? Must they meet? Must they fight? Must one or both of them fall? Oh, horror! Shall I be the cause of murder? And whose blood is to be spilled? That of the most generous of brothers, or of the man on whom my first and last affections have been fixed. Is there no safety; no means?

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Why, look here now, madam, you are letting the breakfast grow cold. You have been reading that letter again. I do believe I shall never get you to eat any more. Come now, pray, do take some of this French roll; and I'll pour out the tea. Do, pray, do; pray, do.

Maria. I cannot eat, Lucy; I am eaten. Terror and despair are devouring me.

Lucy. Dear, dear! What will all this come to? Did not you promise me that as soon as you had got safe to London in your disguise, you would be better?

Maria. Can it be? My kind, my gentle, my true-hearted George!

Lucy. True-hearted! No, no, madam, he was never true-hearted; or he could not so soon have changed, because his ill fortune changed to good. Everybody knows true love never changes.

Maria. What have I done? How have I offended? His caresses, his protestations, his tender endearments! Is, then, the man in whom my soul was wrapt, a vil—Oh!

Lucy. I declare, madam, if you take on this way, you will break my heart as well as your own. Beside, you forget all the while what you put on this dress and came up to London for.

Maria. Oh! no. It was, if possible to prevent mischief—murder! They have never met; they do not know each other. But how shall I discover Sir George? Of whom shall I inquire?

Lucy. If you would but eat your breakfast, I do think I could put you in the way.

Maria. You?

Lucy. Yes.

Maria. By what means?

Lucy. Will you eat your breakfast, then?

Maria. I cannot eat. Speak.

Lucy. Why, I have just been talking to an outlandish comical Doctor, that says he is acquainted with Lord Vibrate.

Maria. Indeed! Where is this Doctor?

Lucy. He is waiting without; for I knew you would wish to speak to him.

Maria. Shew him in immediately.

Lucy. I'll tell him you are not well; which is but too true; though you must remember, madam, you are a man. So, dry your eyes, forget your misfortunes, and, there, cock your hat o' that fashion, and try to swagger a little, or you will be found out. You stand so like a statue, and look so pitiful! Lord! that's not the way. If you are timorous, and silent, and bashful, nobody on earth will take you for a youth of fortune and fashion. *[Exit.]*

Maria. If they should meet—Heavens! They must not.

Re-enter LUCY with DOCTOR GOSTERMAN.

Lucy. My master is not very well: he eats neither breakfast, dinner, nor supper; and gets no sleep.

Doctor. He noder eat, noder drink, noder sleep! Dat is pad; fery pad. But dat is as noting at all,

my tear. Let me do. You shall see presently, py and py, vat is my vay.

Maria. Your servant, sir.

Doctor. Sair, I vas your mosh oblishe fery omple sairfant, sair. My name is call Docteur Von Gostermans. I shall af de best recommendation for de honest Docteur dat vas possible. I vas practice mit all de piggest family in de uniferse. Docteur Von Gostermans is know eferypody; und eferypody is know Docteur Von Gostermans. De pretty coquine young frau tell me dat you not fery fell. You not eat, you not drink, you not sleep. Dat is pad; fery pad. Bote dat is as noting at all. You tell me de diagnostic und de prognostic of all vat you vill ail; und I shall make you prescripe for de anodyne, oder de epipastic, oder de balsamic, oder de narcotic, oder de diaphoretic, oder de expectoratic, oder de restoratif, oder de emulsif, oder de incisif; which is eferyting so shveet und so delectable as all vat is possible.

Maria. Your pardon, sir, but I wish to see you on business of another nature.

Doctor. Ah, ha! Someting of de prifate affair? Dat is coot. I shall be as better for dat as for de oder. I vas know de vorl. I vas know eferypody, und eferypody vas know me. Dat is my vay.

Maria. Perhaps, then, you happen to know Sir George Versatile?

Doctor. Oh! der teufel, sair! Ya, ya. Sair Shorge is my besten friend. Which it vas six month dat he vas succeed to his title und estate; und den I vas make acquaintance mit him. Dat is my vay.

Maria. But he has been abroad since.

Doctor. Ya, sair. Ven he vas poor, he vas fall in lofe mit fery pretty young frau. Bote so soon as he vas pecome rish paronet, dat vas anoder ting. So, his relation und his friend vas sent him to make de gran tour.

Maria. And he was easily persuaded.

Doctor. Ya, sair. He vas vat you call fery coot nature; he vas alvay comply.

Mar. Compliance with him is more than a weakness; I fear it is a vice.

Doctor. So, he vas make acquaintance mit Lordt and mit Laty Fiprate; und den he vas tink no more of de pretty young frau, pecause he vas fall in lofe mit anoder.

Maria. Sir! Another! What other?

Doctor. Vat you shall ail, sair? You shange couleur.

Maria. With whom has he fallen in love?

Doctor. Mit te taughter of Lordt Fiprate.

Maria. With Lady Jane?

Doctor. Ya, sair; mit Laty Shane. My Cot! sair, vat you shall ail? You not make fall in lofe yourself mit Laty Shane?

Maria. No, no. They are, no doubt, to be married.

Doctor. My Cot! sair, you so pale as deaths My Cot! you shall faint.

Lucy. Faint, indeed! Bear up, madam. *(Aside.)* My master is too much of a man to faint. I'll run for a glass of water. *[Exit.]*

Maria. The charming Lady Jane! Where is she?

Doctor. My Lordt und my Laty Fiprate und my Laty Shane vas all in de house here.

Maria. In this house?

Doctor. Ya, sair.

Maria. And is Sir George here, too?

Doctor. He is com und go alvay sometime efery tay.

Maria. Are they to be married?

Doctor. My Cot! sair, you af de ague fit.

Maria. Are they to be married?

Doctor. My Laty Fiprate vas mosh incline to Sair Shorge; und my lordt vas sometime mosh incline too; und den he vas sometime not mosh in-

cline; und den he vas doubt; und den he vas do me de honneur to consult mit me.

Maria. And what is your advice?

Doctor. My Lordt Fiprate vas my besten friends, und I vas adfice dat he shall do all as vat he please; und Sair Shorge vas my besten friends, too, und I vas adfice dat he shall do all as vat he please; und my Laty Fiprate vas petter as my besten friends, und den I vas more adfice dat she shall do all as vat she please.

Maria. But Lady Jane had another lover.

Doctor. Ya, sair. Mr. Delafal vas make lofe mit her. He vas com from de East Indie, und he vas lofe her fery mosh; und she vas go mit de family to Italy, und my Laty Fiprate vas make acquaint-ance mit Sair Shorge, pecause he vas so mosh pleasant und coot humeur, und he say all as vat she say: vlich vas de vay to alvay make agréable.

Maria. Could you do me the favour to introduce me to Lady Jane?

Doctor. Ya, sair, I shall do all as vat shall make agréable. Dat is my vay.

Re-enter LUCY hastily.

Lucy. (*Aside to her mistress.*) Oh! madam, don't be terrified, but I declare I have spilled almost all the water.

Maria. What is the matter?

Lucy. He is come.

Maria. Who? Sir George?

Lucy. No; don't be frightened: Mr. Delaval, from abroad.

Maria. My brother! Heavens! Did he see you?

Lucy. No. I had a glimpse of him, and whisked away just as he stepped out of the post-chaise.

Maria. Should he meet me in this disguise, what will he say?

Lucy. Send away the Doctor, and let us lock ourselves up.

Maria. (*To the Doctor.*) I must beg you will excuse me, sir; but it is necessary, at present, I should be alone. With your permission I will see you again in the afternoon; and, in the meantime—(*Gives him money.*)

Doctor. Oh! sair, I vas your mosh oblishe fery omple sairfant, sair. I shall make you mosh more fisit; und den you shall tell me de diagnostic und de prognostic of all vat you vill ail.

Lucy. Yes, yes; another time.

Doctor. Und I shall af de essence, und de cream, und de balsam, und de syrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earse, und de sea, und all dat vas subject under my command.

Lucy. You have told us all that before.

Doctor. Und I shall make you prescripe for de anodyne, oder de epipastic, oder de balsamic, oder de soporific, oder de narcotic, oder de diaphoretic, oder de expectoratic, oder de restoratif, oder de emulsif, oder de incisif, vlich is eferyting so shveet und delectable as all vat is possible.

Lucy. Was ever anything so provoking? (*Aside.*) Pray, sir, make haste.

Doctor. You shall make remembrance of Docteur Von Gostermans. I am practice mit all de piggest family in de uniferse. Sair, I vas your mosh oblishe fery omple sairfant, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hall of the hotel.*

Enter DELAVAL, WILLIAMS, Master, and JENKINS.

Del. Is the portmanteau safe?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Del. And the trunks?

Wil. All right.

Del. Have you paid the postillions?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Master. (*To Del.*) This way, if you please, sir. Jenkins!

Jenk. Coming, sir.

Master. Shew the damask room. What will you please to have for breakfast, sir?

Del. Nothing.

Master. Sir?

Del. Anything.

Master. Bring tea, coffee, and new laid eggs.

Jenk. In a minute, sir.

Del. (*To Wil.*) Observe the directions I gave you. Inquire immediately, and find if the Vibrate family be in town.

Wil. I will be careful, sir. Eh! Sir, sir!

Del. Well?

Wil. Look! Here comes Lord Vibrate's secretary.

Enter THOMPSON.

Del. Mr. Thompson!

Thom. Ah! Mr. Delaval, I am heartily glad to see you in England.

Del. Thank you, my good friend. But how is this? Where is the family? Where is Lady Jane?

Thom. I thought that would be your question. They are all in this house.

Del. Indeed!

Thom. I knew, when Lady Jane left Italy, your stay there would be short.

Del. Ay, ay; the follies and frenzies of the madman are visible to all eyes except his own.

Thom. I see you are dissatisfied.

Del. Tortured, till my thoughts and temper are so changed that I am almost as odious to myself as the world is become hateful to me.

Thom. I own you have some cause.

Del. Would my injuries were all! But there are other and still deeper stabs. It is not yet ten months since I returned from India; my heart how light, my eye how cheerful, and my hand prompt at any commendable act. I could then be moved to joy, and sorrow, and every sympathising passion. Smiles and mock courtesy passed current on me; the word of man and woman was taken on trust, and I lived in the sunshine of an open, unsuspecting soul. But I am now otherwise taught. I am changed. My better part is brutalized; and the wrongs that lie rankling here have stripped me of human affections, and made me almost savage.

Thom. What can be said? Patience is the—

Del. Talk not of patience: I must act. I may then, perhaps, inquire whether I have acted rightly. But I must first see Lady Jane, and Lord Vibrate.

Thom. Shall I inform his lordship of your arrival?

Del. By no means. Having injured, he may wish not to see me; and I would not afford him time to invent excuses, and avoid giving me a hearing. Though my wrongs must be endured, they shall be told.

Thom. I own they are great.

Del. Those that you know are heavy; yet, severe as the struggle would be, 'tis possible they might be hushed to rest; but there are others which blood only can obliterate; which can only sleep in death. Such is the road I must travel. Not long since nature was jocund, the azure heavens were bright, and pleasure was in every path; but now darkness, fathomless gulphs, guilty terrors, and all the dreadful phantoms of meditated desolation, lie before me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

LORD VIBRATE discovered at a table, reading a book.

Lord V. The ancient sceptics doubted of everything, affirmed nothing, and kept the judgment always in suspense. All things, said they, are equally indifferent, uncertain, and indeterminate. The mind is never to assent to anything; that it

may never be astonished, or disturbed, but enjoy a perfect calm. (*Rises, with important wisdom in his looks.*) Such were the maxims of Pyrrho, and his disciples; those renowned sages of antiquity! Well! And such, too, have been my maxims, practically. All my life have I been wavering, uncertain, and indeterminate. A sagacious sceptic without knowing it; and, as it were, by instinct. It was but lately I discovered what a wise man I am. And yet, it seems to me as if I were scarcely half wise enough, for I am told that I am to doubt of everything which I find rather difficult. For example: that my wife Lady Vibrate is an extravagant, ractipole woman of fashion; can I doubt that? No. That she squanders my money, disturbs my peace, and contradicts for contradiction's sake; can I doubt that? No. Then, have I not a daughter to marry, a law-suit to begin, and a thousand perplexing affairs, so that I do not know which way to turn? Why, all this appears true to me; but the sceptics teach that appearances deceive, and that nothing is certain. I may be Lord Vibrate, or I may be the Grand Turk. These doctrines are prodigiously deep. (*Considers.*) But I must think of something else just now. I have a thousand things to do, and know as little where to begin as where they will end. Ay; all is uncertainty. (*Rings.*) Harry, Edward!

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. Did your lordship call?

Lord V. Where are my servants? I want some of my plagues.

Jenk. They are ready at hand, my lord. Here is your lordship's secretary. [*Exit.*]

Enter MR. THOMPSON.

Lord V. What is the reason, Mr. Thompson, that nobody waits? Here am I, fretting myself to a mummy for the good of my family, while everybody about me is as drowsy as the court of common-council after dinner. Have they taken laudanum? Are they in a lethargy? Are they all dead?

Thom. If they were, your lordship would have the goodness to raise them.

Lord V. Don't you know how many people I have to see, and places I have to go to?

Thom. No, my lord.

Lord V. Why, did not I tell you?

Thom. Yes, my lord.

Lord V. Then how can you say you don't know?

Thom. Because I venture to presume, my lord, you do not know yourself.

Lord V. I am distracted with doubts. Harry!

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Did your lordship call?

Lord V. Where are you all? What are you about? I think you have lived long enough with me to know my way.

Harry. Yes, my lord; we know it very well.

Lord V. If you are not more attentive, I'll discharge you every one.

Harry. Oh! no; you will not do that. (*Aside.*)

Lord V. What are you muttering, sirrah?

Harry. Only, my lord, that we know your way.

Lord V. Order the coachman at eleven.

Harry. Yes, my lord.

Lord V. No. Order it at one.

Harry. Yes, my lord.

Lord V. Come back. Order it in ten minutes, and remember I am not at home. Come back. Don't order it at all.

Harry. Must visitors be admitted?

Lord V. Yes—No—I cannot tell. I will consider. Be within call. Thompson! [*Exit Harry.*]

Thom. My lord?

Lord V. Step to that picture-dealer. I will have the Guido. Yet, 'tis a great sum. No—It is a master-piece. I must have it. Why don't you go?

Thom. The picture is sold, my lord.

Lord V. Sold! Gone! Have I lost it? This is always the way. I am for ever disappointed. Harry!

Re-enter HARRY.

Harry. My lord.

Lord V. Did you go with the message to the stable-keeper, last night?

Harry. Yes, my lord.

Lord V. Let me know when he comes.

Harry. He will come no more, my lord.

Lord V. Come no more?

Harry. No, my lord.

Lord V. Why so?

Harry. He says you never know your own mind, my lord.

Lord V. Insolent fellow!

Harry. Doctor Gosterman is below.

Lord V. Admit him.—Stay.—I cannot see him yet. In half-an-hour. In ten minutes. By-and-by. [*Exit Harry.*] I must not waste my time in these trifles. I must attend to this law business. I wish I could determine. What am I to do, Thompson?

Thom. In what, my lord?

Lord V. The affair of the ejectment. If I once embroil myself in law, there will be no end; and if I do not, the consequences are still worse.

Thom. Then they are bad, indeed, my lord.

Lord V. 'Tis strange that I can come to no resolution on this subject.

Thom. (*Aside.*) Nor on any other.

Lord V. I must decide this very day, or the time will be elapsed.

Thom. A lawyer, I should suppose, my lord, would give you the best advice.

Lord V. How? Are you mad, Thompson? A lawyer give good advice!

Thom. The present possessor has held the estate twenty years.

Lord V. Not till to-morrow. I have time still to make my claim. How shall I act? Shall I never leave this hotel? Has the builder been here?

Thom. No, my lord.

Lord V. I can get nothing done. My whole life long I have been distracted with the multiplicity of my affairs.

Thom. And so, I am afraid, my lord, you always will be.

Lord V. Why so, sir?

Thom. Because your lordship undertakes so much, and does so little.

Lord V. So, he has not been here?

Thom. No, my lord.

Lord V. Nor the lawyers?

Thom. No, my lord.

Lord V. Nor my steward?

Thom. No, my lord.

Lord V. Nor Sir George?

Thom. No, my lord.

Lord V. Where is Lady Vibrate? Where is Lady Jane? Are they all in their graves? Have none of them shewn signs of life yet?

Thom. Not one. Your lordship is the only person in the family who begin your miseries so soon in a morning.

Lord V. The crosses and cares that prey upon me are enough to make any man on earth miserable.

Thom. Pardon me, my lord, but if you would care less, both yourself and your servants would sleep the more. My lady cares for nothing; and she can sleep when she is in bed; and sing, and dance, and laugh at your lordship's cares and fears when she is up.

Lord V. She will drive me mad.

Thom. Ah! here she is, as it were, for the purpose.

Lord V. Tell Harry to admit the Doctor—No; not just yet. Yes. In five minutes. I don't know when. *[Exit Thompson.]*

Enter LADY VIBRATE.

Lady V. Upon my honour, my lord, you are the most insupportable person imaginable. You vociferate worse than the man who calls when my carriage stops the way. Is anybody dying? Is the house on fire? Is the world at an end?

Lord V. By the life your ladyship leads, I should suppose it is pretty near.

Lady V. You always give me such shocking head-aches of a morning.

Lord V. You always give me such shocking heart-aches of an evening.

Lady V. Did not I send to you last night, to request your lordship would not disturb me?

Lord V. It has been your ladyship's amusement to disturb me all your life.

Lady V. Your lordship knows I love amusement.

Lord V. I have not slept a wink since.

Lady V. You had slept quite enough before. Pray, how long are we to remain in this hotel? Your lordship should remember, it is degrading for a man of rank to doze away life in the style of a colonel reduced to half-pay.

Lord V. Your ladyship should remember, it is degrading for a woman of rank to riot away life, and reduce her creditors to live without pay.

Lady V. Psha! That is the old story.

Lord V. But it is a very true story. It is a great misfortune that persons so opposite should pair.

Lady V. A terrible one, indeed. I am all gaiety and good humour; you are all turmoil and lamentation. I sing, laugh, and welcome pleasure wherever I find it; you take your lantern to look for misery, which the sun itself cannot discover.

Lord V. I am overwhelmed by crosses and vexations; and you participate in none of them.

Lady V. No. Heaven be praised!

Lord V. Will you attend to me, my lady, for half-an-hour?

Lady V. Mercy! Attend to you for half-an-hour! You, my lord, may think proper to be as miserable as Job; but I am not Job's wife.

Lord V. I insist, Lady Vibrate, on a serious answer. How ought I to act? What should I do, in this law affair?

Lady V. I cannot tell what you ought to do; but I know what you will do.

Lord V. Do you? What?

Lady V. Nothing.

Lord V. The recovery of this property would enable me to give my daughter a portion suitable to her rank. If it be lost, she will be almost destitute of fortune.

Lady V. You should have thought of that before, my lord.

Lord V. Before! Why, I have thought of nothing else for years. I have asked everybody's advice.

Lady V. And followed nobody's.

Lord V. It shall be so. The ejectment shall be served: proceedings shall commence.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord V. I say they shall. I am determined.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! I know you, my lord.

Lord V. You know! I say they shall, if it be only to prove that you know nothing of the matter.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! A pleasant motive! But even that will not be strong enough.

Lord V. But it will, my lady.

Lady V. But it won't, my lord.

Enter DOCTOR GOSTERMAN,

Lord V. I say it will, my lady.

Lady V. I say it won't, my lord.

Doctor. Coot morgen, to my coot lordt und my coot laty.

Lord V. For heaven's sake, Doctor, stop my lady's tongue.

Lady V. For heaven's sake, Doctor, give my lord a quieting draught.

Doctor. I shall do eferyting as vat you desire, my coot lordt und my coot laty.

Lord V. Can nothing silence you, Lady Vibrate? Shall I never have a quiet hearing? I wanted to talk with you and the Doctor on a thousand things.

Lady V. Yes; you wish to have all the talk to yourself.

Lord V. On the marriage of our daughter.

Lady V. Oh! with all my heart. A marriage, at least, begins with music, feasting, and dancing. So say on.

Lord V. I am not yet determined in favour of Sir George.

Lady V. But I am. (*While they speak, the Doctor gesticulates in favour of each.*)

Lord V. Mr. Delaval is an unobjectionable gentleman; and he was the first suitor.

Lady V. Sir George can sing; Sir George can dance; Sir George has air, grace, fashion, and fortune.

Lord V. Psha! His best qualities are prudence, and attention to his own concerns. Ask the Doctor.

Doctor. He has fery mosh prudence, my coot lordt.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! I vow, Sir George is the most airy, thoughtless, pleasant person living, except myself.

Doctor. Ya, Sir Shorge is fery mosh pleasant; und my latyship is fery mosh more pleasant.

Lord V. Absurd. His humour is calm, cold, and serious.

Doctor. Fery serious, inteed.

Lady V. Whimsical, animated, delightful.

Doctor. Fery animate, fery telightful, upon my vordt.

Lord V. I never met a more discreet, sensible man in my life.

Lady V. True: for he thinks of nothing but his pleasures.

Lord V. His affairs, you mean.

Lady V. I tell you, my lord, he is exactly what I wish: the very soul of levity, whim, and laughter.

Lord V. I tell you, my lady, he is exactly like myself; prudent, and full of sage hesitation. He considers before he acts. Does he not, Doctor?

Doctor. Dat vas all yust as vat you say, my coot lordt.

Lady V. He never considers at all. Does he, Doctor?

Doctor. Dat vas all yust as vat you say, my coot laty.

Lord V. How so? We cannot both be right.

Doctor. You shall please to make me parton, my coot lordt. Sair Shorge vas all as vat you say; und all as vat my coot laty say. Mit my laty, he vas merry; mit my lordt he was sad. Mit my laty he vas laugh, und vas sing, und vas tance; und he vas make melancholy, und misery, und vas do all dat shall make agréable mit my lordt.

Lord V. Is he so variable?

Doctor. Ya, he vas fery mosh comply; fery mosh coot humeur. He vas alvay make agréable. Bote vas my lordtship und my latyship know dat Mr. Delafal vas com from Italy?

Lady V. Come where? To England?

Doctor. He vas in de house below. I vas see und speak mit his falet.

Lord V. In this hotel?

Doctor. He vas yust arrife, und vas demandt dat he shall see my lordtship; oder my latyship.

Lady V. I am very sorry he is here. He is a dun of the most disagreeable kind, and shall not see me; and, I hope, my lord, you will no longer permit his addresses to Lady Jane. My word is given to Sir George. Come with me, Doctor.

[*Exit with the Doctor.*]

Enter MR. DELAVAL.

Del. Pardon me, my lord, if I intrnde with too little ceremony. Something, I hope, will be allowed to a mind much disturbed, and a heart deeply wounded and impatient to ease its pangs.

Lord V. Which way deeply wounded, Mr. Delaval?

Del. Can your lordship ask? Was it not with your permission I paid my addresses to Lady Jane? And was the ardour of my affection or the extent of my hopes unknown?

Lord V. Why, I did permit, and I did not. I had my doubts.

Del. My visits were daily, their purpose was declared, and I should imagine I spoke more respectfully to say, that you permitted, than that you connived at them.

Lord V. True: but still I had my doubts.

Dol. Those doubts have stung me to the soul; and I could wish you had expressed them more decidedly.

Lord V. Impossible! Doubts here, doubts there, doubts everywhere. No rational man can be decided on any point whatever. My doubts are my continual plagues; my whole life is consumed by them.

Del. It appears, my lord, you have conquered them on one subject.

Lord V. Ay, indeed. I wish to heaven I had! What subject is that?

Del. You have affianced your daughter to Sir George Versatile.

Lord V. Humph! Yes, and no. I have and I have not. I cannot determine. Sir George is a prudent man, his estate is large, and the Versatiles are an ancient race. But your family is ancient, you are prudent, and the wealth left by your uncle is at least equal. What can I say? What can I do? I don't know which to take nor which to refuse. I am everlastingly in these difficulties. I am harassed night and day by them; they are the nightmare, they sit upon my bosom, oppress me, suffocate me. I cannot act. I cannot move.

Del. This, my lord, may be an apology to yourself, but the consequence to me is misery. Your daughter lived in my heart; with her I had promised myself ages of happiness; and had cherished a passion, impatient, perhaps, but ardent and pure as her own thoughts. This passion your conduct authorized. My fortune, my life, my soul, were devoted to her. Mine was no light or wanton dalliance; nor did I expect a light and wanton conduct from the noble family of which your lordship is the head.

Lord V. What do you mean, Mr. Delaval? I told you I was undecided; and so I am still. My lady, you know, was never much your friend. Sir George is her favourite.

Del. And is Lady Jane equally changeable?

Lord V. I don't know. She is my daughter; and, judging by myself, I should suppose she is perplexed and doubtful. She never, I believe, declared in your favour.

Del. Not expressly, my lord. She referred me to time and you. 'Tis true, I flattered myself her affections were wholly mine. Should she prefer Sir George, or any other man, be my feelings what they will, I am then silenced. My heart could not be satisfied with cold compliance; oh! no; 'tis of a

different stamp. I am told she is not at home. I hope, however, she will not have the cruelty to deny me a last interview: till when I take my leave. Only suffer me to remark that, had you discovered in me any secret vice, any defects dangerous to the happiness of the woman I adore, you then were justified in your present conduct. But, if you have no such accusation to prefer, I must do my feelings the violence to declare I cannot but think it highly unworthy of a man of honour. [*Exit.*]

Lord V. Mr. Delaval! Insolent! Highly unworthy of a man of honour! I will challenge him. He shall find whether I am a man of honour, or no. I will challenge him. Harry!

Enter HARRY.

Harry. My lord.

Lord V. Run, tell that Mr. Delaval—Hold—Yes, fly; tell him—Stay; get me pen, ink, and paper: I will teach him to insult—No; I will not do him the honour to write. Order him back.

Harry. Order who, my lord?

Lord V. He shall give me satisfaction. In that, at least, I am determined. He shall give—And yet, what is satisfaction? Is it to be run through the body? shot through the head? A man may then, indeed, be said to be satisfied. I had forgotten my doubts on duelling. Tell my lady I wish to speak to her. No—

Harry. She is here, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LADY VIBRATE and DOCTOR GOSTERMAN.

Lady V. What is the matter, my lord? You seem to be even in a worse humour than usual.

Lord V. Mr. Delaval has treated me disrespectfully.

Lady V. Have not I a thousand times told you he is a disagreeable impertinent person?

Lord V. Why, God forgive me, but I really find myself of your ladyship's opinion. 'Tis a thing, I believe, that never happened before.

Lady V. And a thing, I believe, that will never happen again. I hope, my lord, you are now determined in favour of Sir George.

Lord V. Positively. Finally. I pledge my honour.

Lady V. You hear, Doctor?

Doctor. Ya, my coot laty; I vas hear.

Lord V. I say, I pledge my honour. I authorise you, my lady, to deliver that message to the baronet; and, that I may not have time to begin to doubt, I will instantly begone. [*Exit.*]

Lady V. This is fortunate.

Doctor. Oh! fery mosh fortunate; fery mosh.

Lady V. Had Mr. Delaval married my daughter, we should have had a continual sermon on reason, common sense, and good order. And these and such like antediluvian notions must have been introduced to our family.

Doctor. Ah! dat shall be pad; fery pad, inteet, my coot laty.

Lady V. Now that Sir George is the man, the danger is over.

Doctor. Dat is creat plessing.

Lady V. But what, think you, are my daughter's thoughts? I fear she has a kind of esteem for Delaval. He was her first lover.

Doctor. Ya; she vas fery mosh esteem Mr. Delaval, my coot laty.

Lady V. But I observe she listens with great pleasure to the gay prattle of Sir George.

Doctor. Oh! fery creat, inteet, my coot laty.

Lady V. We must second the rising passion; for we must get rid of that solemn sir.

Doctor. Dat vas all yust as vat you say, my coot laty.

Lady V. Go to her, Doctor; convince her how

intolerable it will be to have a husband whom she cannot quarrel with nor reproach. Paint, in the most lively colours, the stupid life she must lead with so reasonable a man.

Doctor. I shall do eferytng as vat shall make agréable, my coot laty. Dat is my vay. My laty, I vas your mosh oblishe fery omple sairfant, my laty. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the hotel.*

LUCY discovered, speaking to the Master of the hotel.

Enter WILLIAMS and HARRY.

Wil. All you say is very true, Mr. Harry. Our masters suppose we have neither sense nor feeling; yet exact everything that requires the five senses in perfection. They expect we should know their meaning before they open their lips, yet won't allow we have common understanding.

Harry. More shame for them. I warrant, for all that, we can game, run in debt, get in drink, and be as proud and domineering as they are for their lives.

Wil. Yes, yes: let them but change places, and they would soon find out we could rise to their vices, and they could sink to ours, with all the ease imaginable.

Harry. They have no such notion though, Mr. Williams.

Wil. That is their vanity, Mr. Harry. I have lived with Mr. Delaval ever since he returned from India; and, though he is a good—(sees Lucy)—Eh! surely, it must be her. Do you know that young woman, Mr. Harry?

Harry. No; but I have heard a strange story about her.

Wil. Ay, it is.—What—I am sure it is Lucy.—What strange story have you heard?

Harry. Why, that she came here late last night with a young gentleman, now above, pretending to be his waiting-maid.

Wil. With a gentleman! (Aside.) Oh! the jilt! Waiting-maid to a man? I never heard of such a thing.

Harry. Nor anybody else.

Wil. (Aside.) The deceitful hussey!

Harry. (Bell rings.) That's my lord's bell: I told you he is never easy. I must go.

Wil. (Aside.) I am glad of it. By all means, Mr. Harry. Good day! [Exit Harry.] Run away with a gentleman! Oh!

Lucy. (Coming forward.) I declare, there is Mr. Williams.

Wil. (Aside.) What a fool was I to believe she loved me!

Lucy. (Aside.) How my heart beats! Dear, dear! I could wish to speak to him; but then, if any harm should come of it!

Wil. (Aside.) She shall not escape me.

Lucy. (Aside.) I should like to ask him how he does. But I must not betray my dear lady. (Going.)

Wil. (Placing himself in her way.) I beg pardon, madam.

Lucy. (Aside.) Does not he know me?

Wil. I thought I had seen you before; but I find I am mistaken.

Lucy. (Aside.) What does he mean?

Wil. You are very like a young woman I once knew.

Lucy. (Aside.) How angry he looks!

Wil. But she was a modest, pretty behaved person; and not an arrant jilt.

Lucy. Who is a jilt, Mr. Williams?

Wil. One Lucy Langford, that I courted and promised to marry; but I know better now.

Lucy. You do, Mr. Williams?

Wil. I do, madam.

Lucy. It is very well, Mr. Williams; it is very well. Pray, let me go about my business.

Wil. Oh! to be sure. I have no right to stop you.

Lucy. You have no right to speak to me as you do, Mr. Williams.

Wil. No, no. Ha, ha, ha! I dare say, I have not.

Lucy. No, you have not; and so I beg you will let me pass. My mistress—I mean—

Wil. Ay, ay; you mean your master.

Lucy. Do I, sir? Well, since you please to think so, so be it.

Wil. All the servants know it is a man. Would you deny it?

Lucy. I deny nothing, Mr. Williams; and, if you are minded to make this an excuse for being as treacherous as the rest of your sex, you are very welcome, Mr. Williams. I shall neither die nor cry at parting.

Wil. I dare say not. The young gentleman above stairs will comfort you.

Lucy. (Bursts into tears.) It is a base, false story. I have no young gentleman above stairs, nor below stairs neither, to comfort me; and you ought to know me better.

Wil. Did you or did you not come here last night?

Lucy. What of that?

Wil. With a young gentleman?

Lucy. No—Yes. Don't ask me such questions.

Wil. No. You are ashamed to answer them.

MARIA appears above.

Maria. Lucy!

Lucy. Ma'am—Sir? Coming, sir.

Wil. There, there! I will see what sort of a spark it is, however.

Lucy. (Struggling.) Be quiet, then. Keep away. You sha'n't.

Maria. (Descending.) What is the matter? Who is molesting you?

Lucy. (To Maria.) Go back, sir; go back.

Wil. I will see, I am determined.

DELAVAL appears at a room-door.

Del. Williams!

Wil. I tell you, I will. (Looking at Maria.) Eh! Bless me!

Maria. Why, Lucy—Mr. Williams!

Wil. My young lady, as I live!

Del. Why do not you answer, Williams?

Wil. Coming, sir.

Maria. Mercy! It is my brother's voice: what shall I do?

Lucy. Hide your face with your handkerchief, madam. Pull down your hat.

Maria. Pray, do not betray me, Mr. Williams.

Lucy. If you do, I will never speak to you as long as I have breath to draw.

Wil. How betray?

Lucy. Don't say you know us. Mind! Not for the world. [Exit with Maria.]

Del. What is it you are about, Williams?

Wil. Nothing, sir.

Del. What do you mean by nothing? Whom were you wrangling with?

Wil. Me, sir? Wrangling, sir?

Del. Why are you so confused?

Wil. Why, sir, I—I committed a small mistake. I was asking—asking after a gentleman that—that proved not to be a gentleman—that is, not—not the gentleman that I supposed.

Del. Why did you not come back with your message? Have you learnt the address of Sir George?

Wil. Yes, sir; he lives in Upper Grosvenor-street; his name on the door.

Del. Well, be in the way. The day shall not pass before I see him. My own wrongs I could forgive. He, it seems, is preferred; and, perhaps, I have no right to complain: but for his injuries to my sister he shall render me a dear account. *[Exit.*

Wil. What can be the reason of Miss Delaval's disguise?

Lucy. *(Above.)* Hist, hist! Mr. Williams!

Wil. Is it you? Oh! now I shall know.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

LADY VIBRATE and LADY JANE discovered.

Lady V. Really, daughter, I cannot understand you.

Lady J. No wonder, madam; for I do not half understand myself.

Lady V. Is it possible you can hesitate? The good-humour and complaisance of Sir George might captivate any woman.

Lady J. They are very engaging, but they are dangerous.

Lady V. Which way?

Lady J. His character is too pliant. If others are merry, so is he; if they are sad, he is the same. Their joys and sorrows play upon his countenance; but, though they may slightly graze, they do not penetrate his heart. Even while he relieves, he scarcely feels them.

Lady V. Psha! He is a delightful man.

Lady J. I grant he does his utmost. But it is a folly to be the slave even of an endeavour to please.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my honour, you are a whimsical young lady. Afraid of marrying a man because of his assiduous endeavours to please! As if that were a husband's failing! You can prefer no such accusation against Mr. Delaval.

Lady J. I own he is of a very different character. Firm and inflexible, he imagines he makes virtue his rule and reason his guide.

Lady V. Firm, indeed! No, no: ferocious, obstinate, perverse. Sir George tries to be agreeable, and is successful; Mr. Delaval has no fear of offending, and does not miss his aim.

Lady J. Heaven help us! We all have faults and follies enough.

Lady V. Mr. Delaval never was approved by me; and this morning he has insulted your father.

Lady J. Insulted! How do you mean, madam? Mr. Delaval is abroad. Has he written?

Lady V. No. He is here.

Lady J. Here! And has he not thought proper to let me know of his arrival?

Lady V. No, no. The haughty gentleman has only thought proper to reproach Lord Vibrate for admitting the pretensions of Sir George. He is too proud to endure a competitor.

Lady J. Indeed! Such pride is the very way to insure his competitor success. Insulted my father!

Lady V. I will leave you to judge how deeply, when I tell you that, fluctuating and undecided as Lord Vibrate always is, he was so offended that he pledged his honour in favour of Sir George.

Lady V. Insult my father, and not deign to let me know of his arrival.

Lady V. I hope, when Sir George comes, you will admit him.

Lady J. Certainly, madam; certainly.

Lady V. And that Mr. Delaval will be denied.

Lady J. It seems I need give myself no concern

about that; the gentleman will not even take the trouble to send up his name.

Lady V. I am glad you feel it properly.

Lady J. Pardon me, madam, I will not condescend to feel it in the least. It shall not affect me; no, not for a moment. I had, indeed, conceived a very different opinion of Mr. Delaval. I am glad I have discovered my error before it is too late. I could not have believed it possible. But it shall not disturb me. It shall give me no uneasiness. I will keep myself perfectly cool and unconcerned, and—ungenerous, unfeeling man! *[Exit.]*

Lady V. She is delightfully piqued, and Sir George will succeed.

Sir G. *(Without.)* Are the ladies above?

Foot. *(Without.)* Yes, sir.

Lady V. I hear him. The very sound of his voice inspires mirth.

Enter SIR GEORGE VERSATILE.

Sir G. Ah! my dear lady.

Lady V. I am infinitely glad to see you, Sir George; you are come at a lucky moment.

Sir G. Is, then, my fate decided?

Lady V. It is, it is.

Sir G. Happy tidings!

Lady V. But first tell me—

Sir G. Anything—everything. Speak.

Lady V. Are you not of my opinion?

Sir G. To be sure I am. What is it?

Lady V. That pleasure is the business of life.

Sir G. Oh! beyond all doubt.

Lady V. That inspecting accounts—

Sir G. Is vulgar drudgery.

Lady V. And looking after our affairs—

Sir G. A vile loss of time.

Lady V. That care in the face denotes—

Sir G. The owner a fool.

Lady V. And that sorrow is a very ridiculous thing.

Sir G. Fit only to excite laughter.

Lady V. Why, then, Sir George, I am your friend.

Sir G. Ten thousand thousand thanks! But, what says my lord?

Lady V. Would you believe it? He consents, has pledged his honour, and sent the message by me.

Sir G. Rapture, enchantment!

Lady V. Yes. The reign of pleasure is about to begin.

Sir G. Light, free, and fantastic; dancing an eternal round.

Lady V. No domestic troubles—

Sir G. No grave looks.

Lady V. No serious thoughts—

Sir G. We will never think at all.

Lady V. No cares, no frowns.

Sir G. None, none, by heavens, none! It shall be spring and sunshine all the year.

Lady V. Then our appearance in public!

Sir G. Splendid, dazzling! Driving to the opera!

Lady V. Dressing for Ranelagh.

Sir G. A phaëton to-day.

Lady V. A curricule to-morrow.

Sir G. Dash over the downs of Piccadilly, descend the heights of St. James's, make the tour of Pall-Mall, coast Whitehall—

Lady V. Back again to Bond-street—

Sir G. Scour the squares, thunder at the doors.

Lady V. How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

Sir G. And away we rattle, till stone walls are but gliding shadows, and the whole world a galanty shew.

Lady V. You are a charming man, Sir George; and Lady Jane is your's.

Sir G. My dear lady, your words inspire me: I am all air, spirit, soul! I tread the milky way, and step upon the stars.

Lady V. But you must not, before the marriage, talk thus to Lord Vibrate. Silly man! He and you will never agree.

Sir G. Oh! yes, but we shall. I—I—I like his humour.

Lady V. Do you?

Sir G. Prodigiously. Whenever I am in his company, I am as grave as Good Friday.

Lady V. Indeed!

Sir G. He is full of sage reflection: so am I. Doubtful of everything: so am I. Anxious for the present, provident for the future: so am I. Overflowing with prudential maxims; sententious, sentimental, and solemn: so am I.

Lady V. You sentimental!

Sir G. As grace before meat in the mouth of an alderman.

Lady V. You solemn!

Sir G. As the black patch on a judge's wig.

Lady V. I must tell you, Sir George, I hate sentiment.

Sir G. Oh! so do I.

Lady V. Solemnity is all a farce.

Sir G. And those that act it buffoons. I know it.

Lady V. I love mirth, pleasantry—

Sir G. Humour, whim, wit, feasting, revelry, shout, song, dance, and joke. So do I, so do I, so do I!

Lady V. The very mention of duties and cares makes me splenetic.

Sir G. Curse catch duties! I hate them. Give me life, the wide world, the fair sun, and the free air.

Lady V. I say, give me midnight, the rattling of chariot-wheels, and the lighted flambeau.

Sir G. Ay, a rout! A crash of coaches—a lane of footmen—a blazing stair-case—a squeeze through the antichamber—card-tables—wax-lights—patent lamps—Bath stoves and suffocation! Oh, lord! oh, lord!

Lady V. Exquisite! You are a delightful man.

Sir G. Am I?

Lady V. You enter perfectly into all my ideas.

Sir G. Do I?

Lady V. And describe them even better than I myself can.

Sir G. Oh! my dear lady.

Lady V. Yes, you do.

Sir G. No, no.

Lady V. But, then—Ha, ha, ha!—That you should be able to fall in with my lord's absurdities so readily!

Sir G. Nothing more easy: I have one infallible rule to please all tempers. I learnt it of our friend the Doctor.

Lady V. Sure! What is that?

Sir G. I prove that everybody is always in the right.

Lady V. Prove my husband to be in the right. Do, if you can.

Sir G. My lord loves to be restless, and doubtful, and distressed; he delights in teasing and tormenting himself; and why should I interrupt his pleasures?

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! Very true.

Sir G. I fall in with his humour. I shew him how rational it is; afford him new arguments of discontent, and encourage him to be miserable.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! you malicious devil!

Sir G. My dear lady, you mistake: I do it from pure compassion. It makes him happy. Every child delights in the squeaking of its own trumpet; and shall I have the cruelty to break the toy? A well-bred person is cautious never to contradict.

It is become a very essential requisite to say ay and no in the most complying manner possible.

Lady V. Ah! Sir George, you are one of the dear inimitable few.

Sir G. Only a copy of your charming self.

Lady V. You and I must totally reform our stupid family. Amusement shall be our perpetual occupation.

Sir G. Day and night.

Lady V. We will commence with your marriage. It shall be a splendid one.

Sir G. A fête, a concert, a ball! The whole town shall ring with it.

Lady V. I hate a private wedding. A small select party is my aversion.

Sir G. Oh! nothing is so insipid! Pleasure cannot be calm.

Lady V. I wish to be seen, and heard—

Sir G. And talked of, and paragraphed, and praised, and blamed, and admired, and envied, and laughed at, and imitated!

Lady V. I live but in a crowd.

Sir G. Give me hurry, noise, embarrassment—

Lady V. Confusion, disorder—

Sir G. Tumult, tempest, uproar, elbowing, squeezing, pressing, pushing, squeaking, squalling, fainting!

Lady V. Exquisite! transporting!

Sir G. You remember I receive masks this evening.

Lady V. Can I forget?

Sir G. You will be there?

Lady V. There! Ay; though I should come in my coffin.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! An excellent idea! I never yet saw a mask in the character of a *memento mori*.

Lady V. Ah! Turn about, and you will see a *memento mori* without a mask!

Sir G. What, my lord?

Lord V. (*Without.*) I cannot tell. I will consider, and send an answer.

Lady V. Here he comes, to interrupt our delightful dreams: a very antidote to mirth and pleasure. He will give you a full dose of the dismal. But you must stay and speak to him. Remember, his honour is pledged: insist upon that. I pity, but cannot relieve you. [*Exit.*]

Enter LORD VIBRATE.

Lord V. I have been too sudden. I ought not to have pledged my honour. This is the consequence of hasty determination; of not doubting before we decide. Shall I never correct myself of that fault? (*Sees Sir George. They look full at each other, till Sir George catches the same dismal kind of countenance.*) Ah! Sir George, here am I, brimful of anxiety and turmoil!

Sir G. Alas! man was born to trouble.

Lord V. Perplexed on every side; thwarted in every plan: no domestic comfort, no friend to grieve with me, no creature to share my miseries.

Sir G. Melancholy case!

Lord V. One crossing me, another blaming me, and my wife driving me mad!

Sir G. Distressing situation!

Lord V. My cares laughed at, my vigilance mocked, my sufferings insulted! And why? Because I am cautious! because I doubt! because I am provident! What is man without money?

Sir G. A fountain without water.

Lord V. A clock without a dial.

Sir G. What is it that buys respect, and honour, and power, and privilege, and houses, and lands, and wit, and beauty, and learning, and lords, and commons, and—

Lord V. Why money!—Then the manners of this dissipated age—

Sir G. They are truly shocking! They—they—they are absurd, ridiculous, odious, abominable.

Lord V. And to what do they lead?

Sir G. To everything that is horrid! To loss of peace, loss of property, loss of principle, loss of respect; bankruptcy, ruin, contempt, disease, and death!

Lord V. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes: he's the man! I do not think I repent. Heaven be praised! Sir George, you are a man of understanding; an economist. You will regulate your family and affairs to my heart's content.

Sir G. Oh! it shall be my study; my daily practice, my duty, my delight!

Lord V. You make me happy. And yet I cannot but wonder, being so rational a man, how you and my lady should agree so well.

Sir G. Dear, my lord, why so? Women are the most manageable good creatures upon earth.

Lord V. Women good?

Sir G. Indubitably; when they are pleased.

Lord V. So they say is the devil.

Sir G. The sweet angels deserve to be humoured. Their smiles are so enchanting! And, should they frown, who can be angry when we know the dear wayward sirens will only look the more bewitching, as soon as they are out of their pouts? It is so delightful to see the sun breaking from behind a cloud.

Lord V. Psha! When a woman begins to grow old—

Sir G. Hush! The sun—the sun never grows old. I grant you that, formerly, there used to be old women; but there are none now!

Lord V. Then you think me a fool for being wretched at my wife's thoughtlessness, caprice, and impertinence?

Sir G. No, I don't. Every body tells us that wives were born to be the plague of their husbands.

Lord V. And mine is the greatest of plagues!

Sir G. What is a wife's duty? To obey her lord and master. 'Tis her marriage promise, and the law binds her to it. She is the minister of his pleasures, the handmaid of his wants, his goods, his chattels, his vendible property.

Lord V. Ay; we find the husband may take the wife to market in a halter.

Sir G. In which I should hope he would afterward hang himself!

Lord V. My lady thinks of nothing but revelling, and racketing, and turning the world upside down!

Sir G. 'Tis a great pity.

Lord V. Her tongue is my torment.

Sir G. The perpetual motion! It never ceases.

Lord V. Then how can you like her company?

Sir G. She is not my wife.

Lord V. No, or you would not be such good friends. Did she say anything concerning the marriage?

Sir G. Oh! yes. She delivered your lordship's kind message.

Lord V. What, that I had pledged my honour?

Sir G. Irrevocably.

Lord V. I was very rash. Hasty resolutions bring long repentance. She insists that the nuptials shall be public.

Sir G. Does she, indeed!

Lord V. For my part, I hate any display of vanity.

Sir G. It is extremely ridiculous! What would our ostentation, pomp, and magnificence be, but advertising ourselves to the world as fools and coxcombs?

Lord V. Is that a rational use of money?

Sir G. Should it not be applied to relieve the aged, comfort the poor, succour the distressed—

Lord V. What?

Sir G. Reward merit, encourage industry, and promote the public good?

Lord V. Promote a farce!

Sir G. Very true; the public good is a farce!

Lord V. The true use of money is to defend our rights—

Sir G. Revenge our wrongs, purchase for the present, provide for the future, secure power, buy friends, bid defiance to enemies, and lead the world in a string!

Lord V. Ay; now you talk sense. So, if I should consent, the wedding shall be private.

Sir G. Calm; tranquil!

Lord V. No feasting.

Sir G. No dancing, no music, no pantomime pleasures; but all silent, serene, pure, and undisturbed.

Lord V. We will just invite a select party.

Sir G. A chosen few.

Lord V. None but our real and sincere friends.

Sir G. And then we shall be sure the house will hold them.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. My lord, the builder desires to know if you will see him?

Lord V. I am coming. I will be with him in five minutes.

Harry. He says he can stay no longer.

Lord V. Then let him go. I will be with him presently.

Harry. The lawyers have sent word they are waiting for your lordship, at Counsellor Demur's chambers.

Lord V. Very well. There let them wait. The law is slow, and every man ought to be slow who is going to law. Come with me, Sir George; I have some papers to consult you upon.

Harry. The tradespeople, too, are below.

Lord V. Thus it is: I am eternally besieged; I never have a moment to myself.

Harry. This is the tenth time they have been here, by your lordship's own appointment.

Lord V. What of that?

Harry. They are become quite surly. They all abuse me: and some of them don't spare your lordship.

Lord V. Do you hear, Sir George?

Sir G. Oh, shocking! Your tradespeople are a sad, unreasonable set. You cannot convince them that, if we were to keep our own appointments, be punctual in our payments, and know what we do want, and what we do not, we should no longer be persons of fashion.

Enter THOMPSON.

Thom. I am just come from the lawyers, my lord. The courts are sitting, their clients waiting; and if your lordship do not go immediately, they will be gone.

Lord V. Very true; and this last opportunity of serving an ejectment will be lost. I have a thousand things to attend to. Would you be kind enough, Sir George, to go and—Hold! no; I don't know what to do! The estate is valuable: but law is damnable. I may lose the cause: it may cost even more than it is worth. Writs of error!—Brought into Chancery!—Carried up to the Lords!

Sir G. Then the stupidity of juries; the fictions of law; the chicanery of lawyers, their tricking, twisting, turning, lying, wrangling, browbeating, cajoling!

Lord V. Their frauds, collusions, perjuries, robberies—

Sir G. Ay! Detinue, replevin, plea, imparlance, replication, rejoinder, rebutter, surrejoinder, sur-rebutter, demurrer—

Lord V. Take breath! We ought both to demur: for it is the devil's dance, and both plaintiff and defendant are obliged to pay the piper. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Apartments of Lord Vibrate.*

LADY JANE, *her Woman*, DOCTOR GOSTERMAN,
and a Footman, *discovered.*

Lady J. (To Footman.) Tell the young gentleman I wait his pleasure. [*Exit Footman.*] It is very singular! men, I believe, do not often travel attended by waiting-maids!

Doctor. Dat is de mystery, my Laty Shane.

Lady J. What can he want to say to me?

Doctor. Dat is de more mystery, my Laty Shane. He vas fery mosh young, und fery mosh handsome, und he has fery mosh make fall in love mit you, my Laty Shane.

Lady J. Nonsense!

Doctor. My Laty Shane was so full of de beauty, dat you vas make sharm efery pody, my Laty Shane! Und as your name vas make mention, my Laty Shane, he vas all so pale as deaths!

Lady J. (Aside to her Woman.) You are sure, you say, Mr. Delaval made inquiries, and sent up his name?

Woman. (Apart to Lady J.) La! my lady, could you think he would not? I saw him before ten o'clock; just as you sent me where I was kept so long. And, goodness! had you beheld what a taking he was in! I warrant you, my lady, he asked a hundred and a hundred questions in a breath, and all about you!

Lady J. Well, go now where I desired you.

Woman. Yes, my lady. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Footman, who introduces MARIA, and exit.

Maria. (Aside.) Why do I tremble thus?

Lady J. (To Doctor.) What a charming countenance!

Doctor. Oh! fery mosh sharming!

Lady J. How prepossessing his appearance!

Doctor. Ya; he vas fery mosh possess.

Re-enter Footman.

Foot. Sir George has sent this domino and mask to know if they meet your ladyship's approbation.

Lady J. Ha, ha, ha! Italian refinement, copied after some Venetian cicisbeo. Put them down.

Maria. (Aside. Regarding the domino and mask.) Here his presents, and here his affections are now directed! How shall I support the scene?

Lady J. You wish, sir, to speak to me.

Maria. (Faltering.) Embarrassed by the liberty I have taken—

Lady J. Let me request you to waive all apology, and tell me which way I can oblige or serve you.

Maria. You are acquainted with Sir George—I— you—Pray pardon me. I am overcome. My spirits are so agitated—

Lady J. (Reaching a chair.) Sit down, sir. You are unwell. Bless me! Doctor—

Doctor. (To Lady J.) I vas tell my Laty Shane vat it vas.—Here, sair, you shmell mit dat elixir; und I shall make your neck-bandt tie loose und— (*Going to loosen her neckcloth.*)

Maria. (Alarmed.) Pray, forbear!

Doctor. (Aside. Imitates a woman.) Ah, ha! Der teufel! he vas a vomans!

Lady J. Are you better?

Maria. A moment's air. (*Goes to the window.*)

Doctor. (Aside.) Dat vas de someting mystery!

Maria. (To Lady J.) If you would indulge me a few minutes in private—

Lady J. By all means. Doctor—(*Whispers.*)

Doctor. Ya, ya; my Laty Shane, I vas understandt: und I vas do efery ting as vat shall make

agréable. Dat is my vay.—Sair, I vas your mosh oblishe fery omple sairfant, sair. I vas understandt. My Laty Shane, I vas your mosh oblishe fery omple sairfant, my Laty Shane.—(*Aside.*) Ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Lady J. Take courage, sir.

Maria. I am unequal to the task. This disguise sits ill upon me.

Lady J. What disguise?

Maria. I am not what I seem. I—

Lady J. Speak!

Maria. I am a woman.

Lady J. Heavens!

Maria. Distressed—

Lady J. By poverty?

MSria. Oh! no; I come to claim your counsel.

Lady J. In what way?

Maria. To prevent mischief—the shedding of blood.

Lady J. The shedding of blood?

Sir G. (Without.) I will be with you again presently, my lady.

Maria. Mercy! it is Sir George! What shall I do? He must not see me! This way—(*Puts on the domino and mask.*) Aid me, dear lady, to conceal myself; and excuse conduct which I cannot now explain. (*Retires.*)

Lady J. Depend upon me, madam.—(*Aside.*) This is as unaccountable as it is alarming!

Enter SIR GEORGE VERSATILE.

Sir G. I come, my charming Lady Jane, flying, and full of business, to consult you on a thousand important affairs!

Lady J. Surely! What are they?

Sir G. Upon my soul, I don't know!

Lady J. Heyday!

Sir G. They have every one slipped my memory.

Lady J. Miraculous!

Sir G. Whenever I have the inexpressible pleasure of enjoying your smiles, I can think of nothing else.

Maria. (Aside.) Perjured man!

Lady J. My smiles! Ha, ha, ha! What if I should happen to frown?

Sir G. Impossible! No lowering clouds of discontent dare ever shade the heavenly brightness of your brow.

Maria. (Aside.) Oh!

Lady J. Very prettily said, upon my word. Where did you learn it?

Sir G. From you: 'tis pure inspiration, and you are my muse.

Lady J. No; 'tis a flight beyond me. I love plain prose.

Sir G. So do I. A mere common-place, matter-of-fact man, I! The weather; the time of the day; the history of where I dined last; the names and titles of the company; the dishes brought to table; the health, sickness, death, birth, and marriage, of my acquaintance; and such like toothpick topics for me! I am as literal in my narratives as any town-crier, and repeat them as often.

Lady J. Yet I should wish to talk a little common sense.

Sir G. Oh! so should I, I assure you: I am for pros and cons, and whys and wherefores. Your Aristotles, and Platos, and Senecas, and Catos, are my delight; I honour their precepts, venerate their cogitations, and adore the length of their beards!—which luckily reminds me of the masquerade. Is my domino to your taste?

Lady J. Ha, ha, ha! Antient sages, dominos, and taste!

Sir G. Did you not notice the colour?

Lady J. Oh! the taste of a domino is in its colour?

Sir G. Why, no; but there may be meaning.

Lady J. Explain.

Sir G. Mine is saffron.

Lady J. What of that?

Sir G. Cruel question!—Hymen and his robe.

Lady J. Oh! oh!

Maria. (*Aside.*) She is pleased with his perfidy.

Lady J. A very significant riddle, truly!

Maria. (*Advances.*) Are you so soon to be married, sir?

Sir G. Bless me! Lady Jane, what frolicsome gentleman is this? In masquerade so early, and my domino!

Maria. Permit me once more to ask, if you are soon to be married?

Sir G. Your question, sir, is improperly addressed. Put it, if you please, to that lady.

Maria. (*Aside to Sir G.*) Is that the lady to whom the question ought to be put?

Sir G. (*Aside.*) What does he mean? Will you indulge me, sir, by taking off that mask?

Maria. No, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis mine; and I am induced to claim it, from the great curiosity I have to see your face.

Maria. Do you not adore this lady?

Sir G. (*Aside.*) An odd question!—More than language can express.

Maria. (*Aside.*) Oh, falsehood!—Then I put myself under her protection.

Sir G. You know guardian angels when you see them. Pray, however, let us become acquainted.

Maria. For what reason?

Sir G. 'Twould gratify me. I should like you.

Maria. Oh! no.

Sir G. I certainly should. There is something of pathos and music in your voice, which—which—I never heard but one to equal it.

Maria. And whose voice was that?

Sir G. Oh! that—that was a voice so ingenuous, so affectionate, so fascinating—

Maria. But whose voice was it?

Lady J. (*Aside.*) What does this mean?

Maria. Tell me, and you shall see my face.

Lady J. (*Aside.*) Astonishing!

Sir G. I must not, I dare not—I shall never hear it more!

Maria. (*Aside.*) My feelings so overpower me, I shall betray myself.—(*To Lady J.*) Permit me to retire.

Lady J. You have alarmed and strangely moved me! I hope you will return?

Maria. Oh! yes; and most happy to have your permission.

Sir G. Why do they whisper?—(*To Maria, going.*) Will you not let me know who you are?

Maria. No.

Sir G. Why?

Maria. Because—I am one you do not love.

Sir G. One I do not love!

Lady J. (*Aside.*) This is incomprehensible!

Re-enter MARIA, hastily.

Maria. (*Apart to Lady J.*) Oh, madam!

Lady J. What more is the matter?

Maria. For your life, do not mention the names of either of these gentlemen to the other!

Lady J. What gentlemen?

Maria. He is coming! They do not personally know each other: if they should, there would be murder! I dare not stay. For the love of God, beware!

[*Exit.*

Enter DELAVAL.

Sir G. (*Calling.*) Harkye! sir, come back! My domino! I shall want it in an hour or so.—Who have we here?

Del. (*Agitated.*) Your ladyship's very humble servant.

Lady J. Oh! How do you do? How do you do?

(*Aside.*) Who can that lady be? She knows them both, it seems; and knows their rivalry! Her terror is contagious! Is their hatred so deadly? I shall certainly betray them to each other.

Del. (*Aside.*) What a strange behaviour she puts on! Does she affect to overlook me? (*Seeing Sir George.*) Who is this?

Lady J. Are you just arrived?

Del. This very morning: sooner, I fear, than—than was desired.

Lady J. Do you think so? (*To Sir G.*) Why don't you go to Lady Vibrate? She is waiting.

Sir G. 'Tis the fate of forty.

Lady J. What?

Sir G. To wait.—(*Looking at Delaval.—Aside.*) Who can this spark be, that she wants me gone?—Pray, what is the name of the youth that has made so free with my domino and mask?

Lady J. I really don't know.

Sir G. Don't know!

Lady J. I can't answer questions at present. I am flurried; out of humour—

Del. I fear, at my intrusion.

Lady J. I wish you had come at another time.

Del. I expected my visit would be unwelcome: let me request, however, to say a few words.

Lady J. Well, well; another time, I tell you: when I am alone.

Sir G. (*Aside.*) Oh! ho!

Del. They were meant for your private ear.

Sir G. (*Aside.*) Were they so?

Del. (*Aside.*) By her confusion and his manner, I suspect this to be the base betrayer of my sister's peace: the man, whose bare image makes my heart sicken, and my blood recoil.

Lady J. (*Aside.*) Will neither of them go?—Why do you loiter here, Sir Ge—(*Coughs.*)

Sir G. I must stay till the gentleman brings back my domino and mask, you know.—(*Aside.*) I'll not leave them.

Del. (*Aside.*) I am persuaded it is he.—Excuse me, sir; would you indulge me with the favour of your name?

Sir G. My name, sir! My name is—

Lady J. (*Aside to Sir G.*) Hush! don't tell it.

Sir G. (*To Lady J.*) Why not?

Lady J. I insist upon it!

Sir G. Nay, then—My name, sir, is a very pretty name. Pray, what is yours?

Del. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes; it must be he.—Have you any reason to be ashamed of it?

Sir G. Sir! Did you please to speak? Upon my honour, you are a very polite, pleasant person.

Del. (*Aside.*) If I should be mistaken.—I acknowledge, sir, there is but one man, whose name I do, but whose person I do not know, to whom that question would not have been rude in the extreme. Should you not be the man, I ask your pardon.

Sir G. Should I not! Sir, that I may be sure I am not, allow me to ask his name.

Del. His name is—

Lady J. (*Screams.*) Oh!

Del. Good heavens!

Sir G. What has happened?

Del. Are you ill?

Sir G. Is it cramp, or spasm?

Del. Surely, you have broken a blood-vessel?

Sir G. Shall I run for a physician?

Lady J. Instantly.

Sir G. I fly! Yet I must not leave you.

Lady J. No delay, if you value my life.

Del. Your life! I will go.

Lady J. (*Detaining him.*) No, no.

Sir G. I fly! I fly!

[*Exit.*

Enter Lady Jane's Woman.

Woman. Dear, my lady, what is the matter?

Lady J. Lead me directly to my own room.

Del. Shall I carry you?

Lady J. No; only give me your arm, and come with me. I want to talk to you. I wish to hear what you have to say.—(*Aside to her Woman.*) When Sir George comes back, tell him I am partly recovered, but must not be disturbed. It is my positive order.

Del. (Aside.) What does she whisper?

Lady J. Stay! The doctor may come in; but not Sir George. Mind, on your life! not Sir George.—Come, sir.

Del. (Aside.) This sudden change is mysterious.

Lady J. Come, come. [*Exit with Delaval.*]

Woman. I purtest, it has put me in such a fluster, that I am quite all of a twitter!

Enter SIR GEORGE VERSATILE, followed by DOCTOR GOSTERMAN.

Sir G. Come along, Doctor! Make haste!—Where is Lady Jane?

Woman. In her own room.

Sir G. Is she worse?

Woman. No, sir; much better. But she must not be disturbed.

Sir G. Nay, nay; I must see her.

Woman. Indeed, sir, I can let nobody in but the Doctor.

Sir G. Why so? Is not the gentleman I left here now with her?

Woman. I suppose so, sir.

Sir G. And I not admitted?

Woman. On no account whatever.

Sir G. He allowed, and I excluded! Indeed, I shall attend the Doctor.

Woman. Upon my honour, sir, you must not.

Sir G. Upon my honour, I will! My rival shall not escape me!

Doctor. Ha, ha! De rifal! Ha, ha, ha! Dat is coot! De young fer dat vas mit Laty Shane vas make you shealousy? Ha, ha, ha! Dat is coot! Bote dat is as noting at all. I shall tell you de someting mystery. He vas no yentlemans. Ha, ha! He vas a vomans!

Sir G. A woman!

Doctor. Ya, sair. He vas make acquaintance mit me, und I vas make acquaintance mit him; und he vas make faint, und I vas tie loose de neck-bandt, und den, ha, ha! I was discober de mans vas a vomans!

Sir G. You astonish me!

Doctor. Ya, sair; I vas make astonish myself.

Woman. Won't you go to my lady, Doctor?

Doctor. Ya, my tear. Let me do. Laty Shane is fery pad; und I shall af de essence, und de cream, und de balsam, und de syrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earse, und de sea, und all, &c. [*Exit, talking.*]

Sir G. I should never have suspected a woman! A stout, tall, robust figure! And for what purpose disguise herself? That may be worth inquiry. I will wait; and, if possible, have another look at the lady.

Enter LORD VIBRATE and MR. THOMPSON.

Lord V. Two hundred and forty pounds! 'Tis a very large sum, Mr. Thompson.

Thom. So large, my lord, that I have no means of paying it. I must languish out my life in a prison.

Lord V. No, Mr. Thompson, no; you shall not do that. I will—And yet, two hundred—A prison—I don't know what to say. If I pay this money for you, I shall but encourage all around me to run in debt.

Thom. It is a favour too great for me to hope.

Lord V. You are a worthy man, and a prison is a bad place. I—you—Pray, what is your opinion, Sir George? Is it not dangerous for a man to have the character of being charitable?

Sir G. No doubt, my lord. It is the very certain way for his house to be besieged by beggars.

Lord V. The master who pays the debts of one domestic, makes himself the debtor of all the rest.

Sir G. He changes a set of servants into a set of duns. He first encourages them to be extravagant, and then makes it incumbent upon himself to pay for their follies and vices: he not only bribes them to be idle and insolent, but to waste his property as well as their own.

Lord V. It is, as you say, a very serious case.—I—I am sorry for your misfortune, Mr. Thompson, very sorry; but really—

Sir G. Misfortune! What misfortune?

Lord V. He has foolishly been bound for his sister's husband, and must go to prison for the debt.

Sir G. To prison!

Lord V. You have shewn me how dangerous it would be for me to interfere.

Sir G. Very true, very true. He has lived with your lordship several years?

Lord V. He has; and I esteem him highly.

Sir G. A worthy man, whom it would be no disgrace to call your friend?

Lord V. None. Still, however, consequences must be weighed. I must take time to consider: 'tis folly to act in a hurry.

Sir G. Very true. Caution, caution. Is it a large sum?

Lord V. No less than two hundred and forty pounds!

Sir G. Caution is a very excellent thing—Two hundred and forty—A fine virtue—Two—I would advise your lordship to it by all means—hundred and forty—(*Looks round.*) Will you permit me just to write a short memorandum; a bit of a note? (*Goes to a table.*) I must send to a certain place. (*Writes.*) Excuse me a moment.

Lord V. What can be done in this affair, Mr. Thompson?

Thom. Nothing, my lord. I am resigned. When I assisted my brother, I did no more than my duty. Those who lock me up in a prison, may, for aught I know, do theirs; yet, though they are at liberty, and I shall be confined, I would neither change duties nor hearts with them. (*Going.*)

Sir G. Harkye! harkye! Mr. Thompson, will you just desire this to be taken as it is directed? (*Apart.*) Don't say a word; 'tis a draft on my banker. Discharge your debt, and be silent.—You are very right, my lord; we cannot be too considerate, lest, by mistaken benevolence, we should encourage vice.

Thom. Sir George—My lord—

Sir G. Why now will you not oblige me, Mr. Thompson? Pray, let that be delivered as it is directed. You, surely, will not deny me such a favour.—For you know, my lord, if we give—

Thom. Indeed, I—

Sir G. Will you begone? Will you begone? (*Pushes him kindly off.*)—If we give without—without—

Lord V. Poor fellow! I suppose he is afraid of being taken.

Sir G. Oh! Is that it?—If we give, I say, with too—Psha! I have lost the thread of my argument.

Lord V. I must own, this is a dubious case. Perhaps I ought to pay the money. (*Calls.*) Mr. Thompson!—I don't think I ought to let him go to prison. What shall I do, Sir George?

Sir G. Whatever your lordship thinks best.

Lord V. But there is the difficulty.—Mr. Thomp-

son! He is gone! How foolish this is now! (*As he is going off.*) Harry! Run after Mr. Thompson, and call him back. One would think a man going to prison, would, like me, be wise enough to doubt, and take time to consider of it. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY VIBRATE.

Lady V. I assure you, Sir George, I am very angry. I have been waiting an age, expecting you would come and give your opinion on my masquerade dress.

Sir G. Why did not your ladyship put it on?

Lady V. On, indeed! It has been on and off twenty times. I have sent it to have some alteration. Besides, it is growing late; masks will be calling in on you, in their way to the Opera-house, and you not at home to receive them!

Sir G. I ask ten thousand pounds; but you know I am the most thoughtless creature on earth.

Lady V. So I would have you. Were you like the sober, punctual Mr. Delaval, I should hate you: but then—

Re-enter DELAVAL.

Lady V. (*Aside.*) Here the wretch comes!

Sir G. (*Aside.*) So, so! Now I shall interrogate the lady. She has a very masculine air! (*Delaval bows to Lady V.*) A tolerable bow that for a woman!

Lady V. (*Aside.*) He wishes, I suppose, to sermonize me; but I shall not give him an opportunity.—Are you coming, Sir George?

Del. (*Aside.*) Ha!

Sir G. I will follow your ladyship in a minute.

Del. (*Aside.*) I was right! it is he!

Sir G. (*Aside.*) She eyes me very ferociously!

Lady V. I shall just call in upon you; or, if not, we shall meet afterwards. I expect you to be very whimsical and satiric upon all my friends; so, pray, put on your best humour. Grave airs, you know, are my aversion. [*Exit.*]

Del. (*Aside.*) That was intended for me. Now for my gentleman.

Sir G. (*Aside.*) She really has a very fierce look! a kind of threatening physiognomy, and would make no bad grenadier!

Del. I understand your name is Sir George Versatile?

Sir G. (*Aside.*) A bass voice, too!—At your service, sir, or madam; I really cannot tell which.

Del. Cannot!

Sir G. No, I cannot, upon my soul!—(*Aside.*) A devilish black chin!

Del. I have an account to settle with you, sir.

Sir G. Have you?—(*Aside.*) What the plague can she mean?

Del. When can I find you at leisure, and alone?

Sir G. Alone?

Del. Yes, sir; alone.

Sir G. Must this account, then, be privately settled, madam?

Del. Madam!

Sir G. I beg your pardon; sir, since you prefer it.

Del. If you know me, sir, your insolence is but a confirmation of the baseness of your character!

Sir G. I beg a million of pardons; I really do not know you.

Del. Then, sir, when you do, you will find cause to be a little more serious.

Sir G. (*Aside.*) What a Joan of Arc it is! There is danger she should knock me down.

Del. Be pleased to name your time.

Sir G. (*Aside.*) Zounds! She insists upon a tête-à-tête!—I hope you will be kind enough to excuse me; but I am just now so pressed for time, that I have not a moment to spare. Company is

waiting. I must begone to the masquerade. You, I presume, are for the same place, and are ready dressed. I am your most obedient—

Del. (*Seizing him.*) Sir, I insist upon your naming an hour, to-morrow; and an early one.

Sir G. Why, what the plague! Here must be some mistake! Permit me to ask, do you know Dr. Gosterman?

Del. Yes, sir.

Sir G. Was you not just now in danger of fainting?

Del. Faint! I faint!

Sir G. It would, I think, be a very extraordinary thing! But, so he told me; with other particulars.

Del. Absurd! Doctor Gosterman has not seen me for several months.

Sir G. He said, sir, you were a woman; and, perhaps, from that error, I may have, unconsciously, provoked you to behaviour, which would else have been rather strange. Have I given you any other offence?

Del. Yes, sir; a mortal one.

Sir G. Mortal!

Del. And mortal must be the atonement.

Sir G. If so, the sooner the better. Let it be immediately.

Del. No: I have serious concerns to settle, so have you. 'Tis time you should think of things very different from masquerading. Name your hour to-morrow morning; then, take an enemy's advice, retire to your closet, and make your will.

Sir G. To whom am I indebted for this high menace, and this haughty warning? Your name, sir?

Del. That you shall know when next we meet; not before.

Sir G. What age are you, sir?

Del. Age!

Sir G. Such peremptory heroes are not usually long-lived.

Del. You are right, sir; my life is probably doomed to be short. But this is trifling: name your hour.

Sir G. At ten to-morrow morning.

Del. The very time I could wish. I will be with you at your own house; inform you who I am; and, then—

Sir G. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The House of Sir George Versatile.—A suite of Apartments richly decorated.*

SIR GEORGE VERSATILE, LADY VIBRATE, and numerous Masks, discovered.

Lady V. What is the matter with you, Sir George? You are suddenly become as dull, and almost as intolerable, as my lord himself.

Sir G. I own, I had something on my spirits; but it is gone. Your ladyship's vivacity is an antidote to splenetic fits.

Lady V. Oh! if you are subject to fits of the spleen, I renounce you.

Sir G. No, no! Heigho! Ha, ha, ha! Let me go merrily down the dance of life!

Lady V. Ay; or I will not be your partner.

Sir G. As for recollections, retrospective anxieties, and painful thoughts, I—I—I hate them. They shall not trouble me. For, if a man, you know, were to be sprung on a mine to-morrow,—ha, ha, ha!—it were folly to let that trouble him to-day.

Lady V. Sprung on a mine! You talk wildly.

Sir G. True. I am a wild, unaccountable non-descript. I am anything, everything, and soon may be—

Lady V. What?

Sir G. Nothing. Strange events are possible; and possible events are strange.

Lady V. Come, come; cast off this disagreeable humour, and join the masks.

Sir G. With all my heart. A mask is an excellent utensil, and may be worn with a naked face.

Lady V. (Retiring.) Why don't you come? you used to be all compliance.

Sir G. So I fear I shall always be. 'Tis my worst virtue. Call it a vice, if you please; and perhaps it is even then my worst.

Lady V. I really do not comprehend you.

Sir G. No wonder. Man is an incomprehensible animal! But no matter for that; we will be merry still, say I—at least, till to-morrow.

Lady V. (Joins the masks.) Yonder is Lady Jane.

Sir G. Nay, then, I am on the wing!

Maria. (Advancing.) Whither?

Sir G. Ah! Have I found you again! So much the better. I have been thinking of you this half hour.

Maria. Ay? That must have been a prodigious effort!

Sir G. What?

Maria. To think of one person for so great a length of time.

Sir G. True. Were you my bitterest enemy, you could not have uttered a more galling truth. I am glad I have met with you, however.

Maria. So am I. 'Tis my errand here.

Sir G. You now, I hope, will let me see your face?

Maria. I might, perhaps, were it but possible to see your heart.

Sir G. No, no; that cannot be: I have no heart.

Maria. I am sorry for it.

Sir G. So am I. But come, I wish to be better acquainted with you.

Maria. And I wish you to be better acquainted with yourself: you know not half your own good qualities.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! My good qualities! Heigho!

Maria. Your fame is gone abroad. Your gallantry, your free humour, your frolics in England and Italy, your—Apropos: I am told, Lady Jane is captivated by the ardour and delicacy of your passion! Is it true?

Sir G. Are you an inquisitor?

Maria. Are you afraid of inquisitors?

Sir G. Yes.

Maria. I believe you.

Sir G. You may. Keep me no longer in this suspense. Let me know who you are?

Maria. An old acquaintance.

Sir G. Of mine?

Maria. Of one who was formerly your friend.

Sir G. Whom do you mean?

Maria. You must have been a man of uncommon worth; for I have heard him bestow such praises upon you, that my heart has palpitated if your name was but mentioned.

Sir G. Of whom are you talking?

Maria. Lord! that you should be so forgetful! That can only have happened since you became a person of fashion; for no man once remembered his friends better. It is true, they were then useful to you.

Sir G. Sir, I—Be warned! Pursue this no farther.

Maria. You little suspected, at that time, you were on the eve of being a wealthy baronet. Oh, no! And to see how kind and grateful you were to those who loved you! No one would have believed you could so soon have become a perfect man of the mode; and, with so polite and easy an indifference, so entirely have forgotten all your old acquaintance! I dare say you scarcely remember the late Colonel Delaval.

Sir G. Sir!

Maria. His daughter, too, has utterly slipped your memory?

Sir G. I insist on knowing who you are!

Maria. How different it was when, your merit neglected, your spirits depressed, and your poverty despised, you groaned under the oppression of an unjust and selfish world! How did your drooping spirits revive by the fostering smiles of the man who first noticed you, took you to his house and heart, and adopted you as his son!—Poor Maria! Silly girl, to love as she did! Where is she?

Sir G. This is not to be endured!

Maria. What was her offence? You became a baronet! Ay; true, that was her crime. Yet, when your fortunes were low, it was not imputed to you as guilt.—

Sir G. (Aside.) D—n!

Maria. Are your new friends more affectionate than your old? Fortune smiles, and so do they. Poor Maria! Has Lady Jane ever heard her name? Will you invite her to your wedding? (*Her voice continually faltering.*) Do. She should have been your bride; then let her be your bride-maid. She is greatly altered—she will be less beautiful, now, than her fair rival. Her birth is not quite so high; but if a heart—a heart—a heart—(*Struggling with her feelings, sinks into Sir George's arms, and her mask falls off.*)

Sir G. Heaven and earth!—'Tis she!—Help!—'Tis Maria!—Who waits?

Enter LADY JANE.

Lady J. What is the matter?

Sir G. Help, help!—Salts, hartshorn, water!—Help!

Lady J. Bless me! this lady again.

Sir G. Is she, then, known to you?

Lady J. No. Who is she?

Sir G. Quick, quick!

Lady J. Nay, but tell me?

Sir G. I cannot, must not!

Lady G. Must not!

Sir G. Dare not!—She revives; and, to my confusion, will soon tell you herself. Maria! Are you better, Maria?

Maria. I am very faint.

Lady J. My carriage is at the door. Will you trust yourself to me?

Maria. Oh! yes. I am weak; very weak, and very foolish! But I shall not long disturb your happiness; I hope soon to be past that.

Sir G. Past! Oh! Maria, I have no utterance. Lady Jane, you will presently know of me what to know of myself is—Oh!—No matter. Not, then, for my sake, but for pity, for the love of suffering virtue, be careful of this lady; whom, when you know, as soon you must, you will despise and abhor the lunatic, the wretch, that could—Maria—I—I—

[Exit.]

Enter DELAVAL.

Del. What is the matter? Any accident? Was not that Sir George?—Good God! my sister!

Lady J. Your sister!

Del. How comes this? Why this dress? And with that apostate! that wretch! Speak, Maria!

Maria. I cannot.

Lady J. Mr. Delaval, be more temperate. Your sister's spirits and health ought not to be trifled with by your violence. I do not know, though I think I guess, her story. I hope you have a brother's tenderness for her?

Del. That shall be shortly seen. A few hours will shew how dear she is to my heart.

Lady J. I fear you cherish bad passions; such as I never can love, and never will share.

Del. Well, well, Lady Jane, that is not to be

argued now. I am a man, and subject to the mistakes of man. There are feelings which can, and feelings which cannot be subdued. I must run my course, and take all consequences.

Maria. Oh, God! in what will they end?

Lady J. No more of this, Mr. Delaval. Come with me: lead your sister to my carriage. She shall be under my care. She can inspire those sympathies, which your too stubborn temper seems to despise.

Del. Indeed, indeed, you wrong me! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*MARIA in her own dress, LADY JANE, and LUCY, discovered at breakfast. Footmen waiting.*

Lady J. Remove those things. We have done. [Exeunt Footmen.

Maria. What is it o'clock?

Lucy. Just struck ten, ma'am.

Lady J. Lady Vibrate is a sad rake! She did not leave the masquerade till five this morning.

Maria. And Sir George not there?

Lady J. After the discovery of last night, could you suppose he would be seen revelling at such a place?

Maria. I dread another and more horrible cause! My brother!

Lady J. Mr. Delaval, you know, slept in this house.

Maria. But he has been out these two hours.

Lucy. What then, ma'am? Is not Mr. Williams on the watch? You know, ma'am, you may trust Mr. Williams with your life.

Maria. If all were safe, he would be back.

Lady J. Pray, calm your spirits.

Mar. Nay, nay—But Mr. Williams must have been here before this, if something fatal had not happened.

Lucy. I am sure, ma'am, you frighten me to death!

Lady J. (Aside.) Her terrors are but too well founded!

Maria. (Footsteps without.) What noise is that?

Lucy. Bless me!

Lady J. See who it is.

Lucy. (After opening the door.) La! ma'am, I declare it is Mr. Williams.

Enter WILLIAMS.

Lucy. Well, Mr. Williams; everything is right; is not it? All is as it should be?

Wil. That is more than I know.

Maria. Why, then, the worst is past.

Wil. No, ma'am; I can't say that, either.

Lady J. Nay—But what news do you bring? Speak.

Wil. Why, you know, my master, last night, made inquiries how to find the chambers of Counsellor Demur; so, when he went out this morning, I observed your directions, and followed him. He went to the counsellor's in Lincoln's Inn, and there I left him, and hurried away to Sir George's, to inquire and hear all I could; though it was rather unlucky that I was not acquainted in the family.

Lady J. Did not you make use of my name?

Wil. Oh! yes, my lady. Besides, servants, your ladyship knows, are not so suspicious as their masters; they soon become friendly together; so, in five minutes, Sir George's valet and I were on as intimate a footing as we could wish.

Maria. And what did he say? Tell me.

Wil. Why, ma'am, he said, that Sir George did not leave his own house last night, after the fainting of the young gentleman.

Lucy. That was you, you know, ma'am.

Wil. And, what is more, that he did not go to bed; but walked up and down the room till daylight in the morning; and then called, I don't know how often, to warn the servants that he should not be at home to anybody whatever, except to a strange gentleman.

Maria. My brother!

Wil. Why, yes, ma'am; according to the description, it could be nobody else.

Lady J. And at what hour was Mr. Delaval to be there?

Wil. (Aside.) Zooks! I forgot to ask.—That—that, my lady, I did not learn. So, this being all the servants told me, I ran post haste to make my report to you.

Maria. The worst I foreboded will happen!

Lady J. What can be done?

Wil. Perhaps it will be best for me to go back to Sir George's; wait for the arrival of my master; and, if he should come, hasten away as fast as I can to inform you of it.

Lucy. That is a good thought, Mr. Williams. Is not it, madam? A very good thought, indeed! Don't you think it is, my lady?

Lady J. I know not what we can do better.

Maria. Nay, but while Williams is bringing us the intelligence, everything we most dread may happen.

Lucy. Dear! so it may.

Wil. Suppose, then, madam, I should stay at my post, and despatch Sir George's valet to you with the news?

Lucy. Well, that is the best thought of all! I am sure you will own it is, madam.

Maria. I know not what to think.

Lady J. We must resolve; or, while we are deliberating—

Maria. Merciful God! Run, Williams! Fly! Save my brother! Save Sir George!

Lady J. Succeed but in this, and command all we have to give.

Wil. I will do my best.

Lucy. That I am sure he will. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An Apartment in the house of Sir George Versatile.

SIR GEORGE VERSATILE discovered walking, and greatly agitated.

Sir G. (Looking at his watch.) He will soon be here. Five minutes, but five minutes, and then—(Walks again; throws himself on a sofa; takes up a book, throws it away, and then rises.) What is man's first duty? To be happy. Short-sighted fool! The happiness of this hour is the misery of the next! (Walks again, and looks at his watch.) What is life? A tissue of follies! inconsistencies! Joys that make reason weep, and sorrows at which wisdom smiles. Psha! There is not between ape and oyster so ridiculous or so wretched a creature as man! (Walks.) Oh, Maria!—(Looking at his watch.) I want but a few seconds: my watch, perhaps, is too fast. (Rings.)

Enter a Footman.

Sir G. Has nobody yet been here?

Foot. No, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis the time to a minute. (Loud knocking.) Fly! If it be the person I have described, admit him. [Exit Footman.

Sir G. Now let the thunder strike!

Enter DELAVAL.

Sir G. Good morning, sir!

Del. You recollect me?

Sir G. Perfectly.

Del. 'Tis well.

Sir G. I have been anxious for your coming. Your menace lives in my memory; and I shall be glad to know the name of him who has threatened such mortal enmity.

Del. A little patience will be necessary. I must preface my proceedings with a short story.

Sir G. I shall be all attention. Please to be seated. Waive ceremony, and to the subject.—*(They sit.)* Now, sir.

Del. About six years ago, a certain youth came up from college, poor, and unprotected. He was a scholar, pleasing in manners, warm and generous of temper, of a respectable family, and seemed to possess the germ of every virtue.

Sir G. Well, sir?

Del. Hear me on. My praises will not be tedious. Chance made him known to a man who desired to cherish his good qualities; and the purse, the experience, and the power of his benefactor, such as they were, he profited by to the utmost. Received as a son, he soon became dear to the family; but most dear to the daughter of his friend, whose tender age, and glowing affections, made her apt to admire the virtues she heard her father so ardently praise and encourage. You are uneasy?

Sir G. Be pleased to continue.

Del. The assiduities of the youth to gain her heart were unabating; and his pretensions, poor and unknown as he then was, were not rejected. The noble nature of his friend scorned to make his poverty his crime. Why do you bite your lip? Was it not generous?

Sir G. Sir!

Del. Was it not?

Sir G. Certainly! Nothing could—equal the—generosity.

Del. The health of his benefactor was declining fast; and the only thing required of the youth was that he should qualify himself for the cares of life, by some profession; he, therefore, entered a student in the Temple; and the means were furnished by his protector, till the end was obtained. Was not this friendship?

Sir G. It was.

Del. The lady, almost a child when first he knew her, increased in grace and beauty faster than in years. Sweetness and smiles played upon her countenance. She was the delight of her friends, the admiration of the world, and the coveted of every eye. Lovers of fortune and fashion contended for her hand; but she had bestowed her heart; had bestowed it on a—Sit still, sir; I shall soon have done. I am coming to the point. Five years elapsed, during which the youth received every kindness friendship could afford, and every proof chaste affection had to give. These he returned with promises and protestations that seemed too vast for his heart, I would say for his tongue—Are you unwell, sir?

Sir G. Go on with your tale.

Del. His benefactor, feeling the hand of death steal on, was anxious to see the two persons dearest to his heart, happy before he expired; and the marriage was determined upon, the day fixed, and the friends of the family invited. The intended bridegroom appeared half frantic with his approaching bliss. Now, sir, mark his proceeding. In this short interval, by sudden and unexpected deaths, he becomes the heir to a title and large estate. Well! Does he not fly to the arms of his languishing friend? Does he not pour his new treasures and his transports into the lap of love? Coward and monster!—

Sir G. *(Both starting up.)* Sir!

Del. Viler than words can paint! Having robbed a family of honour, a friend of peace, and an

angel of every human solace, he fled, like a thief, and concealed himself from immediate contempt and vengeance in a foreign country. But contempt and vengeance have at length overtaken him: they beset him: they face him at this instant. The friend he wronged is dead: but the son of that friend lives, and I am he.

Sir G. 'Tis as I thought! *(Aside.)*

Del. You are—I will not defile my lips by telling you what you are.

Sir G. I own that what I have done—

Del. Forbear to interrupt me, sir. You have nothing to plead, and much to hear. First say, did my sister, by any improper conduct, levity of behaviour, or fault or vice whatever, give you just cause to abandon her?

Sir G. None! none! Her purity is only exceeded by her love.

Del. Then how, barbarian, how had you the heart to disgrace the family and endanger the life of a woman, whose sanctified affection would have embraced you in poverty, pestilence, or death; and who, had she possessed empires, would have bestowed them with an imperial affection?

Sir G. Sir, if you ask, have I committed errors? call them crimes if you will—yes. If you demand, will you justify them?—no. If you require me to atone for them, here is my heart: you have wrongs to revenge, strike: and, if you can, inflict a pang greater than any it yet has known.

Del. Justice is not to be disarmed by being braved. To the question. It can be no part of your intention, and certainly not of mine, that you should marry my sister. Something very different must be done.

Sir G. What? Name it.

Del. You must give me an acknowledgment, written and signed by yourself, that you have basely and most dishonourably injured, insulted, and betrayed Maria Delaval: and this paper, immediately as I leave your house, I shall publish in every possible way, till my sister shall be so appeased, and horror so satiated, that vengeance itself shall cry, hold!

Sir G. Written by me! Published! No. I will sign no such paper.

Del. So I supposed; and the alternative follows. Here I am: nor will I quit you, go where you will, till you consent to retire with me to some place from which one of us shall never return. Should I be the victor, flight, banishment from my native country, and the bitterest recollections of the villanies of man, must be the fate of me and my sister. If I fall, you then may triumph, and she languish and die unrevenged. This, or the written acknowledgment. Consider, and choose.

Sir G. What can I answer? The paper you shall not have. My life you are welcome to: take it.

Del. Have you not brought disgrace enough on my family? Would you make me an assassin? My sister and my father loved you. Let me, if possible, feel some little return of respect for you.

Sir G. Having wronged your sister, would you have me murder the brother? Already the most guilty of men, would you make me worst of fiends? Though an enemy, be a generous one.

Del. Plausible sophist! The paper, sir: or man to man, and arm to arm, close the scene of my dishonour, or your own. The written acknowledgment. Determine. *(Walks away and views the pictures.)*

Sir G. *(Apart.)* Why, ay! 'Tis come home! I have sought it, deserved it, 'tis fallen, and the rock must crush the reptile! Then welcome ruin. The sword must decide. *(Goes to take his sword, but stops.)* The sword? What! Betray the sister and assassinate the brother? Oh, God! And such a brother! Stern, but noble-minded: indignant

of injury, peerless in affection, and proud of a sister whom the world might worship; but whom I, worthless wretch, in levity and pride of heart, have abandoned. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Delaval!

Del. Have you resolved to sign?

Sir G. Hear me.

Del. The written acknowledgment!

Sir G. My behaviour to your sister is—what I cannot endure to name—'Tis hateful! 'Tis—infamous! My obligations to your most excellent father, the respect you have inspired me with, and my love for Maria—

Del. Insolent! Insufferable meanness! The paper, sir!

Sir G. Angry though you are, Mr. Delaval, you must hear me. I say, my love, my adoration of Maria has but increased my guilt. It has made me dread her contempt. I durst not face the angel whom I had so deeply injured.

Del. Artifice! Evasion! Cowardice!—Your signature!

Sir G. (*Snatching up his sword from the table.*) You shall have it. Follow me.

Del. Fear me not.

Sir G. (*Stopping short.*) Hold, Mr. Delaval. Justice is on your side. If your firmness be not a savage spirit of revenge, if you do not thirst for blood, you will feel my only resource will be to fall on your sword. I cannot lift my arm against you.

Del. Then sign the acknowledgment.

Sir G. Can you, in the spirit even of an enemy, ask it? Do you not already despise me enough? Think for a moment: am I the only man that ever erred? Is it so wonderful, that a giddy youth, whose habitual failing was compliance, by sudden accident elevated to the pinnacle of fortune, surrounded by proud and selfish relations, of whose approbation I was vain; is it so strange, that I should be overpowered by their dictates, and yield to their entreaties? Your friendship or my death is now the only alternative. Suppose the latter: will it honour you among men? At the man of blood the heart of man revolts! Will it endear you to Maria? Kind, forgiving angel, and hateful to myself as her affection makes me, I last night found that affection still as strong, still as pure, as in the first hour of our infant loves. Lady Jane—

Del. Forbear to name her! 'Tis profanation from your lips! No more casuistry! No subterfuge! The paper!

Sir G. Can no motives—

Del. None!

Sir G. My future life—my soul, shall be devoted to Maria.

Del. The paper!

Sir G. Obdurate man! (*Reflects a moment.*) You shall have it. (*Goes to the table to write, during which Delaval remains in deep thought, and much agitated.*) Here, sir! since you will not be generous, let me be just. 'Tis proper I remove every taint of suspicion from the deeply wronged Maria. (*Gives the paper.*)

Del. (*Reads with a faltering voice.*) "I, George Versatile, once poor and dependent, since vain, fickle, and faithless, do, under my hand, acknowledge I have perfidiously—broken my pledged promise—to the most deserving, lovely, and—" (*Begins in much agitation to tear the paper.*)

Sir G. Mr. Delaval!

Del. Damn it—I can't—I can't speak. Here! Here! (*Striking his bosom.*)

Sir G. Mr. Delaval?

Del. My brother!

Sir G. (*Falls on his neck.*) Can it be? My

Del. This stubborn temper—always in extremes! The tiger or the child.

Sir G. Oh, no! 'Twas not to be forgiven! Best of men!

Del. Well, well; we are friends.

Sir G. Everlastingly! brothers!

Del. Yes; brothers.

Enter WILLIAMS, hastily.

Wil. Sir!—

Del. How now?

Wil. I beg your pardon, but Lady Jane and your sister are below. They insist on coming up, and the servants are afraid to—

Sir G. Maria! Let us fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Apartments of Lord Vibrate.*

LADY VIBRATE and DOCTOR GOSTERMAN
discovered.

Doctor. Ya, my coot laty; dat vas efery vordt so true as vat I say. I vas discober it vas a vomans; und Sair Shorge, und my Laty Shane, und de vaiting-vomans vas discober to me all as vat I say more.

Lady V. Ay, ay; that was the reason Sir George was not at the masquerade.

Doctor. Ya, my coot laty.

Lady V. I observed he was in a strange moody humour.

Doctor. My Lordt Fiprate vas fery mosh amazement, ven I vas make him discober all as vat I vas make discober mit my coot laty.

Lady V. Sir George has behaved very improperly.

Enter LORD VIBRATE.

Lord V. So, so, so! All I foreboded has come to pass: the day has slipped away, a new one is here, and every possibility of recovering the estate is gone.

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord V. Do you laugh?

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! I do, indeed.

Lord V. Is your daughter's loss the subject of your mirth?

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha! No, no; not her loss, but your positive determination to prove I did not know you. Ha, ha, ha! When I told you that even that motive would not be strong enough, how you stormed! "But it will, my lady. But it won't, my lord. I say it will, my lady. I say it won't, my lord." Ha, ha, ha! Will you believe that I know you now?

Lord V. What shall I do? Advise me, Doctor.

Doctor. I vas adfice, my coot lordt, dat you shall do eferyting as vat you please.

Lady V. Ay, think; ask advice. Ha, ha, ha! Now that you can do nothing, the inquiry will be very amusing.

Enter THOMPSON.

Lord V. Well, Thompson, what says Counsellor Demur? Has the time absolutely elapsed?

Thom. Absolutely, my lord.

Lady V. How wisely your lordship doubts before you decide! Eh! Doctor?

Thom. I have good news, nevertheless.

Lord V. Good news! Speak: of what kind?

Thom. The honesty of the opposite party.

Lord V. What, the holder of the land?

Thom. Yes, my lord.

Lord V. Which way? Explain.

Thom. He has engaged to Mr. Demur, I being present, that, if your lordship will only shew the legality of your late title, he will resign the estate.

Lord V. Is it possible?

Lady V. It cannot be: the last purchaser is in India.

Thom. The last purchaser is dead; and it has descended to one whom you, my lord and lady, little suspect to be its possessor.

Lord V. Who?

Lady V. Who?

Thom. Mr. Delaval.

Lady V. Mr. Delaval!

Lord V. Mr. Delaval resign it on exhibiting the legality of my title?

Thom. He will, my lord.

Lord V. Did he make no conditions?

Thom. None.

Lord V. What, did he not mention Lady Jane?

Thom. Her name did escape his lips; but rising passion, and, if I rightly read his heart, emotions of the most delicate sensibility, immediately closed them; as if he would not endure the love he bore her to be profaned by any the slightest semblance of barter and sale.

Lord V. What do you say to that, Lady Vibrate? What do you say to that?

Lady V. The proceeding is honourable, I own.

Lord V. Did I not always tell you, Mr. Delaval was a man of honour?

Lady V. You tell me, my lord? Why, you were going to challenge him yesterday morning.

Lord V. He is no such weathercock as your favourite, Sir George.

Lady V. You mistake: Sir George is no favourite of mine. Is he, Doctor?

Doctor. Dat vas all yust as vat you say, my coot laty.

Lord V. What, he did not come to make a buffoon of himself, for your diversion, at the masquerade last night? Eh! Doctor?

Doctor. Dat vas all yust as vat you say, my coot lordt.

Lady V. His perfidious treatment of Miss Delaval is unpardonable.

Doctor. Dat vas pad; fery pad, inteet.

Lord V. Ay, ay; he has plenty of words, but he has no heart.

Doctor. Dat is pad; fery pad, inteet.

Thom. Pardon me, my lord; Sir George may have committed mistakes, but to the goodness of his heart I am a witness.

Lady V. You?

Lord V. How so?

Thom. By his benevolence I was yesterday relieved from the disgrace and the horrors of a prison.

Lord V. Indeed!

Lady V. Which way?

Thom. He paid a debt, which, had I been confined, I never could have discharged; and, for this unexpected act of humanity, he would not suffer so much as my thanks.

Lord V. Did Sir George pay the two hundred and forty pounds, Mr. Thompson?

Thom. The note, which he pretended to write

and send by me, was a draft on his banker for three hundred.

Lord V. Why, he confirmed all my arguments against it; and added twice as many of his own.

Doctor. Sair Shorge vas alvay make agréable. Dat vas his vay.

Lady V. I own, however, I am still more surprised at the unexampled generosity of Mr. Delaval.

Enter WILLIAMS.

Lady V. Where is your master, Mr. Williams?

Wil. They are all coming, my lady.

Lady V. Who is coming?

Wil. Mr. Delaval, Lady Jane, Miss Delaval, and Sir George. There has been sad work; but it is all over, and they are now so happy! Here they are.

Enter MR. DELAVAL leading LADY JANE, and SIR GEORGE VERSATILE with MARIA, followed by LUCY.

Lord V. Mr. Delaval, I have great obligations to you. Thompson has been telling me of your disinterested equity.

Del. The obligation, my lord, was mine. Your lordship well knows that the first of obligations is to be just.

Lord V. Well, well; but the estate you are so willing to resign will still, I hope, be your's.

Del. Nay, my lord.

Lord V. Dubious as all things are, that is a subject on which I protest I do not believe I shall ever have any doubts. What say you, Lady Jane? But now I have my doubts again.

Lady J. What doubts, my lord?

Lord V. I doubt whether you understand me?

Lady J. Would your lordship teach me to dissemble?

Lord V. Hum! I doubt whether that would be much for your good.

Del. I hope Lady Vibrate will not oppose our union?

Lady V. No, Mr. Delaval. Your last generous action has charmed me; and Sir George—

Sir G. Has declined in your good opinion. But you cannot think so ill of me as I do of myself; and if ever again I should recover my own self-respect, I shall be indebted for it to this best of men, and to this most incomparable and affectionate of women.

Maria. My present joys are inexpressible—

Del. Which my impetuous indignation threatened for ever to destroy. How dangerous are extremes! Sometimes we doubt, and indecision is our bane; at others, hurried away by the sudden impulse of passion, our course is marked with misery. One man is too compliant; another too intractable. Yet happiness is the aim of all. Since, then, all are so liable to be misled, let gentle forbearance, indulgent thoughts, and a mild forgiving spirit, be ever held as the sacred duties of man to man. [*Exeunt.*]

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE;

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act II.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

THE SERASKIER
COLONEL COHENBERG
LEOPOLD
PETER

USEPH
ANSELM
ISMAEL
MICHAEL

CATHERINE
LILLA
GHITA
FATIMA

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Village of Servia, with the Danube; on one side, the Turkish camp; on the other, the Austrian, which appears at a distance.*

Enter several Turkish Soldiers, who range themselves on each side the stage; then enter Turkish Peasants of both sexes, who dance; after the dance,

CHORUS.—TURKISH SOLDIERS.

*Wave our prophet's fam'd standard of glory on high,
Till the envious moon die away in the sky;
And, like the pale Christians, leave Danube's fair stream,*

To reflect our victorious crescent's bright beam.

Enter USEPH.

Useph. Be silent, you soldiers: his highness the Seraskier is coming; he has just arrived with the Turkish army under his command to relieve Belgrade. I have been conversing with him; I told him of your loyalty to the sublime Porte. "Sir—your highness—my dear highness," says I; for we talked it very familiarly: "I am the chief magistrate of this village; I know the Ottoman Porte has not more loyal subjects in all the province of Servia; and as for your highness—always talking of your highness—your highness's name is never out of our mouths." By-the-by, remember his name is Mohamed Aboubeker Ben Abdallah Ben Ali; I dare say you never heard it before. So, says the Seraskier to me, "My dear Useph Ben Yacomb Ben Mustapha"—at the same time graciously laughing at me with great condescension—(*Flourish.*) Oh! here he comes: now you shall see how his highness is pleased to honour me; I shall certainly be created a pacha of three tails.

Enter SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and Attendants.

Seras. Useph, come hither.

Useph. Yes, your highness. (*Apart to the Peasants.*) Now he is going to consult me on some great military operation.

Seras. Are there many pretty girls in this neighbourhood?

Useph. Ha, ha, ha! That's a good joke. Ah! your highness will conquer every way, I see. Ha, ha, ha! Your highness is pleased to make me laugh. Ha, ha, ha!

Seras. You are too familiar.

Useph. My lord?

Seras. Begone. [*Exeunt Useph and Peasants.*]

Enter LILLA, who kneels to the Seraskier.

AIR.—LILLA.

*Lost, distress'd, thus driven from home,
Whither shall poor Lilla go?
Wheresoe'r my steps may roam,
Tyrant power will prove my foe.*

Seras. Who is this beautiful girl? Rise, lovely fair one.

Lilla. I humbly beg your highness' pardon for my boldness; I am not used to talk to great folks.

Seras. Speak, charming angel! bless me with the voice of nature; who are you?

TRIO.—SERASKIER, LILLA, and ISMAEL.

Seras. *Speak, I command thee; tell thy grief.*

Say, can my power afford relief;

For my trembling heart must yield belief. (*Aside.*)

Lilla. *Ah! may I dare to tell my grief,
And, humbly, thus, implore relief;
To my falt'ring tongue, oh! yield belief.*

Ismael. *Beauty may boldly tell her grief;
Such fine eyes command relief;
And his trembling heart must yield belief.*

Lilla. I am but a poor country girl, sir; my name is Lilla; but I love Leopold, and Leopold loves me; yet my cross, ill-natured brother wants me to refuse Leopold, to marry that ugly old miser, Useph, a justice of peace in our village.

Seras. Useph! Oh! the old poacher! (*Aside.*) does your brother object to Leopold?

Lilla. He says, and please your highness, that Leopold is too passionate to make a good husband; now, I own he is rather violent, but I don't like him a bit the worse for that.

Seras. Where is Leopold?

Lilla. Ah! my lord, my mind misgives me that some mischief has happened to him; but they locked me up to prevent my going in search of him.

Seras. Then how came you here?

Lilla. Please your highness, I jumped out of the window.

Seras. What a pleasing sample of rustic simplicity! how handsome she is! (*To Ismael.*)

Ismael. What, my lord, do you forget your Austrian captive?

Seras. Forget her! no; but why should I confine myself to a single rose, when I can form a bouquet of them. Well, charming Lilla, within this half-hour I promise you redress. Conduct her to my tent, and attend her well.

Lilla. A thousand thanks, your highness. [*Exit.*]

Seras. Is she not beautiful, Ismael?

Ismael. I own, my lord, she is beautiful; but—

Seras. But what?

Ismael. I beg your highness' pardon; but while I see the black eagle soar upon the walls of Belgrade, I cannot forget that I am a soldier.

Seras. Nor I, Ismael; but I have room in my heart for love and valour at the same time; I never fight better than when I am in love; Mars never smiles so propitiously upon me as when I am paying my adoration to Venus; so, if you wish me to conquer the Austrians, you must get me this girl. [*Exit Ismael.*] She is a charming creature, and shall be mine.

AIR.—SERASKIER.

The rose and the lily their beauties combining,

Delight in adorning a form so divine;

Such charms to a peasant consigning,

Ah! must I resign?

Forbid it, ye powers! to love 'tis a treason;

Yet, ambition, assuming the semblance of reason,

Commands me, with scorn, the mean thought to decline.

Wealth and power, what are your worth,

To pleasure if you give not birth?

Rich in ambition's gilded toys,

I barter them for real joys.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Inside of Peter's house.

Enter PETER and GHITA.

DUETT.

Ghita. *How the deuce I came to like you,*

I am sure I cannot tell;

Had my face ne'er chanc'd to strike you,

I'd been pleas'd, sir, just as well.

Peter. *Faith! as you say, I, too, wonder*

Why to like you I'm inclin'd:

Though in love we're apt to blunder;

Love, you know, they say, is blind.

Ghita. *You're ogling all the lasses.*

Peter. *You're simp'ring at each lad.*

Ghita. *Each hour in falsehood passes.*

Peter. *You flirt it quite as bad.*

Both. *You had better not provoke me;*

Though you think as you've bespoke me,

I shall let you break my heart,

But I'm ready now to part.

Peter. *Then, suppose I take my leave?*

Ghita. *Do; I'm sure I shall not grieve.*

Will you stay, or will you go?

Peter. *Shall I stay, or shall I go?*

Both. *As you please, say yes or no.*

Enter USEPH.

Useph. What, the deuce! quarrelling before marriage! Oh, fie! that is very irregular; wait till the ceremony is over, and then you will quarrel of course.

Peter. Indeed, sir!

Ghita. Hear me, sir.

Useph. No, I'll not hear you: am I to be talked to by you? I, who have conversed with his highness the Seraskier?—besides, I hate to hear both sides of the question; it perplexes me so, that I never know how to make a decision.

Peter. Why, then, sir, how can you decide?

Useph. Why, I decide that you are both in the wrong. I fancy that decision will hold good in most quarrels; my friend, his highness the Seraskier, could not make a better decision. But where is your sister? where is my dear Lilla? (*To Peter.*)

Ghita. Why, Peter has locked her up, to keep her from your rival, Leopold.

Useph. Ah! that's a desperate dog: he is always in a desperate passion, and always pretending to keep his temper; he is the very torch of sedition, and always in a blaze. (*Leopold singing without.*) Eh! why, that's his voice. I—I—I don't much wish for meeting—Here he comes.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. How are you? how do you do? Harkye! you, sir, where's your sister?

Peter. Why, as to that, Leopold—

Leop. Oh! I know what you are going to say; you mean to say that I am in a passion.—Ah! Ghita, how do you do? Very fine, pleasant, disagreeable, temperate weather, I think.

Useph. Rather cloudy.

Leop. What?

Useph. It was rather cloudy when I was talking to his highness the Seraskier just now. But I believe I can answer your inquiries: in the first place—

Leop. What do you mean by that? I'd have you know that I won't take an insult from any man living.

Useph. Why, there is no talking to you; I can't reason with you.

Leop. It's false; you—I say, you are mistaken. I insist upon your reasoning with me; d—e! you shall reason with me; ay, and coolly, too, though I know you are my rival.

Useph. But give me leave—

Leop. Well, I know what you are going to say, that people needn't quarrel because they are rivals.

Useph. Granted; and besides—

Leop. Well, I know, I know; and you mean to observe, that warmth and anger betray a weakness on these occasions, which, I trust, I am free from. Harkye! you rascal, (*to Peter*) I know your sister is locked up; if you don't give me the key, d—e! I'll break your head; I will, by—

Useph. Sir, do you remember who I am? a magistrate and a courtier: do you respect my authority? (*Marching up to Leopold, who draws back.*)

Leop. (*Marching up to Useph, who draws back.*) No, I do not: that for your authority. (*Snaps his fingers.*) A magistrate, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Look at the magistrate. What have you to say now, magistrate?

Useph. Nothing: if you don't respect authority, there's an end of the matter.

Leop. (*To Peter.*) Give me the key.

Peter. Why, to say the truth, Leopold, I have lost it.

Leop. Lost it! Oh! very well. But it's no matter: I believe this right shoulder of mine will force any lock. I'll break open the door; and I'll do it without any violence, only to shew how I can keep my temper; now I defy any of you to say that I put myself in a passion. D—e! stand out of the way, or I'll knock you down, you old goat.

[*Pushes violently against Useph and exit.*]

Ghita. What do you think now, sir?

Useph. 'Faith! I don't know; my thoughts are rather confused; I—I—I—(*Noise without.*) There, there, he has broke the door all to smash. Good morning to you: perhaps his highness waits for me. (*Going.*)

Peter. Consider, sir, you had better not leave us.

Useph. Indeed, I beg your pardon; our good humoured friend may come back and knock out my brains very coolly; only to shew what he can do without being in a passion. [*Exit with Peter.*]

Ghita. Poor Lilla! I hope Leopold will carry her off. I am sure she loves him, and that he loves her; the whole village will rejoice at their wedding.

AIR.—GHITA.

*All will hail the joyous day,
When love his triumph shall display;
The dance shall mingle old and young.
The rustic pipe assist the song;
The sprightly bells with welcome sound,
Shall spread the happy news around,
And give a hint to maidens coy,
That youth they should not misemploy.
Useph will, with sullen pride,
Envy joys to wealth denied;
And as we trip with merry glee,
Wish himself as poor as we.
The sprightly bells, &c.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Outside of Peter's house; a garden wall round it.

LEOPOLD discovered at the window, out of which is a veil hanging.

Leop. Poor Lilla! nowhere to be found: she's gone; and, by her veil hanging here out of the window, in a fit of despair. I'll after her. (*Jumps out, and comes out of the door of the garden wall with the veil.*) This relic of my beloved Lilla's shall serve to keep my resentment alive. But where's that cruel villain, Peter? d—e! I'll maul him.

[*Retires into the garden.*]

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ha! the window open! nay, then, madam's off: but where's that mad-brained Leopold?

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. Have I caught you, sirrah? Now, what have you to say for yourself? (*Seizes him by the throat.*)

Peter. Why, nothing, to be sure, if you stop my breath.

Leop. Harkye! rascal, if you don't tell me where Lilla is—

Peter. Why, you are in such a passion, Leopold.

Leop. It's false; I'm not in a passion. If you say I'm in a passion, I'll kick you, you scurvy knave.

Enter USEPH and Officers.

Useph. Seize that fellow directly.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Useph. Seize him, seize him, I say.

Peter. Seize him, seize him! Why, pray?

Leop. Let me come at him, pray.

Chorus. Haste, let us bear him away.

Useph. Don't fear, I'll protect you.

Leop. You're a rogue; I suspect you.

Useph. Knock him down, I command it.

Chorus. Knock him down, he commands it.

Peter. How can justice demand it?

Hear me.

Chorus.

Hear me.

Leop.

No, hear me.

Useph. We are none of us safe—

Chorus. While that fellow is free.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Inside of Anselm's Cottage.

Enter ANSELM.

Anselm. The hour is almost come. I wonder if Colonel Cohenberg be yet arrived; perhaps he may be the chosen instrument of heaven to destroy this Turkish tyranny, that like a baneful weed, chokes up our every seed of freedom.

AIR.—ANSELM.

*The sapling oak lost in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shoot repel,
Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.
At length, the woodman clears around
Where'er the noxious thickets spread;
And high reviving from the ground,
The forest monarch lifts his head.*

Enter COLONEL COHENBERG.

Anselm. Colonel Cohenberg!

Colonel. My friend Anselm!

Anselm. What could induce you, Colonel, to trust yourself so far within the enemy's camp?

Colonel. Two powerful motives, my Anselm, love and glory. Our general means to attack this post to-night, and I am honoured with the command of the detachment. Will the villagers assist us, think ye?

Anselm. Assist ye! ay, Colonel, to the last drop of our blood, every man of us. We have groaned under Turkish oppression too long. But you mentioned the word love, Colonel: may I venture to inquire after the fair Catherine, whom I saw at Vienna last year?

Colonel. Adorable girl! she had just consented to be mine, when I was suddenly ordered to the siege of Belgrade.

Anselm. That was unlucky. How did she bear the news?

Colonel. Like a heroine; when I attempted a faltering adieu, "What," says she, "will you now refuse the hand you have so often solicited? Should the bitter hour of misfortune overtake you, my Cohenberg, you will need the consolation of friendship; and have you a dearer friend than your Catherine? I will go with you, and shall find my happiness in fulfilling the duties of a wife."

Anselm. You married her, then?

Colonel. Ay, but was immediately obliged to join my regiment. How shall I speak the remainder of our melancholy story? She attempted to follow me, but was taken prisoner by a straggling party of the Turkish army, just arrived to the relief of Belgrade.

Anselm. Then, I fear she is taken to the Seraskier's seraglio.

Colonel. That's what I dread. In what part of the camp is his seraglio?

Anselm. You may have observed, about two miles from hence, a convent almost in ruins, which he has converted into his seraglio.

Colonel. I am not personally known to the Seraskier. By pretending business to him I may easily gain admittance to his presence. I have prepared two letters, one to the Seraskier, in my own name, another to my Catherine, informing her of my design.

Anselm. And if you find her there, what then?

Colonel. What then! why, then I'll storm the Seraskier's tent, and carry her off this night.

Anselm. Heaven prosper you! 'tis a hazardous enterprise.

Colonel. Hazardous, my Anselm! I scorn the thought. I have picked the gallant fellows whom

I command; my brave hussars, the flower of the Austrian army; we have fought, we have bled, we have conquered together; and that leader hazards little, who has thought it his first duty to treat his soldiers as his friends.

Anselm. But you know, Colonel, friends in all situations will sometimes desert.

Colonel. I am not speaking of the weathercock friendship that only shews which way the wind of caprice points. We have tried each other in adversity and prosperity, and have cemented our friendship with our blood on the field of battle. But come, lead me to the Seraskier; be diligent, confident, and secret;

*Then trust our cause to Providence above,
The never-failing hope of faithful love.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Seraskier's Tent.

Enter LILLA.

AIR.

*Blithe as the hours of May,
Were those I now deplore,
When first I own'd love's gentle sway;
They will return no more.
Every fond hope is lost;
No comfort can they bring;
Winter's untimely chilling frost
Destroy'd the infant spring.
Blithe as the hours, &c.*

Enter GHITA.

Ghita. Ah! my dear Lilla, I am glad I have found you. Do you know, the surly guard denied me admittance at first. Well, how did you come here? tell me all about it?

Lilla. Hush! some other time; here comes his highness; now, pray, don't leave me alone with him.

Enter SERASKIER.

Seras. Ha! a companion with her! that obstacle must be removed. (*Aside.*) Well, Lilla, you shall find me a man of my word; I promised you redress, and you shall have it, but I must first talk with Useph on the business, and this pretty maiden shall be my messenger, to say that I desire his immediate attendance on me.

Ghita. Yes, your highness. Come, Lilla.

Seras. Lilla, you may remain with me.

Ghita. (*Aside.*) Oh! yes, she's like to remain, indeed, whilst his highness is so violently in love with justice; yes, yes, I understand it very well; ay, ay. [Exit.]

Seras. Lilla, why are you so much alarmed? you have nothing to apprehend: do you know, Lilla, it is in your power to make me very happy?

Lilla. Is your highness unhappy?

Seras. I am. Tell me, Lilla, are you sensible of love?

Lilla. Ah! that I am, indeed, sir.

Seras. Suppose I were to love you.

Lilla. I should be sorry for that, my lord.

Seras. Why so?

Lilla. Because, my lord, I couldn't love you in return: pray, my lord, don't be angry.

Seras. I am not angry: but come, Lilla, I must inspire you with an ambition for grandeur.

Lilla. Will grandeur make me happy, sir?

Seras. Certainly.

Lilla. Then how can your highness be unhappy?

Seras. Oh! that is—that is—I cannot explain that to your comprehension—but say, Lilla, when you behold from your cottage-window the magnificent buildings and gardens of Belgrade, do you not—

Lilla. Oh! my lord, I own I admire them; but my favourite is an humble flower, which, I fear, I should not find in your highness's garden.

Seras. What's that?

Lilla. Heart's-ease, sir.

Seras. Come, come, you shall misunderstand me no longer—(*Takes hold of her.*)

Enter GHITA, hastily.

Ghita. Oh! my lord, my lord.

Seras. You are soon returned.

Ghita. Oh! yes, my lord; ill news, you know, flies apace. Some officers have seized poor Leopold, and are hurrying him to prison, for affronting that wicked old justice Useph.

Lilla. Ah! my lord, pray, have compassion on an unfortunate lover.

Seras. You must first set me an example: the law must have its course.

TRIO.—SERASKIER, LILLA, and GHITA.

Seras. When justice claims the victim due,
Her dictates I obey.

Lilla & Ghita. } Yet should distress for pity sue,
You'll own the gentle sway.

Seras. Law must prevail.

Lilla. And so it may,
Except when love is in the way.

Seras. Your arts forbear,
No more I'll hear.

Lilla. When justice she attended,
Let her not find a foe.

Ghita. When justice I attended,
Let me not find a foe.

Lilla. In what has she offended?
Alas! I do not know.

Ghita. In what have I offended?
Alas! I do not know.

Seras. In what you have offended,
Dissembler, well you know.

Lilla & Ghita. } On what will he resolve?

All. My troubled bosom vexing,
In varied forms perplexing,
A thousand doubts revolve.

Lilla & Ghita. } Compassion thus entreating,
In vain shall we implore?

Seras. In vain shall they implore.

Lilla & Ghita. } May pity, sorrow greeting,
Our happiness restore.

All. In what have I offended, &c.

Enter ISMAEL, USEPH, PETER, LEOPOLD, and Officers.

Useph. Please your highness, here's a most unruly, obstreperous country fellow, who has broken open a door, and attempted to knock down a magistrate; and all, forsooth, because he's under the influence of the tender passion; he is the most violent, unmannerly—

Leop. It's false, I am not violent.

Ismael. (*Aside to Seras.*) This poor fellow has an honest heart; the magistrate is a villain; the villagers are already disaffected to us; be careful how you act in this affair, my lord. Subdue them by your justice—your clemency.

Seras. (*To Ismael.*) I will take your advice for the present, but I must have the girl, sooner or later. Hear me.

Ismael. Silence; attend to his highness.

Seras. You all know my affection for the good people of this village—

Leop. (*Half aside.*) The women, I believe, know it very well.

Useph. Silence, sirrah!

Seras. I consider you all as my children—

Leop. (*Aside.*) If he were to stay amongst us much longer the whole village would be his children in another generation.

Useph. How dare you mutter, you reprobate?

Seras. (*Whispers Ismael, who goes off.*) I would willingly content you all, but that's impossible; let my sentence be publicly known. (*The curtain at the back of the tent is drawn up; the Turkish camp is*

seen; Soldiers, Peasants, &c. enter through the tent, and place themselves on each side of the stage.)

Ghita. (*Aside.*) Now for some terrible sentence.

Seras. Leopold, you are in love with Lilla?

Leop. Yes, my lord.

Seras. And loved by her in return?

Leop. Yes, your highness.

Seras. Then marry her.

Leop. Thanks to your highness.

Seras. You are in love with Lilla, Useph?

Useph. Yes, my lord.

Seras. And not beloved by her?

Useph. I fear not, my lord.

Seras. Leopold has offered you an affront?

Useph. He has, my lord.

Seras. You are a man of authority, and should set an example of moderation; you must forgive him.

Leop. How do you like that, old one? (*Aside to Useph.*)

Seras. (*To the Officers.*) Take off his chains.

Enter LILLA and ISMAEL.

Lilla. That be my task; it is my duty and happiness. (*Takes off his chains.*)

FINALE.

Lilla. So kindly condescending,
To our complaints attending,
Your highness us befriending,
No more shall wrongs assail.

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Leop. Your highness, please to hear me—

Lilla. Be silent, I beseech.

Leop. Zounds! I'll be cool, don't fear me.

Peter. Oh! let us hear his speech.

Ghita. We're bound to you for ever. (*To Seras.*)

Seras. No silly compliments, I pray.

Lilla. To thank you I'd endeavour—

Seras. You soon, methinks, might learn the way.
(*To Lilla.*)

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Seras. Seemingly condescending,
To their complaints attending,
Though love my bosom's rending,
Yet shall my scheme prevail.

Chorus. May fate our prayers befriending,
No disappointment sending;
Let love and truth prevail.
Securely, bliss enjoying,
All fear of power annoying,
Your clemency destroying,
Now justice shall prevail.

[*During the finale, the Seraskier takes hold of Lilla's hand and kisses it; Leopold observes this, and takes Lilla's place; the Seraskier takes Leopold's hand, supposing it to be Lilla's, but finding his mistake, appears confused. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Convent.

Enter CATHERINE.

AIR.

My plaint in no one pity moves,
Save echo, who in plaints replies:
Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
With sympathy she counts my sighs.
Pleas'd with the strain, the hapless maid
Repeats the unavailing moan;
And, while she lends her soothing aid,
Laments my sorrows and her own.

Unhappy as I am, it is some consolation to me that Cohenberg knows my heart, and will not wrong me so far as to doubt my constancy. But see, the Seraskier—he treats me with respect, though he is still ignorant who I am.

Enter SERASKIER.

Seras. Alas! madam, shall I never have the happiness of seeing you wear those smiles which nature,

prodigal in adorning you, meant as her last gift to perfect your charms.

Cath. I am your prisoner, sir; my indignant heart swells whilst I avow it.

Seras. I am your prisoner; does not my every sigh—

Cath. You are a soldier, sir; do not disgrace that character by insulting a defenceless woman.

Enter ISMAEL.

Ismael. My lord, a deserter of no vulgar rank, from the Austrian camp, desires to be admitted to your presence.

Seras. Conduct him hither. [*Exit Ismael.*] I presume, madam, you would wish to retire?

Cath. If I stay, I may hear some news of my friends. (*Aside.*) I request, sir, you will permit me to remain here.

Seras. I thank you, madam, for the request, since it, at last, gives me an opportunity of obliging you.

Re-enter ISMAEL with COLONEL COHENBERG.

Cath. (*Aside.*) Oh, heavens! my Cohenberg!

Colonel. (*Aside.*) My Catherine!

Seras. What are you?

Colonel. An Austrian.

Seras. What have you to communicate?

Colonel. Colonel Cohenberg is not unknown to your highness.

Cath. (*Aside.*) What can he mean?

Seras. His character is not unknown to me: what then?

Colonel. Your highness once wrote to him as to an exchange of prisoners; consequently, know his hand.

Seras. Perfectly well.

Cath. (*Aside.*) I perceive some artifice; but what a hazard does he run!

Colonel. (*Giving a letter.*) Here, sir, is my commission.

Seras. 'Tis his seal, his writing. (*Reads.*) "The bearer is in my confidence; if you wish for my aid, tell him on what terms you are willing to acquire my friendship and assistance,—COHENBERG." Is it possible that I shall be the happy means of gaining Cohenberg to the Ottoman cause? Tell the gallant Christian I deem his friendship invaluable; and in the name of my most illustrious sovereign, promise, as a debt of gratitude, whatever he shall ask. Do you know this Colonel Cohenberg, madam?

Cath. Yes, my lord, so well, that I have him now before me. (*Looking at the Colonel.*) He married a lady who was dear to me as myself; they were separated by the chance of war, and Cohenberg now lives to see her he loves in slavery and sorrow.

Colonel. Take comfort, madam; he loves her more tenderly than ever, and vows to relieve her, or perish in the attempt.

Seras. Say, Christian, if I write, when may I expect an answer?

Colonel. Within these few hours you may depend on seeing me again.

Cath. (*Aside.*) Indeed!

Seras. Heavens! madam, how you are altered! To what am I to attribute this blissful change?

Cath. To the blessed tidings I have just now heard. I am charmed to hear of Cohenberg's inviolable constancy, and transported with the hope of his Catherine being, one day, restored to freedom, by the arms of the hero she adores.

Seras. You take so warm an interest in his favour that, were he here, I should almost suspect myself reduced into his rival.

Cath. There would be no fear of that, for well he knows his Catherine will not suffer him to have a rival.

Seras. I hardly comprehend you. But I must send my answer to Cohenberg's letter. (*Sits down to write.*) 'Tis done. Now, madam, if you have any kind things to say in behalf of your friend, I'll be

your secretary; continue those smiles, and you shall find a Mussulman can be as complaisant a lover as any Christendom can boast. What shall I tell him?

Cath. Tell him—

DUETT.—SERASKIER and CATHERINE.

*Of plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all love's dictates tell:
Of restless thoughts, that never slept,
Since when she bade farewell.
The rising sigh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear:
So may the sympathetic soul,
Direct kind fancy's wing,
Where future hours in transport roll,
And love's reward shall bring.*

(During this scene the Colonel and Catherine shew their joy at seeing each other, unobserved by the Seraskier, who is between them. In the course of the duett, the Colonel makes an unsuccessful effort to give her a letter.)

Seras. (Gives the Colonel a letter.) There is my answer; and by our holy prophet do I swear faithfully to perform each article. (The Colonel gives a letter to Catherine, unperceived by the Seraskier. A Slave enters, snatches it from her, and presents it to the Seraskier on his knee.) What's this? (Reads.) "I have ventured into the Turkish camp in hopes of seeing you, my beloved Catherine." Ha! Catherine! "This night I mean to storm the Seraskier's fort, and give you liberty. Your true COHENBERG." What ho! a guard!

Enter ISMAEL and Guard.

Seize him.

Cath. Hear me, my lord.

Seras. No more, dissembler! Bear her away.

Cath. My Cohenberg, I have undone thee.

Seras. Away with her. [Exit Guards with Cath.] Slaves, on your lives I charge you, guard well this hypocrite, this liar. (The Colonel, in great agitation, feels for his sword which the Guards have taken from him, and missing it, clasps his hands in agony.) Deep in the darkest dungeon of the fort let him be chained; there shall he stay till his associates in perfidy shall come to burst his bonds, and storm the post I guard.

Colonel. Alike I scorn thy menaces and taunts. I glory, though I failed, in the attempt. Heap cruelty on cruelty on me, I can bear it; my darkness is the loss of Catherine's eyes, my chains the despair of seeing her; and death were transport to the pangs I feel in knowing her a slave to thee, barbarian! [Exit, guarded.]

Seras. Ismael!

Ismael. My lord?

Seras. Wilt thou not despise me when I tell thee neither Cohenberg's plot, nor Catherine's charms, can drive this rustic Lilla from my heart. I'll carry her off this night. Have you prepared the disguises as I commanded?

Ismael. I have, my lord.

Seras. Give orders that my tent be pitched in yonder wood, and my seraglio instantly removed thither.

Ismael. Why so, my lord?

Seras. To elude the search that will be made after Lilla: besides, Cohenberg's designs have taught me that I lie too near the frontiers of the Austrians. Away! and see my orders are obeyed.

[Exit Ismael.]

AIR.—SERASKIER.

*Confusion! thus defeated!
With bitter scorn thus treated!
Whatever thought pursuing,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding mists of ruin
In dark'ning circles rise:*

*In frost, on fire, by turns,
My bosom freezes—burns—
'Tis fix'd—my rival finds a grave.
Yet honour bids me save
From death the captive brave.
Confusion! thus defeated!
With bitter scorn thus treated!
Whatever thought pursuing,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding mists of ruin
In dark'ning circles rise.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter ANSELM and Peasants.

Anselm. It is as I suspected. I am sure 'twas Colonel Cohenberg I saw hurried to the fort. I fear the worst.

1 Peas. Is there no help, Anselm?

Anselm. None but this: some of you must swim the river, and inform the Austrian out-posts of Cohenberg's danger; and, perhaps, their succour may arrive in time to free him. I will remain on this side, that, should they arrive, I may conduct them by short and secret paths to the Seraskier's tent.

2 Peas. I'll go.

1 Peas. And I, if I drown for it; let's all go.

Anselm. Hear me, hear me, friends. You two shall undertake this message to the Austrians, the others stay with me to excite the villagers to revolt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Village.

Enter LILLA and GHITA.

DUETT.

*Haste, gentle zephyrs, o'er the glade,
If there my love discerning,
Kindly with fluttering pinions aid
His weary steps returning.
So may thy wings (their wanton play
No scorching sun oppressing)
Still gladly fan the sultry day,
And prove the summer's blessing.*

Ghita. Love they call a gentle passion,
Boast its power to calm the breast;
I prefer the jealous fashion;
Sweets when dash'd with sour are best.
While the ever-cooing doves,
In fond nonsense tell their loves;
Scarce existing, nought desiring;
Cloy'd with bliss, as well they may;
They, with langour half expiring,
Doze their stupid lives away.

Lilla. Let me in true pleasure's mirror
Tranquil view love's placid form;
Free from every jealous terror,
Give me the calm, take you the storm.

Lilla. Well, Ghita, now we are married, I hope our husbands will take their leave of jealousy.

Ghita. Psha! Lilla, how often must I tell you jealousy follows love like a shadow.

Lilla. Then love is a pretty thing and an ugly shadow. But I have seen my shadow often in the sun, and it appeared so tall and frightful that I am sure it couldn't be like me. But it begins to grow late, I wish our husbands would come home.

Ghita. There are two men coming this way.

Enter SERASKIER and ISMAEL in long cloaks.

Seras. (To Ismael.) Desire my followers to keep back.

Ghita. (To Lilla.) See, they have wrapped themselves up in long cloaks that we shouldn't know them.

Lilla. Ah! this is another of Leopold's jealous frolics. But I'll not speak first, I am determined.

Seras. Lilla, Lilla!

Lilla. I can't bear to see him uneasy; I must speak to him.

SESTETTO.

Lilla and Ghita. } Night thus from me concealing
 Ghita. } The form of him I love;
 Oh! let his voice, revealing
 His truth, my fears remove.

Seras. & Ismael. } Night thus from me concealing
 Ismael. } The form of her I love;
 Oh! let her voice, revealing
 The truth, my fears remove.

Lilla and Ghita. } Oh, heavens! the Seraskier!
 Seras. } A lover's accents hear;
 With sympathetic passion,
 Fond expectation cheer.

Lilla and Ghita. } Ah! should my husband hear us,
 What could poor Ghita do?
 What could poor Lilla do?
 [Enter LEOPOLD and PETER.]

Leop. & Peter. } Hark! I'm sure there's some one near
 Peter. } us.
 Peter. Ghita!
 Leop. Lilla!

Lilla and Ghita. } Our husbands near us!
 Ghita. } My love, I'm here.

Leop. & Peter. } You're here!
 Peter. } Then, who is this so near?

Lilla and Ghita. } Honest peasants, homeward going
 Ghita. } From their labour, I suppose.

Leop. & Peter. } How, I pray, are you so knowing,
 Peter. } Whether they be friends or foes?
 Jealous fears perplexing,
 Like whelming billows roll,
 And wreck my tortur'd soul.
 Begone; 'tis thy falsehood
 (To Lilla and Ghita.)
 Distracts my tortur'd soul.

Lilla and Ghita. } Ah! can my dear suspect me?
 Ghita. } My truth he cannot fear.

All. } Suspense, in clouds, shuts in the day.
 Hope, cheering star, afford thy ray
 Of silver light; and, to our eyes,
 Oh! bid thy bright creation rise.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Inside of Peter's House.

Enter PETER and LEOPOLD.

Peter. A pretty adventure this.

Leop. Yes, a very pretty adventure, indeed.

Peter. How do you feel, Leopold?

Leop. Oh! I'm composed, quite composed.

Peter. For my part, I own I am in a passion.

Leop. Oh! then you are wrong, my dear friend; you are wrong, Peter.

Peter. My suspicions are not easily roused, but now—

Leop. Oh! for shame, Peter, can't you be calm? Death and d—n! can't you be cool?

Peter. I confess I am angry, and—

Leop. But you sha'n't be angry, I tell you. You must be cool; d—e! you shall.

Peter. Must I?

Leop. Yes.

Peter. Why, then, I will; you know I am naturally very peaceable.

Leop. Peaceable! Here's a fellow, now, that would stand by quietly to have his horns fitted on; by my troth, if I must wear mine, I'll butt with them like a mad bull. [Exit.]

Peter. Poor Leopold, he's angry with me for not putting myself in a passion, desires that I will be cool, then flies in a rage because I follow his advice.

AIR.—PETER.

How few know how to value life,
 And taste its real joys,
 Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,
 With anger, pride, and noise!

Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
 And scorn me, if they please;
 Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
 And lead a life of ease.
 Limpid and pure life's current seems,
 Till passion's wild mistake,
 In madness, troubles all the streams
 Of which he must partake.
 Let riches, &c.

Re-enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. I say, Peter, Ghita's coming this way. Now don't you say anything to her, because you won't keep yourself cool; leave me to manage her, I know more about these matters than you do.

Enter GHITA.

Well, Ghita, your husband and I have been laughing over the whimsical affair that happened just now.

Ghita. Yes, it was whimsical, indeed. All's safe, I find. (Aside.)

Leop. Well, and so they were countrymen returning from their day's labour, were they?

Ghita. Yes, countrymen returning from labour.

Leop. Oh! I dare say they were. Curse me, if I believe a word on't. (Aside.) Well, but who were they?

Ghita. I know no more of the matter than Lilla does.

Peter. Oh! here comes Lilla.

Enter LILLA.

Leop. Lilla, my dear, come here, I want to speak with you: now you know that I never put myself into a passion; but a lie provokes me, therefore, have a care; now I expect you to tell me the truth, for Ghita has confessed the whole matter.

Lilla. Has she, indeed?

Leop. She has; therefore, have a care.

Peter. (Aside to Leop.) Now, Leopold, I tell you—

Leop. Be quiet, you fool; keep yourself calm. (Ghita makes signs to Lilla that she has not told.)

Lilla. (Aside.) Oh, oh! very well.

Leop. (To Lilla.) Come, why don't you speak? these countrymen.

Lilla. Ay, these countrymen—Who were they? Why don't you tell me? I am sure you know.

Leop. I know! here's a pretty piece of business.

Lilla. Well, if you won't tell me, Ghita will.

Leop. Harkye! Lilla, I am convinced you are wrong; therefore, I insist on your confession.

Lilla. Oh! you will have me confess?

Leop. Yes, I will; therefore, recollect yourself, I will have it. I say, Peter, this is the way to manage a wife. You see I have carried my point.

AIR.—LILLA.

What can mean that thoughtful frown?
 Why those eyes to earth cast down?
 Tell me what amiss they see;
 Let them kindly look on me.

La ra lal la!

What, then, would my dearest have?
 Come, indeed, I will be grave;
 And, with melancholy face,
 Calmly hear thy piteous case.

La ra lal la!

(During the song she dances slowly between Peter, Leopold, and Ghita.)

Peter. I say, Leopold, this is the way to manage a wife; you see you have carried your point.

Leop. Why, I—I—I don't know how it is, but ecod! she has danced me into a good humour, I think.

Lilla. Now, Leopold, how could you serve me so? Why, Ghita says you have been laughing at her. [humour.]

Leop. Why, yes, I believe I am in a merry

Lilla. I don't think you are merry; you seem grumpy.

Leop. Psha! no such thing; I am not grumpy.

Ghita. Ah! you don't deserve the supper we have prepared for you. But come, Lilla, we must forgive 'em.

Lilla. Well, if we must, we must. (*Brings the table with supper forward.*)

Leop. (*Aside to Peter.*) Well, Peter, what do you think of this?

Peter. (*Aside to Leop.*) Why, for my part, I think it looks like innocence.

Leop. So it does, so it does; but we'll watch them, though; so, mum! Peter. (*All sit.*) Egad! I never was happier in my life; come, let's have a toast.

Lilla. I'll give you one: may our happiness ever continue!

Leop. Very well; very well, indeed. (*All drink.*) So good a toast deserves a second bumper. (*Drinks again.*) Now away with suspicions for ever.

SERASKIER sings without.

SERENADE.

*To mighty love, the trembling strings are pressing;
Sacred to him they praise, their sweet employ.
Ah! the fond heart, whose passion they're expressing,
Vibrates like them to love, but not to joy.*

Leop. What's that?

Peter. It sounds like music.

Ghita. What delightful harmony!

Leop. Curse harmony! I don't like it at all. (*Rises.*)

Lilla. Sit down, Leopold.

Leop. I won't sit down.

Lilla. Nay, don't be angry; here's a merry-thought for you.

Leop. Eat it yourself, then.

Lilla. You shall sit down. It is only the villagers amusing themselves; and you know, Leopold, that people of fashion often have music at supper. (*Seraskier sings without.*)

Leop. Oh! choak your singing.

Lilla. (*Aside to Ghita.*) We are undone! 'tis the Seraskier.

Peter. Ah! Leopold, there's danger in that voice. How melodious!

Leop. Horridly melodious! Harkye! Peter, are you courageous?

Peter. Tolerably so.

Leop. (*Takes two swords, and gives one to Peter.*) Here, then, take this sword, and follow me. We'll join the concert; and if I don't put these gallants out of tune, I'll be—It's astonishing how I continue to keep my temper. [*Exit with Peter.*]

Lilla. What will become of us! Let's follow them; I fear there will be mischief. I wonder that Leopold keeps his temper. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter USEPH at a back door.

Useph. All quiet; then I'm sure Leopold can't be here; and I have such a dread of that d—d fellow, that—(*Seeing the supper.*) Eh! What have we here? a good supper, and nobody to eat it. I think my appetite returns, as my fright goes off. Egad! I'll pick a bit. There's nothing in the world I like better than a good supper, especially when anybody else pays for it. Ha, ha, ha! Eh! What's this? (*Holding a large slice of ham on his fork.*) Oh! the Christian dogs! what, eat pork! Oh, horrible! (*Eats the ham eagerly.*) Oh, fie! oh, fie! What have we here? Wine! worse and worse! Wine, indeed! How can people be so impious to drink—(*Drinks a large cupful.*)—Though, I believe a Mahometan may take a cup of wine when nobody sees him. Egad! I'll take another. Here's to the founder of the feast. (*Drinks.*) Now, if I could but meet Lilla—Good cheer puts one in such ex-

cellent spirits, and makes one so valiant and so loving, that—(*Pistols fire.*)—Oh, Lord! (*Starts up.*) They are firing pistols against the door. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What will become of me? (*Goes to the door at the back.*) Eh! this door is fast! Mercy on me! (*Hides under the table.*)

Enter PETER and GHITA.

Ghita. Stay here, my dear Peter, if you love me; all opposition is fruitless. I am sure the Seraskier it amongst them.

Peter. Poor Leopold! he'll be overpowered by numbers. Run up to the house-top, Ghita, and alarm the neighbours.—[*Exit Ghita.*]—How unlucky that this accident should happen just at supper-time!

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. Confusion! they have carried off my Lilla. Plague on my sword for failing me, when I might have rescued her; but I'll raise the neighbourhood, and if I can but find that old scoundrel, Useph—(*Turns round, and sees Useph.*)—Ha! villain, what brought you here?

Useph. What brought me here? Why, I heard a riot, so I came to—to—

Leop. To what?

Useph. Why, to quell it, and defend your house; and, besides, I came to wish you joy on your marriage, my dear friend.

Leop. And how did you get into the house?

Useph. I came through the garden, and in at the back-door, quietly and peaceably as a magistrate should do, and agreeably to my function.

Peter. Yes, and you seem to have been eating some of our supper: was that agreeably to your function?

Leop. Ah! sirrah, who asked you to supper?

Useph. I only picked a bit.

Leop. Hold your tongue. Harkye, rascal! my Lilla's carried off; and I am almost sure that you are in the plot; so, come along, and if I find my suspicions right, I'll hang you on the next tree. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Turkish Watch-tower.

Enter the SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and Guards, from the Tower.

Seras. Well, Ismael; so far we have proceeded successfully, and Lilla is safe within my power. The villagers fought manfully.

Ismael. I fear, my lord, we shall experience other proofs of their valour.

Seras. To what am I to attribute these unusual apprehensions, Ismael?

Ismael. My lord, I never before fought in a cause I was ashamed of.

Seras. No more: it's time to think of Cohenberg. Are the executioners prepared?

Ismael. They are, my lord.

Seras. Are the horsemen ready to bear off Catherine?

Ismael. They have their orders, my lord. (*Retires back.*)

Seras. (*To the Guards.*) Strike off his chains, and bring your prisoner forth. Do you conduct the lady hither. [*To another Guard, who exit.*]

The Guards lift up a trap-door, one descends and returns with COLONEL COHENBERG.

Colonel. To what new indignities am I reserved?

Enter Guard with CATHERINE.

Seras. Hear me, Christian: had the chance of battle made you my prisoner, I should have treated you as a soldier; but you have degraded yourself into a spy, and an ignominious death is, by the law of nations, your reward; yet life or death, on one condition, may still be yours.

Colonel. And if that one should be unworthy, learn, though life and liberty are dearer to me than

all the treasures of your eastern world, I have a gem within my keeping, more valuable far,—my honour! which I scorn to barter for it. (*Muffled drums are heard.*)

Seras. Hark! that is thy knell. When thrice those sounds, within a few short moments, shall have passed upon thy obstinacy, that instant is thy last. Attend: this night thy Austrians mean to attack my fort. Let the deceivers be deceived: deliver them to my sword. Renounce your Christian worship: do this; and, in my Sultan's name, I promise you power, wealth, honour, your Catherine, all your wishes can desire.

Colonel. My Catherine! she is a reward so valuable, so truly great, that—

Cath. Hear me, Cohenberg: should an unmanly tenderness for me make thee forget thy faith, thy country, and thy king, though that instant be my last, I'll tear thee, coward, from my bleeding heart, and cast thee off unworthy of my love.

Seras. (*Aside.*) Death to my hopes! she ruins all my purposes.—Christian, reflect; be quick, or both your lives shall expiate thy fault.

Cath. This is the greatest mercy thou canst shew. He dares to die, and I dare not live to see him dishonoured.

Seras. (*Muffled drums.*) Appear, ye ministers of death.—[*Enter black Slaves.*—Now, Christian, this moment is thy last.

Colonel. Oh, heavens!

Seras. Bear her away!

Cath. To torture—death. My Cohenberg, remember me.

Colonel. In life and death, my Catherine.

Seras. Away with her! [*Exit Cath. guarded.*

Colonel. Come, tyrant, give me the fatal bow-string, and end at once this pageant of thy cruelty. Thy threats I boldly despise; thy offers thus I tread beneath my feet; and, though this worthless frame may fall before thee, fixed as the founded rock, my soul shall stand, firm to my God, my king, and my country.

Seras. I'll hear no more.

Colonel. (*Kneels.*) Preserve my Catherine, heaven! (*Muffled drums. The Slaves put the cord round his neck, and prepare to strangle him.*)

Seras. Despatch him, slaves!

Colonel. Good angels, guard my Catherine!

Seras. Christian, thy prayers are vain. (*A great shout is heard, and the drums beating to arms.*)

Seras. Distraction! we are betrayed. [*Exit.*

Colonel. Off, off! ye slaves.

Enter ANSELM, PETER, LEOPOLD, &c. *Anselm* gives the *Colonel* a sword. *Slaves* go off. *Anselm, Peter, and Leopold, go into the tower. SERASKIER* re-enters with his sword drawn; the *Colonel* fights with him, and drives him off. The *Turks* are driven from the tower; the *Turkish flag* is taken down, and the *Austrian colours* hoisted. A party of *Austrians* enter from the tower, with *PETER, LEOPOLD, ANSELM, and Peasants. COLONEL COHENBERG enters. Drums and trumpets.*)

Colonel. The villain has escaped me in the throng. But, oh! Catherine is no where to be found.

Peter. A *Turkish soldier* told me, even now, some horsemen bore her over yonder plain.

Colonel. Ha! over yonder plain! [*Exit.*

FINALE.

Now victory has, like a mistress kind,

Put an end to all our quarrels;

In a brimming cup our joys we'll find,

From the vine we'll pluck our quarrels.

Let us drink as we fight; with loud huzzas,

We'll charge, and scorn all shrinking;

Till our wine, like the foe, retreats apace,

And we shew our valour in drinking.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Inside of the Seraskier's tent.*

Several Ladies discovered.

CHORUS.

On the warlike plains descending,
Night, in pity, casts her veil;
Hostile strife awhile suspending,
Short-lived peace and rest prevail.

Enter FATIMA and LILLA. Lilla in an elegant Turkish habit.

Fatima. Then you are resolved to leave us, Lilla?

Lilla. Yes, your ladyship, that I will as soon as I can.

Fatima. And are you not sorry to part with your fine clothes, and quit the pleasures of the seraglio?

Lilla. Pleasures, madam, what are they?

Fatima. Why, 'tis our pleasure to obey his highness, the Seraskier, who is our lord and husband.

Lilla. And have you no other husband?

Fatima. Why, that's a very odd question.

Lilla. Nay, I beg your ladyship's pardon; but I understand there are five and twenty; if so, what a pity you should only have one husband amongst you.

Fatima. Nay, nay; I ought not to be sorry at your going, or for the beautiful stranger leaving us. I have, hitherto, been the Seraskier's favourite; and you are two dangerous rivals.—Oh! here she comes.

Enter CATHERINE from the tent.

Cath. This intelligence of Cohenberg's safety, gives me new life. Now let fortune do her worst. Well, Fatima, are the sentinels bribed to let us pass?

Fatima. I gave Selim the gold, as you desired; who, doubtless, has obeyed your orders.

Cath. So, Lilla, I find you are to be my guide to the castle. Are you sure you know the way?

Lilla. Yes, my lady; 'tis by the private path, which leads directly to it. I dare say we shall be safe. (*Trembling.*)

Cath. Why do you tremble, Lilla?

Lilla. No, my lady—yes—yes—yes, I believe I am a little afraid.

Cath. Oh, for shame! You a lover! Consider.

Lilla. No, I won't consider. Now, pray, madam, talk finely to me, as you did a little while ago, and don't let me think of difficulties.

Cath. Difficulties! they are the test of virtue, the spur to courage: the noble mind would lose half its splendour, were it not for the pleasure of surmounting difficulties.

AIR.—CATHERINE.

No more I heave the heartfelt sigh;

No more I drop the briny tear;

Hope's promis'd hour of bliss is near.

Yet dangers surrounding,

My reason confounding,

Ah! whither shall I fly!

Enter a Turkish Soldier.

Sold. The drums are beating to arms; we expect to be attacked every moment. [*Exit.*

Cath. Come, Lilla. Adieu, kind Fatima! [*Exeunt.*

Peter. (*Without.*) The enemy's camp's on fire. Plunder's the word.

Enter PETER, LEOPOLD, ANSELM, Peasants, and Austrian Soldiers, who cut down the Seraskier's Tent, and carry it off in pieces. The Turkish camp is seen on fire, at a distance. Drums and trumpets are heard. Re-enter LEOPOLD and PETER.

Leop. Lilla not to be found! Oh! she is in the plot; I am sure she is; she has done it on purpose. I knew she would run away when I married her: I was certain.

Peter. 'Tis a pity, indeed.

Leop. 'Tis false! 'tis not a pity.

Peter. Well, then, 'tis not a pity. What a plague, mustn't I be sorry for you?

Leop. Rot your sorrow! No.

Peter. Well, I won't be sorry, then.

Leop. But are you really sorry for me, Peter!

Peter. To be sure I am: you know the friendship I have had for you, ever since we were boys together.

Leop. Give me your hand, then. I ask your pardon. But why will you provoke me?

Peter. Why was you provoked, then?

Leop. No, I was not; but I mean that—I say I mean—Zounds! I don't know what I mean.

SONG.—LEOPOLD.

*How provoking your doubts! Do you think I'm a fool?
In the heat of the battle you know I was cool;*

While ourselves and our neighbours

With guns, pistols, sabres,

Were cutting and slashing,

Mahomedans hashing.

*But need I care for that, since time is on the wing;
You see I am merry, you hear how I sing.*

Tol de rol, &c.

You see I am merry, you hear how I sing.

*That jade, madam Lilla, that gipsy, afar,
Is jigging away to the Turkish guitar;*

While great smooth-chinn'd fribbles,

With vile squeaking trebles,

Chant her praises to cheer

That cruel Seraskier!

*Till the handkerchief's thrown—But, then, what's
that to me?*

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.

Tol de rol, &c.

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—An Apartment at Colonel Cohenberg's.

Enter an Austrian Soldier, and LILLA, veiled.

Sold. Pray, walk this way; our Colonel will be so glad to see you.

Lilla. Indeed, sir, he won't.

Sold. Oh! but I am sure he will, my lady.

Lilla. Sir!

Sold. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but, though bred in the ranks, I know good manners.

Lilla. Ah! that's my misfortune. I wish you did not; for, then, you would quit the room, and let me alone.

[*Soldier bows, and exit.*]

Useph. (*Without.*) Come along, Michael.

Lilla. Oh, heavens! that wretch, Useph! What shall I do! Though, perhaps, he won't know me in this dress. (*Retires.*)

Enter an Austrian Soldier, conducting in USEPH and MICHAEL. Useph dressed as an Austrian officer.

Useph. Pray, 'don't disturb the noble Colonel; but when his honour is quite at leisure, let his honour know that I humbly wait to offer my congratulations. My name is Heoon Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blandenkerstoon Schwartzbergen.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

Mich. Why, heyday! I thought your name had been Ben Yacomb Ben Mustapha.

Useph. Ay, that was my Turkish title; but it won't do now the Austrians are our masters. I think I have got a good name, eh! Michael?

Mich. Yes; and as you never had a good name before, I hope you will keep it, now you have got it.

Useph. Ha, ha! Very well; you are a sharp fellow, Michael; I'll recommend you to the Colonel, when I am appointed to some post of great emolument under him: you shall be my deputy, and do all the business for me,—(*aside*) and I'll take all the money.

Mich. So I will. I have often wondered where the deuce you could conceal your riches.

Useph. Ay, that's a secret I mean to let you into; for I don't think my hoards are quite safe in this time of warlike combustion. We'll remove them, Michael. (*Lilla listens.*)

Mich. But where are they?

Useph. Why, you know the burying-place, about a mile off, which the Turks hold so sacred. In the middle of that ground, stands a high and spacious tomb; there I have hid it. But, mum!

Enter an Austrian Soldier.

Sold. (*To Lilla.*) Our Colonel is not at home, madam; but I shall be happy to attend your ladyship.

Useph. (*To the Sold.*) Harkye! my lad, pray, who is this pretty piece of camp furniture, eh?

Sold. Hush! 'tis our Colonel's lady. I was the first who saw her here, and expect to be made a corporal for it.

[*Exit.*]

Useph. (*Aside to Michael.*) Oh, ho! then I know my cue.—Leave us, Michael.—[*Exit Michael.*]

(*Useph bows to Lilla.*) How happy are we all to see your ladyship returned! The Colonel is a most amiable creature; he does me the honour to live in my house: it was mine yesterday. Indeed, he forgot to ask my leave; but true politeness overlooks trifles. He must have a number of very pretty things at his disposal. Oh! if ever I should live to be appointed a commissary—and if your ladyship would but stand my friend—Pray, is your ladyship fond of jewels?

Lilla. (*Aside.*) If I speak to him, he'll know my voice.

Useph. (*Aside.*) I have some of the most beautiful here, which I should be proud to present to your ladyship. (*Offers a casket.*)

Lilla. (*Aside.*) I believe I had best take them, to prevent further questions. (*Takes the casket.*)

Useph. (*Aside.*) I can see that she is used to bribery.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. The Colonel is not returned yet, madam; till he do, we shall be proud to obey the wife of our noble commander.

Lilla. (*Throws open her veil.*) I am not his wife, sir.

Useph. Why, heyday! Zounds! this is my wife that ought to be.

Lilla. I'll not be the wife of any of you. But, since you say, sir, you will obey my commands, pray, be kind enough to turn that wicked old justice of peace out of the house.

Sold. Oh! that we will directly. [*Exit.*]

Useph. What, turn me out of the house! that's a d—d good joke. Well, but, Lilla, I'll trouble you for my pearls again, dear.

Lilla. Why, I thought you gave them to me.

Useph. Yes, I gave them you to look at.

Lilla. Well, I have looked at them, and like them very well.

Useph. Come, come; I must have my jewels.

Enter two Soldiers.

Lilla. Turn him out.

Useph. I won't go without my pearls. At your peril, detain them. Lookye! my lads, I'm a magistrate; I see you are well-disposed persons, and so I'll explain to you the nature of justice as to private property. For instance: my pearls—I say, my pearls—(*Soldiers push him out.*)

Lilla. Ha, ha, ha! I think I shall be even with you, Mr. Justice. I am glad I know where his money is hidden. I wish I had told that gentleman of the fine lady that came away with me: I dare say she is the Colonel's wife. Ah! but, then, perhaps, he would have been angry with me for losing her. Well, thanks to fortune, here I am at present; so, I'll think no more of past dangers.

AIR.—LILLA.

*Domestic peace, my soul's desire,
The dearest bliss fate could bestow,
At length, to thee I may aspire;
Misfortune's storms no longer blow.
Escap'd their ire, now safe on shore,
I listen to the tempest's roar;
And while the billows idly foam,
They but endear my long lost home.* [Exit.

SCENE III.—Outside of Colonel Cohenberg's house.

USEPH discovered being pushed out of the house
by two Soldiers.

Useph. Well, but hear me: I say, that—there! they have turned me out, and won't hear me. Nobody will attend to me. What a miserable dog I am! Never was there so unhappy a magistrate!

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. Cruel, cruel, Lilla!

Useph. What?

Leop. She has robbed me of my peace for ever!

Useph. She has robbed me, too; however, I am ready to make the matter up, if you'll pay me for the pearls.

Leop. What does the fellow mean?

Useph. I mean the pearls Lilla had of me.

Leop. What! had of you?

Useph. Hear me patiently, and I'll tell you all.

Leop. Zounds! I am patient.—Well?

Useph. I intended those pearls as a present to a certain person.

Leop. And you gave them to Lilla?

Useph. Yes, in my house—Colonel Cohenberg's, I mean; for there she is.

Leop. What, Lilla there! Oh, ho! (Knocks.)

Sold. (Within.) What, you won't go along!—
(Comes out, and sees Leopold.) Ha! brother soldier, how are you?

Leop. Very well, thankye. Well, and so you are here. And how are you? Isn't there a young woman—I'm glad to see you—I say a young woman—How long have you been here?—Called Lilla, at this house?

Sold. Yes, she's within. Come with me.

[Exeunt Leopold and Soldier. Useph attempts to follow; but is pushed back, and the door shuts.

Useph. What, shut the door in my face! I see there is no chance of getting the pearls; and I shall be ruined if I stay here; so, I'll e'en pack up my remaining treasure, and go over to the Turks. I got all my money by changing sides, and I'll change sides to keep it.

AIR.—USEPH.

*Some time ago, I married a wife,
And she, poor soul! was the plague of my life;
I thought, when I lost her, my troubles were done,
But, i'faith, I found they're just begun.*

*Tho' she's gone,**Still 'tis all one,**My troubles, alas! are just begun.**A magistrate I next became,**To be impartial was my aim;**No distinction I made between great and small;**Plaintiffs, defendants, I fleec'd them all:**Great and small, fleec'd them all.**Turks and Christians, I cheated 'em all.**In praise of honesty, I've heard,**As policy, 'tis much preferr'd;**Then, if 'tis best, in life's repast,**The daintiest dish I'll taste the last.**Honest at last,**Tir'd of the past,**Perhaps, as a change, I may try it at last.* [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room at Colouel Cohenberg's.

Enter LEOPOLD and LILLA.

Lilla. My dear Leopold, how glad I am to see

you! Was it not lucky that I heard Useph say where his riches were?

Leop. Yes, very lucky.—(Aside.) Not a word of the pearls yet.—Well, but, Lilla,—I say this fine dress of yours—Zounds! I can't bear to look at it.

Lilla. What, more suspicions, Leopold?

Leop. No, my suspicions are vanished.

Lilla. I am glad of it.

Leop. Yes, I am convinced of your falsehood.—Where are the pearls that Useph gave you? I suppose you can explain that to me.

Lilla. I'll explain nothing, Leopold. Your want of confidence in me vexes me to the heart. I am sure we shall never be happy, if this be the case. (Cries.)

Leop. Oh! very well. I see what—you wish to part—Oh! with all my heart.

Lilla. And with all mine.

DUETT.—LEOPOLD and LILLA.

Lilla. *Though you think by this to vex me,
Love no more can give me pain.*

Leop. *Vainly strive not to perplex me,
You shall dupe me ne'er again.*

Lilla. *Now your falsehood is requited,
I'll enjoy a single life.*

Leop. *Hark! to glory I'm invited,
By the cheerful drum and fife.*

Lilla. *By consent, then, now we sever,—*Leop. *Love's all nonsense, freedom's sweet;*Lilla. *And we take our leave for ever,*Leop. *Never more again to meet.*Lilla. *Never more?*Leop. *Never more.*Lilla. *I don't want, sir, to allure you;**I don't wish your stay, not I.*Leop. *I'm quite happy, I assure you;**Gladly I pronounce good b'ye!*Lilla. *You will change your mind, believe me—*Leop. *No; I told you so before.*Lilla. *Can you have the heart to leave me?*Leop. *Yes: I'll never see you more.*Lilla. *Never more?*Leop. *Never more.*

Both. *Never more my love shall leave me;
Never part—no, never more.* [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Turkish Burial-ground.

Enter PETER, followed by LEOPOLD with a small cane.

Peter. How fortunate that Lilla should overhear Useph discover where his treasures are hidden. But you say we are to carry this money to Colonel Cohenberg, who will deliver it to the lawful owners.

Leop. Yes; we are to commit a robbery for the public good. So, follow me, Peter. In we go.

Enter MICHAEL with a sack, and USEPH disguised in a long cloak.

Useph. Come along, Michael. But make no noise, that we may make our escape, undiscovered, to Belgrade. This is the spot where I buried my poor, dear wife, two years ago.

Mich. I recollect it.

Useph. Ah! many a time, in the dead of the night, have I visited this place.

Mich. What the plague, did you want to steal your wife?

Useph. No, no; I ran away with her once, when she was alive; and repented it ever afterwards. She was a good soul, but rather turbulent; never quiet, till she arrived here; and, now she is at rest, I should be sorry to disturb her. There, Michael; that tomb is my banking-house; and, perhaps, it is not the first banking-house where a fortune has been buried. However, this is an old-established shop, and all the parties in it quiet, safe people.

Mich. Then we come to remove the treasure?

Useph. Even so, my boy: I shall take away my money, and leave my wife. Many a husband would think that no bad bargain. (*Going in, meets PETER and LEOPOLD.*) Oh, terrible! What do I see! my riches! Oh! you audacious robbers! Oh! you sacrilegious villains!

Leop. Now, don't make a noise; you must be cool.

Useph. Why, you impudent varlet! Do you plunder me, and preach to me at the same time? Zounds! I'll never be cool again.

Leop. Yes, you will. (*Strikes him with a cane.*) How do you find yourself, now? (*Strikes him again.*)

Useph. Oh! good, kind Leopold, I am cool—indeed, I am quiet.

Leop. Now, then, let's hear what you have to say.

Useph. May I, then, without offence, ask what right you have to take my money? I don't ask this in anger; I am quite cool.

Leop. Your money! Why, your name is Heroon Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blandenkerstoon Schwertzenbergen.

Peter. And this money belongs to one Ben Yacomb Ben Ali Ben Mustapha.

Leop. An old, roguish magistrate of this village, who used to cheat people of their property. Come, honest Michael, you shall carry this treasure for us to Colonel Cohenberg's.

Useph. To Colonel Cohenberg's! Why, what the devil—

Leop. What, you want the other dose?

Useph. No, no.

Leop. Well, then, assist Peter in loading Michael.

Useph. I tell you I will not assist. That—

Leop. (*Strikes him.*) Now be cool.

Useph. This is d—d hard to make a man accessory to robbing himself. (*They put several bags, which Peter and Leopold brought from the tomb, into the sack, then place it on Michael's back, who carries it off. Useph puts one of the bags into his pocket, unseen by Peter or Leopold.*)—*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Outer Wall of the Burial-ground.*—

Several voices are heard crying—"Follow! Follow!"

Enter CATHERINE, LEOPOLD, PETER, MICHAEL, and USEPH.

Cath. Oh, heavens! I am closely pursued!—Which way shall I escape? My friends, will you conduct me to Colonel Cohenberg's.

Leop. Ay, madam, at the hazard of our lives. Lead on, Useph. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and Guards.

Seras. Confusion! My camp destroyed, and Catherine escaped!

Ismael. Pray, my lord, return. You are near the frontiers of the Austrians.

Seras. Not till I recover Catherine. (*Trumpets.*) Hark! I am called to arms. Begone, and bear our crescent to the wars. [*Exit Ismael.*]

AIR.—SERASKIER.

*Love and honour now conspire
To rouse my soul with martial fire.
Holy prophet, hear my prayer,
Give me once more the charming fair.
The Austrian trumpet's bold alarms
Breathe defiance to our arms.
Fir'd with ardour to engage,
Give me to dare the battle's rage,
When groans that shall be heard no more,
Echo to the cannon's roar.*

*Death stalks triumphant o'er the field:
On every side the Christians yield.
Still conquest doubly presses
The lover-soldier's arms,
In prospect he possesses
Complying beauty's charms.* [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Castle and view of Belgrade.*—*The siege commences. Guns firing balls of fire, supposed to be thrown to fire the citadel. A party of Turks are repulsed by a party of Austrians. An Austrian Soldier fights some time sword in hand with a Turkish soldier; but, losing his sword, takes a pistol from his belt, and fires at him; the Turk falls, and is thrown into the ditch that surrounds the Castle.*—*Enter the SERASKIER and COHENBERG fighting. The Seraskier falls.*—*PETER, LEOPOLD, ANSELM, &c. fight with the Turkish soldiers. USEPH enters, and flourishes his sword on the side of the Turks; but finding they are sure to be conquered, joins the Austrians. Drums and trumpets heard all the time.*

Colonel. (*To the Seraskier, who is down.*) Rise, and learn Christian revenge.

Enter CATHERINE.

FINALE.—*In the course of which, enter GHITA and LILLA.*

Cho. Loud let the song of triumph rise,
Bless'd triumph o'er oppression's sway;
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,
For freedom's voice shall join the lay.

Cath. Fortune relenting, from her stores,
Her richest treasures lavish pours;
The bliss for which so long we strove,
The joys of victory and love.

Seras. Vanquish'd, I boast my victor brave;
Light were the chains which valour gave;
More potent fetters now I find,
Kindness subdues his captive's mind.

Cho. Loud let the song of triumph rise,
Bless'd triumph o'er oppression's sway;
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,
For freedom's voice shall join the lay.

DUETT.—LILLA and GHITA.

*Now while music her strains most inviting,
Shall in sweet gratitude's cause display;
Tho' untutor'd in skill so delighting,
Our heartfelt thanks let us humbly pay.
Strains so artless tho' we proffer,
Hearts o'erflowing zest the offer.*

Cho. Now while music, &c.

Leop. All ill-humour thus vented in fighting,
We are, as usual, good-humour'd and gay;

Lilla. Happy liberty's blessings regaining,
They inspiring our simple lay;

Ghita. Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,
The theme our humble song will raise.

Lilla. Strains so artless,—
Though we proffer,—
Hearts o'erflowing,
Zest the offer.

Cho. Freedom's glorious cause, &c.

Cath. From companions in danger, this greeting
Of friendship, how can we requite?

Trio. A reception so gracious when meeting,
Our duty becomes our delight.

Lilla and Ghi. } Bright the laurel of victory gracing,
The manly brow merit marks it to wear;—

Cho. Doubly dear is that laurel while placing
By the lov'd hand of the favourite fair.
Toils forgetting, pleasure courting,
Beauty beaming, smiles transporting.
Bright the laurel, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

THE DISTREST MOTHER;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY AMBROSE PHILIPS.



Act I.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

PYRRHUS
ORESTES

PHŒNIX
PYLADES

ANDROMACHE
HERMIONE

CEPHISA
CLEONE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A great Hall in the court of Pyrrhus.*

Enter ORESTES, PYLADES, and Attendants.

Ores. Oh! Pylades, what's life without a friend?
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore?
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore?
Even in the court of Pyrrhus? in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh! my brave friend, may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. Oh, Prince! oh, my Orestes! oh, my friend!
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.

(*Embraces.*)

Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Bless'd be the powers that barr'd my way to Greece,
And kept me here! e'er since the unhappy day
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud stormy main.

Ores. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills, to which your life's involv'd;
And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.
I fear'd to what extremities the black despair
That prey'd upon your mind might have betray'd
And lest the gods, in pity to your woes, [you,
Should hear your pray'rs, and take the life you
loath'd.

But now with joy I see you. The retinue,
And numerous followers that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
To relish life.

Ores. Alas! my friend, who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserv'd?
I come in search of an inhuman fair;
And live or die, as she decrees my fate. [cur'd

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince; I thought you

Of your unpity'd, unsuccessful passion.

Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than at Sparta?

I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom:
Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more:
Prince, you deceiv'd me!

Ores. I deceiv'd myself.

Do not upbraid the unhappy man that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee;
Thou saw'st it, in its birth, and in its progress;
And when, at last, the hoary king, her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair; and how I dragg'd,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
Oh! Pylades, my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, press'd with sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me like a banish'd man,
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathising friendship?

Ores. Thou miracle of truth! But hear me on.
When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to the vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, and all her charms, to Pyrrhus;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed; and in Greece I found

The assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts;
And that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And every idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Ores. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice, complain of Pyrrhus;
That now, forgetful of the promise giv'n,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd Troy; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings—great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece!
But, Prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose:
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Ores. Your tale confirms what I have heard; and
hence

Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woos
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh! may you keep your just resentments
warm! [found

Ores. Resentments! Oh! my friend, too soon I
They grew not out of hatred. I am betray'd:
I practise on myself, and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece;
And here I come, their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: will he, then, be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

Ores. Oh! would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be bless'd!
He must; he shall! Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture! I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—Oh, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!
But tell me, Pylades, how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;
The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child, confin'd
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her;
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gather'd from a man so various?
He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.

Ores. But tell me how the wrong'd Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd charms?

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falsehood;

But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms,
And oft has made me privy to her tears;
Still threatens to be gone, yet still she stays,
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.

Ores. Ah! were those wishes from her heart, my
friend,

I'd fly in transport— (Flourish within.)

Pyl. Hear! the king approaches
To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
And, in the name of all her kings, require
That Hector's son be giv'n into your hands.
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
To speed his love, and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preserve her son.
But, see: he comes!

Ores. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
Go, and dispose Hermione to see
Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himself, in all his sorrows, at her feet. [Exit Pyl.]

Enter PYRRHUS, PHOENIX, and Attendants.
Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son;
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their state with widows and with or-
phans;

For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who
knows

But he may brave us in our ports, and fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands;
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more con-
cern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son despatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death? What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, Prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot. And who shall wrest them from
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen; [me?
Cassandra was your own great father's prize.
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Ores. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancied ills, and dangers out of sight. [Troy;

Ores. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies.

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confus'd in dust; all mix'd in one wide ruin!
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?

Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just.
My fury then was without bounds; but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood?
An infant's blood? No, Prince; go bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Ores. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son.
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword; the father, whom the
Greeks

May seek e'en here. Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No: let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them. Let them come;
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, Prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Ores. Shall Greece, then, find a rebel son in
Pyrrhus? [Greece?

Pyr. Have I, then, conquer'd to depend on

Ores. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself.
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her still, though not her father's slave.
I may, in time, give proofs that I'm a lover;
But never must forget that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, Prince. The
Greeks,

No doubt, expect your quick return.

[Exit Orestes and Attendants.

Phœ. Sir, do you send your rival to the Princess?

Pyr. I am told that he has lov'd her long.

Phœ. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew;
And she be wrought to listen to his passion? [fill:

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix; let them love their
Let them go hence; let them depart together;
Together let them sail for Sparta; all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I then be reliev'd!

Phœ. But, sir—

Pyr. I shall, another time, good Phœnix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts: for see,
Andromache appears. [Exit Phœnix.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?

Andro. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet to-day embrac'd my child;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah! madam, should the threats of Greece
prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed.

Andro. Alas! what threats? What can alarm the
There are no Trojans left. [Greeks?

Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die: the terror of his name [son.
Still shakes their souls, and makes them dread his

Andro. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor, friendless child!

Who smiles in bondage, nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life,
And send no less than Agamemnon's son
To fetch him hence.

Andro. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands? This blow is aim'd at me.
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?
But, cruel men! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promis'd to myself in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow,
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears; I must not see you weep;
And know, I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war;
But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
Should they prepare a second ten years' siege,
And lay my towers and palaces in dust;
I am determin'd to defend your son,
And rather die myself than give him up.
But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
Hated of Greece, and press'd on every side,
Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache amongst my foes.

Andro. Consider, sir, how this will sound in
Greece!

How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
Let not men say, so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andro. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burden to herself,
Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever? Talk of it no more.

To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
To succour the distress'd; to give the son
To an afflicted mother; to repel

Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life;
Unbrib'd by love, untterrify'd by threats,
To pity, to protect him: these are cares,

These are exploits worthy Achilles' son. [ever?

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for
Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,
My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
But you, fair Princess, amply have aveng'd
Old Priam's vanquish'd house; and all the woes
I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffer'd in our turns; and now
Our common foes shall teach us to unite.

Andro. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus. Give me but to hope,
I'll free your son, I'll be a father to him:
Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspir'd by you,
What would I not achieve? Again shall Troy
Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire, and your son shall reign.

Andro. Such dreams of greatness suit not my
condition:

His hopes of empire perish'd with his father.
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
Never, oh! never, must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!
Sir, all I wish for is some quiet exile,
Where far from Greece remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh! return,
Return to your betroth'd Hermione. [cannot.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you know, I
You know my heart is your's; my soul hangs on you;

You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams, are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would, with transport, hear
The vows which you neglect.

Andro. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your sire immortal. Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well; 'tis very well; I find
Your will must be obey'd; imperious captive,
It shall! Henceforth, I blot you from my mind;
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:
For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
Too well to treat you with indifference.

Think well upon it; my disorder'd soul
Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage.
I have been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him; nor will I endanger
My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andro. Then he must die! alas! my son must die!
He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam, visit this unhappy son;
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go;
And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think, that his life depends on your resolves.

[Exit with Attendants.]

Andro. I'll go, and in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child; if he must die, my life
Is wrapp'd in his; I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together.
Together to the realms of night we'll go;
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll show,
And point him out among the shades below. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Her. Well, I'll be rul'd, Cleone; I will see him:
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.

Cle. And why forbid him?
Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd?
The man whose sufferings you so late lamented,
And often prais'd his constancy and love?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself. I blush to think
How I have us'd him, and would shun his presence.
What will be my confusion when he sees me,
Neglected and forsaken, like himself?
Will he not say, "Is this the scornful maid,
The proud Hermione, that tyranniz'd
In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms?
Her insolence, at last, is well repaid!"
I cannot bear the thought.

Cle. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer insults, but to repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still delay
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their embassy return to Greece. [time]

Cle. What would you more? Orestes comes in
To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him; you have told me so.

Her. Hate him! My injur'd honour bids me hate
him.

The ungrateful man, to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I lov'd so dearly;
The man I doated on! Oh! my Cleone,
How is it possible I should not hate him?

Cle. Then give him over, madam. Quit his court,
And with Orestes—

Her. No: I must have time
To work up all my rage; to meditate
A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cle. Do you, then, wait new insults, new affronts?
To draw you from your father; then to leave you;
In his own court to leave you, for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress? I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest; believe me cur'd;
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquer'd;
Think that my injur'd soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so, too.

Cle. Why would you loiter here, then?

Her. Let us fly!
Let us be gone; I leave him to his captive.
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone! But what if he repent?
What if the perjurd prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What, if he renew
His former vows? But, oh! the faithless man!
He slights me; drives me to extremities. However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves:
I'll stay, till by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son;
The second embassy shall claim the mother;
I will redouble all my griefs upon her.

Cle. Ah! madam, whither does your rage trans-
port you?

Andromache, alas! is innocent.
A woman plung'd in sorrow, dead to love;
And when she thinks on Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so, too! he had not then
Betray'd my easy faith. But I, alas!
Discover'd all the fondness of my soul;
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere.
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

Cle. Well might you speak without reserve, to one
Engag'd to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour, too, was an excuse to mine:
With other eyes he saw me then. Cleone,
Thou may'st remember, everything conspir'd
To favour him: my father's wrongs aveng'd;
The Greeks triumphant; fleets of Trojan spoils;
His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame;
His eager love; all, all conspir'd against me.
But I have done; I'll think no more of Pyrrhus:
Orestes wants not merit, and he loves me.
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him;
And if I've power o'er my own heart, 'tis his.

Cle. Madam, he comes—

Her. Alas! I did not think
He was so near. I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form, or love?

[fate]
Ores. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my
To love unpity'd; to desire to see you;
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks through my repeated oaths,
And every time I visit you I'm perjurd.

Even now I find my wounds all bleed afresh;
I blush to own it, but I know no cure.
I call the gods to witness, I have tried
Whatever man could do (but tried in vain)
To wear you from my mind. Through stormy seas,
And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I long'd for death. [tale?]

Her. Why will you, Prince, indulge this mournful
It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
To talk of dying and of love. Remember

The kings you represent: shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill-tim'd passion?
Discharge your embassy. 'Tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.

Ores. My embassy
Is at an end; for Pyrrhus has refus'd
To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man! (*Aside.*)

Ores. I now prepare for Greece; but ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounced by you.
What do I say? I do already hear it!
My doom is fixed: I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair? be still suspicious?

What have I done? wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus;
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell but I have shar'd your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret? never wish'd
To see Orestes?

Ores. Wish'd to see Orestes!
O joy! O ecstasy! My soul's entranc'd!
O charming princess! O transcendant maid!
My utmost wish!—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks!—I never was unhappy.
Am I Orestes?

Her. You are Orestes:
The same, unalter'd, generous, faithful lover;
The prince whom I esteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love.

Ores. Ay, there it is!—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart.

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you.

Ores. No.
I should be blest, I should be lov'd as he is!
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, Prince, that I'm
neglected?

Has Pyrrhus said—(Oh! I shall go distracted!)
Has Pyrrhus told you so? or is it you
Who think thus meanly of me?—Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you.

Ores. Madam, go on;
Insult me still; I'm us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates?
Go, Prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel;
Let them lay waste his country, rase his towns,
Destroy his fleets, his palaces—himself!

Go, Prince, and tell me then how much I love him.

Ores. To hasten his destruction, come yourself;
And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Meanwhile he weds Andromache.

Ores. Ah! Princess;
What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for Greece,
If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive!

Ores. Is this your hatred, madam?—'Tis in vain
To hide your passion; every thing betrays it:
Your looks, your speech, your anger, nay, your
silence;

Your love appears in all; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet:
My very hate is construed into fondness.

Ores. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my
love.

Her. Then hear me, Prince. Obedience to a
father

First brought me hither; and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recal me.

Tell this proud King, that Menalaus scorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece:
Bid him resign Astyanax or me.

If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.

[*Exeunt Hermione and Cleone.*]

Ores. Then is Orestes blest! My griefs are
fled!

Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air?

Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his captive queen,
Will thank me, if I take her rival hence.
He looks not on the Princess with my eyes.
Surprising happiness! unlook'd for joy!
Never let love despair. The prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye seas, and ye propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts!
I long to view the sails unfurl'd!—But see!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

[*Enter PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.*]

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, Prince. My
warm,

Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your embassy, and hear
You argue for my good. I was to blame.
I since have pois'd your reasons: and I thank
My good allies: their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinc'd me that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repose,
Demand that Hector's race should be destroy'd.
I shall deliver up Astyanax,
And you yourself shall bear the victim hence.

Ores. If you approve it, sir, and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless child,
The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be appeas'd.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
I have determined to espouse Hermione.

You come in time to grace our nuptial rights:
In you the Kings of Greece will all be present,
And you have right to personate her father,
As his ambassador and brother's son.

Go, Prince, renew your visit; tell Hermione,
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Ores. Oh! change of fortune! Oh! undone
Orestes! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Pyr. Well, Phoenix, am I still a slave to love?
What think'st thou now? Am I myself again?

Phæ. 'Tis as it should be; this discovers Pyrrhus;

Shows all the hero: now you are yourself—
The son, the rival of the great Achilles!
Greece will applaud you, and the world confess
Pyrrhus has conquer'd Troy a second time!

Pyr. Nay, Phoenix, now I but begin to triumph;
I never was a conqueror till now.

Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
May sooner be subdu'd than love. Oh! Phoenix;
What ruin have I shunn'd! The Greeks, enrag'd,
Hung o'er me like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head; while I
Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman!—One kind look
Had quite undone me!

Phæ. Oh! my royal master!
The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she
treated me!

When I permitted her to see her son,
I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wishes;
I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bath'd in tears, and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On Hector's name: and when I spoke in comfort,
And promised my protection to her son,
She kiss'd the boy, and call'd again on Hector.
Does she, then, think that I preserve the boy,
To soothe and keep alive her flame for Hector?

Phæ. No doubt she does, and thinks you favour'd
in it;

But let her go, for an ungrateful woman.

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud stubborn
heart:

Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,

She mocks my rage; and when it threatens
loudest,
Expects would soon be humbled into love.
But we shall change our parts, and she shall find
I can be deaf, like her, and steel my heart.
She's Hector's widow; I, Achilles' son!
Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.

Phæ. My royal master, talk of her no more;
I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to
see her;

'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites,
And not rely upon a rival's care:
It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, Phoenix,
Dost thou not think the proud Andromache
Will be enrag'd, when I shall wed the princess?

Phæ. Why does Andromache still haunt your
thoughts?
What is't to you, be she enrag'd or pleas'd?
Let her name perish—think of her no more.

Pyr. No, Phoenix, I have been too gentle with
her;
I have check'd my wrath, and stifled my resent-
ment:

She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Thou shalt see, Phoenix, how I'll break her pride.

Phæ. Oh! go not, sir. There's ruin in her
eyes!
You do not know your strength. You'll fall before
her,

Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Por. That were, indeed, a most unmanly weak-
ness!

Thou dost not know me, Phoenix.

Phæ. Ah! my prince;
You are still struggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canst thou, then, think I love this woman
still?

One who repays my passion with disdain!
A stranger, captive, friendless and forlorn;
She, and her darling son, within my power;
Her life a forfeit to the Greeks: yet I
Preserve her son, would take her to my throne,
Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while she treats me as her foe!

Phæ. You have it in your power to be reveng'd.

Pyr. Yes, and I'll shew my power! I'll give
her cause

To hate me! her Astyanax shall die.
What tears will then be shed! How will she then,
In bitterness of heart, reproach my name!
Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse
Hermione—'twill stab her to the heart!

Phæ. Alas! you threaten like a lover still.

Pyr. Phoenix, excuse this struggle of my soul;
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phæ. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan prin-
cess,

And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustom'd fondness.
But come—a long farewell to Hector's widow.

'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delightful eye,
Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly!
And while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter PYLADES and ORESTES.*

Pyl. For heaven's sake, sir, compose your ruff'd
mind,

And moderate your rage!

Ores. No, Pylades,

This is no time for counsel. I am deaf.
Talk not of reason. I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My soul grows des-
perate.

I'll bear her off, or perish in th' attempt.

I'll force her from his arms—by heaven! I will.

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend, we'll force her
hence:

But still consider we are in Epirus.

The court, the guards, Hermione herself,

The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.

Good gods! what tempted you to seek her here?

Ores. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did;

My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came

To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Ores. It must be more than man to bear these
shocks,

These outrages of fate, with temper.

He tells me that he weds Hermione.

And will, to-morrow, take her from my hand!

My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir; he's not to
blame.

Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,

Perhaps you'd find it tortur'd like your own.

Ores. No, Pylades! 'tis all design. His pride,

To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.

The fair Hermione, before I came,

In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.

Ah! cruel gods! I thought her all my own!

She was consenting to return to Sparta:

Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,

Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.

She heard my sighs, she pitied my complaints,

She prais'd my constancy. The least indifference

From this proud king, had made Orestes happy!

Pyl. So your fond heart believes.

Think not to force her hence;

But fly yourself from her destructive charms.

Ores. Talk no more!

I cannot bear the thought! She must be mine!

Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,

I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,

Ere I resign Hermione! By force

I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships.

Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape?

Pyl. Will, then, Orestes turn a ravisher,

And blot his embassy?

Ores. Oh! Pylades,

My grief weighs heavy on me—'twill distract me!

The gods have set me as their mark, to empty

Their quivers on me. Leave me to myself.

Mine be the danger, mine the enterprise.

All I request of thee, is to return,

And in my place convey Astyanax

(As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece,

Go, Pylades—

Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!

Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,

No danger can deter a friend. Lead on!

Draw up the Greeks; summon your num'rous
train;

The ships are ready, and the wind sets fair:

There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves

Break on those palace-stairs. I know each pass,

Each avenue, and outlet of the court.

This very night we'll carry her on board.

Ores. Thou art too good! I trespass on thy
friendship:

But, oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,

Except thyself: one, just about to lose

The treasure of his soul: whom all mankind

Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.

When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind. But now, re-
member,

To keep your counsels close, and hide your
thoughts;

Let not Hermione suspect. No more—
I see her coming, sir.

Ores. Away, my friend;
I am advis'd; my all depends upon it.

[*Exit Pylades.*]

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Madam, your orders are obeyed; I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gain'd him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told;
And, further, I am inform'd, that you, Orestes,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Ores. And are you, madam, willing to comply?

Her. What can I do? alas! my faith is promis'd;

Can I refuse what is not mine to give?
A princess is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet you see how far I had comply'd,
And made my duty yield to your entreaties.

Ores. Ah! cruel maid! you knew—but I have done.

All have a right to please themselves in love.
I blam'd you not. 'Tis true, I hop'd—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.
'Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.

But, madam, I shall spare you further pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Her. Cleone, couldst thou think he'd be so calm?

Cle. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He is to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in
Pyrrhus.

Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear?
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? The
Greeks?

Did he not lead their harrass'd troops to conquest,
When they despair'd, when they retir'd from
Troy,

And sought for shelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then supply his father's place?

No, my Cleone, he is above constraint;
He acts unforc'd; and where he weds, he loves.

Cle. Oh! that Orestes had remain'd in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but
Orestes?

Pyrrhus is mine again! Is mine for ever!

Oh! my Cleone, I am wild with joy!

Pyrrhus! the bold, the brave, the godlike Pyrrhus!

Oh! I could tell the numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles. Oh! Cleone—

Cle. Madam, conceal your joy; I see Andromache;

She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart:
Let us retire; her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andro. Ah! madam, whither, whither would
you fly?

Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow, suppliant, and in tears?

I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won;

The only man I sought to please, is gone;

Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.

Hector first taught me love; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death.

But, oh! I have a son! And you, one day,

Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:

But heaven forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son.

Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!

When every hour she trembles for his life!

Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.

Alas! what danger is there in a child,

Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire?

Let me go hide him in some desert isle:

You may rely upon my tender care

To keep him far from perils of ambition:

All he can learn of me will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief;

But it would ill become me to solicit

In contradiction to my father's will:

'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.

Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,

No woman does it better than yourself.

If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

[*Exit with Cleone.*]

Andro. Didst thou not mind with what disdain
she spoke?

Youth and prosperity have made her vain;

She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her
counsel;

I'd speak my own distress: one look from you

Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks.

See, where he comes. Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Pyr. Where is the Princess? Did you not in-
form me

Hermione was here? (*To Phoenix.*)

Phœ. I thought so, sir.

Andro. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes
have on him! (*To Cephisa.*)

Pyr. What says she, Phoenix?

Andro. I have no hope left!

Phœ. Let us be gone; Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For heaven's sake, madam, break this
sullen silence.

Andro. My child's already promis'd. (*Apart.*)

Ceph. But not given. (*Apart.*)

Andro. No, no: my tears are vain! His doom
is fix'd! (*Apart.*)

Pyr. See if she deigns to cast one look upon us.
Proud woman!

Andro. I provoke him by my presence.

Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy

The Greeks, and give them up this Phrygian boy.

Andro. Ah! sir, recal those words! What have
you said?

If you give up my son, oh! give up me.

You, who, so many times, have sworn me friend-
ship:

Oh! heavens, will you not look with pity on me?

Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phoenix will answer you; my word is
pass'd.

Andro. You, who would brave so many dangers
for me.

Pyr. I was your lover then, I now am free.

To favour you, I might have spar'd his life;

But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.

Now 'tis too late.

Andro. Oh! sir, excuse

The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul,

And knows not how to be importunate.

You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,

To sue for pity, and to own a master.

Pyr. No; in your heart you curse me! you
disdain

My gen'rous flame, and scorn to be obliged.

But I shall leave you to your great resentments.

Let us go, Phoenix, and appease the Greeks.

Andro. Then let me die, and let me go to
Hector.

Ceph. But, madam—

Andro. What can I do more? The tyrant

Sees my distraction, and insults my tears.

(*To Cephisa.*)

Behold, how low you have reduc'd a queen!

These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes,

My kindred fall in war, my father slain,

My husband dragg'd in his own blood, my son
 Condemn'd to bondage, and myself a slave ;
 Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
 'Twas some relief to find myself your captive ;
 And that my son, deriv'd from ancient kings,
 Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
 When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept :
 I hop'd I should not find his son less noble.
 I thought the brave were still the more compas-
 sionate.

Oh ! do not, sir, divide me from my child !
 If he must die—

Pyr. Phoenix, withdraw awhile. [*Exit Phoenix.*]
 Rise, madam. Yet you may preserve your son.
 I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
 I furnish you with arms against myself.
 I thought my hatred fix'd before I saw you.
 Oh ! turn your eyes upon me while I speak,
 And see if you discover in my looks
 An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
 Why will you force me to desert your cause ?
 In your son's name I beg we may be friends !
 Think, oh ! think,
 ('Tis the last time,) you both may yet be happy !
 I know the ties I break, the foes I arm ;
 I wrong Hermione ; I send her hence ;
 And with her diadem I bind your brows.
 Consider well ; for 'tis of moment to you.
 Choose to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
 I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
 We'll to the temple. There you'll find your son ;
 And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

Ceph. I told you, madam, that in spite of
 Greece,

You would o'errule the malice of your fortune.

Andro. Alas ! Cephisa, what have I obtain'd ?
 Only a poor short respite for my son.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith to
 Hector ;
 To be reluctant still would be a crime.

He would himself persuade you to comply.

Andro. How ! wouldst thou give me Pyrrhus for
 a husband ?

Ceph. Think you 'twill please the ghost of your
 dead husband,
 That you should sacrifice his son ? Consider
 Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne ;
 Turns all his power against the foes of Troy,
 Remembers not Achilles was his father,
 Retracts his conquests, and forgets his hatred.

Andro. But how can I forget it ? how can I
 Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour,
 Depriv'd of funeral rites, and vilely dragg'd,
 A bloody corse, about the walls of Troy ?
 Can I forget the good old king, his father,
 Slain in my presence ; at the altar slain ;
 Which vainly for protection he embrac'd ?
 Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,
 When a whole people fell ? Methinks I see
 Pyrrhus, enrag'd, and breathing vengeance, enter
 Amidst the glare of burning palaces :
 I see him hew his passage through my brothers,
 And, bath'd in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
 Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd !
 This is the courtship I receiv'd from Pyrrhus ;
 And this the husband thou wouldst give me : No !
 We both will perish first ! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
 Haste to the temple ; bid your son farewell.—
 Why do you tremble, madam ?

Andro. Oh ! Cephisa !
 Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.
 How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
 The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord !
 But, oh ! while I deliberate, he dies.
 No, no ; thou must not die, while I can save thee :
 Oh ! let me find out Pyrrhus. Oh ! Cephisa,
 Do you go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him ?

Andro. Tell him I love my son to such excess—
 But dost thou think he means the child shall die ?
 Can love rejected turn to so much rage ?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here. Resolve on
 something.

Andro. Well, then, assure him—

Ceph. Madam, of your love ?

Andro. Alas ! thou know'st that is not in my
 power.

Oh ! my dear lord ! Oh ! Priam's royal house !

Oh ! my Astyanax ! at what a price

Thy mother buys thee !—Let us go.

Ceph. But whither ?

And what does your unsettled heart resolve ?

Andro. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together
 To the sad monument which I have rais'd
 To Hector's shade ; where, in their sacred urn,
 The ashes of my hero lie enclos'd,
 The dear remains which I have sav'd from Troy ;
 There let me weep, there summon to my aid,
 With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade ;
 Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears ;
 My agonizing heart, my flowing tears :
 Oh ! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
 And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.*

Cle. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
 This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
 After such wrongs and insults, much surprise me ;
 You, who before could but command your rage,
 When Pyrrhus look'd but kindly on his captive ;
 How can you bear unmov'd, that he should wed
 her,

And seat her on a throne which you should fill ?

'Twere better, madam—

Her. Have you call'd Orestes ?

Cle. Madam, I have ; his love is too impatient
 Not to obey, with speed, the welcome summons.
 His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage :
 His ardour's still the same.—Madam, he's here.

Enter ORESTES.

Ores. Ah ! madam, is it true ? does then Orestes
 At length attend you by your own commands ?
 What can I do ?

Her. Orestes, do you love me ?

Ores. What means that question, Princess ? Do
 I love you ?

My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
 My farewell, my return—all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe them
 all.

Ores. It shall be done. My soul has caught th'
 alarm.

We'll spirit up the Greeks ; I'll lead them on :
 Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
 Let us return ; let us not lose a moment,
 But urge the fate of this devoted land :
 Let us depart.

Her. No, Prince, let us stay here !

I will have vengeance here ; I will not carry
 This load of infamy to Greece, nor trust
 The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
 Ere I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.
 If you avenge me, let it be this instant ;
 My rage brooks no delay ; haste to the temple,
 Haste, Prince, and sacrifice him.

Ores. Whom ?

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Ores. Pyrrhus ! Did you say Pyrrhus ?

Her. You demur.

Oh ! fly ! begone ! give me not time to think.
 Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws.
 Let me not hear him justified—away !

Ores. You cannot think I'll justify my rival.
 Madam, your love has made him criminal.

You shall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance,
too:

But let our hatred be profess'd and open:
Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war;
Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt him
down

By conquest. Should I turn base assassin,
'Twould sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have not I been dishonour'd, set at
nought,

Expos'd to public scorn?—And will you suffer
The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live?
Know, prince, I hate him more than once I lov'd
him.

The gods alone can tell how once I lov'd him!
Yes, the false, perjur'd man, I once did love him;
And, spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live, I may relapse—who knows
But I, to-morrow, may forgive his wrongs?

Ores. First, let me tear him piecemeal. He
shall die.

But, madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death:
Yet I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus;
Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,
When you enjoin me to destroy the Prince.
It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
This very hour, he weds Andromache;
The temple shines with pomp, the golden throne
Is now prepar'd, the joyful rites begin;
My shame is public.—Oh! be speedy, prince;
My wrath's impatient—Pyrrhus lives too long!
Intent on love, and heedless of his person,
He covers, with his guards, the Trojan boy.
Now is the time; assemble all your Greeks;
Mine shall assist them; let their fury loose:
Already they regard him as a foe.

Begone, Orestes! kill the faithless tyrant:
My love shall recompense the glorious deed.

Ores. Consider, madam—

Her. You but mock my rage!

I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
And not attest your love by one brave action?
Go, with your boasted constancy, and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge.
I blush to think how my too easy faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour!

Ores. Hear me but speak! You know I'll die to
serve you!

Her. I'll go myself; I'll stab him at the altar;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite.
Better to die with him, than live with you!

Ores. That were to make him bless'd, and me
more wretched.

Madam, he dies by me! Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live? My rival, too!
Ere yon meridian sun declines, he dies;
And you shall say that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, prince; strike home! and leave the
rest to me.

Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

[*Exit Orestes.*]

Cle. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to pe-
rish.

I was to blame to trust it with another:
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him.
Oh! would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim! Haste, Cleone,
Charge him to say, Hermione's resentments,
Not those of Greece, have sentenc'd him to death.
Haste, my Cleone! My revenge is lost,
If Pyrrhus know not that he dies by me!

Cle. I shall obey your orders.—But I see
The king approach. Who could expect him here?

Her. Oh! fly, Cleone, fly! and bid Orestes
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

[*Exit Cleone.*]

Enter PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur'd princess.
Your distant looks reproach me; and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice,
Nor form excuses while his heart condemns him.
Discharge your anger on this perjur'd man!
For I abhor my crime, and should be pleas'd
To hear you speak your wrongs aloud: no terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere: you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.

A hero should be bold, above all laws;
Be bravely false, and laugh at solemn ties.

To be perfidious shews a daring mind!

And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a maid!

To court me—to reject me—to return—

Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave—

To lay proud Troy in ashes; then to raise

The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,

Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus!

Pyr. Madam, go on! Give your resentment birth,
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I up-
braid your falsehood;

Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names

That injur'd virgins lavish on your sex;

I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,

And furnish out a tale to sooth her pride;

But, sir, I would not overcharge her joys.

If you would charm Andromache, recount

Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,

Your great achievements in her father's palace.

She needs must love the man who fought so
bravely,

And in her sight slew half her royal kindred!

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds!

I punish'd Helen's wrongs too far; I shed

Too much of blood: but, madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object those ills the mother caus'd.

However, I'm pleas'd to find you hate me;

I was too forward to accuse myself;

The man who ne'er was lov'd, can ne'er be false.

Obedience to a father brought you hither;

And I stood bound by promise to receive you:

But our desires were different ways inclin'd;

And you, I own, were not oblig'd to love me.

Her. Have I not lov'd you, then? Perfidious
man!

For you I slighted all the Grecian princes;

Forsook my father's house; conceal'd my wrongs,

When most provok'd; would not return to Sparta,

In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart.

I lov'd you when inconstant; and even now,

Inhuman king! that you pronounce my death,

My heart still doubts if I should love or hate you.

But, oh! since you resolve to wed another,

Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow,

That I may not be here to grace your triumph!

This is the last request I e'er shall make you.

See, if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an answer!

Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian; hence! begone!

And bear to her those vows that once were mine:

Go, in defiance to the avenging gods!

Begone! the priest expects you at the altar;

But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither! [*Exit.*]

Enter PHOENIX.

Phœ. Sir, did you mind her threats? your life's
in danger:

There is no trifling with a woman's rage.

The Greeks that swarm about the court, all hate
you;

Will treat you as their country's enemy,

And join in her revenge: besides, Orestes

Still loves her to distraction. Sir, I beg—

Pyr. How, Phoenix, should I fear a woman's threats?

A nobler passion takes up all my thoughts:

I must prepare to meet Andromache.

Do thou place all my guards about her son:

If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear. *[Exit.]*

Phœ. Oh! Pyrrhus, oh! what pity 'tis, the gods,

Who fill'd thy soul with every kingly virtue,
Form'd thee for empire and consummate greatness,
Should leave thee so expos'd to wild desires,
That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason!

(Flourish.)

But, see, the queen,

Magnificent in royal pride, appears.

I must obey, and guard her son from danger. *[Exit.]*

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen.

Your sorrows are dispers'd, your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andro. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.

Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son;

Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.

Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andro. Pyrrhus is nobly minded; and I fain

Would live to thank him for Astyanax:

'Tis a vain thought. However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me.

For heaven's sake, madam, let me know your griefs!

If you distrust my faith—

Andro. That were to wrong thee.

Oh! my Cephisa, this gay, borrow'd air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings to conceal my woe:

My heart still mourns; I still am Hector's widow.

Ceph. Will you, then, break the promise giv'n to Pyrrhus;

Blow up his rage again, and blast your hopes?

Andro. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy mistress.

Couldst thou believe I would be false to Hector?

Fall off from such a husband? break his rest,

And call him to this hated light again,

To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?

Would Hector, were he living, and I dead,

Forget Andromache, and wed her foe?

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue;

But, oh! I fear there's something dreadful in it:

Must, then, Astyanax be doom'd to die,

And you to linger out a life in bondage?

Andro. Know, then, the secret purpose of my soul:

Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,

Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.

This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest

Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows.

This will secure a father to my child:

That done, I have no further use for life:

This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,

Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

Cephisa, thou

Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes.

Ceph. Oh! never think that I will stay behind you.

Andro. No, my Cephisa, I must have thee live.

I must commit into thy faithful hands

All that is dear and precious to my soul.

Live, and supply my absence to my child;

All that remains of Troy; a future progeny

Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,

In him, is all intrusted to thy care.

Tell him my soul repos'd itself on him,

When I resign'd my son to his protection.

Ceph. Oh! for a spirit to support my grief!

Is there aught more, before you go for ever?

Andro. Oh! my Cephisa, my swoln heart is full!

I have a thousand farewells to my son—

But tears break in; grief interrupts my speech!

My soul o'erflows in fondness! Let him know

I died to save him, and would die again.

Season his mind with early hints of glory;

Make him acquainted with his ancestors;

Trace out their shining story in his thoughts;

Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father;

And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.

He must be taught to stifle his resentments,

And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.

Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd,

He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,

Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas! I fear I never shall outlive you!

Andro. No more; thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me.

Assume a cheerful look. But still remember—

(Flourish within.)

Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,

Proclaims th' appointed hour, and calls us hence!

Hector, I come once more a queen, to join thee!

Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,

Pleas'd with the sacred life's enlivening sound,

Through gazing crowds, in solemn state proceeds,

And dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Enter HERMIONE.*

Her. What have I done? Where am I? Where is Pyrrhus?

Ye gods! what mean these horrors? I'm undone!

My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it!

Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?

What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?

The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!

Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?

Hard-hearted man! how unconcern'd he left me!

Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?

Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?

Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,

To calm my grief, and mitigate his falsehood?

Why am I still thus anxious for his life?

Why do I start at his impending fate?

Shall he, then, live? Shall the base traitor live

To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!

Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!

Alas! my orders! Oh! preposterous guilt!

Can I decree the death of him I love?

Was it for this my soul delighted in him?

Was it for this I left my father's court?

Have I, then, cross'd so many realms and seas

To murder Pyrrhus?

Enter CLEONE.

Oh! Cleone, help me!

What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?

What say'st thou? Answer me. Where is the king?

Cle. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.

Still as he walk'd, his ravish'd eyes were fix'd

On the fair captive, while through shouting crowds

She pass'd along with a dejected air,

And seem'd to mourn her Hector to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!

But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?

Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear

Some shade of grief? some little cloud of sorrow?

Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?

Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?

Did he not—Oh! be quick, and tell me all!

Cle. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits

No thought but love. Unguarded, he march'd on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes;
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough! he dies! the traitor! Where's Orestes?

Cle. He's in the temple, with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute? Is he still determin'd?

Cle. Madam, I fear—

Her. How? Is Orestes false?

Does he betray me, too?

Cle. A thousand doubts

Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse;

His virtue and his love prevail by turns.

He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly;

Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.

He dreads the censure of the Grecian states,

Of all mankind, and fears to stain his honour.

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch! 'tis false! he basely fears

To cope with dangers, and encounter death!

'Tis that he fears. Am I bright Helen's daughter?

To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspir'd;

For her confederate nations fought, and kings were slain;

Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.

My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm

Against a tyrant that has dar'd to wrong me!

Cle. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.

Her. No; I'll avenge myself; I'll to the temple;

I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest;

I'll hurl destruction, like a whirlwind, round me!

They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not!

Let me begone; I have no time to lose!

Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!

Oh, Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed.

Enter ORESTES.

Ores. Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obey'd;
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus slain?

Ores. Even now he gasps in death.

Our Greeks, all undistinguish'd in the crowd,

Flock'd to the temple, and dispers'd themselves

On every side the altar. I was there:

Pyrrhus observ'd me with a haughty eye,

And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,

From his own brows he took the diadem,

And bound it on the temples of his captive.

"Receive," said he, "my crown; receive my faith;

Mine and my people's sovereign reign for ever.

From this bless'd hour, a father to your son;

I'll scourge his foes. Henceforward, be he styl'd

The Trojan king: I swear it at the altar,

And call the gods to ratify my vows."

His subjects with loud acclamations shook

The spacious dome; our Greeks, enrag'd, cried out,

"Revenge! revenge!" broke through the thronging press,

And rush'd, tumultuous, on the unguarded king.

Pyrrhus, awhile, oppos'd their clashing swords,

And dealt his fatal blows on every side

With manly fierceness; till oppress'd by numbers,

Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with wounds,

He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.

Haste, madam; let us fly! haste to our ships!

They lie unmoor'd; our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done?

Ores. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more complete

Had Pyrrhus fall'n by me; and had he known

Hermione chastis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace! Go tell thy horrid tale

To savages, and howl it out in deserts.

Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?

Me wouldst thou make th' accomplice of thy crimes?

Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!

My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed.

Begone! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian!

What had he done? What could provoke thy madness

To assassinate so great, so brave a man?

Who set thee on?

Ores. Oh! grant me patience, heaven!

With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,

Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

Her. What if transported by my boundless passion,

I could not bear to see him wed another,

Were you t' obey a jealous woman's frenzy?

You should have div'd into my inmost thoughts:

My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;

And all my anger was excess of love.

Why did you take me at my word? You saw

The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave;

You should have question'd me a thousand times,

Yet still have doubted, and have question'd on,

Before you ventur'd on a life so precious.

Ores. Hear me but speak. Heaven knows, against my will—

Her. Why did you not return? Why not consult me

A second time? and, undetermin'd still,

Again return, and still find new delays?

What had your rash, officious Greeks, dire bloodhounds!

To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?

To bring on me the vengeful foes that haunt you?

Are these the fruits of your detested love?

Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,

Drove Pyrrhus to my rival, and destroys

Both him and me. He might have lov'd me still,

Had you ne'er interpos'd. Avaunt! begone!

And leave me in Epirus. I renounce

My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind;

But chiefly I renounce thee, monster, thee!

[Exit.]

Ores. Am I awake? where am I? Soft, my soul;

Be not too rash. Was that Hermione?

Why should her anger thunder against me?

Was not this blood shed all by her command?

I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!

A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!

And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.

Henceforward, let the laws of nature cease;

And let the pale that severs right and wrong,

Things sacred and profane, be broken down:

Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,

Are not in safety while Orestes lives.

Oh! never more shall my torn mind be heal'd,

Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!

A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,

And lays strong siege to my distracted soul.

Enter PYLADES, attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone: 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,

And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.

The people arm, and muster in the streets.

Our Greeks will not be able long to guard

The palace gates, and to secure our flight.

We must be speedy, sir.

Ores. You may depart,

My friends: Hermione and I remain.

Her cruelty has quite undone me. Go!

Pyl. Alas! unhappy princess! she's no more.

Ores. Hermione no more! Oh! all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,

With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
Breathless and pale with shrieks, she sought the temple;

In the midway, she met the corpse of Pyrrhus:
She startled at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire amaze,
She rais'd her eyes to heaven with such a look
As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods;
Then plung'd a poniard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Ores. I thank you, gods! I never could expect
To be so wretched! You have been industrious
To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.

Ores. True, my friend;
And, therefore, 'twas I thank'd the bounteous
gods.

My fate's accomplish'd; I shall die content.
Oh! bear me hence. Blow winds!

Pyl. Let us be gone.

Ores. The murder'd lovers wait me. Hark! they
call.

Nay, if your blood still reek, I'll mingle mine:
One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear
His raving will return with his misfortunes.

Ores. I am dizzy! Clouds! Quite lost in utter
darkness!

Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm!
I shiver! oh! I freeze! So—light returns;
'Tis the grey dawn. See, Pylades! behold
I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!

The crimson billows! Oh! my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, sir? Repose yourself on me.

Ores. Pyrrhus, what wouldst thou? How he
glares!

What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds? Have
at thee!

It is Hermione that strikes. Confusion!
She catches Pyrrhus in her arms. Oh! save
me!

How terrible she looks! She knits her brow!
She frowns me dead! she frights me into mad-
ness!

Where am I? Who are you?

Pyl. Alas! poor prince!

Help to support him! How he pants for breath!

Ores. This is most kind, my Palades. Oh!
why,

Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well: he settles into reason.

Ores. Who talks of reason? Better to have
none,

Than not enough. Run, some one, tell my Greeks
I will not have them touch the king. Now, now!
I blaze again! See there—look where they come—
A shoal of furies! How they swarm about me?
My terror—hide me—Oh! their snaky locks—
Hark, how they hiss—see, see their flaming
brands!

Now they let drive at me! How they grin,
And shake their iron whips! My ears—what
yelling—

And see Hermione she sets them on.

Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!

Oh! I am stung to death! Despatch me soon!

There—take my heart, Hermione! tear it out!

Disjoint me! kill me! Oh! my tortur'd soul!

Pyl. Kind heaven, restore him to his wonted
calm!

Oft have I seen him rave, but never thus.

Quite spent! Assist me, friends, to bear him off.

Our time is short. Should his strong rage return,

'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.

Away, my friends! I hear the portal open.

[Exeunt.]

Enter PHOENIX, attended by Guards.

Phœ. All, all are fled! Orestes is not here!
Triumphant villains! The base, giddy rabble,
Whose hands should all have been employ'd with
fire,

To waste the fleet, flock'd round the dying prin-
cess:

And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.

Oh! 'tis too plain; this sacrileg'ous murder

Was authoriz'd. The ambassador's escape

Declares his guilt. Most bloody embassy!

Most unexampled deeds! Where, where, ye
gods!

Is majesty secure, if in your temples

You give it no protection?—See, the queen.

A flourish of trumpets. Enter ANDROMACHE and
CEPHISA, with Attendants.

Andro. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will
come

When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!

How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,

When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyr-
rhus?

Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;

The man, whose single valour made you triumph.

(A dead march behind.)

Is my child there?

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus;

The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andro. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life,

And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!

Cut off in the fresh rip'ning prime of manhood,

E'en in the prime of life! thy triumphs new,

And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!

The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas! then will your sorrows never end?

Andro. Oh! never, never! While I live, my
tears

Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.

Give present orders for the funeral pomp.

(To Phoenix.)

Let him be rob'd in all his regal state;

Place round him every shining mark of honour:

And let the pile that consecrates his ashes,

Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

[Exit Phoenix. A flourish of trumpets.]

Ceph. The sound proclaims th' arrival of the
Prince:

The guards conduct him from the citadel.

Andro. With open arms I'll meet him! Oh! Ce-
phisa,

A springing joy, mix'd with a soft concern,

A pleasure which no language can express,

An ecstasy that only mothers feel,

Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,

Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.

Though plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,

Yet never let the noble mind despair.

When press'd by dangers, and beset with foes,

The gods their timely succour interpose;

And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with
grief,

By unforeseen expedients bring relief. [Exeunt.]

THE MERCHANT OF BRUGES;

OR, BEGGAR'S BUSH:

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.—ALTERED FROM BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,
BY DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

GOSWIN, OR FLOREZ
GERRARD, OR CLAUSE
WOLFORT
HUBERT

HEMSKIRKE
VANDUNKE
MERCHANTS
HIGGEN

CLOWN
PRIG
SNAP
FERRET

SAILOR
JACULIN
BERTHA
MARGARET

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The outside of the gate of Bruges. Public-house on one side, with the sign of the "Right heir."*

HIGGIN, PRIG, FERRET, and other Beggars discovered as having been drinking at a table.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

*Well, brothers, our merry old king is dead;
What matters? we'll soon have another instead:
He would not have cried
Had you or I died.*

*Then mourn him no longer, but merrily sing,
Rest, rest to the bones of our merry old king.*

Drain the can, brother;

Fill up another;

Drink till our eyes with tears shall swell;

Tears of brandy alone;

And the monarch that's gone

Shall be wept in the liquor he lov'd so well.

Hig. Well said, my masters, peace be to his rags! His was a gold and silver reign; he, tyrant-like, Did never force away your hens and bacon When ye had ventur'd for't.

Prig. And in return

We've lent him Christial burial; in good sooth, That's more than follows on your soldier's end.

Fer. The chance was his.

Hig. Ay, marry, was't. But mark, The chance that laid him low did make him king, And yet may crown us, too.

Prig. So't be in right

Of our old custom and election—law.

Hig. True, Prig; 'tis fit we do observe the laws. Here is the table doth exact from all A strict obedience, or expulsion. First, Be perfect in your crutches and your feign'd hurts, Then your torn passports; with the learned ways To stammer and be dumb, and blind and lame.

Prig. Ay, and shed tears to move compassion.

Fer. Are not the halting paces all set down?

Hig. All in the learned language. Brother—

Prig. Peace! (Boors call from behind.)

To your postures.

Enter three or four Boors, with pipes.

1 Boor. What, ho! mine host with the big belly! beer!

Stark English beer! Well met, my merry souls.

What! your trade thrives, methinks, since Wolfort reigns

O'er prostrate Flanders, in despite of Bruges!

Your state doth grow in numbers; marry, why?

He now thrives best who hath the least to lose.

Hig. Bless you, masters, we suffer with the times.

2 Boor. Come, landlord, beer.

Enter Landlord from the house, with beer.

Land. Here's o'the right sort. [Florez.]

1 Boor. Then here's to the right heir—the lost earl Where is old Clause?

He gives respect and countenance to beggary; [ject.

An' ye make him your king, I'd call myself his sub-

Hig. What, old solemnity, our grey-beard bishop?

Prig. See, here he comes! [eh!]

Enter CLAUSE.

1 Boor. Good morrow, worthy Clause:

How fares it with ye, man?

Clause. Not better than the times

Give token of: but for old Bruges here,

Whose charitable sons still feed our wants,

We had long fled this bleeding land,

Where tyrants do make beggars of ye all. [more—

1 Boor. There thou say'st well! Our nobles are no

Our cities ruin'd, and the great wealth of Flanders

Center'd in Bruges. She alone defends

Her rights and liberty 'gainst Wolfort's power.

Here's to her burgomaster, old Vandunke.

(Beggars and Boors drink to Vandunke.)

Clause. I will be with you straight; but first must hence

Awhile into the town. We'll meet anon. [Exit.]

Hig. Let's forward then. Our doxies do repose

Under yon trees. Go some, and call them hither,
And then trudge gaily home to Beggar's Bush.

GLEE.

Men. *Come, doxies, come. The cheerful day
Is bright, and winds are hush.*

Enter Women.

Women. *Then take thy staff, and troll the lay,
And trudge to Beggar's Bush.*

*Our welcome home, a blithe one, too,
The thrush's song shall be;
And never dwelt a merrier crew*

Beneath the greenwood tree. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Presence-chamber of the Earl of Flanders.*

*Enter HUBERT disarmed and guarded, met by WOLF-
FORT and train. [arm'd him?]*

Wolf. What, Hubert stealing from me? Who dis-
'Twas more than I commanded; take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I've seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wolf. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend,
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd?
Nay, what is more, I've made myself your servant
In making you the master of those secrets, [me:
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my pray'rs with.
Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.

Wolf. All leave the room. [Exeunt Guards, &c.
You have your will; now speak,
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

Hub. Friendship! When you prov'd traitor first,
that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head,
And so I make you first to understand
What a strange monster you have made yourself:
I welcome it.

Wolf. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you! Why, what are you?

Wolf. Your prince and master,
The earl of Flanders.

Hub. By a proper title!
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.

Wolf. And in all this wisdom
Had I not reason,—when the protector, Gerrard,
Who underhand had by his ministers
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected? in which failing,
He sought my life by practice.

Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
Must and will say, 'tis false.

Wolf. Ha! my guard there. [hear,

Hub. You bad me speak, and promis'd you would
Which I now say you shall: not a sound more;
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am master of your life; then here's a sword
Between you and all aids: although you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you
Pass not these untruths on me.

Wolf. How! untruths?

Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language;
They'd been in a mean man lies and foul ones.
Were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your trial, spread
By your own followers? who, being suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd

By Gerrard to your murder: this once heard
And easily believ'd, your well-taught slaves
Snatch'd hastily their arms, and barbarously kill'd
Such as were servants, or thought friends, to Ger-
Vowing the like to him. [rard,

Wolf. Will you yet end?

Hub. But he with his son Florez, (the true heir
By right unto this country from his mother,)
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have't,
Escap'd their fury; though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if, compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief—do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.

Wolf. Repeat them not.

Hub. A prince in nothing but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines.

Wolf. Hold, I beseech you;
Thou art to me in this a greater tyrant
Than e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus

The general grief. Now to my private wrong:
The loss of Gerrard's daughter, Jaculin,
The hop'd for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you?
My life is irksome; here securely take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman. [have
Wolf. Oh! Hubert, these your words and reasons
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As from mine eyes these tears! Can you but think
Where Gerrard is, or your lost love, or Florez,
Whom in his infancy—

Hub. You stole; and since
Have kept conceal'd, the better to maintain
The usurpation of his seat.

Wolf. By heav'n!

I stole him not, nor know I where he is,
Nor if he lives; soon after my return
From Brabant, whither I was sent to treat
About a future match with our young earl,
He was at that time missing, and remains
Unheard of to this hour; if you can find him,
I will resign the earldom.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.

Wolf. Suspect not you

A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow.
Make your own terms, ask for them all conditions
My power can grant, or your suspicion prompt.
Hemskirke, the partner of my secret'st councils,
Shall journey with you to this wish'd discovery.
I have of late receiv'd intelligence,
That some of Gerrard's friends are 'bout Bruges
To be found; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me.
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your promise, and you have it.

Wolf. Distrust me not: and prosp'rous be your
search. [Exit Hubert.]

Let me but have them once within my grasp,
Their blood shall write the warrant of my peace. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Street or Square in Bruges.*

Enter three Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.

2 Mer. He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailor's compass
But from one point or other were his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchants e'er ventur'd for.

3 Mer. 'Tis strange!

2 Mer. Yet does he still continue a good man;
To doubt him would be held an injury,
Or rather, malice, with the best that traffic;

Yet this in him deserves the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions :
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,
He is a father to her : or soldier
That in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars and want, his house
Receives him, and relieves him with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward on't.

1 Mer. I would not wish a better man to deal with.

2 Mer. Ne'er doubt it; he's your man. See, here
he comes!

Enter GOSWIN, speaking to a Servant.

Gos. From England, said ye? bid him be welcome
to my house. *[Exit Servant.]*

2 Mer. Save you, master Goswin!

Gos. Good day to all! *[dities.]*

1 Mer. We bring you the refusal of more commo-

Gos. Are you the owner of the ship that last night
put into the harbour?

1 Mer. Both of the ship and lading.

Gos. What's the freight?

3 Mer. Rich cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.

Gos. Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 Mer. The gunner shall speak you welcome.

Gos. I'll not fail.

3 Mer. Good morrow! *[Exit with 1 Mer.]*

2 Mer. Have you bethought ye further, sir,

On what I am to part with? *[prus,*

Gos. I take it at your own rate, your wine of Cy-
But for the rest, I cannot save in them.

2 Mer. Make me offer of something near the price
That may assure me, you can deal for them.

Gos. And if I could,

I would not do't with too much loss. *[cheap.]*

2 Mer. 'Tis a rich lading; you know they are so

Gos. For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash. *(Going.)*

2 Mer. I'll give you day. *(Following him.)*

Gos. Why, look you, there is now in prison
And at your suit, a pirate; and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And early payment.

2 Mer. This is above wonder!

A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water thieves, should be a means to save 'em,
And stay the hand of justice that is ready
To fall on them.

Gos. You mistake me,

If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man.

But I was lately with him, being assur'd
A braver fellow never put from shore.

I read his letters granted from this state.

Since want of what he could not live without

Compell'd him to the pirate act he did,

I pity his misfortunes; and to work you

To some compassion of them, I come up

To your own price. Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere; I'll not deal for them.

2 Mer. Well, sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.

Gos. For your own profit rather.

2 Mer. I'll presently make means for his dis-
charge. *[Exit.]*

Gos. Heaven grant my ships a safe return before
The day of this great payment, as they are
Expected hourly in port; my credit yet
Stands good with all the world.—*[Enter GERRARD.]*

Ger. Bless my good master!

The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gos. God o' mercy, Clause!

There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.

Ger. May He that gave it you,

Reward you for it with increase, good master!

Gos. I thrive the better for thy prayers.

Ger. I hope so;

For that I have fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me :
And yet, good master, pardon that I'm bold
To make one suit more to you.

Gos. What is't? say on.

Ger. 'Tis not for money, *[me.]*
Nor clothes, good master; but your good word for
Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think thee
honest. *[ble]*

Ger. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the trou-
Of walking early unto Beggar's Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best amongst us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gos. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. Oh! much, sir;

'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a king among 'em.

At your better leisure,

I will inform you further of the good

It may do to me.

Gos. 'Troth! thou mak'st a wonder:

Have you a king and commonwealth among you?

Ger. We have. And there are states are govern'd

Gos. Ambition among beggars! *[worse.]*

Ger. Many great ones

Do part with half their states to have the place,

To cringe and beg in the first file, master.

Shall I be so bound unto your furtherance

In my petition?

Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,

Nor any worldly care make me forget it.

I will be early there. *[Exit.]*

Ger. Heaven guard my master! as it surely will,
To wrest the bloody sword from Welfort's grasp,
And save himself the land he's born to rule.

My friends, ere long, shall see their long-lost prince;

And Flanders, to the latest ages shew,

A merchant's still the tyrant's deadliest foe. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

HIGGIN, FERRET, PRIG, JACULIN, CLAUSE,
SNAP, GINKES, and other Beggars discovered.

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment;

You o' the blood; what title e'er you bear,

I speak to all that stand in fair election

For the proud diadem of king of beggars.

Higgen, your orator, doth beseech you

All to stand forth, and put yourselves in rank,

That the first single comer may at view

Make a free choice.

Prig. First put a sentinel.

Hig. 'Thanks to my lord. The word's Fumbumbis.

[Exit Snap.]

Fer. Well; pray, my masters all, that Ferret be
chosen:

Y'are like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

Prig. A very tyrant, I; an arrant tyrant,

If e'er I come to reign; therefore, look to't,

Except you do provide me mum enough,

And beer to booze with. I must have my capons,

And ducklings in the season, and fat chickens,

Or straight I seize on all your privilege,

Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false arms,

All shall be escheated; and then, some one cold night

I'll watch you, what old barn you go to roost in,

And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty hay.

Hig. Whew! This is tyrant-like, indeed.

*Enter SNAP, preceding HUBERT and HEMSKIRKE,
in cloaks.*

Snap. Fumbumbis!

Prig. To your postures. Arm.

Hub. Yonder's the town, I see it.

Hig. Bless your good worships!

Fer. One small piece of money.

Ginkes. Amongst us all, poor wretches!

Prig. Blind and lame!

Hig. Pitiful worships!

Snapp. One little stiver.

Prig. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good masters! Oh! remember seven!
Seven blessings 'gainst seven deadly sins!

Prig. And seven sleepers.

Hems. There's, amongst you all.

Fer. Heaven reward you!

Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!

Hub. Do I see right? or is't my fancy?
Sure, 'tis her face. Come hither, pretty maid.

Jac. What would you? Can you keep a secret?
You look as though you could. I'll tell you. Hush!

SONG.—JACULIN.

*In ev'ry woodland, dale, and bower,
The fragrant roses blossom fair;
But where's the youth shall cull each flower,
To braid a garland for my hair?*

*Oh! he is far, far away,
And he knows not where I stray;*

*And should he e'er return
To his love, I'll answer nay.*

*My love in fight shall meet his doom,
Or for some fairer maiden sigh;*

*And with the rose's with'ring bloom,
My hopeless, hopeless heart shall die.*

Hub. Her voice, too, says the same; but, for my
I would not that her manners were so chang'd. [head,
Hear me, thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Snapp. Ao, ao, ao!

Hub. How! Nothing but signs? This is strange!
I would fain have it her—but not her thus.

Hig. He is deaf and dumb. (Stutters.)

Hub. 'Slid! they did all speak plain enough e'en
Dost thou know this same maid? [now.

Prig. She was born at the barn, yonder, (stutters)
By Beggar's Bush. Her name is—

Hig. So was her mother's, too. (Beggars retire.)

Hub. I must be better informed than by this way.
Here was another face, too, that I mark'd,
Of the old man's; I will come here again.
Protect us, our disguise now: pr'ythee, Hemskirke,
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath so long stood
Out against Wolfort?

Hems. Even to hang us forth
Upon their walls a sunning, to make crows' meat.
If I were not assur'd o' the burgomaster,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports: good luck, and enter.

[Exit with Hems.]

Hig. A peery dog, I warrant him. [mean?

Ginkes. (To Clause.) What could his question

Clause. I know not; yet 'twas time to fly, he grew
Too close in his inquiries 'bout my daughter.

Hig. Hang them, for disturbing our
Noble ceremonies. Shall we renew them?

Prig. Incontinently, noble brother.

Enter GOSWIN.

Hig. Oh! here a judge comes! (Cry of "a judge!")

Gos. What ails you, sirs? What means this out-

Hig. Master, [cry?

A sort of poor souls met, heav'n's tools, good master,
Have had some little variance amongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree upon 't ourselves, because
Indeed, 'tis hard to say, we all resolv'd to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mas-
tership: [ter,

Which does your worship think is he? Sweet mas-
Look on us all, and tell us: we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

Gos. I should judge this, the man with the grey
beard; (Pointing to Clause.)

And if he be not, I would he were!

There's something, too, amongst you,
To keep you all honest.

[Exit.]

Clause. Heav'n go with you!

Snapp. What is't?

Prig. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new king—good luck! [Clause!

Prig. King Clause! I bid, God save the first king
After this golden token of a crown,
Where's Higgen, with his gratulating speech
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is, pumping for't. [once more,

Ginkes. H' has cough'd the second time; 'tis but
And then it comes.

Hig. Thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sov'reign; monarch o' th' maunders;
And who is he that did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so;
Nay, swear't. 'Tis sworn so every day;
The times do give it sanction. When t' other day
We sat lamenting o'er our buried prince,
Of famous memory, (rest go with his rags!)
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,
And now thou art so. By that beard, king Clause,
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty,
Oh! happy prince, and beard! long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggar's Bush.
Of which this is the thing—that but the type.

(Coughs.)

Prig. On, good Higgen!

Hig. No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Lie lurking in this beard: but under him
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and bacon
In his own shade: he will have no purveyors
For pigs, or poultry—

Clause. That we must have, my learned orator;
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?

You must hereafter maund in your own pads.
He says.

Clause. Besides, to give good words.

Hig. Do you mark?

To cut bien whids, that is the second law.

Clause. And keep afoot the humble and the common
Phrase of begging, lest men discover us.

We love not heaps of laws, where few will serve.

All. Oh! gracious prince! Save, save the good
king Clause!

Hig. A song to crown him.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Cast our caps and cares away,

This is beggars' holyday;

At the crowning of our king,

Thus we ever dance and sing.

In the world look out and see,

Where so happy prince as he,

Where the nations live so free

And so merry as do we?

Be it peace, or be it war,

Here at liberty we are.

And enjoy our ease and rest;

To the field we are not press'd;

Nor will any go to law

With the beggar for a straw:

All which happiness he brags,

He doth owe unto his rags.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Vandunke's house.

Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, and
MARGARET. [friend,

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; so is this your
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out
Against your master, you shall find good quarters.
The truth is we love not him—Margaret, some wine.
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave,
We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp;
And, therefore, I am bold—

[Exit Margaret, and returns with wine.]

Hub. Sir, your boldness
Haply becomes your tongue, but not our ears,
While we are his servants.

Vand. Good! let's drink, then;
That will become us all.
Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart; and if this make us speak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten; drown all memory when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken; noble burgomaster,
I'll do you right.

Hems. Nay, sir, mynheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman. [throat

Vand. Fill my captain's cup; oh! that your cut-
Master, Wolfort, had been an honest man!

Hub. Sir?

Vand. Under the rose—

Hems. Here's to you;
And how does my niece?
Almost a woman, I think; she was my errand.

Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are—fill him his glass—
That in seven years could not find leisure—

Hems. No, 'tis not so much.

Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't.
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moonshine, i'the water there, his daughter
That ne'er was lost, yet you could not find time
To see a kinswoman; but she is worth the seeing, sir,
Now you are come: you ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir—bring her forth, Margaret—
And a fine woman, and has suitors.

Hems. How! What suitors are they?

Vand. Bachelors; young burghers;
And one a gallant, the prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.

Hems. How! a merchant?
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,
And my niece, too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

Vand. Such! he is such a such, as were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

Hems. Sir, you may deal for your own wares, but
know,

That the same things, sir, fit not you and me. [Exit.

Vand. Why, give's some wine, then, that will fit us
Here's to you still, my captain's friend; but still [all;
I say, would Wolfort were an honest man!

Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant
Is a brave boy; he lives so, in the town here,
We know not what to think of him.

Your master is a traitor for all this,
Under the rose—here's to you—and usurps
The earldom from a better man.

Hub. Ay, marry, sir, where is this man?

Vand. Nay, soft! an' I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand—
I love not Wolfort—sit you still with that.
See, here my captain comes, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant—view him well.

Enter HEMSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, and GOSWIN.

Hems. You must
Not only know me for your uncle now,
But obey me: you, to go cast yourself
Away upon a merchant? fie upon't! one
That makes his trade with oaths and perjuries.

Gos. If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, sir.

Hems. Sir, I do say she is no merchandise.
Will that suffice you?

Gos. Merchandise! good sir,
Though you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt. I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hems. And do so still;
Dost hear? her rate's at more than you are worth.

Gos. You do not know what is a gentleman's
Nor can you value him. [worth;

Hub. Well said, merchant.

Vand. Nay, let him alone.

Hems. A gentleman!
What, o' the woolpack, or the sugar-chest,
Or list of velvet? Which is't, pound or yard,
You vend your gentry by?

Hub. Oh! Hemskirke, fie! [Wolfort,

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em: drink; he is no
Captain, I advise you.

Hems. If 'twere the blood
Of Charlemagne, as't may for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue here in Bruges.

Gos. How!

Hems. Nay, I'm not certain on't; of this I am:
If you once buy and sell, your gentry's gone.

Gos. Ha, ha, ha!

Hems. You're angry, though you laugh.

Gos. Now do I smile in pity and contempt
Of your poor argument: do not you, the lords
Of land, if you be any, sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese?

Vand. And butter?

Remember butter, do not leave out butter.

Gos. The beefs and muttons that your grounds are
stor'd with,

Beside the woods? Your empty honour, fetch'd
From the heralds A, B, C, and said o'er
With your court faces once an hour, shall ne'er
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold?

Hems. You now grow bold, sir.

Gos. I have been bred
Still with my honest freedom, and must use it.

Hems. Upon your equals, then.

Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hems. No more.

Gos. Yes, sir; this little—
'Tshall be aside: then after as you please.
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorn
With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each striv'd which is greater: but believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk;
Cast no despites on my profession
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury.
I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect due to yourself and her.

Hems. Away, companion! handling her!

(Pulls him from her.)

Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir.

(They fight; he gets Hemskirke's sword, and
throws it away.)

Hub. Hold, sir!

Gert. Help, my Goswin!

Vand. Let 'em alone; my life for one.

Gos. Nay, come,
If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you, sir. [yes, sir,

Gos. He that had, thank himself! Not hand her?
And clasp her, and embrace her, and bear her
Through a whole race of uncles, arm'd;
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon. Kiss me, Gertrude;
Quake not, but kiss me.

Vand. Well said,
My merchant royal; fear no uncles; hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles!

Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass;
Let such as do wrong fear.

Vand. Ay, that's good.
Let Wolfort look to that.

Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece and my belov'd; one of these titles
She must apply to; if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't. Come, my joy,
Say, thou art mine, aloud, love—and profess it.

Vand. Do, and I drink to it.

Gos. Pr'ythee, say so, love. [blushes.

Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my

Do not you play the tyrant, sweet; they speak it.

Hems. I thank you, niece.

Gos. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within. [Exit with Gert.]

Hub. A brave, clear spirit;
Hemskirke, you were to blame. A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and always worthy
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hems. 'Tis done now;

Ask me no more on't:

I was to blame, and I must suffer—(aside)—but yet
I'll be reveng'd. [Exit.]

Hub. I'll to the woods
To find our much-wrong'd banish'd nobles,
And trace the lonely haunt where my lost love,
My Jaculin, laments her alter'd fortunes.

There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries further.

How now, brave burgomaster? [dunke.]

Vand. I love not Wolfort, and my name's Van-

Hub. Come, go sleep within. [Wolfort—]

Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same
Under the rose I speak it—

Hub. Very hardly. [breath'd,

Vand. Usurps; and is a rank traitor as ever
And all that do uphold him. Let me go:

Do you uphold him?

Hub. No.

Vand. Then hold up me. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter GOSWIN.

Gos. No wind blows fair yet! no return of mo-
Letters, nor anything to hold my hopes up! [nies,
Why, then, 'tis destin'd that I fall! Fall miserably!
My credit I was built on sinking with me.

The raging north wind blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.

To-morrow with the sun-set, sets my credit:

To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me,

I may sink fairly under this day's venture;

And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all its curses.

This is the place his challenge call'd me to;

Now let me fall before my foe i'th' field,

And not at bar before my creditors.

He has kept his word. [Enter HEMSKIRKE.]

Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare—all other language—

Hem. Well, sir,

You shall not be long troubled: draw!

Gos. 'Tis done, sir; and now have at ye.

Hems. Now! [Enter Boors who attack Goswin.]

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, you shall buy
me dearly.

Enter GERRARD and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely, boys!

Down with the gentlemen.

Boors. Hold, hold! [em!]

Ger. Down with 'em into the wood, and swinge
Conjure 'em soundly, boys! swinge 'em to jelly!

[Beggars beat off Hemskirke and Boors.]

Blessings upon my master! thou art not hurt?

Gos. That heav'n, which sent thee to my aid,
Still nerv'd my arm.

Ger. And let my wandering steps,
To where conceal'd I heard yon coward knave
Tutor his ruffian band to thy undoing.

Ger. I thank ye, Clause. Pr'ythee, now leave me,
For, by my troth, I have nothing left to give thee.

Ger. Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it grieves me
To see you look so sad. Now goodness keep you
From troubles in your mind!

Gos. If I were troubled, [me.]

What could thy comfort do? Pr'ythee, Clause, leave

Ger. Why are ye sad?

Gos. Most true, I am so;

And such a sadness I have got will sink me! [ble
What would the knowledge do thee good, so misera-

Thou canst not help thyself! canst thou work mira-

Ger. You do not know, sir, what I can do. [cles?
Tell me your cause of grief; I must not leave ye.

Gos. How! [goodness,

Ger. By what ye hold most precious, by heav'n's
As your fair birth may prosper, good sir, tell me;
My mind believes yet something's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.

Gos. I will tell thee:

For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit
Taken up of merchants to supply my traffic,
To-morrow, Clause—to-morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your grief, sir.

Gos. Now, what say'st thou? [ye,

Ger. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave
Can give you more. Are ye, good master, ty'd
Within the compass of a day?

Gos. Even to-morrow.

But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough that floods and friends forsake me?

Ger. Have ye no friends left?

None that have felt your bounty worth the duty?

Gos. Friendship! thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a duty; and as a duty, from those men
have felt ye,

Should be return'd again; therefore, I'll do't.

Distrust not, but pull up your noble spirit;

For if the fortunes of ten thousand people

Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, sir,

The good you did; that was the pow'r you gave me.

You shall now know the king of beggars' treasure;

And let the winds blow as they list, the sea roar,

Yet here in safety you shall find your harbour.

Distrust me not, for if I live, I'll fit ye.

Gos. How fain I would believe thee!

Ger. If I fail, master, believe no man hereafter.

Gos. I will try thee; but He knows, that knows

Ger. Know me to-morrow: [all.]

And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me!

So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master. [Exit.]

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other

Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes? [parts

There's a conspiracy of friends and servants,

If not of elements, to ha' me break.

What should I think, unless the seas and sands

Had swallow'd up, or fire devour'd my ships,

I must ha' had some returns.

Enter first Merchant,

1 Mer. Save you, sir!

Gos. Save you!

1 Mer. No news yet o' your ships?

Gos. Not any yet, sir.

1 Mer. 'Tis strange! [Exit.]

Gos. 'Tis true, sir. What a voice was here now!

This was one passing bell; a thousand ravens

Sung in that man now, to presage my ruin!

Enter second Merchant.

2 Mer. Goswin, good day! these winds are very

Gos. They are so, sir—to hurt. [constant.]

2 Mer. Ha' you had no letters

Lately from England, nor from Denmark?

Gos. Neither. [lands

2 Mer. This wind brings them. Nor no news over

Through Spain, from the Straits?

Gos. Not any.

2 Mer. I am sorry, sir. [Exit.]

Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vul-
tures,

That scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses

By many hundred miles: so do these, my wrecks,

At greater distances. Then, heaven, thy will

Come on, and be! For base, deceitful fortune

Shall never say, she's cut my throat in fear:

I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,

Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter HUBERT, as a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from Hems-
To try these people; for my heart yet tells me [kirke,

Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself, they have no reason
(Though my intent be fair,) but still to avoid me.
This is the wood they make their hidden home,
A fit place for coucealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.
They come: I'll couch awhile, and mark my time.

[Exit.

Enter HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, GINKES, and the
rest, with the Boors in custody.

Hig. Come, bring him out, for here we sit in jus-
Each man take a cudgel, a good cudgel: [tice;
And now attend our sentence. That you are rogues,
And mischievous, base rascals—there's the point
I take it, is confess'd. [now—

Prig. Deny it, if ye dare, knaves.

Boors. We are rogues, sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter, then; rogues ye are,
And cudgell'd ye shall be, ere we leave ye.

Boors. Yes, sir.

Hig. Why did ye this?

Were you drunk when ye did it?

Boors. Yes, indeed, we were.

Prig. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?

Boors. Yes, sir.

Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.

Has not the gentleman (pray, mark this point,
Brother Prigg,) reliev'd you often?

Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.

Hig. And as ye are true rascals,
Tell me but this: have ye not been drunk and often
At his charge?

Boors. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point, then;

They have cast themselves, brother Prig.
Proceed you now; I'm somewhat weary.

Prig. Can you do these things,
You most abominable scurvy rascals,
You turnip-eating rogues?

Boors. We're truly sorry. [presently

Prig. To the proof, you knaves; to the proof, and
Give us a sign you feel compunction.
Every man up with his cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, till we shall say sufficient.

Hig. You know your doom:
One, two, three, and about it.

[Boors beat each other off.

Prig. That fellow in the blue has true compunc-

Enter GERRARD.

[tion.

Ger. Call in the gentleman:
His cause I'll hear myself.

Enter HEMSKIRKE, handcuffed.

Prig. With all due reverence
We do resign, sir.

Ger. Go fetch that paper was found upon him.

But, soft! who have we here? [Exit Ferret.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends!

Ger. Good ev'n, good fellow!

Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys;
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
Force ye the crafty reynard, climb the quick-sets,
And rouse the lofty stag; and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till in his funeral tears he fall before me.

Ger. Well spoke, my brave fellow.

Hub. (Aside.) What mak'st thee here?
Hemskirke, thou art not right, I fear.

Re-enter FERRET, with a paper.

Fer. Here is the paper.

Ger. Give it to me. You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen; a spy knave!
And if you find 'em, if not by persuasion,
To bring 'em back—by poison to dispatch 'em!

Hub. By poison! ha! (Aside.)

Ger. Here is another—Hubert. What is that Hu-

Hub. You may perceive there— [bert, sir?

Ger. Here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious! (Aside.)

Ger. Is not this true?

Hems. Yes. What are you the better? [dom;

Ger. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your free-
Keep him still bound: and, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. Ay, and obedient, too?

Hub. As you had bred me. [us.

Ger. Then take our hand; thou'rt now a servant to
Welcome him all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off, I'll do't; [son,
We bid you welcome three ways: first, for your per-
Which is a promising person; next for your quality,
Which is a decent and a gentle quality;
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us;
You can steal, 'tis presum'd?

Hub. Yes, venison; an' if you want—

Hig. 'Tis well you understand that, for you
Shall practise it daily; you can drink, too?

Hub. Soundly. [cock;

Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weather-

Hub. If I handle her.

Ger. As earnest of thy faith and resolution
Wilt thou undertake to keep this rascal prisoner?
One who basely contriv'd to undermine
A noble life, dear to the state and us. [wonder,

Hub. Sirs, I have kept wild dogs, and beasts for
And made 'em tame, too. Give into my custody
This roaring rascal, I shall hamper him.

Oh! he smells rank o'th' rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee; but if he 'scape—

Hub. Let me be even hang'd for him.

Come, sir, I'll tie you to the leash.

Hems. Away, rascal! [soundly,

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye
An ye play tricks with me.

Ger. So, now away;

But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.

Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get
from me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Gertrude's house.

Enter GOSWIN and GERTRUDE.

Gert. Indeed, you're welcome; I have heard your
'scape,

And, therefore, give her leave, that only loves you,
To bid you welcome: what is't makes you sad?

Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?

Beshrew my heart, not willingly.

Gos. No, Gertrude. [for,

Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd
A happy marriage?

Gos. No news yet.

Gert. Do you hear, sir?

Gos. Have I liv'd

In all the happiness that fortune could seat me?

In all men's fair opinions?

Gert. Do you love me?

Gos. And can the devil,

In one ten days—that devil chance, devour me?

Gert. You do not love me.

Gos. No star prosperous! all at a swoop!

Gert. Goswin, you will not look upon me.

Gos. Can men's prayers,
Shot up to heaven with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort,
Darkness, and want of meat—alas! she weeps, too,
Which is the top of all my sorrow—Gertrude!

Gert. No, no, you will know me.

Gos. The time grows on still,
And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin

Come rolling over me. [slighting?

Gert. Tell me but how I have deserv'd your

Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns!

Gert. Farewell!

Gos. Of which I have scarce ten—oh! how it
starts me!

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin—

Gos. I had forgot myself—oh! my best Gertrude! Crown of my joys and comforts.

Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.

Gos. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.

Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? you love no other woman?

Gos. No, I protest.

Gert. You have no ships lost lately?

Gos. None that I know of. [cence]

Gert. I hope you have spilled no blood whose inno-
May lay this on your conscience.

Gos. Clear, by heaven!

Gert. Why should you be thus, then?

Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not.
Even by the love you bear me.

Gert. I am obedient.

Gos. Go in; my fair; I will not be long from ye—
Nor long, I fear me, with thee. At my return
Dispose me as you please.

Gert. The good gods guide ye! [Exit.]

Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity. [Exit.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—A Street in Bruges.

Enter GOSWIN and two Merchants.

Gos. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more; I
entreat you

But seven short days; I am not running from you,
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You've ships abroad
Endure the beating both of wind and weather,
I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts to be protested;
Ye're all fair merchants.

1 Mer. And must have fair play.
There is no living here else; for my part,
I would gladly stay; but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.

Gos. No mercy in ye?

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy.
Keep yourself right, sir; you have yet liv'd here
In lord-like prodigality, high and open;
Now ye find what 'tis.

1 Mer. Before your poverty,
We were of no mark, of no endeavour.

2 Mer. You stood alone; and scarce a sail at sea
But laden with your goods. Now I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.

Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn, too? Have you no mercy,
No part of men left? Are all my bounties
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?

2 Mer. Well, get your monies ready; 'tis but two
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly. [hours;

Gos. But two days—

2 Mer. Not an hour. Ye know the hazard.

[Exeunt Merchants.]

Gos. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted
Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortune more! [Enter GERRARD.]

Ger. Good fortune, master!

Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.

Ger. Still a sad man!
No belief, gentle master?

Enter FERRET and GINKES, as porters.

Bring it in, then;
And now believe your beadsman.

Gos. Is this certain?

Or dost thou work upon my troubled senses?

Ger. 'Tis gold; 'tis there, a hundred thousand
crowns;

And, good, sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em!
Pay the poor, pelting knaves, that know no good-
And cheer your heart up. [ness.]

Gos. But, good Clause, tell me, [fully,
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If wrong-
I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me!

Ger. Fear not; you have it by as honest means,
As though your father gave it.

Gos. What great security?

Ger. Away with that, sir;

Were ye not more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money, in my thoughts?

Gos. But, Clause,
I may die presently.

Ger. Then this dies with you. [ments.]

Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parch-
Only this charity I entreat you,
Leave me this ring.

Gos. Alas! it is too poor, Clause.

Ger. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver't back, you shall grant me,
Freely, one poor petition.

Gos. There, I confirm it. (Gives the ring.)

And may my faith forsake me when I shun it! [Ex.]

Ger. Away! take up the money,
And follow that young gentleman. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.—Enter JACULIN.

Jac. I surely cannot err. What borrow'd dress
Can hide my Hubert from me? How I wish,
Yet fear to be resolv'd. He went this way.
Shall I adventure? Oh! this dread suspense,
How it does load my heart!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. I've lock'd my youth up close enough from
In an old tree, and set watch over him. [gadding,
My schemes are almost ripe—Ha, Jaculin!
If through her means, I can but make discovery.
Come hither, pretty maid.

Jac. No, no; you'll kiss me.

Hub. So I will. (Kisses her.)

What's your father's name?

Jac. He's gone to heaven!

Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer.

My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea. (Going.)

Hub. Stay! do not fly me thus. [me.]

Jac. (Aside.) Oh! how my heart melts within

Hub. (Aside.) 'Tis certain she! Pray, let me

Jac. No, no. [see your hand, sweet.]

Hub. (Aside.) Sure, I should know that ring!

Jac. (Aside.) 'Tis certain he. I had forgot my

Hub. Do you know me, chuck? [ring, too.]

Jac. No, indeed; I never saw ye:

I must be married to-morrow, to a capper.

Hub. (Aside.) How fain she would conceal her-
self, yet cannot.

My pretty wanderer, will you love me,
And leave that man? I'll wait you through the vale,
And make you dainty nose-gays.

Jac. And where put them?

Hub. Here, in thy bosom, sweet.

Jac. Can you love, then?

SONG.—JACULIN.

Tho' he is far away,
And over land and sea;
He'll come some happy day,
And prove his truth to me.
And when my love's returning,
My secret known too well,
Thro' all my blushes burning,
Shall want no tongue to tell.

Hub. One word more.

Did you ever know a maid call'd Jaculin?

Jac. Oh! I'm discover'd!

Hub. 'Tis she! Now I'm certain

They're all here. Turn, turn thee, lovely maid,
Thy Hubert speaks to thee.

Jac. Alas! I am forbid? Why thus disguis'd?

Hub. For justice and for thee, love!

Meet me anon, I'll tell thee all my purpose.

Jac. And may I trust thee, Hubert?

Hub. As thine own soul.

Jac. But yet you must not know me. This, and
be constant ever. [Exit.

Hub. Oh! blessed certainty!
Now for my other project.
To turn the cunning toils were laid for me
To Hemskirke's ruin, and the tyrant's fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter VANDUNKE, followed by a Servant.

Van. With officers of justice, said ye? and
Inquir'd for Goswin? Bid 'em come in. [Exit Serv.
Now will I play upon this envious crew,
That fain would run a royal vessel down.
They're here as bidden to a feast, before their hour:
I'll whet and disappoint their hungry appetites.

Enter the four Merchants.

2 Mer. Good day, most worthy burgomaster.
Our visit was to the rich merchant, Goswin.

Van. I'm sorry for't. I fear his strong necessity
Will bring him empty-handed. [ties
You must be merciful.

1 Mer. Oh! but he'll come;
He's rich, or from his 'ventures should be so.

2 Mer. I only wish
His forwardness to embrace all bargains,
Sink him not in the end.

1 Mer. (To Vand.) Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident. [friends!

Vand. (Aside.) Here's a set of smiling mouth

3 Mer. His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies.

Vand. Affable wolves! (Aside.)

2 Mer. It was at his bidding,
I did free from prison a sea robber,
Who yet may live to pay him with his ruin.
What think you of that deed, burgomaster?

Vand. What think! as of a deed of noble pity:
And if that act did plunge him into ruin,
You may now share its glory, by relieving him;
And holding off your bonds.

2 Mer. I love and honour him,
But must not break my neck to heal his finger.

3 Mer. For my part, though his bounty has no
eyes,
Yet my necessities compel me to some foresight.

Vand. Have ye not often profited by this man,
And revell'd at his cost?

2 Mer. Sir, we confess—

Vand. Do, that y're all base knaves and hypocrites.
See, here he comes to challenge a return
Of kindness from ye.

1 Mer. When our bonds he paid.

Enter GOSWIN, with men carrying bags of money.

Gos. Now, sirs, your bonds. Set down those bags
Your pardon, that you wait. [of gold.

2 Mer. (Aside.) He deals in witchcraft!

1 Mer. Nay, sir, if it would do you courtesy,—

Gos. None at all, sir. (The Merchants bow.)

Vand. There's bending now of backs,
And jutting out of hips. (Aside.)

Gos. Take it, 'tis yours.

There's your ten thousand, sir. Give in my bills.
Your sixteen—

3 Mer. Pray, be pleas'd to make further use.

Gos. No.

Vand. That's plump! You're answer'd, I hope?

4 Mer. What I have, sir,
You may command. Pray, let me be your servant.

Gos. Put on your hats. I care not for your cour-
tesies;

They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

Vand. They're all lies, I'll vouch for 'em ev'ry

2 Mer. I have a freight of pepper. [one.

Vand. Rot your pepper! [thousand.

Gos. Shall I trust you again?—There's your ten

4 Mer. Or, if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.

Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people,
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.
How now?—[Enter a Sailor.]

Sail. Why, health to the noble merchant!
The Susan is returned.

Gos. Well?

Sail. Well, and rich, sir;
And now put in.

Vand. Do you mark that?

Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers.
What news o'th' fly-boat?

Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy.—'Scap'd fairly.

Vand. D'ye hear that, too, knaves.

Gos. How, pr'ythee, sailor?

Sail. Thus, sir. She had fought
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,
And she fought bravely; but, at last, was boarded,
And overlaid with strength; when, presently,
Comes bearing up i'the wind, Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison.
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three; redeem'd her,
And, as a service to ye, sent her home, sir.

Gos. An honest, noble captain, and a thankful!

Vand. And this is he you would have hang'd,
Ye land pirates!

Gos. There's for thy news. Go, drink the mer-
chant's health, sailor.

Sail. Thank your bounty; and I'll do it to a doit.

Vand. Ay, drink till ye drown yourself,
Or you're no Englishman. [Exit Sailor.

Gos. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall'scape
For all your cares to catch me. [prison,

Vand. Come, sir, leave these pitiful knaves;
You must along with me:

Yonder is one who weeps and sobs.

Gos. Alas! how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Gos. Why soon, sir? [night,

Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms. This
My boy, she is thy wife:

I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And, when thou'rt joyous, fling thee to thy mistress.

Gos. With all my heart, I take her.

You are paid, I hope?

2 Mer. You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have—goods, moneys, are at your

Gos. I thank you; [service.
And when I've need of you, I shall forget you.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Wood.

Enter HUBERT and HEMSKIRKE.

Hub. You the earl's servant? [him,

Hems. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to
Able to do thee service. Release me,
I'll make thee ranger over all the game. [too.

Hub. This may provoke me. Yet to prove a knave

Hems. 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good ser-
vice [prince.

For him thou'rt sworn to, huntsman; for thy

Hub. Then thou shalt see, sir. I will do a ser-
vice That shall deserve, indeed. [vice,

'Tis not your setting free, for that's mere nothing;
But such a service, if the earl be noble,

He shall for ever love me.

Hems. What is't, huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?

Hems. No. [have 'em,

Hub. You are a fool, then. Here be those, to
I know the earl so well, would make him caper.

Hems. Any of the old lords, that rebell'd?

Hub. Peace!

All. I know 'em all, and can betray 'em.

Hems. But wilt thou do this service?

Hub. More than that, too.

Here's the right heir!

Hems. What, Florez? Oh! honest,
Honest huntsman!

Hub. Now, how to get them,
There's the matter.

Hems. By force.

Hub. Ay, that must do't.

And, with the person of the earl himself,

Authority and might must come on 'em,
Or else in vain. And thus I would have you do't.
To-morrow night be here, the hour be twelve:
Now for a guide to draw ye on these persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself
With some beside, will wait you by th' great oak.

Hems. Keep but thy faith, and such a shower of
wealth—

Hub. I warrant ye. Miss nothing that I tell ye.
Away, away! for here come those will hold ye.

[*Exit Hemskirke.*]

*Enter GERRARD, HIGGEN, PRIG, GINKES,
SNAP, FERRET, and others.*

Ger. Now, what's the news in town?

Ginkes. No news but joy, sir.

Ev'ry man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who sends his hearty commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes; there's this news. This night he's to
be married.

Ger. This night! He must not marry now.

Hub. Good sir,
By your leave, one word in private with ye.
Nay, do not start; I know ye.
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard,
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Challeng'd thus,
I throw aside disguise, and trust your honour.
Sir, I am Gerrard; say, how stand our hopes?

Hub. Fair, if you now pursue 'em. Hemskirke.
Let go, and these my causes I'll tell ye [I've
Privately, and how I have wrought on him,
Gull'd him, and sent him home as a decoy,
To bring Lord Wolfort hither, with his guards,
To seize (so he'll expect) the banish'd lords;
But, so my plan succeed, his very guards
Shall serve to crush the tyranny they rais'd,
And, at my voice, shall hail their lawful prince.
Till I can prove me honest to my friends,
Look on, and strictly follow these directions.

Snap. What! does he marry Vandunke's pretty
daughter? [pies!]

Prig. Oh! the puddings, the piping hot mince—

Hig. For the leg of a goose, now would I venture
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance; [a limb:
And plague upon the boors, too well they know't;
And, therefore, starve their poultry.

Prig. Brother Higgen,
What think you of a wassail?

Hig. Worthily;
And then I'll make a speech in praise of merchants.

Prig. And I'll so roar out songs and glees!

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready. Hear me all: keep in
Till this, your huntsman, call ye forth; then do
His bidding faithfully. I must awhile
Forsake ye. On mine anger, no man stir hence.

Prig. Not to the wedding, sir?

Ger. Not any whither. [meat, too.]

Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir. We want
We're horribly out of meat.

Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at's in defiance?
Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks—

Ger. Not a word more. Obey me! [Exit.]

Hig. Why, then, come doleful death, this is flat
And by this hand— [tyranny!]

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go to sleep upon't.

Hub. No sleep to-night for any that have hearts
To hunt with me the savage, bloody boar
That wastes the land. I have a scheme, my hearts,
Shall, by one night of watching, win a feast,
Whereat a royal host shall bid you welcome.

[*Exeunt, crying "Long live our huntsman,
Hubert!"*]

SCENE V.—*An entrance Hall in Bruges.*

Enter GOSWIN, with a paper in his hand.

Gos. Such earnest bidding; nay, more like com-
mand,

To meet him here, on th' forfeit of my word,
In this the moment of my nuptial hour!

What this man is I know not, nor for what cause
He twice has thrust himself into my dangers.
But, sure, heav'n's hand is in't. By strange instinct,
Nature has taught me to behold his wants,
Not as a stranger's.—[*Enter GERRARD.*]
My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy moneys—

Clause. Sir, that brought not me.

Do you know this ring again?

Gos. Thou hadst it of me.

Clause. And do you well remember yet the boon
Upon the return of this? [you gave me]

Gos. Yes; and I grant it,

Be it what it will. Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,
Within my power.

Clause. You are not married yet?

Gos. No.

[turb ye.]

Clause. 'Faith, I shall ask you that, that will dis-

Gos. Do;

And if I faint and flinch in't,—

Clause. Well said, master;

And yet it grieves me, too, and yet it must be.

Gos. Pr'ythee, distrust me not.

Clause. You must not marry.

That's part of the power you gave me.

Gos. Not marry, Clause?

Clause. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.

Gos. Pr'ythee, think better.

I will obey, by heaven!

Clause. I have thought the best, sir. [nesty?]

Gos. Give me thy reason. Dost thou fear her ho-

Clause. Chaste as the ice, for anything I know,

Gos. Must not marry? [sir.]

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation—

Clause. Now, or never.

Gos. Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst: thou dost
but fright me.

Clause. You may break, sir;

But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

Gos. Didst ever see her?

Clause. No.

Gos. She is such a wonder

For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not.

Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?

But look upon her, then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently. Who waits there?

Bid my fair love come hither.

Pr'ythee, be merciful; take a man's heart,

And look upon her truly: take a friend's heart,

And feel what misery must follow this. [mise.]

Clause. Take you a noble heart, and keep your pro-
I forsook all I had to make you happy.

Enter GERTRUDE.

Can that thing call'd a woman stay your virtue?

Gos. Look, there she is. Now deal with me as
Didst ever see a fairer? [thou wilt.]

Gert. What ails my love?

Gos. Didst thou ever,

By the fair light of heav'n, behold a sweeter?

Gert. Sure, h'as some strange design in hand,
He starts so.

Clause. She is most goodly.

Gos. Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,—
And but to hear her speak—a paradise.

And such a love she bears to me,—a chaste love,—

And ready now to bless me; the priest too, ready

To say the holy words, shall make us happy.

This is a cruelty beyond man's study;

'Twill be her death to do't.

Clause. Let her die, then.

Gos. 'Twill kill me, too; 'twill murder me. By
heav'n, Clause, [me.]

I'll give thee half I have. Come, thou shalt save

Clause. Then you must go with me; I can stay
no longer.

If you be true and noble, in the dark walk
Of aged elms, that opens to the plain,
You'll meet me in this hour.

Gos. Hard heart, I'll follow thee. [*Exit Clause.*
Pray ye, go in. I have a weighty business
Concerns my life and state, (make no inquiry,)
This present hour befall'n me. My cloak there!

Gert. Is this your ceremony? Why is this stop,

Gos. We must part, [sir?
Gertrude, we must!

Gert. Must! What voice enjoins?
What power commands?

Gos. We shall meet again.

Gert. Who is yon man, that rules so absolute
O'er Goswin's will? [sweet,

Gos. Ask me no more. I can but tell thee this,
I'm ever thine. Farewell. [*Exit Gert.*

I know not why,
But to obey this man, to me seems now
As payment of some great religious debt
Nature stands bound for. [*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.—Woods.

Enter GERTRUDE and a Clown.

Ger. Lead, if we're right; thou said'st thou
knew'st the way. [homeward!

Clown. Fear nothing, I do know it. Would 'twere

Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar! at the time
That most should tie him! 'tis some other love
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him, a disguised agent,
Not what he personated. Darkness shroud
And cover love's too curious search in me;
For yet, suspicion, I would not name thee.

Clown. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and

Gert. What then? [dark.

Clown. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although, perhaps, you are.

Gert. I am not. Forward! [fear nothing.

Clown. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand—
What a fright one on's are in, you or I?

Gert. What ails the fellow?

Clown. Hark, hark! I beseech you.
Do you hear nothing?

Gert. No.

Clown. List! This wood is full of wolves,
Of hogs, and such carnivorous vermin.
Hark! 'tis the howling of a wolf!

Gert. Of the wind, coward! [now!

Clown. Help me to say my pray'rs. He's got me
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? Tell me.

Gert. A precious guide I've got. (*One halloes.*)

Clown. It thunders now. You hear that, mistress?

Gert. I hear one halloa! [lightning!

Clown. 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of
Are you not blasted, mistress?

'T has played the barber with me; I have lost
My beard—I am shaven, mistress.

Gert. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Both love and jealousy have made me bold.

Where my fate leads me, I must go. Hold off! [*Ex.*

Clown. The Lord go with you, then, for I will not.

Enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, and Soldiers.

Hems. It was the fellow,—sure, he that should
guide—

The huntsman that did halloa. Who goes there?

Clown. Mistress, I am taken.

Hems. Ah, mistress! Now look forth.

Wolf. What are you, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, all is left

Of a poor boor by day, nothing by night.

I'm none that will stand out, great sir.

You might have spar'd your guns and drum;

You may subdue me with a walking-stick,

E'en when you please, and hold me with a pack-

Hems. What woman was't you call'd to? [thread.

Clown. I? None, sir.

Wolf. None! Did not you name a mistress?

Clown. Yes; but she's

No woman yet: she should have been this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom.

Enter Soldiers with GERTRUDE.

Hems. 'Tis she!

Gert. Ha! I am miserably lost!

Hems. This was a noble entrance to your fortune;
That being thus upon the point of marriage,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

Wolf. I begin, Hemskirke, to believe my fate
Works to my end.

Hems. Yes, sir; and this adds trust
Unto our guide, who did assure me Florez
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
In the old beggar's. (*Shouts heard.*) That's he

Wolf. Good! Go we forth to meet him. [again!

Hems. Here's the oak, my lord. Come, madam,
you must along with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, SNAP,
and GINKES, like boors.

Hub. I like your habits well. They're safe!
stand close!

Hig. But what's the action we are for now, eh?
Robbing a ripper of his fish?

Prig. Or taking a poulterer prisoner?

Hig. Without ransom?

Snap. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

Prig. Oh! I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues with my hat and staff, and not a hiss
Heard, or a wing of my troop disorder'd.

Hig. Is it a fetching off a buck of clothes?
We are horribly out of linen.

Hub. No such matter.

Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog:
If you've a mind to the cheese-loft, 'tis but thus.
And he's a silenc'd mastiff during pleasure.

Hub. Would it please you to be silent?

Hig. Mum!

Re-enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, and Soldiers.

Wolf. Who's there?

Hub. A friend, the huntsman.

Hems. 'Tis he, himself. [these?

Hub. I have kept touch, sir. Which is the earl of

Hems. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the service.

Hub. And I have don't.

I know to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
For Florez, and his father
Gerrard, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister,
I'll have 'em all.

Wolf. We will double

Whatever Hemskirke now hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha'

Wolf. A hundred. [you?

Hub. That's well. Ready to take 'em on sur-

Wolf. Yes. [prise?

Hems. Divide, then,

Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many outlets; of all which passages

We must possess ourselves to round 'em in.

And that they may be more secure, I'll use

My wonted whoops and halloos, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest

Careless of any noise, and be a direction

To other guides, how we approach 'em still.

Wolf. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.
Make the division, huntsman. You are my charge,

My fair one, I'll look to you. [*Exeunt.*

Clown. No one shall need to look to me,
I'll look unto myself. [*Exit.*

Hub. Now, comrades, is the promis'd hour at
hand!

Here, where the roads do meet, lie conceal'd;

And, at the bugle's sound, rush forth to aid

Lord Hubert, who then rings the knell

Of Wolfort's power, and hails found Florez,
prince. [*Exit with Guards.*

Enter GERRARD and FLOREZ.

Flo. 'Tis passing strange!

Ger. When we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, there plac'd you [win,
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Gos-

Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son. But though I
Should, as a subject, study you, my prince,
'Twill not discredit you to call me father.

Flo. Acknowledge you my father! Sir, I do;
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty. (*Kneels.*)

Ger. I pray you, rise;
And may those powers that see and love this in you
Reward you for it. Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject,
Which, as my prince, accept of.

Flo. Kneel to me!
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous.

I am your son, sir; prouder to be so,
Than I shall ever of those specious titles,
Left to me by my mother.

Ger. I do believe it.—
By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage;
For now, as Florez, and a prince, remember
The fair maid whom you chose to be your bride,
Being so far beneath you, even your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors;
But for her beauty, chastity, and virtues,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his crown's purchase.

Enter HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, WOLFORT, BERTHA,
and Lords, with torches.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the son.

Ger. Who's this? Wolfort? [*treason.*]
Wolf. Impostor! ay, to charge thee with thy
In this disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you,
I must find Gerrard.
And in this merchant's habit, one call'd Florez,
Who would be earl.

Flo. And is, wert thou a subject.
Bertha. Goswin turn'd prince!
Oh! I am poorer by this greatness
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes!

Flo. Gertrude!
Wolf. Stay, sir; hold, on your life!
Bertha. His life! oh! first take mine;
And since I cannot hope to wed him now,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom. [*treat*

Flo. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!
Wolf. For so lost a thing as Florez!
Flo. And that be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it. Oh! my Gertrude!

Wolf. This is no Gertrude, nor no Hemskirke's
niece, [*tha,*
Nor Vandunke's daughter; this is Bertha, Ber-
Heiress of Brabant, she that caus'd the war.

Hems. Whom I did steal to do great Wolfort ser-
Flo. Insolent villain! [*vice.*

Enter JACULIN.
Wolf. Who is this, huntsman? [*Florez.*
Hub. More, more, sir. This is Jaculin, sister to
Ger. How they triumph in their treachery!
Wolf. Why here's brave game! this was sport
royal!

Huntsman, your horn: first wind me Florez' fall,
Next Gerrard's, then his daughter, Jaculin's.
We'll hang 'em, Hemskirke, on these trees.

Hems. Not here, my lord; 'twill spoil your triumph.
Hub. A public scaffold will shew better sport.
Florez. Wretch! art thou not content thou hast be-
But mock'st us, too? [*tray'd us,*

Ger. False Hubert! this is monstrous!
Wolf. Hubert!

Hems. Who, this? [*bert!*

Ger. Yes, this is Hubert; false and perjur'd Hu-
I hope he has help'd himself unto a tree.

Wolf. The first, the first of any; and most glad I
I'll let you go before, but for a train: [have you, sir.
Is't you have done this service? [*Hubert.*

Hub. As your poor huntsman, sir. But now as
The wolf's a-foot, let slip. (*Sounds his horn.*)

Enter VANDUNKE, Merchants, HIGGEN, PRIG,
FERRET, SNAP, and Soldiers, who seize on
Wolfort and Hemskirke.

Wolf. Betray'd!
Hub. No; but well catch'd; and I the huntsman.

Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good
knave, Wolfort!

I speak it now without the rose: and Hemskirke,
Rogue Hemskirke! you that have no niece; this lady
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resigned by me, to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince.

Flo. Can this be possible?
Welcome, my love! my sweet, my beauteous love!

Gert. And shall we part no more? [*ter,*

Vand. I ha' given you her twice; now keep her bet-
And thank lord Hubert that compos'd the plot,
And in good Gerrard's name sent for Vandunke,
And got me out with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar when he bred his commentaries;
So I to breed my chronicle, came forth,
Cæsar Vandunke, and *veni, vidi, vici.*

Hig. Captain Prig, sir!

Prig. And colonel Higgen!

Vand. Peace, rogues!

Give me my bottle, and set down my drums,
I'll sit in judgment on 'em: you stole the lady.

Wolf. Well, I can stand, and praise the toil that
took me,

And laughing in them die! they were brave snares!

Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and live!

Wolf. Who! I repent,
And say I am sorry! Yes; 'tis the fool's language,
But not for Wolfort.

Vand. Wolfort, thou art a devil, [*longing!*
And speak'st his language. Now, might I have my
Under this row of trees here would I hang thee.

Florez. No; let him live
Banish'd from our state. That is thy doom.

Vand. Then hang this worthy captain here, this
For profit of th' example. [*Hemskirke,*

Florez. No, let him
Enjoy his shame, too, with his conscious life,

To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest to molest us.

Away with them! [*Exit Wolfort, guarded.*

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts,
And to their loves wish joys.

Flo. As to mine own—my gracious sister,—
Worthiest brother! [*Embracing.*)

Vand. Away with them! a noble prince!
And yet I'd fain some one were hang'd.

Ger. Sir, here be friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd; who though their trade be none o'th'
best,

Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king. [*Bruges,*

Vand. Your grace command them follow me to
They'll turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker.

Flo. Do you hear, sirs?

Hig. We do; thanks to your grace. [*a week.*

Vand. They shall beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice

Prig. Thank your good lordship.

Flo. No, I will take the care on me to find
Some manly and more profitable course,

To fit them as a part of the republic.

Be it our care to prove unto the world

Our better title o'er usurped favour,

In how much we shall use it for the good

Ev'n of the meanest subjects in our state. [*Exeunt.*

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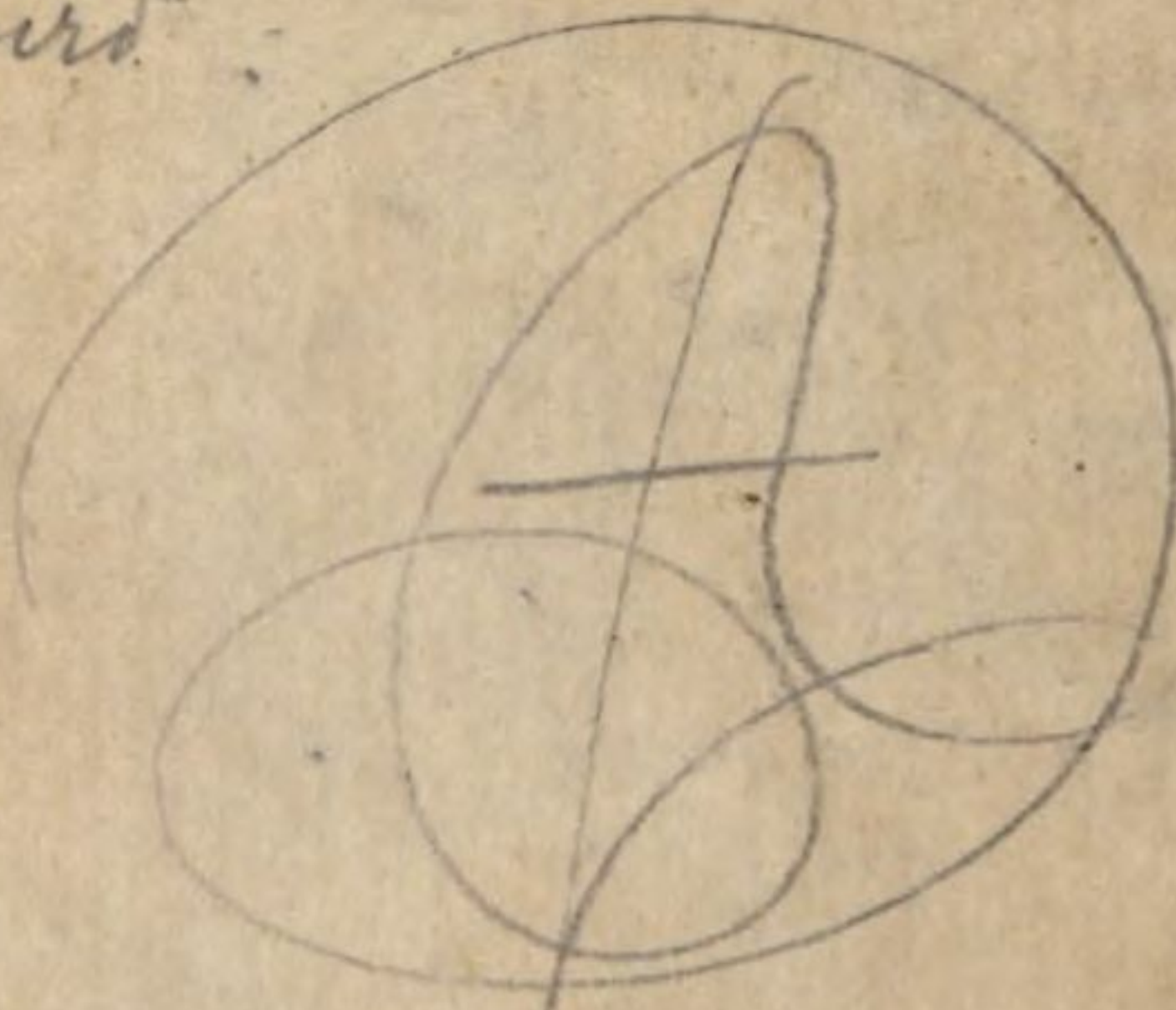
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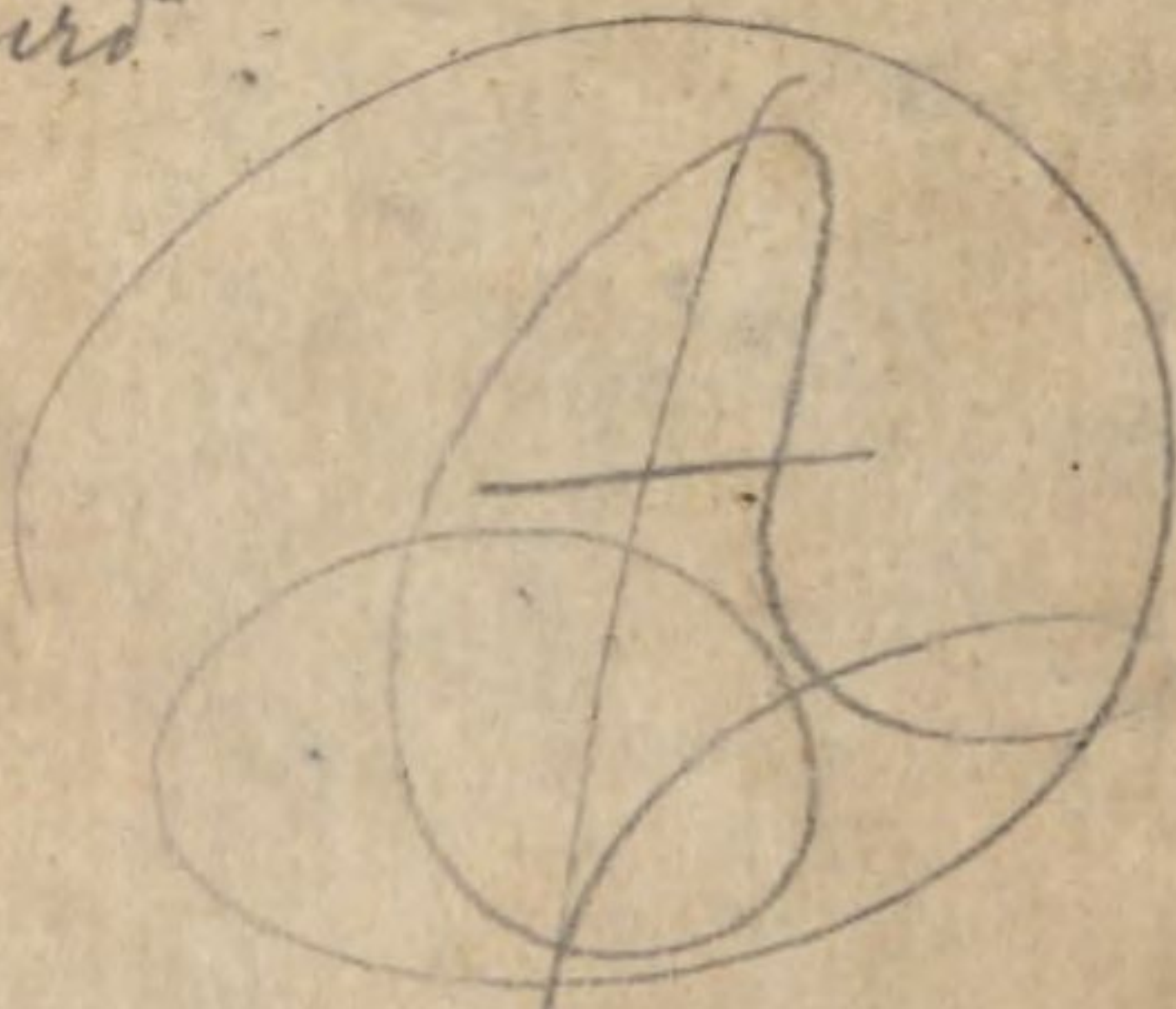
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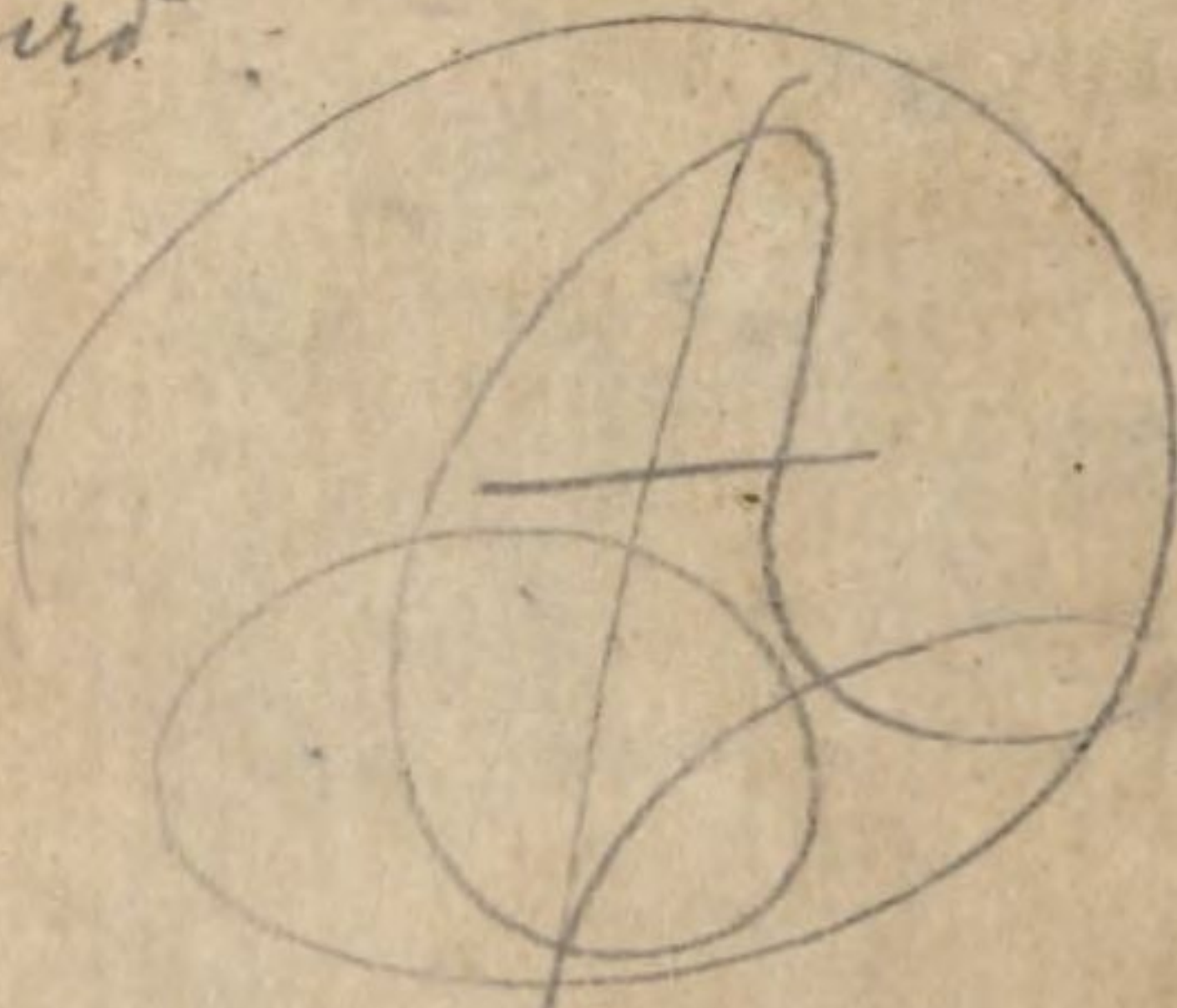
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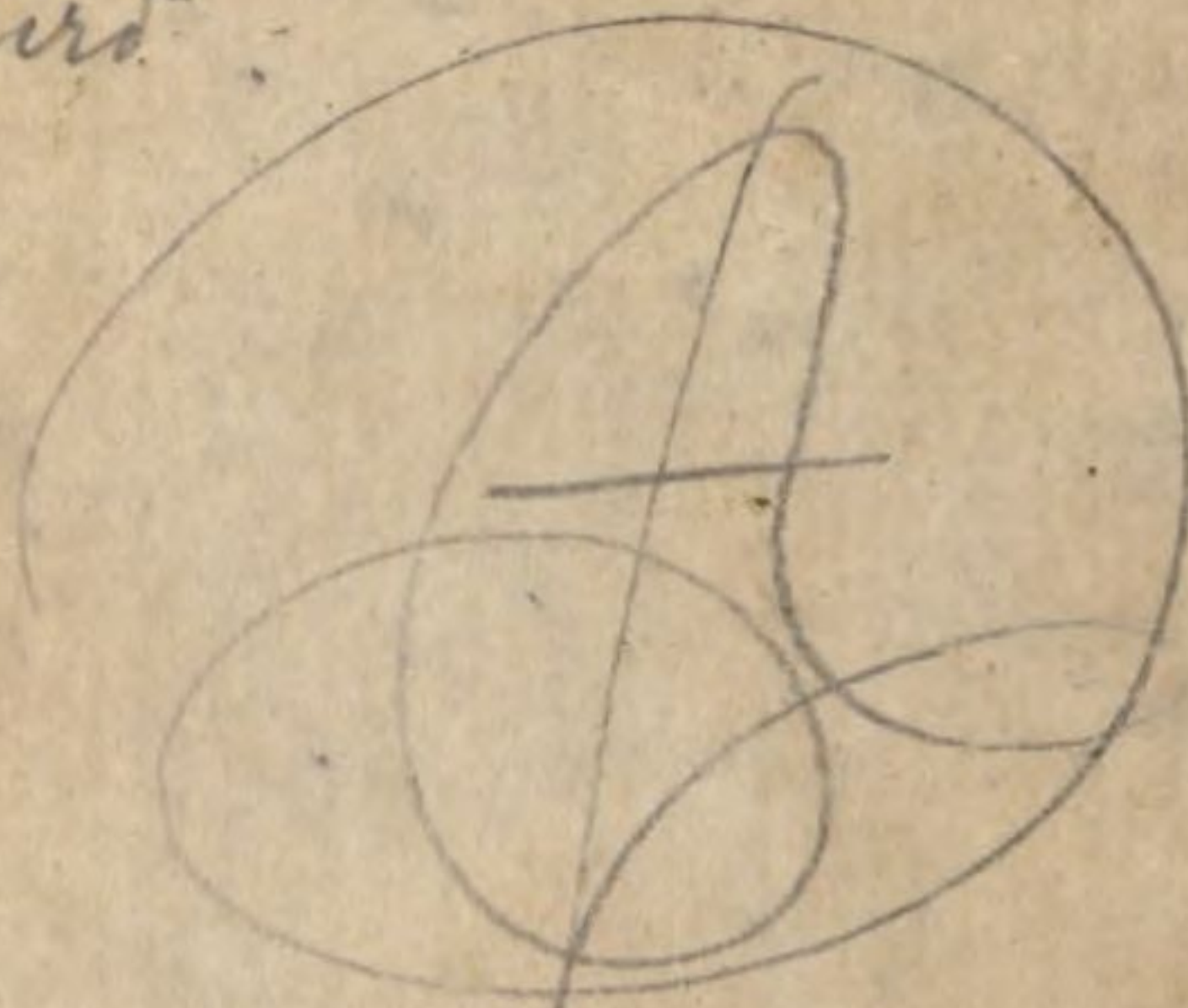
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